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KAIETEUR—MOTHER OF MISTS



Earth's noblest thing—a woman perfected.

VOL. XXX.

TORONTO, JANUARY, 1923

No. 1

KAIETEUR—MOTHER OF MISTS

BY ANNE E. CARLYLE

NOTE: The Rainbow is indebted to Miss Carlyle, a great-niece of Thomas Carlyle, for the following account of a world-wonder which, owing to its remoteness, and the difficulties that beset the traveller who would make its acquaintance, is well nigh inaccessible, and therefore quite unknown to all but the most adventurous. There is some hope that the Government of British Guiana will open a motor road through the forests that guard "The Mother of Mists"—or an air route may turn out to be the only means of easy approach, but so far Kaieteur keeps her solitary state.

UNTIL very recently South America was considered almost an unknown quantity, that is, as far as exploration along scientific lines was concerned. Africa was the happy hunting ground for those who were willing to make sacrifices, suffer hardships, to give to the world the benefit of their experiences. But now this wonderful country has come into its own; the interior is fast becoming a book open for those to read who are interested.

Not having delved very deeply into zoology, biology, minerology or other ologies, my aim in visiting the little-known and much less written-of regions of the Interior of British Guiana, was one of pleasure and exploration only. The spirit of adventure lies always dormant in most every one of us. In this age of luxury, of motor car and aeroplane, it is necessary to go very far ahead before the real thrills of unknown country, foreign habits and customs, in their own environment can be met with, but it appeared to me that it was in the cards, that perhaps there I would still find something out of

the ordinary, something worth while. The beautiful Kaieteur Falls, of which so few people have ever heard, would be the goal of my adventures—from all accounts a glorious piece of Nature's handiwork, one of the world's greatest wonders.

In former years the fitting out of an expedition of this kind would have proved difficult and laborious. Now, thanks to Sproston's & Co., of Georgetown, Demerara, the troubles in this direction are nil. They attend to all the details of the trip, with the exception of personal clothing.

It had been my good fortune to be a visitor at the largest sugar plantation the colony boasts of—(Diamond—eight miles out of Georgetown), for some weeks previous to our departure to the "Wilds." I felt that I, as a northerner, was pretty well "acclimated," at any rate I knew what to expect as regards climatic conditions.

January 23rd, at eight o'clock in the morning, saw our party wending their way over the sticky, brown, mud foot-paths of the plantation to the water-side. It had rained terrifically the preceding day and night, as it can rain only in the tropics. We were all a bit low spirited. Here the big river steamer was to pick us up. As nothing happens in the South according to schedule, we sat for an hour in the broiling sun baking, instead of the anticipated ten minutes, before we heard her whistle behind the point.

In the meantime the three dogs of the plantation, realizing that some excitement was under way, bethought themselves to increase it, so on our departure swam out after us. They bravely tried to swim against a heavy current and tide, but in vain. We watched them being swiftly carried down the thick, muddy river. The excitement was intense and of course the Col'd Folk added to it with shrieks and yells. The steamer sped on its course up the river. We left the dogs to work out their own salvation, saying good-bye to them in our hearts. On our return, however, they greeted us at the water-side, but not knowing dog language, I could not understand all they had to tell us of their wonderful adventure. All the other passengers soon knew that we were from the famous interior, the dog episode having proved the first and a good advertisement. Our party consisted of seven people, which included two children of 14 and 16 years. (Just here let me say that it is no trip for children and a party of four is preferable to any larger number).

The Demerara River was uninteresting. The trip took eight hours at least. After we had left the tall chimneys of the sugar factories round about Georgetown behind us, we tried to find a cool spot on the boat, the heat being intense. Having changed and fidgetted about till we realized that we were seeking the impossible, we did settle down and there we remained hour after hour, gazing stolidly at the low, flat banks of the river, heavily wooded with a dense barrier of jungle growth. Here and there a small clearing denoted a miniature farm or holding, but none of us envied the possession. Tiny villages appeared now and then along the banks, the houses being very often only windshields or palmetto thatched huts. The monotony of the hours was often broken in upon by the transfer of passengers to and from these villages. The steamer would blow her whistle, then out from underneath the overhanging trees would dart a corial (which is an Indian dug-out or hollowed tree trunk) or perhaps a slim, long boat known by the Indian name of halahoo. This latter resembled a bark canoe made from a single oblong strip of bark. These

were manned by strong, finely built natives or Buck Indians. Sometimes a woman, holding a tiny baby in her lap, wielded the paddle in the stern. The departing visitors were bundled aboard or the expected arrivals clambered into the frail little craft. All manner of household goods would be thrown in after them:—hens, parrots, stalks of bananas, bundles of grass, besides innumerable wonderfully shaped boxes, baskets and parcels. Accompanying all this was wild excitement, gesticulation, ringing of the ship's bell, good-byes called and farewell messages shrieked—then at last the steamer proceeded to the next little clearing and the same programme is enacted.

There were long stretches of the mokka-mokka plant, a member of the arum family, which grows just above the surface of the water and is said to produce excellent material for paper-making, but I do not think anything has been done to forward the industry.

We were very disappointed in the bird-life, nothing of beauty, of gorgeous tropical plumage appearing to reconcile us to the long hours of tedious travel. The waters of the river are thick and yellow and we apparently plowed through mud. As we approach the Upper Demerara this changes to the beautiful clear, reddish black "bush water," which having filtered from the forest depths, is now stained by the various colored roots and vegetable matter which it has encountered on its long, slow voyage.

Wismar, the steamer terminus and the end of our day's boating journey, connects us with a light railway built in 1896 by Sprotons to cross the nineteen miles divide between the Demerara and Essequibo Rivers. It must have been a very tedious journey twenty years ago, when the trip, or rather the same results, were achieved in as many days as it now takes hours. The Lower Essequibo is very dangerous navigation, possessing rapids and falls of well-nigh impassibility. These lie between Bartica Grove and Rockstone. Under their fuming, foaming, tossing waters lie many poor souls and "treasures of gold." Employers, labourers and others, lost their lives here at the time

of the gold boom, having gone into the Interior after the precious metal. These dangers we escape by availing ourselves of this tuppenny-ha-penny train known as 'Slow Commotion' by the natives. The baby locomotive was fed with wood and the sparks created a brilliant fireworks, necessitating the closing of all the windows.

Pineapples growing wild, delightful red pink fruity blossoms at this season, but so attractive, caused an ecstatic cry every now and then. Fiery looking life-plants, or orchids as we preferred to call them, made a gleam in the uninteresting vegetation. We passed two sidings which Sproston's has run into the Interior to bring out the famous green-heart logs. These lines now extend 8 miles into the Bush, all the larger timber growing nearer, having been already exported. Green-heart has won for itself, by its exceptionally fine qualities, special distinction in naval and marine construction, as it possesses a practically limited power of resisting the action of water. The small hills of pure white sand which shone up between the scraggy undergrowth and on which the road-bed for the railway was built was rather unusual to note. Surely remnants of pre-historic times when this was part of the sea. As the day darkened and the moon rose, this white streak ahead of us served as well as any search light.

The train puffed and wheezed before the hotel at Rockstone, obligingly stopping there, instead of ten minutes farther on at the station. We jumped off into a huge pile of white sand, which, in the brilliant moonlight looked like snow, but felt very different. At the end of the hour and a half of stifling atmosphere which we had lived through, we were in a pulpy state of hot stickiness—though it might have been worse.

The bungalow Hotel at Rockstone is one of the last links with so-called civilization. It was good to find a fresh water shower, a cocktail or swizzle, as it is here called, an appetizing dinner, and later on a cool-sheeted bed awaiting us. This excellence of service bred in our imaginations the myth that our projected camp-

ing tour into the Interior was really one combined with luxury and pleasure (no hardships included)—we were to be disillusioned later on.

II.

Our start was to be very early next morning. We retired à bientôt, to experience the quiet of a "still, tropical night"—our first in the bush. There was no reason why all things being favorable we should not rest well. Yet soon an unearthly chorus arose from the throats of countless frogs—a whole regiment of them—their whistling and croaking in each individual note and key could not be termed musical or pleasant to the ear by even the greatest lover of "local colour" or "atmosphere." It was horrible! High or low, a good resonant bass or a shrill treble, we had them all. A fearful din! At two-thirty the "howling baboons" howled into the night, from their home on Gluck Island immediately opposite. I cannot describe the weird sounds, resembling as they do, a furious storm in the tree-tops, or hungry wolves in a Canadian forest, or to make it ever more graphic and thrilling, I once read of the roar equal to a jaguar's at feeding time in the menagerie. It affects the nerves. These South American monkeys, no larger than a terrier, I am told, have howling bones in their throats which enable them to magnify the cry. To-night these bones seemed wonderfully well oiled and in fine condition.

I lay, it seemed for hours, in suspense waiting for something terrible to happen. Nothing did! Then I tried, again for hours, to interest my thoughts and to visualize the long-armed, long-haired hairy creatures, swaying from branch to branch of some huge monarch or clinging to the vines and creepers of the wonderful cable plant. Again I could see them squatting contentedly beside a swampy grave, in whose marshy depths the beautiful Victoria Regia lily was originally found—or—what was the use? When at 4.30 the roosters, intended later for our consumption, and a few dogs joined in, I gave up. I strolled out to the piazza and lying in an easy chair, thought of home and comfort. There was a glorious full moon set-

ting in the heavens above the ghost-like eucalyptus trees which bordered the clearing before me. The Essequibo River, here two miles wide, was a radiant silver lake. I revelled in homesick sentiment. With no imagination whatever, I could dream myself far away on the banks of a Canadian lake, a Canadian summer moon shining through the birches and casting deep shadows. No fearful, terrible bush frogs, no howling baboons, no mosquitos, no fevers,—but at this thought I went scurrying back to bed, like a mouse to its hole.

Our departure at 7 a.m. was commonplace. Even a glorious sunrise and a mass of apricot tinted fleecy clouds could not exhalt one above the surroundings. A crowd of niggers and an awful fire-spitting, smoke, smell and noise-producing launch awaited us at the wharf. We were ensconced or crowded into a primitive sort of house-boat—The Ark. This was towed alongside the launch, which was full of two-legged monkeys, who howled and chattered away all day long. It was impossible to hear oneself speak. How I hated it all!

The Essequibo was unusually high and could be called a mighty river. Winding and picturesque with low-lying shores, we travelled from side to side, a tree, tin can or stake advising the navigator, then past sand banks glistening in the sun or dark jutting pinnacles of rock, formidable in a tropical shower, of which we had many during the day.

New to the scene, we vainly searched the close verdure for signs of life. The high, heaven-soaring trees from which hung long tendrils of rope vine, seemed inviting enough for any family of monkeys to play about on—the fallen stumps and logs jutting into the stream might have given any old alligator a “dolce far niente” for an hour or so—a yellow butterfly alone rewarded us for hours of watching.

Our efforts to add to the commissariat by putting out a line were in vain, tho’ Sproston’s book assured us “haimara” were very plentiful and fresh fish for luncheon would have been delicious.

About 12.30 we struck the Kopano sands,

long silver reefs stretching out into the water like a grasping hand. At low water these would prove an effectual barrier to navigation, but to-day, as Nature did not impede our progress, man, in the form of the engineer, did. He told us the news, guiltily, that the shaft of one engine was broken and with only one, impossible to continue.

“Well, what to do?”

“Tie up to a bank?”

“Await relief?”

“Would any one come?”

“Well, mebbe it would and mebbe it wouldn’t. You never can tell just what might happen!”

Mr. A., impetuous, ordered a turn-back. The phlegmatic skipper responded without comment, but oh! the noise and rabble on the part of the colored cargo. Reluctantly we turned our backs on the view beyond the sands, which was the first real hill or rising ground—Arosara Mountain, a forest-clad table-land with steep cliffs upholding it. The vanguard peak, as it were, of the Kaieteur mountains beyond.

The return journey was terribly tedious. We had seen it all, we were already tired. Showers of hot rain blew in on us. When we lowered the tarpaulin to prevent this, we had the blue smoke and stifling atmosphere. No one spoke! We had doffed the veneer of keeping up a conversation. We were bored!

Five o’clock saw us back at Rockstone, such a haven of rest and cleanliness. Our disgust at the turn of events did not spoil our appetites for a real meal, but the glory of the moon was wasted and neither frogs, baboons nor roosters spoiled my rest that night.

We left Rockstone for the second time at 7.20 a.m. the following morning. The pouring rain, the sputtering engine, which would not start (except with fits) the gloomy aspect of the skipper and engineer, the country round about shrouded in heavy mists, two extra heavily laden batteaux in tow,—can one imagine the ‘toute-ensemble’ and think of anything more depressing!

Yet the spirit of the adventurer dies hard! Gradually the sun brightened the landscape

as well as ourselves. The alamander bush with its trail of golden blossoms smiled at us now and then from the banks. Orchid plants could be discerned in the tree tops, like mistle-toe bunches, huge ants' nests clinging to the tall trees like black bags were spied. We did our best to try and find an interest in every turning of the tedious, tortuous river.

Towards evening we passed Omai, to our uninitiated eyes but a clearing.

Here we threw off the mails into a small dug-out, manned by two white men, then steamed away, leaving it bathed in a glorious sunset.

Dinner was announced at seven, actually announced. To our surprise Rock presented us with eggs, bacon, salt fish, rice and potatoes. At that early date we marvelled, but later I had visions of a coal-pot on the stern of the boat and with this magic cauldron he produced very creditable appetising little meals.

The skipper of the launch must have possessed a knowledge of human nature, for he patiently waited the end of our meal to break the news to us that he could not proceed any further that night. We must sleep in the Ark. Any noise which we had hitherto listened to was a gentle zephyr compared to the altercation which now took place. The excited expostulations of every nigger speaking at once and the quiet, determined voice of Mr. A. on our side, was a controversy worth listening to. We found out that it was but a put-up job, and we had only wasted a day by turning back the previous evening and had gained nothing.

We hauled up below the Tigri Rapids and the Ark was left clinging to the overhanging branches while the launch and batteaux were tied a couple of hundred feet away.

A refreshing swim would have been acceptable, but we were warned away, as the pirai, a flesh-eating fish, were very plentiful here, and it would never do to lose one's toes or fingers.

The cockpit of the Ark was, perhaps 7 ft. by 9 ft., and here were supposed to sleep seven people. A ridiculous adventure—not even a sporting one!

One and all tried to be merry and bright, but it was a dismal failure. Sleep was out of the question. Our wakefulness was rewarded by hearing the tiger roar and the baboons howl. Any excitement would have been welcomed, such as a tiger hunt, a jungle tramp after those wary monkeys, but no such suggestion was forthcoming from the sterner sex. In the wee sma' hours the screechings of flocks of parrots flying over head and the hideous cawing of brilliant macaws were enlivening sounds if not musical.

The launch could not make the rapids with the Ark and batteaux in tow. We were all trans-shipped into the launch amongst the motley crowd of very disgusting and smelling folk. It was most uncomfortable. We took a spin down stream to get up wind, so to speak, to take the rapids. We managed it and were in them about ten minutes. They were swift and whirlpoolly, with awkward looking rocks interfering with direct navigation. The river above the rapids was quite pretty. A beautiful heron flew always before us, for many a mile, and in spite of the many shots fired, he always flapped his wings and flew onward again, to my secret delight.

One disappointment followed another, for on our arrival at Crabpu Falls at about 9.30, we were obliged to portage instead of ascending them. This "climbing the river" was generally one of the stunts. The trans-shipment took a full hour. As it is an ill wind which blows no one any good, young Mr. A. caught a 3½ pound lukanani in the boisterous whirlpool of the falls. This fish is very good eating. As it turned out to be the only trophy—fish, flesh or fowl—which we procured on the trip, we should have appreciated it more at the time.

The situation was not being bettered for us. Right above the falls we found the small launch Nelly, into which we were piled, while a huge batteau containing about 30 men was slashed amidships. These men were a heterogeneous mass of negroes, some bound for the gold digging camps while some were balata "bleeders." They all climbed into the batteau,

making for the bow, thus hindering the proper manipulation of the tow. The current was very swift. We nearly had a riot when our skipper shouted to them to leave the bow of the boat. Well, Russian would be easier to translate. They had evidently the idea that if they moved, they would drown.

"What fo' you tink I move? You want to kill me? to ddown me? I stay here."

It was a terrible moment, for the bows were being gradually swung around into the falls. Our Captain shrugged his shoulders and prepared to cut the connecting lines, remarking philosophically, "Very well, it's your boat." This put an end to the discussion. They clambered back to the stern like the monkeys that they are. "Much ado about nothing" describes the attitude of the negro, be he African or one of the diluted kind.

Where the Potaro River joins the Essequibo, two miles up, at the Potaro mouth, we stopped, for, to us, unknown reasons. This was an encampment of balata bleeders. Here they came from the interior, discharged the balata, rested and set out again. They looked like the riff-raff of the world. They wore any kind of garment, with the exception, strange to say, of one article, common to nearly all—a vivid red sash, tied in front and hanging down in a bow. Their conversational powers were wonderful, for they could talk more and apparently say less in a minute than any few I ever heard.

A fearful contraption was this boat. The vibration was so fearful that we might almost have wished her to break down—just for peace sake—but when she did stop, quite often, we were nearly suffocated and prayed for a renewal of activities.

The ten miles up the Potaro River was shrouded in mystery; in other words, it was only seen and is remembered through clouds of blue, hazy, horrid smelling fumes, which rose from the blazing crude oil of her engines. Added to this was the endless rattle clatter of all the niggers talking at once. The whole eliminated any possible enjoyment in the beauties of nature round about us. We were approaching high land and a lovely view of the

distant hills could be seen, had we the heart to admire.

In spite of everything, past, present or future, this was the worst day.

At last we reached Tumatumari—153 miles from Georgetown. If anything could repay us for the last days of misery, Tumatumari Falls would certainly. They are beautiful! glorious! Even now, as I write, months afterwards, I hear the roar of that great volume of deep amber water, pouring over the rocks, some moss covered and brilliantly green, sending down into the stream below big patches of yellowish "soap-suds" foam, which travels for miles, till it finds some quiet eddy amongst the tropical ferns, there to dissolve and be no more.

The surrounding country is almost Scottish. I could imagine myself there—a burn in spate—only this was much more wild, picturesque, romantic. The hills on the opposite shore, welcome after the low levels of the coastal country, were shrouded in blue, purple clouds, the turbulent cataract, the noises, thrillingly soothing—oh! for a week of it after that engine.

The hotel is a charming bungalow on the brink of the falls, the last link with civilization. We had a splendid bathe in a deep, long eddy of the cataract, and after supper watched the moon rise behind the hills. We retired early—once again glad to be alive.

Before our departure next morning we strolled into Mr. Darrell's office. Mr. Darrell has charge of Sproston's interests here and in the neighborhood. Tumatumari, being the starting point for the gold fields, he was able to show us some "native gold." He also told us the interesting news that the day previous he and the Justice of the Peace had raided a Chinaman's store and found illegally bought gold in large quantities. The miners are able sometimes to secrete the nuggets and later dispose of them to these sly Chinks. I was human enough to feel disappointed that I could not buy a nugget at quarter the value and at the same time have the association that it was procured on the spot. He also showed us some uncut diamonds, very unalluring, non-sparkling gems. We studied the "real thing"

minutely and were sure that we would be able to recognize them and pick them up easily. Imagine the thrill of finding a real diamond in its native home! What a memory for ever and ever!

Most of the limited population came down to see us off, for we again changed to a still smaller launch, fortunately, this time, without any hangers-on. Half a dozen "bucks," as the aboriginal Indian is called, locally, were on hand. They are a very low class Indian with a distinct Mongolian cast of countenance. They dwell mainly in the further interior and live principally on casava or manioc plant, a little maize and plantain. The women weave beautiful baskets which they periodically bring "out" to sell, while the men hunt and fish. This casava, a long black root, serves for both food and drink. One kind is a very agreeable, floury vegetable when roasted, the other is fermented into a liquor called casareep. Plantain is similar to bananas in appearance but will boil and fry without becoming soft and mushy.

Another very pretty run of ten miles through the Greenheart rapids, where we had the distinct feeling of going up-hill on the waters, brought us to Potaro Landing (a shed and a punt). This is the terminus of Sproston's "steamer" service. Nothing of interest here except a weighing machine, so we one and all jotted down the exact amount for reference on the return journey.

A seven-mile tramp for us all was the next item on the programme. The first two miles were over a white, sandy road. We had been warned that this stretch was the most strenuous of the whole trip. It was a bad road, but when one thinks of the manual labour of clearing a stretch through this virgin forest, laying a corduroy road for miles, then keeping it all clear, one marvels that it was as good as it turned out to be. The elements had been kind to us, having previously dampened and hardened the sand a bit by spending one of the much-hated tropical showers for our benefit. The sign post "Two Miles" and a rough finger pointing "To Kaieteur," leading away to the

westward into the dim recesses of low forested hills, were welcome sights. The cool depths and moss-grown, leaf-strewn earth were a grateful, refreshing change from the heat and glare of the open, white road. Five miles of this trail and not a step irksome or tedious. Thanks to Mrs. M——, whom I then termed our bugologist, I saw many beautiful rarities which would otherwise have escaped my superficial glances. Think of it, five miles over a mossy, swampy, creeper-covered trail in a real South American forest. At every step something of interest. We expected a great silence, fearsome, forbidding, instead of which there were many bird calls, twitterings and answers. Twice a huge marm flew across our path. As our sportsmen were far in advance the heavenly quiet and pervading peace were not disturbed by the profane voice of the rifle. There were countless curiosities to linger over which was rare delight: the rope vine, dropping its fibre-like cords from the heights down a hundred feet: the snake tree whose giant branches entwine with giant branches; orchids, ferns, palms, dull brown bracken, a breath of home in the Autumn, berries of every hue, seeds of all kinds: fallen fruit, melon shaped, containing the seeds, which resemble chestnuts; lizards, basking on a sunny leaf, threw up a startled glance and then in a flash away. For an instant one had a brilliant vision of a richly studded, bejewelled dart, an exquisite piece of mosaic work, for the neck is topaz, the back emerald, and the long, sinuous tail of vivid turquoise blue. Many a five minutes were squandered in vainly trying to catch the fluttering butterfly or elusive dragon-fly. They were too beautiful to leave behind.

But there were also parts of the trail which were very different. Dark and gloomy and damp, an air about as of dead things near, decadent, rotten. No sunlight penetrated to us as we hurried along, but the heat was intense. The ground, strewn with rotten logs, hidden swamps and bogs, ill-smelling growths, poisonous red fungi, strange exotic lilies, weird noises from afar—this was really what we had expected and now found. The huge "mon

arches" of the forest, some 100-120 feet high, bare of branch or leaf till they reached God's sunlight above, their trunks covered with wet, hot tropical moss, formed the nave for the aisles of this mighty cathedral of nature. One walked untrammelled, unimpeded as in a church. A queer old tree we found, a giant of many centuries, whose day was nearly done. Inadvertantly touching the tree we found that the bark was alive. It harboured two large families of moths: on the weather side they were green to correspond with the moss, on the other, drab or speckled to assimilate with the lichen.

We spied some prospector's sign-locations, small shingles with name and number nailed to a tree, always near secret creeks, which, dark red in colour, rippled over the white sands and possibly over many grains of gold also. We could not follow our bent and go on a voyage of discovery, this being more or less a conducted tour.

The trail ended. We emerged from the forest at one of the hottest places on earth—Kangaruma. The Pakatuk Rapids and Falls below this spot necessitated the long portage. The clearing has two or three thatched native huts, the rest-house (tar paper and shingles), countless mangey dogs and woe-begone hens and chickens. The rest-house was situated far away from the falls—just why we have yet to learn, but the result was most desolate and depressing and "hot as blazes."

The old negro in charge seemed the one bright spot. Tall and gaunt he appeared before us, gorgeous in a bandmaster's cast-off uniform. A soft, white helmet, trimmed with gold braid, a brilliant red tunic with very much gold braid and many brass buttons. He saluted with dignity, and informed us seriously, in a sepulchral monotone, "I am not Nelson, but I am King of Kangaruma."

This was the first night that our camp gear was to be used and a great deal of manipulation seemed necessary. Ere the shades of night descended we prepared to retire. The space was very limited, the men were very slow and

we were very tired. We felt we could crawl in anywhere, anyway, at any old time. We asked "King" if mosquito nets were a necessity?

"Bless yo' hearts, we haint got no skeeters and de moon am fallin' so dere wont be any of dose dare rapskallion sand-flies, dey ony comes when de moon am a-risin'!"

This was news to us, but it sounded peaceful. Assured, we stretched ourselves on our 2 x 6 netless cots, without other comforts but a thin flannelette sheet over us and a hard pillow beneath our tired heads. After a night of horror, we emerged looking like fit patients for an Isolation Hospital. The sand flies had accomplished their deadly work, for neither a rising nor a falling moon had prevented them from enjoying delicatessen such as we offered. As tattooed specimens we continued the trip.

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The Marsh



The woods have voice, and the sea
Her choral song and threnody;
But thou alike to sun and rain
Dost mute and motionless remain.

As pilgrims to the shrine of sleep,
Through all thy solemn spaces creep
The Tides—a moment on thy breast
To pause in sacramental rest;
Then flooded with the mystery,
To sink reluctant to the sea,
In landward loneliness to yearn
Till to thy bosom they return.

FATHER TABB.

A PLEA FOR BETTER CHURCH MUSIC

By REV. J. E. RONAN

"I have loved, O Lord, the beauty of Thy house and the place where Thy Glory dwelleth."

One of the outstanding features of the Catholic Church is the grandeur with which she surrounds the public worship of God. Follow the Church into any land where she has made known the name of the Most High and there you will find the eternal mountains have been hewn and fashioned into majestic temples where He may be adored. These temples you will find adorned with the richest jewels, the choicest woods, and the purest marbles that nature can furnish. And within these stately structures, beneath the lofty dome and graceful arch the King of Kings is honoured with an external display such as never was given any earthly monarch. Now, why all this display; why the grand church, the emblazoned altar, the reverential lights, the shining vestments, the smoke of incense and the rich, solemn music? The objection is often raised that this is not religion; this is not adoring in spirit and truth. This is mere empty show and the Church would fulfil her mission much better if she appealed to man's reason instead of to his senses.

We answer that our objecting friend is not responsible, when he says, "Make religion a matter of mere reason." If reason alone were enough to move men to action then the music that cheers the soldier as he marches out to war is superfluous; the bugle that sounds the charge is but a distracting noise; and the enthusiastic singing of national anthems, and the fluttering, flapping flags should be replaced by cold, reasoning pamphlets to tell us why we should be patriotic. But it is not enough. If reason alone were enough to make men amend, then show the thief why it is dishonest to steal and he will no longer steal. Show the drunkard why drink will hurt him and he will become a sober man. But we know that it is not enough to convince fallen man what should be done;

he must be helped, encouraged, nerved, and moved to do it. 'Tis true that man's highest faculty is his reason, but to treat him as though he were a spirit, free from sense, fancy and emotion is not wisdom. Man has a body as well as a soul and his soul can be reached only through the senses of the body. If you would influence his mind or touch his heart you must appeal to his bodily senses. And we know from happy experience that Catholicity is a religion with a heart and a sentiment. The Church is truly a mother to us. She does not disdain to treat us according to our nature. She does not merely say: "This is why you should turn all your thoughts and affections to God," but, she employs all that is grand and beautiful in nature and art to captivate our senses, to stir up our fancy, to touch our hearts and thus dispose us to religious thoughts and acts. She leads us through the sensible to the spiritual, from the natural to the supernatural, and from the "visible things that are made to the invisible things of God."

This explains why the church has always inspired and protected the fine arts. This explains why that heaven-born art of music has been adopted by the church and given an important place in her liturgy and this explains also why the late Holy Father, Pope Pius X., found the improvement of church music to be a living actual issue in the religion of to-day and issued his *Motu Proprio* to institute a positive and universal reform in this regard.

No argument is needed to convince you of the power music has over the human soul. Recall the incident related in the first book of Kings,—Saul, King of Israel, by his disobedience had lost favour with his God. To punish him God allowed him to be troubled by an evil spirit. When the evil spirit was upon him Saul was wild with grief, unapproachable, inconsolable, he was like a mad man. Now, among Saul's servants there were some wise

men, and with Saul's permission these servants sought out the youthful David, who was skilful in playing on the harp. David was brought before Saul and "Whosoever the evil spirit was upon Saul, David took his harp, and played with his hand, and Saul was refreshed, and was better, for the evil spirit departed from him. "Thus was music the instrument in the hands of David whereby the devotion in his heart was enabled to overpower the evil in the soul of Saul.

When the heroic sons of St. Ignatius, the Jesuit missionaries went to South America to carry the Gospel to the Indians there, the savage redmen eyed the new-comers with wild suspicion. They swarmed along the river bank, strung their bows and stood ready to send their poisoned arrows through the hearts of those who had come to be their friends. No words, no signs, could convey the message of friendship until one of the missionaries in a boat on the river took up a musical instrument and played an old sacred melody and the others lifting up their voices, sang with sweetness and devotion the praises of Jesus and Mary. At once every weapon fell to the ground, the birds stopped singing and listened, the woods resounded with the first appreciable message from Christianity, and captivated, enraptured, the savages rushed weaponless onto the river, following the boats, their hearts having been won by the irresistible appeal of song. Here again was music the disposing power for Divine Grace, for faith and for Christianity. If music has such an influence over men it is no wonder that the Church has protected it and used it to help religion.

The beauty in music and its worthiness to be offered to God's service are beautifully expressed by Cardinal Newman, himself an artist of the violin; "Music," he writes, "is the expression of ideas, greater and more profound than any in this visible world, ideas which centre indeed in Him, whom Catholicism manifests, who is the seat of all beauty, order and perfection whatever . . . Is it possible that the inexhaustible evolution and disposition of notes, so rich yet so simple, so intricate, yet so

regulated, so various yet so majestic, should be a mere sound which is gone and perishes. Can it be that these mysterious stirrings of heart and keen emotions and strange yearnings after we know not what, and awful impressions from we know not where, should be wrought in us by what is unsubstantial and comes and goes and begins and ends in itself? It is not so. It cannot be. No! they have escaped from a higher sphere; they are the outpourings of eternal harmony in the medium of created sounds. They are the echoes from our home; they are the voice of angels or the magnificat of Saints."

Now, the best in this world is none too good to offer to God. The Church aims to turn this world into the kingdom of Heaven. All things that are good in it she would offer back to the Creator, who gave and owns them. Hence music must pay its tribute. Music therefore being due to God since it came from Him and being necessary to man both to inspire him to devotion by its appeal and also to intensify his devotion by external expression of it, has been the handmaid of religion in all ages.

In the very earliest days of the Church, as soon as the first Christians felt their souls enlarged and thrilled with the truth of Christ, at the same time they felt themselves inspired to music as the language of the soul. Throughout the dim catacombs they sang with one accord in strains so sweet that all who heard were touched to the heart. St. Cecilia with angelic voice singing to the Lord, is the type of the faithful in those days. Later when the persecutions ceased and the Church dared show herself outside the catacombs, her refining influence spread and then, as St. Augustine relates of himself, "Christian music was so sweet as to penetrate the hearts and move the souls of its hearers."

It was at this period that St. Patrick brought the light of faith to Ireland. And it is in Ireland that music and religion are proven to be in harmony. When the wise Druids, no longer able to resist the persuasion of St. Patrick, knelt at his feet to receive baptism, then, too, Dhubac, the head of the bards in Ireland,

seized his harp and said: "O ye kings and men of Erin! this man speaks the glory of the true God; and this harp of mine shall never resound again save unto the praises of Patrick's God." And throughout the three centuries that followed, when Ireland flourished as the land of saints and scholars, when Ireland with a monastery crowning each hill and adorning each valley, was the educational centre of Europe, throughout all this time the voice of the singer and the notes of the harper were never for an instant silent, for in the monasteries, day and night, successive choirs of monks kept up a continuous praise of God. The minstrel was a man of honor and in the days of St. Columbkille, the head of the bards in Ireland was none other than this great saint himself who upon one occasion when far away in his mission at Iona, hearing that his brother bards were being persecuted by the jealous King Hugh, was obliged to hasten back to Ireland and by his earnest pleading "preserved her rosary of song" to Erin. Who then will say that music tends only to dissipation and immorality? Ireland was at one time the land of song and the land of saints. Music in Ireland did much to keep alive the religious emotions of the people. To testify this we have the admission of Queen Elizabeth, "We never can conquer Ireland and we never can make Ireland Protestant as long as the minstrels are there." In the case of Ireland music was used as God intended it to be used—to extol His goodness and to cultivate what is good and noble in man.

It was the intention that music should be so used that the Church so zealously protected it along with the other fine arts throughout that long period when Europe was one great battlefield, overrun by the Huns and Vandals, the Goths and the Visigoths, men without civilization who threatened to destroy every vestige of art. During those dark times and for a thousand years afterwards it was the monk in his cloister working in the name of the Church, who was the artist, the architect, the sculptor and the musician. And there is no history of music that will not recognize the deep debt of

gratitude that modern society owes to the cloisters for the protection and development of music. "The Gregorian Chant, one of the most perfect forms of art, a form of chant that has never been equalled in its heavenly inspiration and pious influence over men's souls, this great art of plain chant is the offspring of the Church and owes its institution to the holy pope, Gregory the Great. Thus under the care of the Church sacred music developed in form and excellence till in the sixteenth century it reached its culmination in the classical school under Palaestrina, choir master in the Vatican, whose colossal achievements in church music combining skilful technique with a spirit of deep devotion, represent the best that can be found in the domain of Polyphonic music."

Thus far, music had been turned to its highest end. But it was at this period that the great wave of heresy swept over the Church and with the growth of heresy the Church lost her influence over music. The reformers claimed to have a new inspiration for music and to open the way for its rapid development. In a sense their claims are true. Music has developed since the Reformation and music has received a new inspiration. But its development has not been that grand development that it was bound to receive had it been left under the influence of the Catholic Church. The new inspiration that music received was that same low and empty one that led the painter to paint cows and horses instead of Madonnas or to paint a Madonna with a gross sensual form instead of that sweet and refined beauty that should characterize all images of the most holy Virgin. No longer is it the object of music or any fine art to hold the mirror up to heaven, but rather to hold the mirror up to nature and to fallen nature especially. No longer is the highest theme of the musician the Alleluia, the Ave Verum, or the Stabat Mater. What is the burden of our modern opera but some human tragedy based on unsanctified, sensual love and passion and in many cases reeking with vice? And of our popular songs, do not the great majority simply idolize cheap senti-

ment and sensuality? Anything intellectual in the text would be intolerable in this unintellectual age. There is scarcely a thought of the good or harm the music may do; the whole thought seems to be "Will it give pleasure and will it be popular?" The noble art of music remains, but its power is abused and it has become one of the most powerful instruments in the hands of the devil to lead men into dissipation and sin. This change has had its effect on Catholics and on the music in our Catholic churches. We have it from the encyclical of the late Holy Father that there has been a tendency to introduce mere pleasurable music into the Church and to make religion serve music rather than to make music serve religion.

Nevertheless the spirit of the Church in this regard has never changed, nor have the faithful ever approved of this profanation of sacred music. In the Catholic soul there is a moral sense, a sort of instinct that can detect the hollow ring in worldly music and though such music has succeeded in foisting itself into many of our choir-lofts, yet it is only tolerated by the faithful and has never received their sanction. Catholics come to the church to have their souls lifted up to God and they will not have their houses of prayer turned into theatres of amusement. With the publication of the *Motu Proprio* on Church music in 1903 a reaction set in against theatrical music in the church and since that time the chief abuses have been removed.

However, the sad fact is that until now, the reform has been only negative and many in their misguided zeal for such reform, have succeeded only in exciting prejudice against the new legislation. They could not have read the encyclical, for they unhesitatingly declare that it forbids all modern music, all measured music and all harmonized music in liturgical use. Of course what they say is untrue. The encyclical not only permits, but praises, the use of classical and modern music that have the marks of artistic worth and liturgical fitness. Plain Chant has been heralded as a tedious and dolorous form of chant. Whereas the *Motu Proprio* is a document that is bound to make choir work more pleasant and to make church music more

uplifting in every sense. The *Motu Proprio* needs only to be obeyed and it will be popular.

The problem, then, is before us—the Church speaking from certain knowledge of conditions and of the needs of religion, has called for a greater interest and activity in the improvement of church music. The greatest authorities on music state that it is quite possible for every cathedral and every parish church of ordinary resources to have a skilfully trained boy's and men's choir.

Let us then heed the call of our Mother the Church. Let us approach this question in a true Catholic spirit. Catholic choristers remember that you perform a sacred liturgical office and do not turn your backs on God by deserting the choir if the leader does something not to your liking. Catholic musicians give the new music and the boys' choirs a fair chance and remember you are only half musicians if you do not take the studies and the pains to make you proficient in the music the Church recommends. Catholics in general be proud of our great heritage of liturgical music. Bear in mind the importance of externals in religion and co-operate in every way you can in establishing a glorious tradition of congregational singing and of artistic liturgical singing by liturgical singers.

You will thus make reparation to God for the world-wide abuse of the heavenly art of music. Heavenly it is—from Heaven it came and to Heaven it will return. When all other arts must faint before the gates of Heaven; when the sculptor must drop his chisel and the painter his brush on beholding forms they could never hope to imitate; when the poet can no longer sing his song of hope, and the architect, viewing the high courts of heaven needs no longer build a house; yea, when the sacred missions of all other arts will have been fulfilled, then the glorious music will survive them all, and you may take it back to its home where all the divine praises you have practised here below, will find their perfection in unison with the heavenly choirs in the everlasting song of praise.

THE HOLY HOUSE OF LORETO

By Rt. Rev. A. E. Burke, P.A.

THE attention of the world, flagging in recent years, has again been called in a most striking manner to the Holy House of Loreto, which for more than six centuries now past has been established on an elevated slope of Montreal, in La Marche d'Ancona, in the Province of Picenum, Italy. Everything about this greatest of Mary's shrines, has been, in the fullest sense, wonderful. Indeed it is itself a standing wonder to all that see it. When the marvellous statue of the Mother and Child, ascribed to St. Luke, was mysteriously consumed by fire, and the altar of the Angel underneath it badly damaged, some three years ago, all connected with the great shrine, and especially the good Capuchins charged with the care of the Sacred Chamber, were thrown into a peculiar state of wonderment. What could have happened? There was no explaining it in a natural way. But there have been supernatural explanations in plenty, and more convincing to the mind than that which makes it the occasion of a real revival of faith and Laurentian devotion, through the blessing by Pope Pius XI., of the new statue of Our Lady of Loreto, on the fifth of last September, and its due transmission to the old shrine, attended by all the pomp and ceremony of the Church and the most fervent demonstrations of the people's piety, on the feast of the Annunciation. Readers of this magazine, intimately associated with the name of Loreto, and so tenderly devoted to the Mother of God, will then be interested in these impressions of the Holy House, the outcome of a visit to this wonderful place, a few days afterwards.

We stand before the stately Bysantine Basilica which Pope Paul II. caused to be constructed in the first half of the Fifteenth, greatest of all centuries in art and learning, from designs by the immortal Bramante with

whom artists and architects of the times gladly collaborated. It is a most imposing structure externally, in cruciform, surmounted by the great Sangallo dome, with Lombardo's gigantic bronze statue of the Virgin atop, and a high and graceful campanile by Vanoatelli, its bare lines like those of the great St. Peter's being relieved by an exceptionally fine facade, with double arcades called "The Apostolic Palaces," bordering the great square, Piazza della Madonna, in which it sits. These superb palaces on the right once accommodated the Roman Pontiffs when they came to Loreto, and they served as offices and residences for those connected with the administration; those on the left housed the Illyrian Seminary which for long centuries formed, at the threshold of the House, once their own, the devoted Dalmatian clergy. But now all this is secularized and soldiers are quartered where pious prelates lived and learned Jesuits taught—a condition of affairs to be met with all over Italy to-day. In the centre of this great square plays one of the most beautiful bronze fountains in all this land of beautiful fountains; and, on the top of the steps, near the left portal, a heroic statue, also in bronze by Calagni, of Pope Sixtus V. is placed. The inscription running across the front of the Church reads: "The House of the Mother of God in Which the Word Was Made Flesh."

We pass to the second edifice through the main portal with its two splendid Ionic columns in Istrian marble; the bronze doors swing ajar, bearing bas-reliefs of scenes in the life of the Virgin, made by Lombardo, the greatest bronze artist of his day, and we pass up the central nave, remarking as we go, the twelve rich chapels, elaborated in mosaics, paintings and statuary which are situated all along the two walls. There are eight more of these magnifi-

cent chapels, only still more gorgeous than these in the recesses of the transepts, and round the circular back walls of the building, where in the apse, they are lost in the marvelously decorated and lighted Choir Chapel, done at the expense of the German nation.

But we are now anxious to reach the centre of interest, the Holy House itself. As we advance to the Chancel under the Dome, we find the way impeded by a temporary iron fence or railing, and looking up we see that a gentle Capuchin is trimming candles on a plain altar, preparatory to some public service. This altar is set against the front of a marble wall, richly sculptured, and on it: "*Nigra Sed Formosa*." Here stands the statue of Our Lady of Loreto, which the Pope had sent hither from Rome a week or so before. It is carved from the Cedar of Lebanon, a quaint, archaic, Oriental figure of Mother and Child, about three feet high, and of so brown a color as to look quite black in the distance—so different from the Virgin of Loreto, in golden garments and jewelled crown, we have been used to pray to all our lives. But there is something wonderfully fascinating and lovely about this little black wooden image. We love to gaze and gaze again upon it, and then find that there is a strange light in the modest, down-cast eyes and the commencement of a smile in the sensitive lips. Further scrutiny discloses many beauties in this duplicate of the renowned "*Veduta*" which are not apparent at first sight. All beauties of Heaven and earth are there if you can but find them!

It is evening, vesper time, indeed, and a canon, in surplice and stole (there is a full Chapter in the Basilica) comes into the sanctuary for the regular devotions. The same humble Capuchin, in coarse brown habit, caught with cincture of white cord, has now lighted innumerable tapers and candles, on the altar and round the famous *Thaumaturga*; and the votive stands at either side, are ablaze with hallowed light. The Rosary is said and the Litanies—never before so beautiful—recited and responded to with sensible devotion, by groups of black mantled matrons, now kneeling everywhere in

the enclosure, as well as little knots of pilgrims pushed into the sanctuary, even to the altar grades, all laying evident stress upon their petitions to the Virgin, whose Divine Son can refuse her nothing. There is incensement, an antiphon and a prayer; and all is done. I shall never know what that antiphon was, although intoned lustily and answered fervently. "*Nigra Sum Sed Formosa*" was all my ears could hold, and its suggestion got complete adhesion in a soul feasting upon the sublimity of this scene! She is dark, but beautiful, this Lady of our Hearts!

From dawn till vesper-tide, by special indulgent, the Holy Sacrifice is offered upon this Altar of the Annunciation, where the Pope's Legate placed the "*Black Virgin*," and where it will remain until some other Papal Dignitary comes and places it in the niche, on the Altar of the Angel, within the Holy House. Already prayers are being heard and wonders being worked by this new Virgin who seems to renew the assurance of the old, to the devout and importunate padre, shortly after her coming to Loreto: "*Indulsi omnibus mortuis et vivis miserans Deus, atque etiam tibi.*"

When we come back to the world again and look round, we are right under the painted dome which protects the Holy House. At first the solid encasement before us looks like some great, square box-shaped structure, not all imposing or attractive; but as its outlines are more fully perceived, in a better light, it becomes strikingly suggestive and alluring, a marvellous triumph of the sculptor's art; the most sustained, elaborate and perfect effort in marble in the whole world. Antonia Cretona, that great master whose centenary is being celebrated in Italy, with much fervour and enthusiasm these days, used to send his pupils here, assuring them that Bramante's Encasement comprehended everything worth while in their precious art. Vanari, great architect and renowned painter, called the bas-relief of the Annunciation "*divine*!" "*You could have clothed this house with diamonds and pearls,*" he said, "*but what would all these treasures be compared to this masterpiece?*"

Amidst all these wondrous representations which the greatest painters, sculptors and metal-workers of a glorious age in art have perpetuated here, there is a plain chiseled piece of lettering, in the Latin language, which in grandeur and solemnity, surpasses everything else, the speaking Moses of Lombardo in marble just above it, or the wondrous conception of Macarri di Siena in the pictured dome: it is the inscription which Clement VIII. caused to be graven in the lower panel of the apse facade, and which translated reads as follows:

"Christian friend, come here to accomplish some holy vow, you have before you the Holy House of Loreto, venerated in all the earth for its Divine Mysteries and the glory of its miracles. It was here that the Most Holy Mary, Mother of God, saw the light; here the Eternal Word Was Made Flesh. The angels first translated this House, from Palestine to Illyria to the town of Tressato, in the year of our Lord 1291, in the Pontificate of Nicholas IV.; three years afterwards, at the commencement of Boniface VIII.'s Pontificate, it was again carried by those messengers of God, near the City of Reconati in Picenum, in a grove of this hill, where after changing place three times in the space of a year, it definitely fixed its abode, by the power of God, three hundred years ago. Since then the sight of so many prodigies has aroused the neighboring peoples, and the report of wonderful miracles performed in this Sanctuary, having spread everywhere, all the nations have venerated this House, whose walls, supported by no foundations, have remained after all these ages, perfectly solid and intact. Dear Pilgrim, venerate here piously the Queen of Angels and Mother of Grace; for by her with the Divine Son, the Author of Life, you will obtain pardon of your offences, holiness of body and life everlasting."

But this magnificent monument which encloses the Holy House without touching it, as if to show that nothing by human hands were worthy to come in contact with its sacred walls, is not the Holy House itself. Passing through one of the magnificent bronze doors with which it is generously furnished, we cross the sacred

threshold in awe and wonderment, and are already in the mystic ambient where the first Hail Mary on Angelic lips was told to her who was "Our tainted nature's solitary boast."

The awe and wonderment increases as we venture to lift our eyes to the bare, time-scarred, but, withal, perfectly preserved walls, wherein the most august mysteries of our faith took place; the sacred walls which echoed the sweet words Jesus addressed to His Mother, and those which the Mother exchanged with her Son; walls whence so many prayers ascended to His Heavenly Father and where so many tears of compassion for poor sinners bedewed the eyes of Son and Mother! This is truly the House of God and the vestibule of Heaven!

We cannot sink into the dust and adore, as our impulses urge, for workmen are busy laying a new pavement of Grecian and African marbles, and artists giving finishing touches to the Angels' Altar, made anew of Oriental lapis-lazuli from the Vatican, with a precious niche for the Virgin, and panelling of fretted bronze and gold.

Nothing conceals the venerable stones of the interior; so we have the ineffable happiness of seeing with our own eyes and touching with our own hands the ever blessed walls which protected the Saviour of the world from the heats of summer and the colds of winter. They are formed from two kinds of Palestine limestone, one a bright terracotta, called "Jabes" by the Hebrews, and the other a dull grey, called "Nahari." The cement that binds them together is firmer and more solid than if it had set but yesterday. We kiss these sacred walls and cherish them reverently, as so many millions of Christians have done before us; but quietly and unostentatiously, for the workmen are carrying on their operations there, as unconcernedly as if laying pavements in the great Piazza della Madonna. We dare not pry off any of the original material, that would never do, but we kiss it and touch our chaplet to it time and again, and find some particles of stucco which had adhered to it, in the reparations being made, which we shall always great-

ly cherish. How happy all this has made us, can never be told. We seem to hear the voice of the Gentle Jesus saying: "If my disciples are silent, these walls will cry out for Me. If men for whom I have come down from Heaven into this dwelling will not cry out 'Hosanna,' at least these stones will proclaim my glory! When we consider that these are the walls that vibrated to the music of the Annunciation; when we find our feet moving about where the dear Christ lived, and where the celestial legions descended to adore Him in the flesh, we feel ourself impelled, like the saintly Olier, to fall down and adore Him, and ask never to leave His House.

Yes, this humble little chamber is but a mean enough sanctuary regarded by the space it occupies—only 9.52x4.10x4.30 metres—but it is infinitely grand by reason of the memories attached to it, by the love and veneration of the faithful have always borne it, as the most sacred spot on earth. It is indeed far above the most celebrated profane monuments which we deem worthy of admiration, for here we have something greater than all the masterpieces ever produced, the Home of Jesus, the Divine Architect of our salvation, the source of all genius, grandeur, perfection; Jesus the type and model of humanity He came to save, and amongst whom He did not disdain to dwell!

An adequate account cannot be given here of the paintings, mosaics, bronzes, and sculpture which the majestic Basilica-Cathedral, the Alma Laurentana Domus, contains in its baptistry, chapels and dependencies. It is a vast mine of richness and beauty made out of the willing gifts of Popes, Emperors, Kings and warriors; the wealthy and the poor, everybody's grateful offering to Mary, in all these long centuries. The Treasure House itself, constructed to store all these valuable gifts and ex-votos, is perhaps the most artistic creation of its sort to be found anywhere. It is the masterly work of Roncalli, elaborately decorated in stucco and oils by Pomerancio. Its solid walnut wall-panelling includes ninety-six cabinets. The pavement is richly designed in marble. There is enough of value exposed

in these glass-faced armories to redeem the immense national debt of Italy. It consists of precious stones and metals, chalices, ostensoria, reliquaries, altar-plate, diadems, collars, bracelets, rings, ex-voto hearts and laurels, vestments, rich robes, decorations, flags, pictures, statues, illuminated manuscripts and missals, objects in coral, amber and crystal; offered in profusion by pious pilgrims. To look upon all this treasure gives one an idea of the confidence of Catholics in the miracle of the Translation, and shows to what a degree they have appreciated the intercession of the Virgin of Loreto. When St. Alphonsus di Liguori was told that such a gift came from this King or that prince, he shed tears of joy, seeing how greatly the Mother of God was venerated by the grandest personages of earth.

We ventured the remark to the gentle Capuchin beside us: "Would not Mary willingly bestow a portion of these riches, which would never be missed from the crowded cases, to help to relieve the present pressing necessities of the Church?" And he answered back smilingly, "Perhaps so; but whenever in the past they were taken from here, they always fell into the hands of thieves; and these days are not any better than those gone on before." It is a fact that the despoiling of Mary's treasures never brought good fortune to the despoiler, and the great Napoleon is a striking case in point.

There is another incident connected with this revival which has just come to light and has given all true Lauretians unbounded pleasure. It is nothing less than the discovery in Germany, in the archives of the Carmelite Order, of a Papal Brief, issued by Clement V. and bearing date of July 18th, 1310, just sixteen years after the arrival of the Holy House of Loreto. It is addressed to the Superior General of the Order, and apprises him of the gift made to them of churches and institutions, in the vicinity of Weinheim, in the then Diocese of Worms, by the noble Chevalier, Charles Louis de Scarenden, in fulfillment of a vow which he was to have solemnly emitted in Nazareth; but which he had now done "before the Holy,

miraculous Lauretian Virgin Mary," it being that the Holy House was now in Italy. This is, then, the oldest Pontifical Brief, by far, bearing on the Translation, and it proves clearly that already the Catholic world had accepted Loreto as the House of Mary, which so shortly before, and so wonderfully disappeared from its original location at Nazareth.

At any rate Almighty God could never permit a false religious tradition, calculated to deceive the Italian people and the whole Christian world, to endure for over six centuries in His Church, such as would be implied by the yearly liturgical celebration of "The Translation of the Holy House to the Hill of Loreto." Pope Pius XI. gloriously reigning, had this in his mind, doubtlessly, as well as all the documentary and historical data, connected with the subject, when, fulfilling the solemn engagement of his predecessor, Benedict XV. of happy memory, he blessed, crowned and offered public cult to the New Image of the Virgin of Loreto, ordaining, too, that it be carried to its destination by his Cardinal Legate and Secretary of State, to whom he addressed a beautiful Pontifical Letter, well deserving of a place among the other documents of the Lauretian Archives.

And so it happened that on a beautiful day of last September, borne by Cardinal Gasparri and attended by the Court of Officials and numerous high dignitaries, lay and cleric, and accompanied by vast multitudes, whose faith and fervour were equal to those of the Golden Ages of Catholicity, the new Virgin was carried to her Home, where once more was heard the consoling refrain of the Faithful: "The same walls! The same little window! The same fragile roof which saw the Angel, the Virgin, the Child-God, youth and man, keeping the vigils which ushered in the regeneration of the world: Ah, they are there, they are here,

amongst the green laurels of Loreto, on the mirrored bosom of the Adriatic.

These good people are more sensible to facts than to arguments, and they are kneeling there now amongst the altars of Loreto, because trained to apprehend the supernatural from facts first; then from ideas, teachings and beliefs. Religion was a fact before it was a school. It is God Himself that speaks, intervenes and influences human senses, and this influence is manifested in many ways in accordance with the necessities of our nature. If, therefore, the Italian people and the Catholic world have unfalteringly conserved a firm belief in the miraculous translation of the Holy House of Nazareth, this is not alone the result of temperamental fervour or the phenomena of pious exaltation; but rather the recognition of the historic event; something falling within the range of vision, experience and understanding. They are a logical people, these Italians; they know well the favour they possess in the Holy House and are correspondingly grateful. Would that all the peoples of the world could come to this hilltop, where Mary, the City on the Mountain, beckons them! All would thus be united with her in realizing the prayer of Her Divine Son, "O Lord that all may be one!" *Ut omnes unum sint!* The fact of Loreto there is no escaping!

The old St. Louis image, which in the designs of Providence has passed under the flames, witnessed the conception, inception and historic fact, of which the New One will be the abiding figure. It is another statue of Mary, blessed, crowned, substituted and despatched, from his Episcopal See, by the Vicar of Christ, as if Rome, the City of the Saviour, were renewing in it, the glories of the imperishable Loreto, the City of Mary! To Catholics, then, the act is all compelling, both in the fact and in the inference. O Mary, Mother of Divine Grace, make our hearts like thine!



THE ANGEL'S CHRISTENING GIFT

By Mary Davoren Chambers, Alumna.

(Courtesy of "Magnificat").

ONCE upon a time a beautiful young Queen with happy eyes lay on her white bed, and a small, pink and crumpled Princess, just arrived from Heaven, lay sneezing and blinking beside her. The King was bending over them in great joy, and saying:

"My Rose and my Rose-bud—my precious Jewel that I so nearly lost, my Crown of Gladness!"

From this it will seem that he was a very young and boyish kind of King, for monarchs who are fully grown up, all have learned (doubtless for reasons of state) to hide their feelings and to make use of language only to conceal their thoughts. But the young Queen had gone very close to Heaven to bring her small baby down, and mothers at such times frequently slip inside the golden gates and never again leave that happy place. It was because the Queen had come back to him that the King was so jubilant.

"I want nothing more now," he said. "My cup of happiness is flowing over into the saucer."

"Oh, you want one thing more," whispered the Queen in a faint voice with the sound of a joke in it. "You want the Christening."

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed the King at hearing again the dear voice that always seemed to have the sound of a joke in it. "Ha, ha, ha, to be sure I want the Christening, and we'll invite everybody in the world to come to it!"

So everybody in the world, or at least in the kingdom, was bidden to the Christening of the Princess, and it looked as if most of them came. The beautiful young Queen was as lovely as a white rose. The crumples of the little Princess from her Heaven-journey were all smoothed out and she had been so wrapped

around with love since she came on earth that already she had begun to blossom out in beauty. For to love people is a better recipe for making them lovely than to use the most expensive kind of cold cream and to have daily treatments at the beauty parlor.

"Fidelity," announced the King, shall be our darling's name."

Then the trumpeters trumpeted and the harpers harped and the heralds waved—(I'm not sure what they waved, but it was more than their handkerchiefs), and the crowds cheered. The Queen touched Princess Felicity's cheek, and the Princess smiled the most charming toothless smile you ever saw.

How the hall of the palace was greatly crowded, and in the air were lots of germs, as there always are in the air of crowded places. Some of these germs produce a loathsome, hard-to-cure disorder called malevolence. Those who suffer from it somehow hate to see other persons happy—it gets on their nerves, as everybody knows, affects the heart and brain and the vision, so that anyone in whose blood the germs of malevolence grow is apt to feel and to think and to see things in the wrong way. Unless such persons immediately use the antitoxin called *beneficio* the evil germs will increase and multiply at a great rate, and will poison the nerve cells and make ugly festering sores on the heart.

Among the invited guests were six in particular who had either forgotten to bring their vials of *beneficio*, or who had so little that it evaporated during the journey, or who for some reason or other were unable to fight the germs. And these six unhappy women were soon poisoned through and through, and were readily turned into evil witches, though they did not

know it. The first symptoms of the poisoning were that they felt hatefully envious and jealous, and began to say to one another:

"What an absurd fuss to make!"

"Those trumpets are out of tune."

"The Queen's gems would feed many poor families."

"All this honor paid to one wretched baby is unfair."

"We have been treated unfairly, we should have had seats on the platform."

At this the poison erupted and they got together and made a horrible plot against the Princess.

The time now came when the guests were privileged to offer christening gifts. Some gave flowers to the Princess, and some gave gems. Some gave little garments of silk and cloth-of-gold for Felicity, when she was ready to go into short frocks. And there were several rich bankers who gave certified checks on the banks of London, Paris and New York.

After this presentation of gifts that she seemed to take little interest in, the Royal Princess began to yawn and to make desperate and spasmodic efforts to swallow her royal fists (a sure sign she wanted her luncheon). The King was about to ask whether she might be excused when the Six Malevolent Women quickly stepped forward, and the foremost said with a deep curtesy:

"May it please Your Majesty to permit us to offer a few poor and wretched gifts to the Princess?"

The King observed the mean clothing and pinched faces of the women and his heart was touched, thinking they had scrimped and economized to buy some cheap little presents for the Princess. Therefore he replied as courteously as if they were so many duchesses, saying:

"Ladies, the Princess will be honored by your gifts, and I promise for her that she shall preserve every one of them."

The reply was exactly what they had hoped for. The royal promise had been given that the gifts should be accepted and kept, and no King who is a gentleman will break his word.

So the first Malevolent Woman advanced to the lovely, unconscious infant.

"My gift is the wish that you may never have any beauty or good looks."

Immediately the second stepped forward.

"Mine is the wish that you may be a poor beggar as long as you live."

The third:

"I hope that you may never have a home of your own, but always have to climb other people's stairs."

The fourth:

"I wish for you that you may never keep your friends."

The fifth:

"May you have sickness and pain and deformity of body."

The sixth:

"May you have no particular gifts of the mind."

While the Queen listened to this rain of ill-will she grew paler and paler, until her very life seemed to ebb away, and she fell fainting to the floor. Great confusion followed. Some tried to revive the Queen. Some began a search for the Six Malevolent Women, to put them to instant torture and death, but they had cleverly made their escape. And the distracted young King cried out:

"Where is my child's Guardian Angel? Let me find her Guardian Angel and beg him to help her. Where is Felicity's Guardian Angel?"

The Angel had been there all the time, tall, beautiful, white-winged and smiling. He was an angel of great power, and he knew that he had a gift for Felicity which would annul all the evil the Six Malevolent Women had wished onto her. So while the King was distractedly calling on him, Felicity's Angel spread his wings over the little Princess and bent down and whispered in her ear what was his christening gift to her—a gift so rich and magnificent that her whole life was made happy by it.

"Felicity," he said, "I will ask for you at the Throne that you may be given that flower of the grace of Charity which is the Joy of the Looker-On."

Very soon the evil wishes of the Six Male-

volent Women began to take effect. First, the young Queen-Mother received such a shock on the day of the Christening that she went from one faint to another until on that very same day, as the sun was setting and before the twilight came, she left this earth and soared up to the golden gates of Heaven, and very soon entered into the joy of that happy country. Shortly after, the young King died of a broken heart. You remember we told you he was very young, for grown-up kings who come to their full strength, even if their hearts are broken, are able to go on administering the affairs of their kingdoms for the good of their subjects, and they do this with brave smiles to hide the terrible ache of the heart-break.

Then the kingdom was seized by a usurper, and the young Princess was banished to America with a lot of poor immigrants. In this strange land she forgot she had ever been a princess, and thought of herself only as a little girl of the East Side slums, who did not belong to anybody in particular. She grew up in poverty and the evil gifts grew with her. But so did the gift of her Angel Guardian.

Felicity lost all the prettiness of her babyhood, and people used to exclaim on seeing her, "What a homely child!" and then look the other way as if it hurt their eyes to gaze at her. This was at first a great grief and the Tempter used to suggest to her to be discontented because she was cross-eyed and did not have naturally curly hair, but her Angel would then fold his wings about her and whisper:

"How fortunate you are to be able to see the lovely curly hair of other little girls, and their pretty eyes! Isn't it delightful to look on at so much beauty and to think how good God is to make pretty children and to give the ones who are not pretty the pleasure of seeing them?"

So carefully did Felicity's Angel help her to win the Joy of the Looker-On that as she grew up there was no girl who took more pleasure in her own beauty than Felicity did in the beauty of others. From the little runabout children, with the soft roundness of babyhood still in their cheeks, with little creases in their arms to mark

the wrists and little furrows to mark the elbows—from these up to the grandmothers in whose faces were fine and delicate lines of peace and overcoming—there was no beauty which was overlooked by Felicity. Best of all she loved the beauty of girls of her own age. The tall, supple young figures, the elastic step as though they walked on air, the rounded column of their fair throats, the wild roses in their cheeks, the wonder yet in their eyes, all gave her so much joy to look upon that this alone would have sufficed to make her life very good.

All her life Felicity was very poor, and had to stretch out every five cents to make it do the work of seven and a half. But her Angel taught her to look outside of her own pinching poverty, and to enjoy the comfort of others who had ease and abundance. Take, for instance, the matter of new spring hats. Felicity had to wear the same hat not only in spring, but in summer, autumn, winter, and when a hole was worn in it by the hat-pin she had to stick the pin in a new place. But she could always multiply the joys of spring hats by the pleasure she took in creeping into the millinery departments and watching when they were tried on, one after another, over lovely faces also in their spring, and then seeing the prettiest chosen and ordered to be sent home before ever the price was asked. It was the same with winter furs, and tailor-made suits, and new bracelets, and Christmas gifts, and Oriental rugs and pictures for their rooms, and all the other pretty things that girls buy who have no sense of having to spare and stint. Poverty shuts out many simple joys, wholesome and sweetening to life, such as new books, new clothes, ocean voyages, summers at the mountains or by the sea, but it can never shut out the Joy of the Looker-On.

Felicity never had a home, for those poor people who took her into their homes for a while, could only keep her as long as they were able to afford it, and this was always a very short time. Then she would make applications to Boards and Trustees and such persons to admit her into some of those dreadful institutional Homes with the homeness left out, and they always said to her something like:

"My good girl, I will give you next week a letter of introduction to the President of Mechanical Benevolence, which you must present to the page-boy at the door of Formality Hall, and he will give it to the major-domo, who will give it to the secretary, who will make an appointment for you to form in line and be catechised as to your worthiness at half-past nine that day fortnight."

So Felicity never had a real home, but was all her life a wanderer on the face of the earth and a stranger at the gates of other people. But her Angel saw to it that she had lots of opportunities to see the homes of others, homes that overflowed with the happy interests of children who never knew what it was not to have a home. She used to see such children waiting until their father come home in the evening, to drag him into a family council for the settlement of such important questions as whether the swing should be hung from the oak or the elm, or whether the new pony should be named Robin or Jack. She used to see the poor man who was only a "hand" in the factory, come home at meal-time to a four-room tenement to wash at the sink and make the same old joke every day about the fear that his wife hadn't saved him any dinner, while the whole family went into gales of laughter over it. So Felicity found that one of the most joy-bringing things to lock on at is a home, and it was good to see that this fortunate earth was so full of such happy places.

Felicity made very few friends, for her shell that she lived in (which was her body) was so unsightly that it repelled all those who judge of others by the outside and do not possess the seeing eyes which are able to regard the heart. Yet, fortunately for all beautiful souls which are shut up in ugly cases, there are many persons who have these seeing eyes and Felicity made some cherished friends during her pilgrimage. But she never kept them. Always it happened that she quickly lost them by absence, by death, and a few sorrowful times by estrangement.

Nevertheless, how Felicity's heart was gladdened by the sight of friendship between others, by the perfect understandings, the loyal fellow-

ships and abiding affection that bind comrades and chums together. All over the earth there are pleasant paths worn by the feet of such friends in their long walks together, and the sight of them is good for sore eyes, healing, restoring to dim vision, if looked at from the right point.

Felicity was never strong, so as to find it a pleasure to rise in the morning merely to breathe the fresh air, or a pure joy to run in the fields or do errands at the grocery store. She never knew what it was to be quite free from pain,—headache or backache or earache or toothache. But how carefully her Angel taught her—and how quickly she learned—to find joy in the health and vigor of others. Even to see a girl run buoyantly up stairs, one flight, two flights, three, without any result except that her eyes were brighter and her hair more alive, was a delightful sight. Then Felicity's Angel would show her the golfers and the tennis-players, the rowers and the Marathon runners, tanned by sun and wind, the red blood coursing under the brown skin until they simply had to express their vitality in spontaneity of movement, in exercises full of vigor and grace. Yes, and even the expressmen, the letter-carriers at Christmas time, the locomotive engineers, the firemen, the lumbermen, all young, strong, full of vigor, ready to exchange jokes as they wiped off the perspiration, able to eat enormous dinners with tremendous appetite and to do huge and mighty feats immediately afterwards without thought concerning their digestion. How Felicity would laugh with delight at all this!

It is my opinion that the sixth Malevolent Woman was hard put to it to find an evil wish when she wished for Felicity to be without special gifts of the mind, for these do not amount to much to girls who have other things to make them happy. Genius weighs light in the balance with most of us compared with home and friends and good health and even prettiness and plenty of spending money. But there are a few persons who would give up all the simple, common joys if only they could be great singers, or painters or poets or in some way express the beautiful things they see in visions or dream in dreams.

Felicity's heart was overflowing with the joy and wonder of the things her Angel had taught her to see, but she was never able to express them in song or picture or poem. All the more did she glow in the joy of these gifts in other persons.

Privately, and quite between ourselves, I believe that this business of finding joy in looking on is something which all of our Angels try to teach us, and the only difference between ourselves and Felicity is that she learned it faster and better. However, we won't dispute about this. We will stick to facts in this story and leave our speculation. The last fact that I have to tell is about the persons that used to look on at Felicity some of the days when she had particularly good times at her own looking-on. Some of these thoughtless spectators would be very likely to remark,

"Oh, what a miserable, wretched poor child that is!"

Then Felicity's Angel would make her turn round so that they could get a glimpse of her face, and they would immediately exclaim:

"But did you ever see anybody look so happy? Isn't it most perfectly extraordinary that anyone can be so happy? Where on earth does she find all that happiness?"

Felicity's Angel would then beckon to these people's Angels and send them some message like this:

"How silly of you to think anybody miserable and wretched who lacks merely outside things! It is only the inside things that really matter. It is only the inside things that can make us happy. This child has that love of others and that disregard of self which bring her one of the greatest joys in the world—the joy of the Looker-On."

The Painters



I would not quarrel with a star,
For being high and I so low;
And so I will not quarrel
With Fra Angelico.
He fashioned our Virgin Lady Fair
And put what stars about her hair!
What flawless lilies on her dress,
And, in her eyes, what tenderness!
Yet what artist could ever trace
For any man, his mother's face.

Rather I quarrel with the earth,
Too dull and colourless below
To heighten the imaging
Of even Fra Angelico.
For lilies never blow in Spring
As white as Mary's mantling,
And all the shades of sunlight strewn
On rainbow, field-flower and moon,
Were never fitted to impress
One fragment of her loveliness.

I have no canvasses to show
To rival Fra Angelico.
Palette and pigments, none I keep
To trouble his immortal sleep,
Nor care what parallel there be
Betwixt our immortality.
My brow no laurel wreath besee—
Yet have I somehow had a dream
Of a white canvas that will lie
Unfinished, Mother, till I die.

LEONARD FEENEY, S.J.



NIAGARA IN WINTER

It is so hard to choose the loveliest of the four seasons. Spring has its charm of newly awakened life, balmy days, warm little breezes, cloudless skies, glorious sunshine and the sweet odours of violets, lilacs and budding things. Summer appeals with the beauty of drowsy days, of lazy butterflies, of gorgeous sunsets, long, velvety twilights, moonlight on the water. Fall bids for our favour with the fruits of the harvest, the purple and gold of sparkling days, the spice and exhilaration of tramps through frost-touched wooded places.

It is thus here at Niagara; there is so much lavish display of beauty that a choice of seasons is almost impossible; yet, as the time of snow and ice mantles us I almost want to give my vote of preference to Winter. That season has always held a fascination for me, and with its arrival comes a feeling of delightful ecstasy, a sense of the exquisite loveliness of the world's white fairyland.

Let me wave my magic wand and show you just one of Niagara's glorious winter days. It has been snowing all morning—fluffy, feathery flakes like filigree petals. The trees and bushes, twigs, and posts, stumps and vines, all are dressed in garments of ice. Garlands of snow, festoon the tall, majestic fir trees. The rush of Niagara's mighty water is not impeded as it tumbles over the rocks with its cargo of immense snow mounds. Afar in the lower river is the ice bridge in all its wonderful perfection. The little house at the "Maid of the Mist" landing is so frozen that it resembles an old Greek temple of rare architecture. The trees, paths and rustic bridges on Goat Island—all

are wearing the hoary coat of Jack Frost's design. The water from the springs that have their source in the rocks, trickles from the cliffs and freezes into long, thin icicles that are the most delicate shade of green. Over all this witchery of winter beauty the sky arches in boundless savannahs of blue with just here and there a big, fluffy cloud that looks like so much eiderdown.

The sun spreads its glory like molten gold over the whole scene, making the colours of the rainbow shine like a perfect arch of exquisite beauty. The ice jewels sparkle and dance—the snow is dazzling in its pure whiteness. Oh, Queen Winter, I humbly pay court to your majesty in your glory of white loveliness!

How wonderful it would be if we could just bottle bits of this winter magic and send it all over the world. Truly, the world could not but be better for it. Here, close to the power and majesty of Niagara, petty things creep away, annoyances fade and grow less like phantoms. Big things, noble desires, high ideals are born and grow into realities.

God seems so close, His Majesty so great in the voice of His waters. Humans seem so small, they shrink into such trivialities. It is only their love of God that makes them great. And like the ice-bridge formed by the tiny bits of ice and snow, so it seems that acts of love are the way to true perfection that lifts the voice of praise to God like the great sound of Niagara.

ALICE STUART.

Loretto, Niagara Falls.

“BILLIE”

THE mice, of course, are responsible for this Story. If it hadn't been for them—

Not that we really wanted them, you may be sure. In fact, we found them a perpetual nuisance in our dormitories. They would hold parties on the floor after we had gone to bed, and would rush about and have wild times. We used to lie and listen to them, and next morning would find that they had held a supper party inside a pie. During the winter months they became so bold that they would trot down the halls quite serenely in front of us.

It was in the winter that we finally became “fed up” with those mice. We tried paraffin rags, which only drove them out of one hole into another. We tried traps, baited with toasted cheese,—it went to our hearts to give them that cheese,—and by morning the cheese had disappeared neatly, without springing the trap.

Once a trap did go off in the night, followed by a squeak, and we rejoiced hideously, but behold, in the morning no mouse-corpse, no nothing. It was positively uncanny.

“What you need,” remarked the wag of the school, “is a cat.”

“But where in the world are we to find a cat?” we asked in perplexed chorus.

“Where? There are billions of cats about, most of 'em homeless. All you have to do is to go out with a piece of meat on the end of a string, and in a few minutes you stop and take your choice.”

“We should want a nice cat,” put in Elsie Kent, our form captain, firmly.

At that point, one mouse, a bold youth, ran across Elsie's feet.

That settled the matter.

Elsie herself went out to seek a cat.

We waited a couple of hours and then decided that someone had better go and seek Elsie, before the house mistress became too inquisitive.

Mary Mackay had just volunteered when

Elsie strolled in, trying to look as if it was all quite right and proper, and carrying under her arm,—a black, bright-eyed, tousled mongrel!

That was how Billie came.

And now he is everybody's dog.

Billie himself thinks he is the owner of the place, and gives newcomers a very bad time till, having forced them to retaliate, he studiously ignores their existence for a fortnight, and then, lying on his back, he holds up a paw for friendship.

And Billie's friendship is never refused,—there is so much that is lovable about him. Of course there are other dogs in the school, but not with Billie's uncanny intelligence. It was one of our best tales that once, when the most important of the directors had finished a tour of inspection, and Mary Ireland, the cram of the school, was hovering round for compliments, the great man turned and remarked:

“That's the most intelligent dog I've seen.”

When Elsie left, she had the good-nature to be willing to leave him to the care of Julia Grieve.

Julia was a queer kid, rather quick in class, but out of it, cultivated a rather bullying manner, and almost every junior had to knuckle under.

However, Billie was free of the school, so that was really all that we cared.

He never failed to go out with us on a free half. But he invariably left us as soon as we got out of school bounds. And we never saw him again until turning-in time. No one could explain the uncanny punctuality with which he returned, prompt to the minute, at the school gate.

He fed like a lord, and refused twice as much as he ate. He slept in Mary Mackay's room—Mary was now captain—and if she was late in turning in, Billie was there before her, lying flat on the floor, paws stretched out, and chin on

them. He would open one bright, black eye, and blink reproachfully at her, then shut it again.

If any of us were in trouble, or sick, Billie's cold, damp nose was invariably thrust into our hands, in doggy sympathy.

Now, after two years, Julia began to assert her ownership, and much anxious discussion and mutual inquiry followed. We tried a few plain hints, but these only brought forth the retort that we had no legal proof of ownership.

She began to take Billie out on the leash, and the looks he cast on us reproached our impotence to help him.

It was this action which started the rumor that Julia was leaving. When the rumor became a certainty, Julia answered it roundly by proclaiming her intention of taking Billie.

We appealed to the Head. She gave us a cordial welcome, but pointed out that without evidence we could do nothing.

Meanwhile, we wrote Elsie.

The whole school was aware of the dual of wits, and everybody was hugely interested.

The only question was whether Elsie's answer would arrive in time.

We took our snubbings badly in the Sixth, and put no pressure on her, and even at the farewell feed, Billie was not mentioned.

When our inner men were quite satisfied, Julia surprised us all by standing up to speak. She began:

"Well, girls, you all know I'm leaving. I can honestly say I'm sorry, and I know without being told that you're sorry to lose me,—and, I think that is all I've got to say."

Certain things were up to us then as ladies. The captain rose and paraphrased what Julia had said, looking mournfully at Billie all the while, who squatted at her feet, his bright eyes full of question, one ear cocked up.

Miss Reynolds, our form mistress, entered at that moment, and Julia slipped out.

Next day, not one of us went as far as the door to see her off.

Mary strolled about, forlorn. She had a chronic cold in her nose, so she told sympathizers.

A more cheerful atmosphere prevailed the following day, when Elsie's letter arrived. It ran:

"You haven't, as Julia points out, any legal proof of ownership, but that doesn't alter the fact that I meant him to be for the school, and that's why I left him. Still, what can you do now?"

Mary thought she knew. A subscription list was opened with a view to county court proceedings. Every one was anxious to give, for such a cause. Even Ruth Yoward, who lived in a perpetually broke state, sold the last two stamps she had, leaving herself in the pitiable state of not possessing even a stamp to write home to ask for money.

As a matter of fact, further events proved her heroic self-sacrifice unnecessary.

Billie, in Julia's home, had found things decidedly lonely. He had been inconsolable.

So, when Julia took him with her to the station to enquire about her trunk, he was quite desperate.

Had Julia been watching her ill-gotten gains, she would have seen a remarkable change as a train drew in.

Billie had heard voices, cheerily singing, and he knew that song.

He bit through the leash, cleared the window-sill, and was soon sniffing the beloved school uniform worn by the "new girls" going up. Reaching the school station, he barked in ecstasy at the hundreds of their kind on the platform, and when one of these "new girls" tried to put him on the train again, a bleeding hand was all she had to show for it.

A few of the girls had stayed behind to meet the afternoon train, and were wondering whether to get some "eats" first, or go on to the school.

They had just decided to make sure of a feast, when Mary Mackay, who was among them, spied Billie, tearing along like a thing possessed. He had seen some of his friends, and meant to know who else was there.

Reaching Mary, he barked ecstatically, jumping up on her. Poor old Billie! He was

dying to speak in human language to a girl who herself couldn't use it.

Back he was taken to his old home; there, impatiently enduring friendly handling, he visited every old nook.

He came to Mary's room, and giving a little whine of pleasure, jumped in!

The return of Billie was an historical event in the school.

No one was very much surprised when, one afternoon later, a car rolled up to the door, and Julia stepped out.

Billie, paws on the window-sill, had watched her arrival, and now, retreating to a group of girls, barked insolently.

After the usual greeting to the Head, Julia asked for Billie, saying quite abruptly:

"I've come for my dog, Miss Hastings."

"Oh, yes," replied the Head. "I didn't know we had your dog, Julia."

"He's there, Billie," said Julia, unabashed.

Billie snarled and barked again, showing shiny teeth.

"Oh!" went on the Head, "That's a dog some of the girls found on the train. I like him. I shall certainly not let him go without legal proof of your ownership!"

Legal proof of ownership!

A smile formed on all of our faces, as Julia turned to go.

As she went down the steps, an impulsive cheer arose from all of us. The Head smiled, and the cheer grew more loud.

Then suddenly the excited crowd, with Billie squatted on his haunches, and one ear cocked up, became as a group of statues.

The Angelus had begun to ring. It seemed sadder and sweeter than ever, to-night, and some of the girls found lumps which they could not account for, in their throats, through the sheer poetry of it.

Then the bell to go down to supper sounded. Yet all stood, as if surprised in prayer.

Then "Wouf!" barked Billie—and we carried on.

JEAN GODSON.

Loretto Abbey.

Fire-Flies



When all the world is sleeping,

And shadows softly fall,

And all the stars are peeping,

A hush comes over all;

Then in the silver moonlight,

In vales and wood-land dells,

The pretty fairies take delight

In weaving magic spells.

And when these fairies dancing,

In shady glen and grove,

A thousand lights entrancing,

In glittering brightness move;

These are the happy fireflies,

And shining's their delight,

That all the pretty fairies gay,

While dancing, may have light.

At dawn, with magic brightness,

Begins the mortal's day,

Then with steps of airy lightness,

The fairies trip away;

Then off they go to dreamland,

And tuck themselves in bed,

And dreams and visions filled with joy,

Dance in each fairy head.

CLARA BARRETT.



"Virtue is its own reward, and brings with it the truest and highest pleasures; but they who cultivate it for the pleasure's sake are selfish, not religious, and will never gain the pleasure, because they never can have the virtue."—Newman.



M.J. McNally



F.R. Sexton



F.A. Hillemeyer



H.V. Grady



I.V. Fitzgerald

Coretto Academy

Woodlawn



A.M. Galvin
LIB.



M.M. Sheridan
VICE PRES.



M.B. O'Donnell
PRES.



F.M. Hayes
SECY.



A.M. Fitzgerald
TREAS.



M.M. McCardle



L.A. McConnell



M.M. Walsh



E.A. Grannan



M.G. Pollard



J.L. Casey



E.M. Keefe



E.M. Ball

Class
of
1922

Photo by BLOOM Photographers
State-Lake Bldg. Chicago

REFLECTIONS OF A MODERN SCHOOL-GIRL

When our grandparents were children they had time to stop and listen to the chiming of the church bells, time to watch the drifting clouds, time to make friends with the squirrels and birds and take long walks through the woods and enjoy nature.

The modern business man leads a life of continual bustle and rush. He dresses in a rush, reads his morning paper while drinking a hasty cup of coffee; jumps into his car and a few moments later is in his office. He spends the morning in a continual rush from one thing to another. He lunches with a business friend in order to talk over some financial affair. Then he hurries back to his office and spends the afternoon in as busy a fashion as the morning and finally goes home with about one-half of what he had planned to do, undone.

Just as hurried is the life of the average woman. The children must be got ready for school, the marketing attended to, a bit of housecleaning achieved and various other domestic duties looked after. Then luncheon must be got ready for the children and soon they are home from school. Various social works claim her afternoon as well as the visit to the dressmaker and the confusion and disturbance caused by the arrival of the painter and paper-hanger.

She is always looking forward to a time when something will be finished or a period of worry will be over and a comparative rest will be hers. But when that day comes one of the children is ill, or a neighbour has some misfortune, or a disaster turns some poor family into the street to be housed and cared for, and the poor mother is as busy or busier than before and often drops into bed at midnight too tired to do more than read the headlines of the daily paper and say her prayers.

But while much attention is given to the cares and worries of both father and mother,

comparatively few people stop to consider the hurried life of the ordinary school girl, whose homework keeps her up till the wee small hours of the morning. She rises in the morning as tired as when she went to bed the night before; eats her breakfast while anxiously watching the clock and then flies off to school. Arriving there, she plunges into a routine of various school lessons. At twelve o'clock she goes home to lunch and spends the remaining few minutes before classes recommence, looking over and doing the lessons of the afternoon. She is tired when she gets home about four-thirty, but—rest then? No, not for her.

The girl holding a position as stenographer in an office comes home at five or five-thirty, and has the evening free; even a girl doing housework in her own home, has a free evening. But the poor, unfortunate school girl must then begin all over again. She studies and studies and practices, and finally goes to bed as tired as any of her elders who will say to her, "Your school days are the happiest days of your life. Make good use of them."

Men, women and children all go on year after year hoping, in spite of experience, that a time will come when this strenuousness will give place to a period of rest and no worry. But this time never comes.

All progress, all self-development since the beginning of this struggling world of ours, has been won at the cost of hard work and hard thinking on the part of someone. Work is good; but over-work when it becomes too strenuous is the pace that kills. In no country are there so many nervous wrecks among both men and women as in this hustling country. It is here that less strenuousness is needed and more repose of both mind and body.

HELEN O'BRIEN.

Loretto, Guelph.

JOURNAL JOTTINGS—MY BIRTHDAY

This is the happiest day of my life. Oh, little bit of a Journal, don't you feel the joy just bubbling from my pen? To-day I am seventeen, and I feel the responsibility of an added year. But grown-up as that sounds, I can't say that I feel exactly old and feeble. Instead, I want to run, and jump, play ball, swim, dance—do everything that requires energy and speed. It makes me truly sad when I think that in five years if I venture to skip rope some one will be sure to raise horrible eyebrows and say in shocked tones, "Oh, my dear, don't be so undignified, it really doesn't look well." Look well! If being dignified means being unnatural, then I'm never, never going to be dignified. I just won't walk primly and properly. If I want to skip—I'll skip, if I'm seventeen or seventy.

All that sounds dreadful, little Journal, and I must not mar the beauty of this day by one horrid thought. This isn't an ordinary birthday, it is quite unlike any of my other birthdays. The difference lies in the fact that I have an idea for this day.

Shall I tell you of it, my own little book? It is that I am going away on a long journey. The place towards which I start my travels is called the Land of Year—it has three hundred and sixty-five towns and each is a Town of Day—Happy Day, Dreary Day, Sunshiny Day, Bad Day. Some towns are nooks of the most exquisite beauty and others are situated in deserts of ugly dryness. In some places I think I shall find other travellers who will be kind and give me a bit of help as I trudge along. Perhaps, too, I shall meet those who are cruel, who try to injure me, who make the way rough. Sometimes the ugly towns will be beautified by the thought of one noble action; other beautiful towns changed to sordidness by an unworthy deed. But I must travel through them all.

This journey is not to be one of luxury, so I go as a Lady on Foot and I carry my own knapsack. A great deal depends on the contents of that knapsack. Food, I suppose, comes first, so into my kit goes the Bread of Ideals. I know if I keep this food ever sweet and fresh I shall never be hungry no matter how many Towns of Day are located in the desert. After a long trudge on a dusty road when I am hot, and hungry, weary and thirsty, how refreshing it will be to stop near some spring of Beautiful Thought and eat my bread as I sip a glass of the cool water. Into my knapsack I put the field-glasses of Charity. With these I shall discover new beauties in the towns of my travels. Then there is a roll of sympathy—it is bandage for those travellers whom I may meet, who have not observed the laws of the road and are bruised by the thorns of trouble. I take a can of Content to help me when the road is long and up-hill; I have a jar of Patience—it is a cool ointment that will soothe the scratches and blisters of unkindness. I take a tube of Sweet Dreams—this will keep me from lagging when I find the way a bit rough and the rock-bound towns numerous.

I am putting two boxes in my knapsack. One is black and ugly—I wish I could leave it behind, but alas, it is part of my knapsack and so—with me comes my box of Faults. I hope gradually to lose them as I travel through the Land of Year. The other box is beautiful silver with intricate carvings and inlaid work of gold. Just now my silver box is not very full, but I want to keep adding to it until my box of Virtues overflows even as my box of Faults empties.

So that I may while away spare moments I am taking memory's book of Golden House to read. It is the most beautiful book. Each page has the story of a happy event of Time Gone

By. As I read of the Golden Hours, I feel again the joy that I had when the book was first put together, page by page.

So my knapsack is packed, wee little Book, and I start on the journey through the Land of Year. Are you going to bid me Bon Voyage? But no, since you are coming with me, we say Bon Voyage to each other. You and I will be companions of the road. I have always

had a bit of the wanderlust and I think this is going to be the best journey of all. Are we afraid, little Journal, to venture forth into this new land? I am not—because I have the beacon light of Faith and the star of Hope. Let us take to the road.

RUTH GOETTER.

Loretto, Niagara Falls.



ADVANTAGES OF A HIGH SCHOOL EDUCATION

A Paper Read by Mrs. J. P. Hynes at the Last Convention
of the I.F.C.A. in Louisville, Kentucky

HIGH Schools have shown themselves to be the most important educational institutions supported at public expense.

Read the program of this Convention—read the program of any great business or educational Convention—and you will find the High School continually referred to, occasionally in terms of approval—sometimes in terms of reproach, but always in such a way as to convince you that High Schools have a very vital place in the life of the people. The High School is one institution whose function it is to take care of the education of hundreds of thousands of young men and women during the period of greatest mistakes—that is, the first half of the adolescent period. One great advantage of the High School is that, in order to serve a community fully, it must epitomize that community. To it are attracted the boys and girls from all kinds of homes, and here they meet on a common basis and learn to appreciate the fact that humanity is one. No High School will ever reach its highest efficiency until it is able to become the “melting pot” in which are found the different elements of a community. Here the rich and the poor, the refined and the crude must mingle and learn to know and respect each other’s weaknesses. Some boys and girls will desire to go on to higher institutions, and the High School is certainly the outstand-

ing link between our primary schools and the university.

There is a large number who, at the time they are ready for high school, have no wish to go to college; they are, however, still too young to make the most of themselves if they leave school. In some secondary schools now, work is provided which will attract these boys and girls—commercial work, shop work, domestic science, art, music, agriculture and similar courses. Of course the condition of the community itself should determine the particular features of these subjects which are to be emphasized. If the community is a residential one, of some wealth, the artistic sides of the handicraft courses will need to be accentuated. If it is a community in which the greater number of the pupils are likely to be engaged in industries, then the vocational side of the work must be carefully developed. There are to-day about forty vocations which have in them the best paid workers and which a boy cannot enter if he stops school before the completion of four years of training in a standard High School.

In hundreds of schools throughout the country, boys and girls are learning to control the school buildings and grounds—not merely as a means of relieving the teachers for other work, but because they thus acquire an attitude

towards common problems of administration, that they could acquire in no other way. Similarly girls prepare the mid-day luncheons for the entire school, as part of their domestic science, in this way receiving instructions in technique and management.

One of the greatest steps forward in the pedagogy of character-building is taken by those high schools that find methods of enlisting every one of their students in activities of co-operative service. An illustration of what can be done in this direction in urban High Schools, is contained in the following report of the manner in which pupils are registered in Washington Irving High School of New York. As the girls from the elementary schools enter they are met at the door by a reception committee of pupils, who make them feel perfectly at home, and show them just what to do. After a pupil has registered, she finds at her side a delightful, chatty girl, who treats her as if she has known her all her life. This girl takes her through the building and shows her all about her Alma Mater-to-be. She asks her in what she is particularly interested. Does she like debating or music? Well, then, she must be sure to join the musical and debating clubs and she introduces her to the presidents of these organizations. All this time she has not met a single teacher, nor has she received a single order or command; she has simply been welcomed to her future Alma Mater by her equals, who are glad that she has come and who hope that she will remain to honor the school, to educate herself in the finest sense, and to form life-long friendships, begun already on the first day. If more schools tried this experiment, the number of pupils who leave before they finish their course would decrease as by a miracle.

Another recognized need of secondary education to-day is that of enlarging the pupils' opportunities to attain bodily skill and to train their habits of reasoning. The moral values in athletics are abundant, and boys and girls will learn through them to bring to their tasks minds more alert, spirits more cheerful and wills more energetic than through any other means.

From the very routine of a good High School the pupils develop habits of punctuality and regularity, of accuracy, truthfulness and obedience, of politeness, self-restraint and self-control—habits which, when the will enters into them, become the school virtues and lay a foundation of success. It is not surprising that a boy or girl who has been faithful at school is preferred above the boy or girl who has formed the habit of playing truant.

A great American educationist has said: "If I were called upon to put above the door of the school-house one word, expressive of the aim of high school education, I would put there in electric light the word 'TRUTH,' and truth more than knowledge, although the latter is the broader term. Knowledge may abide as a mere matter of intellect, but truth touches the heart, out of which are the issues of life." It is true men and true women that our nations need everywhere. Religion, morality and knowledge being absolutely necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind, High Schools and the means of higher education should forever be encouraged.

Clouds

Little, fleecy, baby clouds,
Sailing in the sky,
Skimming through the blue expanse,
Above the mountains high.

Jolly, big, fat mamma clouds,
Dressed in softest gray,
Kiss the pretty baby clouds,
When they go to play.

Scowling, angry papa clouds,
When we see the rain,
Are scolding little baby clouds
To make them good again.

Clouds, you know, like children too,
Sometimes can naughty be,
And when their daddies scold them,
Their tears make rain, you see.

CLARA BARRETT.

Loretto, Guelph.

REFLECTIONS

FIRST came to see the light of day, a very dreary day, in a dingy shop window facing toward other shop windows, hemmed in by the dingy windows of a busy London street.

I knew my duty well, having been taught it by the old and experienced veterans who returned to the manufacturer's for repolishing and framing. I was to reflect honestly anything coming within my field of vision. Before I was taken to the dingy shop with the dingy windows, surrounded by other shops with other dingy windows, I had become so practised in the art of honesty that I grew to be the pride of my exacting teachers, and the leader of my striving companions. Indeed, the practice of this admirable virtue grew to a habit.

There were times, though, when I rather regretted the fact that I had acquired the habit. For example, I would have loved to change that dingy window into shining panes of silvery glass, to reflect the smiles of the sunbeams as they filtered on their path, or perhaps to change that black smoke issuing from the giant chimney from across the way into a white mist catching the gleams of the joyous sunbeams, changing into every colour imaginable, and reflecting it all in my face. But these were only momentary relapses into temptation.

One day fortune, the blind, did smile on me. A tiny little smile, to be sure, but then a smile. For it brought me a little friend, with curly, golden hair, that reminded me of the stray sunbeam that had lost its way and had stopped to chat with me before resuming its journey. My little friend stopped before the window to admire herself, arrange her dainty curls and then pass on. The next day she came dragging her doll carriage, paused, pushed the carriage before her, and then passed on again, but not until she had stopped to gaze at the

pretty picture I reflected, and then, O the sunniest of smiles, a tiny skip, a coquettish shake of the head, and she was gone. The next day she came, the next and the next. For ever so many days did she drag that carriage to the old shop window, the only brightness in my dreary, dragging, dingy existence.

As mirrors have very loving and faithful hearts, perhaps a result of the practice of the virtue of honesty, this little cheery friend grew very dear to me.

A late summer afternoon (I think I heard the shop man say that it was the month of August) was slowly turning towards a depressingly warm evening when a large car, speeding down the street, stopped suddenly just as the front wheels reached the field of my reflection. It wasn't hard to be honest with those wheels, and it pictured my little golden-haired friend in one of them. Yes, there she was, her laughing eyes just peeping round the corner of my frame, her golden locks dancing as the wind played havoc with them, and her chubby hands stroking the dingy window pane, making long streaks in the dust. Then she danced on; that was the last I saw of my sunny, cheery acquaintance for many a day.

A man had jumped out of the car and began to search around it for some trouble in what he named the engine. I don't remember ever having reflected an engine.

Meanwhile another occupant, an old man, began to stroll down the street, gazing in my window. After a while he halted, stared and (as I thought) owing to the dinginess of the window, put on his spectacles, looking at me through wide-open, old, blue eyes. Then he turned and left me. Being such a modest person, or rather object, I rather resented the un-called-for attention.

I saw him next after about five minutes had passed. He had evidently made a good bargain,

for he was excitedly giving directions to the shop-keeper for my delivery to a certain house, on a certain street, at a certain time.

As mirrors have ears, but no tongue, I heard the words, "It is a mirror that my father owned when a boy." The shop-keeper was not as honest as I, evidently, and agreed enthusiastically. He knew and I knew that I had been nothing but grains of sand when that man was a little boy, if he ever was one. I had no desire to go with that old man and I looked as honest as I could. But the more honest I looked, the more convinced was the purchaser that I was an heirloom, and the more did the shop-keeper extol my new, yes, very new, qualities.

As the battle was an uneven one now, two to one, besides their having tongues, I had to resign myself to the inevitable, namely, the loss of my little golden-haired fairy, and fly off with the old man in the repaired car.

But no, the old man went off ahead of me in the limousine, and I was carried in a huge carriage by two dreadfully rough-looking men, to the home of my new owner.

As I was and am, a very large mirror, they had some time getting me through the door, but at last by their pushing me this way and that, I was dragged into a cosy parlor where I was hung on the wall just opposite a rather large fire-place.

The fire-place was a clean, neat, fire-place, the fire a crackling, cheery fire, and the whole room as clean, neat, and cheery as the fire and fire-place.

I was terribly astonished to find that in spite of my loss I was vastly pleased with my new surroundings, but excused myself by say-

ing, or thinking, that it was my starved sense of the artistic.

I found out that the flame-like tongues that commenced dancing in the hearth, and sending a ruddy glow of heat and light through the room, were due to electricity. I reflected, astonished, yet honestly, the grey head of an old woman as she passed me to reach a chair near the fire-place, and that of the old man as he paused to admire the effect of my presence in the room. They were both speaking of something that was to happen in a few days. But I was not interested; I was missing my little daily visitor.

About one month later, in the late afternoon when I was beginning to feel restive, though the old woman thought that it was the wind, I noticed something strange about my mistress. There was a light in her eyes, an expectant light that piqued my glassy curiosity.

A breath of wind, and I went battering against the wall, and by the time I had regained my former position, I reflected, surprised, but still honestly, my little friend of the dingy window. The smiling face was as happy as ever and the silvery voice was forming the words, "Grandma dear, the mirror and Grandpa and me, just us! We'll be so happy together, won't we?"

That night the group around the fire was the most joyous I had ever seen, and to crown it all, there was the sunny head with the golden curls.

I am happy now, happier than I ever dreamed of being in the old shop with the dingy window surrounded by the rows of dingy windows. And I am still honest.

GENEVIEVE BIBBY.

Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls.



ALUMNAE NOTES

LORETTO ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION

Patroness	REV. MOTHER PULCHERIA.
Hon. President	MOTHER M. CHRISTINA.
President	MRS. J. P. HYNES.
First Vice-President	MRS. W. S. MILNE.
Second Vice-President	MRS. HARRY ROESLER.
Recording Secretary	MISS CHRISTINA COLLINS.
Corresponding Secretary	MISS MONA CLARKE.
Treasurer	MISS ALMA SMALL.
Convenor of House Committee	MRS. W. T. MERRY.
Convenor of Entertainment	MRS. W. T. J. LEE.
Convenor of Membership	MISS KATHERINE LAMBE.
Convenor of Press	MISS LENA COTE.

The November meeting of the Loretto Alumnae Association was held at the Abbey. Mrs. James P. Hynes, the Association's delegate to the Convention of the I.F.C.A. held at Louisville, Kentucky, read an interesting and comprehensive report of the proceedings, and Mr. Leonard Wookey sang a group of songs, accompanied on the piano by Mrs. James W. Mallon.

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Mrs. James P. Hynes entertained at afternoon tea, at her home, Castle Frank Road, to meet the winners of the Loretto Scholarship, Miss Dorothy Sullivan and Miss George Anna Dell. Mrs. J. B. Monkhouse, President of St. Joseph's College Alumnae, and Miss M. L. Hart, were present, as well as the members of the Loretto Executive. The Association extends warmest congratulations to these young ladies and looks forward to a successful future for both of them.

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Congratulations are extended to Mrs. Harry Roesler, our Second Vice-President, on the recent happy event in her family, when her parents celebrated their golden wedding day, in the presence of a large gathering of their numerous family and connections.

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Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Phelan on the birth of a child. Mrs. Phelan, as Josephine Maloney, has always been a faithful and enthusiastic member of the Alumnae.

The junior girls of the Loretto Alumnae treated the children of the Carmelite Orphanage on Ossington Ave., to an enjoyable sleigh-ride. The sleighs were in charge of Miss Kathleen Lee and Miss Sheila Irvine. The tradition that rounds up a sleigh-ride with a banquet, was not broken in this instance, as the participants could give ample witness. Those who were active in the arrangements of the outing and the repast were Margaret Butler, Margaret Bradley, Eileen Gibson, Helen O'Loane, Mona Gary, Mary Hicky, and Mrs. J. P. Hynes, the President of the Alumnae.

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Sincere condolence is extended by the Alumnae to the family of the late Dr. Charles McKenna, an old and faithful friend of Loretto, whose noble character and eminent abilities had won him a high place in their esteem.

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Our sympathy is extended to Miss Gertrude Collins, our Recording Secretary, and to the other members of her family, on the death of their beloved mother, also to Miss Katherine Lambe, Convenor of Membership Committee, on the death of her mother; also to Mrs. J. P. King, President of Stratford Alumnae, and her sister, Miss Rose Kennedy, and to Mrs. Monkhouse, President of St. Joseph's Alumnae, on the death of their brother, Hon. W. C. Kennedy, Minister of Railways and Canals.

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The Loretto Alumnae of Englewood, Chicago, held its annual holiday tea at the Convent on January 7th. On behalf of the Alumnae, the President, Miss Bernice R. Hanlon, presented a purse of \$200.00 to Rev. Mother Pulcheria, the guest of honor on the occasion, in recognition of the recent celebration of the Diamond Jubilee of the Foundation of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary in America. Sixty of the members were present on the occasion.

"Of a sane man there is only one sane definition. He is a man who can have tragedy in his heart and comedy in his head."—Ches-terton.

A GREAT SISTER OF CHARITY

ALL lovers of "The Little Flower" will remember her devotion to her little martyr-friend, Theophane Venard. When, sixty years ago he shed his blood in China, the Christian and the missionary were hunted beings, who lived away in caves and dens of the earth. As ever, that blood has become the seed of the Church, and to-day there are the brightest hopes for the extension of the Kingdom of Christ in China. The Catholic Church there enjoys the greatest freedom and is most highly respected. Catholic churches, schools and hospitals may be built without let or hindrance. Indeed, in the Chinese Parliament there are several Catholic members, and in the Peace Conference the Chief of the Chinese Delegation was a Catholic. Nor is the Celestial Empire unappreciative of Christian heroism and charity, for the President sent as a special delegate, the Grand Mandarin of Peking to Ning-Po, to decorate with the Order of the Star, the Catholic Bishop of that town, together with Sister Gilbert, in recognition of their noble services to humanity.

What has Sister Gilbert done to merit such honours from the Celestials? For fifty years she has spent all the energies of her heart and mind and strength in the saving of souls, and China has mainly been the field of her Apostolate.

Sister Gilbert is a native of Brittany. When only a young girl, her dearly beloved father was struck down suddenly. For four days he lay unconscious, and died without regaining consciousness. From that date the heroic girl determined to consecrate her life for the soul of her beloved father. She entered the Institute of the Sisters of Charity and soon became much attached to the Congregation, however, when God called her to the foreign missions, she courageously made the sacrifice of her second home, and was sent to North Africa. There, in

the scorching sun she found a truly purgatorial fire, which she cheerfully endured for the purpose for which she had already made so many sacrifices. From there she was sent to China, for which country she had always felt an interior attraction. Here she was placed at the head of a large Orphanage, rescuing innumerable immortal souls, and later baptizing with her own hands tens of thousands, thus opening to this army of baby souls, the gates of heaven.

For some years past her home has been in St. Joseph's Hospital, Ning-Po, a large town with an episcopal residence. This house is truly a treasure trove of the church, where precious things are piled up from floor to ceiling. Here, what the world flings away as rubbish, Sister Gilbert carefully collects, cleanses, polishes up, and transports to the heavenly Jerusalem for its adornment. To her apostolic heart, how costly is this refuse or offscouring of Ning-Po! So intent is she in discovering the Divine resemblance in man, that her eyes do not see all the deformity and infirmity around her—helpless and abandoned children, cripples, blind men, incurables, feeble old men with one foot in the grave! Truly have the hedges and highways, the gutters and ditches been scoured to procure protégés for Sister Gilbert! And having robed them in the Wedding Garment, rejoicingly she sends them to the Banquet of the Lamb.

What an immense joy her labourers are giving to the Sacred Heart of Our Lord, the Good Shepherd! And for Sister Gilbert herself, in spite of poverty and privations, in spite of sufferings and hardships, what peace and brightness fill her soul as she mothers the motherless bairns, as she befriends the friendless and aged, as she caresses the forlorn and forsaken, as she brightens the darkness of the blind by her love and solicitude! In her is indeed fulfilled the promise: "When thou shalt pour out thy

soul to the hungry and shalt satisfy the afflicted soul, then shall thy light rise up in the darkness, and thy darkness shall be as noonday. And the Lord will give thee rest continually, and fulfill they soul with brightness."

Yet Sister is not satisfied. Like all great conquerors, she is filled with a divine discontent and wishes to double her gains for heaven. She could easily do so, she says, if she had the means. How she loves her dear Chinese! They are her whole life and she longs to win them all for Christ. In China, five millions of infants are yearly thrown away. For a few cents these children can be bought from their unnatural parents and with a small alms we can give them as a gift to Heaven. Who then will give to the Sacred Heart of Our Blessed Lord the joy of one more soul redeemed? For half a dollar the donor can become the godfather or godmother to the rescued child, who will receive his or her name in baptism. This small sum is used, not only for the purchase, but for the maintenance of the small piece of humanity. Owing to previous ill-treatment and exposure, they are not long-lived and soon wing their way to heaven.

What will be their first thought there? Assuredly, remembrance of those by whose zeal they were rescued, and Heaven's gate opened to them. The many letters of gratitude and the many babies given in thanksgiving for favours received, would seem to vouch for the truth of this statement. Is it not just the fulfillment of that holy priest's words, "If you want to bribe 'The Little Flower' give her a black or a yellow baby." Says another great missionary, "They are your wireless telegraphy, they will take your messages to Heaven!"

A client of "The Little Flower" writes: "I saw the appeal of Father Van Oyen, Missionary in China, and I sent him all I had through Rev. Dom Arnold, O.S.B., Buckfast Abby. I was deeply moved by the thought that he had to leave the poor babies in the street for want of money. Father Van Oyen wrote me such a touching letter, saying he would baptize forty dying children "Mary Teresa," and that forty little angels would fly to heaven to sing and dance with their sister,

"The Little Flower."

"Since I ~~started~~ helping this poor missionary in China, I am the happiest girl in Ireland. God seems as if He would never do enough for me—such blessings to myself and family! How I wish that all your readers would do as I have."

May the writer be permitted to quote a letter just received from this great Sister of Charity? It will emphasize how to greatly help on the extension of the Kingdom of Christ.

Hospital of St. Joseph,

Ning-Po, China, 17 Feb., 1922.

My Dear Sister Mary Bernard:

How good of you not to resent my long silence! If you knew how my life has been filled since your numerous benefactions, sent through Rev. Dom Arnold, who has told me all the acts of charity done by you and by all the generous readers of the Catholic Fireside. Never have I received so much alms, as since your kind heart has obtained miracles from the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Who wishes to convert through you and your dear readers, the many pagans who long remained deaf to the truth.

Now the Chinese come to us with confidence. For six months I have received into the house, whole families who give themselves entirely to me. Choice souls, so young and just opening to grace, they will become the friends of God and the Elect of Heaven. Thy Kingdom come! My God give me souls to convert and save!

My very dear Sister, I am so grateful to you for your response to my request to become the Apostle of the poor little Sister Gilbert. It is a great consolation to me to know that there are those whose zeal enkindles others to love our dear Lord; that there are those whose desires bring about the Reign of Jesus Christ in these pagan countries, where before, the devil was adored. Therefore it is, dear Sister, that God blesses your charity and enables us to send to Heaven a large army of little souls. It is a perpetual miracle God works to convert these pagans, and in this spiritual work, it is Our Heavenly Father Who helps us.

Therefore am I immensely grateful to you for making known our work among the Chinese.

Surely your charity, your zeal, your prayers and Communions have been one of the succours which God has provided us with during these months past!

How happy I am to know and like you, dear Sister! Your remembrance supports me greatly. Continue to succour me until I can receive all the poor unfortunates.

Tell all my benefactors, the readers of the "Catholic Fireside," that I thank them with all my heart, begging God to bless them abundantly on earth, and to give them one day a grand place in Heaven. The most beautiful jewel in their crown will be the pagan souls saved by them.

I would like to talk to you about my desires and confide to you my consolations as I would to Our Lord!

We are preparing numbers of sick and old people and children for baptism. Many more conversions could be easily effected with more means. But rice is necessary, and clothes for the wretched. Send these, please, to me through Father Arnold, who is a sort of Divine Providence for me. Get my orphans adopted; here is a really fine work.

I enclose an English letter for you about the Turkish towels woven by my boys. Do try and get them sold to support them.

Once more, thanking you with all my heart, dear Sister, I remain in the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

Your grateful and affectionate

Sister Gilbert.

Just two years ago Sister Gilbert set up looms for the weaving of Turkish towels. Thus work is provided for two hundred orphans, once castaway boys. She writes, these are growing up in age and goodness: "They work hard, are laborious and docile. God helping, I wish to provide a loom for each boy. I propose to pay them each month according to their work. I bank their wages, and when the boy arrives at an age to found a family, I find a companion worthy of him. Thus are Christian families planted in China and the Kingdom of Christ extended therein."

REVIEW OF BOOKS

The following books are published by Benziger Bros., New York, 36-38 Barclay street. They can be secured by writing directly there, or by applying to any Catholic bookseller.

"No Handicap," by Marion Ames Taggart. (Net \$2.00, postage 15c.). A somewhat unusual situation forms the theme of this book, one that requires delicate handling on the part of its author, but the solution is skilfully and pleasantly worked out. Two men knitted together in a friendship close and strong, have set their hearts upon the same woman, whom both have known since early childhood days. Loyalty to each other, and to the girl, whose fine character deserves the admiration she has evoked, provides some interesting situations. Fate comes to the rescue and justifies the fidelity which each of the friends shows towards the other. At the same time it calls for a heroism on the part of one of them, which is calculated to strain their relations to the breaking point. The "handicapped" one is led along that path of self-abnegation which spells defeat for many, but sanctity for the elect few, and notably for this one. His formerly robust, indomitable nature bends its energies towards keeping his head erect and his vision of heaven unclouded. How he loses all self-interest and rises above the catastrophe which has threatened to cut his very life in two; how he devotes himself to the care of a child, adopted through mercy to its poor betrayed mother; and how far this devotion goes towards healing his wounds, make some absorbing chapters. Many tender scenes occur between the child and his guardian, which help to satisfy the reader's artistic desire for compensation. Few writers could have raised the problems that exist in this book, and have disposed of them in a manner, at once so masterly and so satisfyingly, as this one has. We promise our readers much entertainment and edification in "No Handicap."

"Patron Saints for Catholic Youth," by **Mary E. Mannix.** (10c. each, or net \$6.75 per hundred). Among "the number of things" in the possession of youth now-a-days, which in R. L. Stevenson's opinion, should make them "as happy as kings," there is one which is noticeably lacking, namely, a knowledge of, and familiarity with the lives of the Saints. Even the ignorance of many grown-ups, has to be acknowledged concerning this most fascinating field of knowledge. But it need be so no longer, because never before have these lives been placed before the young in such attractive form. The author, an experienced writer for children, has exercised careful judgment in the selection of material, and she presents these instructive and entertaining sketches in such simple, easy style and such charm of expression, that they arouse the interest of the youthful reader and leave a lasting, beneficial impression. The remarkably low price at which the publishers have issued these pretty brochures, places them within easy reach of children and facilitates their distribution in a large way to pupils of Parochial and Sunday Schools, Sanctuary Societies and Sodalties for boys and girls. Their work in the class-room will also be apparent to the teacher, not only for supplementary reading, but also for the influence they exercise on the young mind by means of the lessons drawn

from the childhood of the Saints, so humanly depicted by the author. (This series can also be had in bound form, each volume with ten illustrations, as follows: "Illustrated Lives of Patron Saints for Boys"; "Illustrated Lives of Patron Saints for Girls," by M. E. Mannix; each, net, \$1.00).

"Lives of the Saints, with reflections for every day in the year. Compiled from the "Lives of the Saints," by Rev. Alban Butler. (Paper binding, retail 25c. each; wholesale, net 20c.; per hundred, net, 18c. each. Cloth binding 85c., postage 10c; handsomely illustrated edition for \$2.00, postage 20c. extra).

"Butler's Lives" has been a household word for years, and for pious reading is still without a rival. But this is the first time that it has been issued in such handy, readable and law-priced form, so that no one can be excused for not possessing a copy of it. It is arranged according to the calendar. There is a Saint's life for every day in the year, followed by a short reflection or moral drawn therefrom; it also contains the lives of certain American Saints as well as some most recently canonized. It is a most suitable book to put in the hands of those who are making a Mission or Retreat. Published by Benziger Bros., 36-38 Barclay St., New York City.



THE IMP

IT undoubtedly all happened on account of Miss Eleanor's Mission class. Miss Eleanor was very young and therefore dreadfully in earnest about this class. Her enthusiasm was so contagious that all her family and friends felt genuinely interested in her little foreign children. Her method was simple. She knew nothing about scientific teaching and lecturing, she was therefore unembarrassed by rules. She merely brought her small friends together and told them little stories that made more impression on their eager, young hearts than hours of the other kind of teaching might have done. She also taught them many new games and often spent the whole afternoon just playing with them.

As before mentioned, all her relatives were interested. One in particular, Perry Mantle, a lad of eight summers, nick-named "the Imp," often begged to be allowed to go to the class. After overcoming much opposition on the part of his mother, he finally informed Miss Eleanor he had leave to attend class the following Saturday. Miss Eleanor was a little doubtful as to the wisdom of taking him along, for she feared he was so well dressed the contrast might hurt her little people's hearts. But she need not have feared. "The Imp's" cheerful "hullo" as he entered the room made every child there his friend, and when Big Hans, after a glance at "the Imp's" clean hands, went off and washed his own, she wished she had brought him sooner.

Some days later, Miss Eleanor proposed a fire drill. She was herself terrified at the thought of fire, but she showed them how to form a line, the little girls in charge of a girl named Olga, in front, then the older girls, then the boys, with Big Hans as rear guard. To aid the marching she bought a small drum and "The Imp" became the drummer. Every day at the signal the children formed in line and marched around the room to the time of "The Imp's" drum.

About a month later, on a cold day in February, Miss Eleanor and "The Imp" came, as usual, to the old dance hall where she held her class. The old stove did not heat the room very thoroughly, so a game of Blind Man's Buff was proposed. The building was very old and all the children racing around raised a dreadful dust. Miss Eleanor, noticing that several were beginning to cough, went to the door and opened it. As she did so a cloud of hot, brown smoke poured into the room and in her terror she turned deathly pale and leaned, half falling, against the door. For a moment all was still. Then little Pierre slipped out and down the hall. With a cry she was after him, the children following her, but in a moment they crowded back, screaming and choking. The stairs were on fire!

Olga rushed to the window, crying "Fire! Fire!" A woman ran out of an opposite house. "Come out, all of you," she called. "We can't," screamed Olga. "Our stairs are on fire." The women rushed down the street and the children pressed around Miss Eleanor, crying and screaming. Suddenly she saw "The Imp" leave the group. She called to him, but he paid no attention. She closed her eyes and prayed. Suddenly a new sound broke through the roar and crackle of the flames.

"Brrm! Brrm! Brrm-um-dum!" That long familiar roll had never been disobeyed. Remembering his position as time-keeper, little Pierre jumped to the head of a straggling line. Olga marshalled her little charges and Hans brought up the rear.

"Brrm, Brrm, Brrm, um-dum!" The children marched as if they were hypnotized. Miss Eleanor, who had been half unconscious, forced her lips into a smile. Was nothing being done? Would no one come? Suddenly there was a thundering, a clanging and a quick, sharp ringing gong coming closer with every stroke; the sound of many running feet and loud, hoarse orders. The line wavered and seemed to stop.

She summoned all her strength and called, "don't stop, children. Keep right on." There was a succession of quick blows on the side of the room, a rush—and in a minute three helmeted heads appeared at the windows. At the same moment a hissing sound interrupted the noise below, and though tiny flames began to leap through the door, Miss Eleanor revived at the sight of the firemen and called, "Don't stop, Hans! Remember, the little ones first." And with a grunt of assent Hans marched on and the line followed, closing up the gaps the men made who snatched out the children as they passed and handed them rapidly down the long ladder. In vain they tried to get a boy before every girl was safe. Then the door fell in with a crash. Miss Eleanor dragged the line to the centre of the room. The men took two boys at a time and left them to scramble down alone. As Hans slipped out by himself, two men lifted Eleanor through a window, a third carried "The Imp," still beating the drum in the excitement. They heard a call "O.K. All out," and the crowd shouted with thankful-

ness. "The Imp" felt tired and shaky now that someone had taken his drum away, and without a word he watched the blackened walls crash in.

They took them to the station in a carriage and "The Imp" sat on Miss Eleanor's lap and she cuddled him silently all the way home. A week later the Mill Town Drum Corps and Military Band presented "To Master Perry S. Mantle the drum and sticks that he used on the occasion when his bravery and coolness made them proud to subscribe themselves his true friends and hearty well-wishers."

ANNE PETERS.

Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls.

This life on earth
Is scarcely worth
A thought or care or plan;
Life's but a breath,
Soon cometh death,
How foolish then is man!

MARIAN PATTERSON.

Loretto Abbey.

THE PATRIOT'S WIFE

By Marie Antoinette de Roulet—Alumna.

THOUGH Nona knew that her husband could not possibly outlast the night, her manner was composed and tranquil as she approached his bedside. She might give way to her grief later, when no one could see her, but now she would not disturb Tom, who would want her to be brave.

A few of his old comrades were gathered around him, and one of them was saying:

"I mind how surprised we all were when you married a quiet slip of a girl like Nona. We had looked for it to be some one more like your sister Margaret. But Nona has never failed us, all these years."

Nona flushed as she seated herself silently, and took her husband's hand in hers. A smile

lighted the patriot's hollow, pain-sunken eyes, as he answered:

"No, she has never failed us, boys, and, God love her, she never will."

Nona pressed her cheek to the fine, weary hand resting in her own, and hot tears stung the back of her eye-lids. A quick effort of her will kept them from going further.

Her husband's words at once crowned her seven years' striving and pledged her whole future to the same task.

Swiftly her mind reviewed the past seven years. She had not come from a militant family whose one thought was self-sacrificing consecration to a cause. Rather, had she been frowned down by her kinsmen, when her pity

for the suffering had led her to venture from her sheltered home. She was not naturally valiant. Her heroism was all latent, to be awakened by her sense of duty, her pity, or by love. She could never have been a Boadicea. To have been a Lady Godiva would not have been impossible to her.

Some one, in contrasting her with her sister-in-law, had said that Margaret believed that Joan of Arc's voices merely pointed out the way to her, directed her what to do, and that she had then acted as any brave woman would; while, in Nona's opinion, Joan received from Heaven, not only counsel and inspiration, but also supernatural strength and grace to accomplish her task. This indeed expressed the difference between Nona, who could, when she thought she ought, "screw her courage to the sticking point," and Margaret, who was sincerely devoted to her cause, yet gloried in fighting for the fighting's sake.

It was while Nona was incurring the displeasure of her relatives by feeding the hungry, binding up the wounded, cheering the prisoners and comforting the widows and orphans, that she had met Tom—Tom, who was ever ready to suffer and die for the cause to which she ministered so humbly.

Then, to the surprise of all Tom's comrades, and to the utter amazement of his sister Margaret, who failed to see "how timid, quiet little Nona could be the right helpmate for splendid, daring Tom," the patriot begged her to be his wife.

In the face of the cold anger of her family she married him, and pulled herself up to the heights where she knew Tom thought his wife should dwell, and from them she had never once slipped.

She could have been more than happy in a life of quiet domesticity with the man of her choice. She had none of Margaret's flair for the heroic. But since Tom was a patriot, she exerted every ounce of her strength in living up to his ideal—and a beautiful ideal it was. He thought of a wife as the inspiration, the comrade, the partner, the source of energy and

courage, the rock on which a leader rests while lighting his beacon. This Nona had tried to be, and thus it was that she sat silent, smiling, her hand in his, while he talked with his comrades on his last day on earth.

He had never regarded her as a weak creature, to be sheltered and "babied" at every turn. Nay, she had been a sharer of every danger, every anxiety. From evil he would have protected her at any cost, yet, had it been necessary for her to walk through slime, he would have trusted her to emerge not only spotless, but radiant.

That she had fulfilled his belief in her she knew from that brief sentence to his friends—"No, she has never failed us, boys, and, God love her, she never will." It would be good to carry those words in her heart through the long, empty years ahead; good to have her whole future bound to him, by even so slight a pledge.

She faced unflinching the long, dreary way before her—the days when she must be calm, serene, and comforting, cheering Tom's comrades on, and never allowing herself even a flickering shadow of resentment against the cause that took her husband from her—and all the while a geyser of unshed tears welling up in her heart.

"I could never have done it alone," she thought, "but now, perhaps, when Tom looks down from Heaven, he'll find me still worthy to be a patriot's wife."



"One secret act of self denial, one sacrifice of inclination to duty, is worth all the mere good thoughts, warm feelings, passionate prayers, in which idle people indulge themselves."

Life is a veil, its paths are dark and rough

Only because we do not know enough:

When Science has discovered something more

We shall be happier than before.

HILAIRE BELLOC.

THE ALCHEMY OF A DREAM

MAXWELL Barton stood with his back to the fire, his hands clasped behind him.

He was thinking deeply, for the firm of "Barton and Digby" had entered into a contract which would mean thousands to them if it succeeded, and utter ruin if it failed. They were to build a dam across a river flowing through the poorer section of the city, which would supply power to a factory, in which many people worked for their daily bread. They were to put the best of work and material in it and employ the most skilled labour. It would mean the staking of practically all their money on it and if they did not succeed they would be bankrupt.

About Maxwell Barton there was every luxury that money could buy, from the costly thick-piled carpet on the floor, to the expensive antique Chinese vases on the mantel-piece. The pictures on the walls were the works of master hands and in themselves were worth nearly a fortune. If he lost on the contract all this would have to go. He would no longer be wealthy. No, he must not lose, if only for the sake of his pretty little daughter Jean, who had never known the want of anything he could provide her, and whom he idolized with all his heart.

Just then the door-bell rang. It was answered by Hall, the butler, who a moment later announced:

"Mr. Digby, Sir."

Digby, his partner, was a short, stout man between forty-five and fifty years of age. He was crafty looking, with steely eyes and a mouth drawn up in a cynical smile. He greeted his partner, took his seat, helped himself to a cigar from the box offered him, and began to smoke. After a few moments he said:

"Well, Barton, what about this contract for the dam? Do you think we can pull through?"

"I don't see why we shouldn't," was the reply. "If our funds fail us before the job is completed, since we are an old and established firm, we can easily secure a loan."

"Yes," answered Digby, "but then we would have to pay the debt, and our profits would then be almost nothing."

"Well, what can we do? The contract is signed and we have to go on with it. We couldn't pull ourselves out now if we wished. But I think our money will last out, if spent wisely."

"That's it," said Digby, "if spent wisely. Now listen to my little plan. Instead of using the best grade of cement, why not use the second best. The difference would hardly be noticeable and we could easily put it over the inspector, especially if we make him a present of a nice little check. Then, too, we needn't employ skilled labour for every part of the work. For the rough part why not use some of these Italians recently come to the city? They will work for almost nothing and think they are well paid."

"But wouldn't the defects in our work show in time? Such inferior material and workmanship would not stand the force of the river long and the dam would burst. Then where would we be?"

"Oh, you and I would be dead and forgotten long before such a thing would happen. And in any case, we would not be blamed. We could say it was the fault of the inspector for passing the poor cement and that we knew nothing about it."

"Oh, well, since there is no risk attached to your plan, I'll think it over."

"All right, I'll go now. Good-night."

After his partner had departed Maxwell Barton lit his cigar and as he watched the smoke curling towards the ceiling, he thought over Digby's plan. To be sure it would mean

a great saving and there would be certain gain for them.

As he smoked the room about him began to change. Instead of the cheerful fire in the grate, there was a smoky, old wood-stove, by which he sat in a rickety chair, smoking a pipe, and reading a newspaper. He could hear the children playing outside, his little Jean among them. The day had been long and the work hard, and he was glad of a chance to rest at dusk. To-morrow he must work from morning till evening to earn a bare living.

Hark! what was that? Suddenly there came a loud roar and a sound of rushing waters. Then it dawned on him that the dam had burst! He rushed out of doors just in time to see Jean and many of her playmates drowned in the rushing waters. He was unable to reach her in time. Any moment might be his last. He would soon leave this life along with the rest of those people who were screaming and shouting as the waters came upon them.

Daddy, kiss me good-night, please!"

He awoke with a start and looked about him. Yes, he was in his own home. Jean was standing beside him in her little white night-dress, her pink feet peeping from under it.

Goodness! if his dream had been true! If all those people were really killed! How terrible it would have been! Well, it was in his power to prevent such a calamity, and prevent it he would. He would allow no inferior work or material to be put in the dam. He would not be responsible for the lives of those people. Little children should not die because of him and his dollars. He would call Digby on the phone and tell him that he could not be a party to such a scheme that might mean the lives of human beings. No doubt Digby would call him a coward, but wouldn't he be worse than a coward to risk the lives of his fellow creatures for the sake of a few dollars?

"Aren't you going to kiss me good-night, Daddy?" Jean was saying. "Why do you look so frightened, Daddy? Are you scared of something?"

"No, dear," he replied, "but I have had a strange dream. Good-night, dear," he said as he kissed her, "go to bed like a good girl so you will wake bright and early in the morning. Thank God I am not committed to a deed that might deprive you or anyone, of a morning's light!"

Loretto, Guelph.

CLARA BARRETT.



A LETTER FROM CALIFORNIA

Los Angeles, Cal., Oct., 1922.

Dear M.P.:—

This trip is beyond all description, because aside from the pleasant time which our numerous friends have afforded us, the scenery is magnificent. To my mind the chief attraction of California is, that whatever climate you desire or whatever amusement appeals to you, it is, as if by magic, yours. There is nothing lacking. Here in Los Angeles, we found September the warmest month of all, and only on one day was it really unpleasant—that, when the thermometer registered 101 degrees. However, in spite of the great warmth during the

day, the nights are so cool that a wrap is always necessary.

There are probably a dozen beach resorts within a radius of twenty miles from where we are staying, and on warm days the ocean is a haven for throngs of men, women and children who gather there. Generally the breakers are so large that swimming is impossible, but the salt water is very invigorating.

Several weeks ago we rode to the top of Mount Lowe on horseback, and it proved a rather perilous trip, as the trail is just wide enough for one horse, and occasionally our fiery steeds would slip and hang poised above

the chasm until our hair almost turned white. The little burros are better for mountain climbing, as they are very sure-footed. Their only fault is that they are so slow. A horse has to walk behind each one of them to nip their heels, in order to keep them moving.

Mt. Lowe is about six thousand feet above sea level and only slightly lower than Mt. Wilson, the highest accessible mountain in this vicinity. There is an Observatory on the top of Mt. Lowe and the little inn on the side of the mountain closely resembles a Swiss mountain tavern. One of the most beautiful trips we have taken since we reached California is the San Diego. The drive is about three hundred and ten miles going and coming, and the road lies practically all along the ocean. The main highway is called "El Camino Real" or "The King's Highway." It was built by the Franciscan Missionaries, and at stated intervals there are bells hung, which in the early days were used to guide the travellers to the Missions.

At San Diego we visited the house in which Romona, the heroine of Helen Hunt Jackson's story, was married. At that time it was the family residence of Romona's people and they had their own chapel and chaplain. In the room which was once the chapel they have a large map, showing the location of the twenty-one missions, which were built from San Francisco to San Diego, at a distance apart of about a day's journey on foot. The man who owns Romona's marriage place gives a very interesting history of the missions and what was accomplished by the Franciscans in the conversion of the Indians. In the old chapel they also have some wonderful paintings of "The Madonna," "St. Francis d'Assisi," and several other saints.

At San Juan Capistran, we visited the mission of that name, which is the best preserved of all. They still celebrate Mass daily in the chapel, which is about as large as an ordinary sized sleeping room. Over the altar a mirror

is hung, which in the older times was used to allow the priest to watch the Indians, who though fairly well civilized, would occasionally yield to savage impulses and try to scalp someone. The Missions at one time were confiscated by the State, but the buildings have now been given back, but not the land, so it is very difficult for them to support themselves.

The orange and lemon groves are beautiful, and particularly when they are loaded with the golden fruit. California is truly a land of flowers and sunshine, and I fear we shall never be contented with Ohio again.

On Sunday we are driving out to Riverside with Edna Duffy and Frank Hazencomp. It is a drive of about seventy-five miles and we will lunch at Mission Inn, which is the most unique place of its kind in the world. It is said the owner, who is constantly looking for new ideas to improve it, travelled over to Switzerland and consulted the owner of an antique shop there as to whether there was any place in Europe where he could get ideas on the matter. The man replied: "The most original place you could find is not in Europe, but at the Mission Inn in California," so the owner returned convinced that he could not improve. It is built on the Mission style, and one of the features is a wonderful pipe organ on which recitals are given at stated times during the day.

FLORENCE MULLIN.

Loretto, Niagara Falls.



TO SORROW.

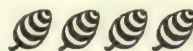
"Sweet Sorrow, play a grateful part,

Break me the marble of my heart

And of its fragments pave a street

Where, to my bliss, myself may meet

One hastening with piercèd feet."



KAIETEUR—MOTHER OF MISTS (PART II.)

We left Kangaruma in a big heavily built river-boat known as a tent boat. Our life seemed made up of disappointments, for we found that our carriers, very ordinary Georgetown negroes, were to be our boatmen instead of the picturesque Buck Indians which the circular had promised us. How much more interesting to have had the view of muscular copper-colored backs instead of the miscellaneous mass of rags which these blacks called clothing.

Our boat load consisted of the bow-man forward, ten men arrayed along the gunwalls, five on each side, while in between, much duffle and dunnage, then our party, sitting on narrow planks without the luxury of backs, but screened from the sun by a stationary awning, and in the stern, the Captain steering, in gondola fashion. Through the long hours from 8.30 till 3, with the alternating heat or tropical showers, the crew wielded their small paddles, working against a swift current, but bearing up gradually onward to the goal of our desires—the wonderful Kaieteur. In the distance were the hazy mountains, the chosen land—yet often as we travelled they seemed to recede ever farther and farther away into the blue distance.

There were very few birds to be seen along the banks, but the flowers and creepers and now and then some orchids, added a bit of color to the monotone green. Several elusive brilliant blue butterflies, the species we always associate with South America, tantalized us by their close proximity, but it was always a case of "so near and yet so far." We had no luck.

The crew were in very good humour and soon they were enthused to sing their chanteys. The rhythm was kept by clashing the handles of the paddles upon the boat's side between each stroke; this, combined with the drone of their voices, was not unmusical. Their chanteys were most unique, generally without sense or melody, rhythm and time being the principal

attributes. For instance:

"Your mudder is a liar,

Your fadder is a liar,

Your brudder is a liar . . .

till the whole family turned out to be liars.

Or:

Grumble no mo' fo' yore mouldy bread,

Fo' we all goin' ashore!

Or:

Blow de man down, oh blow de man down,

Oh! gib me some time to blow de man down.

Blow de man down with a bottle of gin,

Oh! gib me some time to blow the man down.

repeated ad libitum.

There was one "Flow Potaro, Flow," which could be said to possess a melody and which enthused the men to better work. They tried their voices on "Tipperary" and "God Save the King," but oh! it was terrible.

A rather novel way of asking for a totum of rum was a grin and the remark, "my lamp gone out—no oil in it!" Then the head man would shrug his shoulders and disregard the hint and say: "I'm sorry, see if you can't get it alight." The thirsty one shrugged, stopped, paddling, shrugged again, "Well, put ten drops of that into your lamp," the head man added, passing him a cup with some rum in it. "No good, you must put in twenty more," the other replied. Eventually all would be served and then a lusty "Fell up, bowman," and the boat sped onwards with renewed vigor.

Amatuk, announced by the roar and rush of a splendid cataract, was reached while the afternoon was yet young. Tumatumari possessed a great charm, but Amatuk Falls would take your heart by storm. The sun was shining brightly and a many-hued rainbow dazzled the green foliage on the farther shore. The rocks and boulders were a deep, ruddy sandstone and the waters the brownish red of

bush water, which produces the rich, creamy foam. Roaring, rushing, turbulent, magnificent! I am trying to refrain from using my superlatives as our guide was continually reminding me, "Ah! wait for Kaieteur!"

The scene was one of sunny radiance. The Amuk creek joins the Potaro just above the falls, then, with combined exuberance of spirits, they rush down together, separating at a rock-bestrewn, green island, swirling in and out, dashing here and there in a perfect frenzy of enjoyment, to meet again, calm and sedate in the lower Potaro river. It was a delightful sight.

We had now an opportunity of searching for diamonds. In the rocks at the water's edge were many "jigs." These are made by the rushing waters swirling some pebbles round and round, till at last, with the ages, a deep, circular hole is ground. Sometimes, a jig will contain precious stones. Looking at the mighty mountains, walls of granite, how still more extraordinary it seemed than hunting for a needle in a hay-stack—a diamond in a mountain. We searched long and faithfully for any thing that would resemble Mr. Darrell's specimens, but we were too ignorant or luck was not with us.

Mr. Willison, who was in partnership with Mr. Menzies, working a diamond claim in this vicinity, came over to our camp and brought me a bottle of "composites" and one of "indications." As I understood it, where the composites, small, vari-colored stones, are found, there in all likelihood will also be found diamonds. The indications are pebbles of all size and colour, jasper, aqua-marine, the blue of lapis lazuli, malachite, etc., and as the name signifies, may indicate that the precious stone is there. Mr. Willison had put a small diamond in the bottle of composites, to add to the interest, but we picked on several before he showed us the real stone. It was very small, as he naively explained, that he was not giving away diamonds of much value.

What faith and courage these miners have. How can they morn after morn maintain illusions and cherish dreams? He was living in

the hope of finding a Kohinoor—and had already decided that the name by which its beauty and fame would be known to the world would be "The Potaro Princess." Good luck to them! for they live a strenuous, isolated life, far from all the comforts and luxuries of "home."

After a swim and a hearty supper we felt all was well with the world. I strolled down to the overhanging brink to receive the benediction which this mightiness of Nature would bestow upon me. It was starlight! Kenaima mountain, opposite, looked black and forbidding, Mount Kukin on the other hand, with its sharply cut cliff, sombre and defiant. Hundreds of fireflies vied with the stars in their life and brilliancy. On rushed the waters—ever on—yet over all was a strange, sublime peace and quiet. I felt the greatness of it right in my heart.

Our rest that night was disturbed by the twitterings and whistlings of the many vampire bats which flitted and fluttered in the rafters over head. The place was full of them. These vampire bats have been known to attack individual members of a "Sproston's tour" when sleeping. They are a blood-sucking variety of the bat family. We tucked our nets in carefully and kept a light burning. I was not afraid of them nibbling my toes, but I did resent their all-night session of whisperings and flusterings.

All our provisions and baggage had to be portaged from the bay below the falls to another still smaller boat hidden in the bushes on the upper stream. This took quite a bit of time as we carried every necessity, even drinking water, and some luxuries, with us.

Only now did I really begin to feel that I was off on a great adventure. We were gradually slipping into the heart of the forest wilderness, away into the unknown. The rest houses welcomed us with open, empty arms. No old tomato cans or broken beer bottles committed the sacrilege of being in evidence to tell of former revelries. The country was vacant of human soul. We were absolutely alone in our wanderings. The next three hours

paddling to Waratuk portage were very delightful. The Potaro narrows here and runs through a wild and wonderful gorge. Tall granite cliffs tower on both sides, a thousand feet high, forming the ravine. Their walls, almost perpendicular, were grim precipices, rugged and severe, forest crowned with deep clefts, and broken here and there by broad gaps in the range. The whole appeared moss-grown, but when seen through the glasses, the mosses were tall forest trees, giving one some idea of the size of this range of the Kaieteur Mountains. Many streamlets appeared from miniature forest clumps, trickling over little ledges of rock from the heights above: possibly a good-sized waterfall, were we at close hand.

At high-noon we reached Waratuk, where another portage is necessary. As the next boat (still smaller) which was cached on the upper river, could not be found, we had tea in the woods and a welcome stretch after the cramped conditions of the last few hours. This cataract at Waratuk is much less pretentious than Amatuk. On former expeditions the Indians pulled the boats up or on descending, shot these rapids. But no such thrills were on the programme for us. We refrained from again expressing our disappointment and took what the Gods, in the form of Sproston, provided for us.

The stretch between Amatuk and Tukeit (2 hours from Waratuk) is the most beautiful of all the scenery on the route. The high hills, green-clad and dominant, the swiftly coursing yet placid river, the dense foliage of the banks; the many blossoms, the royal blue butterflies,—everything and all was delightful. We encountered many rocky islets in mid stream. By high water the base of these is entirely submerged. It is a curious sight to see trees and shrubs growing out of the water, as it were, and carrying many of the long, queerly-shaped mocking bird's nests. They are bags of woven sticks and fibre and often on one tree there are as many as a dozen of these homes. The birds are well protected, for it is impossible to approach these islands, owing to the rocks and boulders beneath the high water. Each time

we passed one of these curiosities a tropical shower was in command, so it was unfortunately impossible to take a distinct photograph.

We sighted Kaieteur Falls at three o'clock on our seventh day. The sun shone gloriously on that narrow band of streaming silver—a mere bright gap between the green, protecting arms of the high hills. The promised land! It was still a long way off. We all gazed upwards at that distant spot, with very different thoughts and feelings. Several of the party, I am sure, quickly came to the conclusion that the effort “ne vallait pas le chandelle.” The oldest paddler, a grizzled veteran, awakened us from our Kaieteur reverie. “Lor’ Go’ A’-mighty! do de ribber run up on top dere too?”

At half-past four the second view! Then after many windings and turnings we said good-bye to the last fleeting glimpse. Many hours of extreme effort elapsed before we really made the acquaintance of “de ribber up on top!”

Tukeit, measuring by the river, is four miles below the falls. The location as far as the rest-house is concerned is a failure. It is built on a small clearing over a hundred yards from the water and is closed in on all sides by a dense forest.

This is the end of our boating experiences. The heat was intense. There was not a breath. With the exception of a glimpse of delightful waterfall on the opposite bank which dropped a thousand feet from the cliff tops to the Tukeit sands below, there was not a view of any kind. How cool and clear and refreshing that water looked!

Had we been real sports we might have accomplished Kaieteur plateau that same evening, but encumbered with so much paraphernalia, as were our carriers, it seemed too much to attempt.

Eight-thirty in the a.m. saw us ready for our climb, armed with alpenstock and minus impedimenta of any kind. At first, all keen and enthusiastic, it seemed a very pleasant uphill forest trail, with many creeks to jump and fallen logs to scramble over. Orchids, fungi,

ferns in variety and abundance and trees of all families surrounded us.

The last creek, akin to a mountain torrent, being more pretentious than the others, was bridged by huge logs, carelessly held together by the rope vine. The Indian name for this point has been translated as the "Devil's Mother's Pillars." Here our strenuous climb commenced. "As straight as a stick," the men described it. They were right. It is no trail, it is a ladder, the rungs of which are slippery, sharp and dangerous. Ever upwards, one foot placed laboriously after the other. The heat was terrific. Forgotten and neglected the rare and unknown beauties of Nature all about us—forgotten everything except the painful lack of breath and the queer, aching feeling in the limbs. It was a villainous trail. The guide had strict orders to stay with the last member of the party, and "I was it." Long before half way was reached, I had ceased to care what had become of the rest of the party. My ambition to make a record climb had faded. My body was plodding on, but my soul seemed far, far away.

When we reached the top of the climb, the edge of the plateau, there is a tree on which the word "Amen" has been cut. I sank down wearily at its base and echoed "Amen" from my heart. Rumour has it that a very stout gentleman was once able to reach this point with the aid of four carriers—two pulling him by means of a rope and two pushing him. Exhausted, he lay down under this tree and while recuperating, his companion cut "Amen" in the bark. Now this word of thanksgiving is encircled by several groups of initials. Mine are also there, but I hadn't the energy to cut them.

From "Amen" the trail is more or less level, always in the forest, with no outlook or view other than the boulders and rocks, trees and ferns ahead of us. The Kaieteur lily can be found everywhere. It is not now in bloom, but the leaves are heavy and green striped with brown and black lines.

I here regained my second wind. By the time the Kaieteur Savannah was reached I was

quite fit again. The last rest-house was at the opening of the clearing and was reached quite suddenly. It was a welcome sight and the hands of my watch pointed to 11.45. Certainly no record climb!

The rest-house was quite a bit from the falls. After changing and enjoying a good restorative, of which I was sadly in need, I set out upon my last quest, the end of my heart's desire of the moment. A trail over what must once have been the bed of the river suddenly brought me to a precipice. I gasped! The Kaieteur Falls were before me! My superlatives were then and are now, necessary, but in vain can my pen describe or do the scene justice. One of our carriers had accompanied me to the brink, and as I gazed, he exclaimed, feelingly, "Oh, Missie, dere must be a God somewhere, dat is no made by de hand of man!" I agreed with the old negro. Verily, this was a most magnificent Thought of God.

The weather was exceptionally favourable, for many come and wait days for only a glimpse, the rain and vapours often totally obscuring the scene. The sun was shining brilliantly. The falls resembled stalactites, falling, falling, falling into a mighty chasm of brilliant mists. These wreaths of shadowy vapours then ascended and travelled upwards in green and vari-coloured columns. Rainbows played about the waters, while countless swallows darted backwards and forwards to and from their nests under the cliffs and ledges. It was a glorious sight.

Dickens wrote of Niagara, "The first effect—the enduring one—of the tremendous spectacle of Niagara was peace—peace of mind, tranquility, calm recollection of the dead, great thoughts of eternal rest and the happiness, nothing of gloom and terror . . ." How applicable this would have been to Kaieteur, which is infinitely grander, while the peace which is the great silence was most impressive. Instead of the mighty roar, which one would naturally expect, one heard but a murmur of running waters, due probably to the foot of the fall being so far below.

Lying flat on a jutting crag, named Ham-

mer Rock, one obtained the best view and realized the magnitude of the torrent. The falls are over four times the height of Niagara Falls and the width, three to four hundred feet, according to the season of the year. The bed of the river, 1,000 feet below, appeared as a stagnant pool, dark and forbidding with here and there a light streak. Were we but below what different life would be there. It would be a seething mass of foam and riotous waters, rapids and whirlpools. The trees, palms and all the wonderful things that grow in a tropical valley gorge, appeared as a green carpet, so far away were they. Upstream, above the falls, was an apparently placid river, while beyond, tier on tier, rose the blue, hazy hills, reaching possibly to Roraima, that mighty citadel between Brazil and Venezuela.

From this rock can also be seen the "old man's cannister," a rock in the shape of a trunk. It carries out the ancient legend that an aged Indian becoming a nuisance, was sent to drift to his death over the falls—an effectual way of ridding oneself of the useless members of the family!

Hour after hour I gazed. There was a supreme fascination in the whole far-reaching view. Always as I looked and dreamed, the wanderlust crept over me. Oh! that I could drift on and on,

"Across the hills and far away

Beyond their utmost purple rim,"

into those mysterious distances, so alluring, so far, and so unknown.

I promised Kaieteur "till we meet again," and yet I doubt if Fate will lead my footsteps to this enchanted spot again. A tradition in British Guiana has it, that those who have drunk creek water and have partaken of the flesh of the laba will always return to the colony. I hope so. In parting I can only echo Dickens' sentiments after visiting Niagara. Kaieteur "was at once stamped upon my heart, one image of beauty to remain there changeless and indelible until its pulses cease to beat forever."

The return journey to Georgetown was, as Kipling says, "another story."



OPPORTUNITIES OFFERED THE MODERN WOMAN

Imagine for a moment the horrified look that would adorn Great-grandmother's face if, for one day, she should emerge from the portals of the Great Beyond, and gaze upon the daily occupations of her children of to-day! Just imagine her, whose place was in her home and whose sphere was confined to the hearth, the little grey church and the missionary circle, looking with wonder and disapproving amazement on the little, young business woman attired in strictly tailor-mades and wearing modish millinery and footwear. Would she not utter a long-drawn "Oh-o-o-o!" and clasping her hands, exclaim: "What unseemly thing have we here! In my day, a woman's place was in her home, what kind of home could this one, adorned like neither man nor maid, inhabit?"

But the modern woman has not neglected her home, Oh, no! Never have women been more interested in their family circle than to-day. But those of the present generation have something to occupy them outside the bounds of their own four walls. They have careers and lead business rather than domestic lives.

With what does the modern girl occupy herself? It is impossible to discuss the numerous ways in which she may make herself useful, but we can consider a few, those in which we are most interested.

Organizations of women offer a promising starting point for the study of the modern Canadian woman. A few years ago, who would think of clubs for improving the aspect of towns or cities? Yet that is just what the women of to-day are doing. They beautify the parks, interest themselves in schools, and in fact, do as much in that line as their brothers could.

It cannot be too strongly urged that every woman should take a thorough course of train-

ing in her chosen line of work, that she may stand on an equal basis with experts of the opposite sex. The untrained worker will be left behind in the race for efficiency. A first class general education, both at school and at University is an invaluable factor in developing the powers of womanhood. And these opportunities for education are at our very door.

To-day teaching attracts a large percentage of educated women in Canada as elsewhere. In secondary schools over fifty per cent. of the teachers are women. Most of the private schools of the country, too, are under the direction of women. Nursing, as a profession, is second to none, and a training in this line can now be obtained at very small expense. Library work attracts women far more than men because it is a congenial and not too strenuous occupation, rather than because a librarian can command good salary. The hours and the pleasant atmosphere which the modern business woman desires, goes to prove that she has not lost her instinctive love of "hominess."

Journalism, too, attracts a large number of women. It is to be lamented that there are not more efficient training centres for this branch in Canada. A thorough good education, an interest in human beings, and a capacity for hard work are necessary qualifications. Generally speaking, the modern woman has them. The success of a journalist depends on her initiative, and we all know that the woman of to-day are far from lacking in that special quality.

Now consider a number of occupations more commonly open to women. In the present business world, competent stenographers are in great demand. Women have been appointed to actuarial departments in some of the best insurance companies. They have been intrusted with the selling of insurance. Although women

cannot be chartered accountants, there are some who are going a good business in auditing books for firms. During the war women were employed extensively in banks.

Then there are the new modes of occupation upon which women have entered. They have succeeded in numberless private enterprises. One of the best book-shops in Montreal is run by a woman. In Toronto there is a woman contractor who carries on an extensive business. In the West women are running general stores.

One new and very important development in women's work is the appointment of women superintendents in factories. This work is closely related to that of the welfare worker who improves conditions among the workers by her influence.

In some department stores, personal service departments have been established. Educated women are employed to assist shoppers in making their purchase with taste and economy, and also in filling mail orders.

Lately we have heard of entirely new positions for woman. The sphere of science claims her attention and skill. We find women bac-

teriologists, analytical chemists, laboratory assistants and research workers. But these, of course, are in the minority.

Success in the professions for women depends entirely upon ability and personality. Women doctors and dentists now practise in great numbers, and they make the men look to their laurels. In all Canada, except in Quebec, women are now admitted to the Bar, and achieve notable success. In the West, pharmacy work has called upon women with good results. Religious work, too, claims a comparatively large number of followers. Social service holds a unique position among women's occupations.

With all these callings, suited to every taste and capacity, is it consistent for the modern woman to say "What shall I do?"

Remember your grandmothers and say: "Thank goodness I live in the present when a woman's influence is favorably compared with that of a man's, and when a woman's sphere is not confined within four walls, but extends throughout the length and breadth of the land!"

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ALICE MEYNELL



Earth's noblest thing—a woman perfected.

VOL. XXX.

TORONTO, APRIL, 1923

No. 2

ALICE MEYNELL

A MEMORY—AND SOME LITERARY COMMENT

I MET Mr. and Mrs. Meynell in Rome at the American Military Attache's, in 1909.

My burning interest in Thompson and Patmore was, of course, a sufficient introduction. I suppose it was this that made them take me to their hearts. Two more hospitable souls never lived. One day Mr. Meynell said to me: "Of course, C., when you come to London we shan't hear of your going anywhere else than to 2a Granville Place Mansions." Sure enough when I arrived in London, I took a room in Bloomsbury and went to call. They were so insistent that there was nothing for it but to go to their flat and take a spare room there. I was there eight months. It was a great privilege to share the atmosphere of that wonderful family circle. I think I never before saw such perfect unity of code and desire—such delightful mutual understanding among so varied a group of humans.

Francis, the fiery revolutionist, burning for the cause of labour; Everard, with his "Serenidity" shop interests—(old and rare books and manuscripts)—used to come nearly every evening and discuss the life of Thompson, which he was then at work on; Viola, the second Jane Austen, whose novels were then being put through the press; Monica, the gay and friendly soul, wife of Dr. Saleeby, and Wilfrid Meynell, the man of all charities,—and, of course, Mrs. Meynell herself.

On Sundays a stream of visitors used to come in, and there was much fascinating talk

on all literary and human themes. There I met Shane Leslie, Father Martindale, Alice Tobin, the California poet, and many others. Mrs. Meynell would often absent herself from the group and write on her knee, with the tiny end of a lead pencil, a leader for the *Daily Chronicle*—leaning forward to visit her guests from time to time, a wonderful example of intellectual detachment. Nearly every day would come from some quarter of the globe a new volume of poems. These would be read aloud, generally by Francis, and appraised always with noble generosity. On Christmas evenings there would be readings of Crashawe, Vaughan, Trahearne, and I can remember especially the opening of a poem by Vaughan called "The World":

"I saw Eternity the other night,
Like a great ring of pure and endless light,
All calm as it was bright;
And round beneath it, Time in hours, days,
years,
Driven by the spheres
Like a vast shadow moved"

Mrs. Meynell was a great admirer of American women and would often tell her daughters that there were no women like American women. The poem by Thompson called "Her Portrait," is almost too sacred to quote here, but it gives the highest tribute, I believe, ever paid by a woman to a woman, and that woman was Mrs. Meynell herself. . . .

C.B.C.

The following passages are quoted from writers who knew Mrs. Meynell personally and are further qualified by their own literary endowments to interpret her rather unique line of thought and expression, as well as to appreciate her unquestioned eminence in the realm of Letters. Among the most comprehensive and scholarly of the articles written at the time of the Poet's death, that by J. L. Garvin, which appeared in the Literary Supplement of the London Times, holds first place. It is an estimate of the poet's work as well as of her personality, and betrays an insight at once intimate and discriminating. We quote entire passages, because the chain of thought is very closely connected throughout.

"... After more years, more decades, than she looked to number, that mystery has touched her which she prepared for with a grave beauty of the spirit from her very childhood so long ago. Unless by those aware of that fore-thoughtfulness in one susceptible to joy and care—for who does not pay painfully for every gift on the other side of it?—her work is not to be understood. To them it speaks some things that never had been spoken; finds words exact for emotions which it might have seemed impossible to translate out of the subtlety and evanescence of feeling into any fixed expression; and says other things, many, so far more perfectly than they had been said before that they become her own and ours."

"Earth closes on those who have been much to us, and each time a part of our own lives is buried with them. When friendship and reverence dating from the impressionable years, and continued through half of existence, have been awakened and strengthened by a double influence of essential genius and incomparable personality, something is gone which the world has not wherewithal to replace; the world is altered once more as it was altered at moments of the war."

"It could not seem the same when an evening paper bought in the street informed me that Alice Meynell was dead. She was buried in the bright mist of Wednesday morning at Kensal Green, not far from the tomb of Francis

Thompson, who wrote of her in his time in a cycle of songs resplendent and devout."

"By one entitled to say it, they were compared with the praise of Beatrice and Laura. There is this difference. Beatrice is a sanctified abstraction, Laura a vivid supposition; both are idealized objects of romantic meditation rather than persons recognizable as individual women."

"Alice Meynell was in herself, a person of her age, sure, as I think, of perpetual remembrance by posterity, even if half-a-dozen of her shining contemporaries had not competed in vain to spoil her with praises. It is what no one could do. Recognition only made her humble. For the ordeals of adversity in life or criticism she had all the fortitudes. Her controlling intellect stilled the hypersensitive nerves. They were sufficiently tested on occasions by the hostile or minimising or merely misunderstanding comment, but on the whole, no woman of any time was given more reason, by plentitude of praise, to deepen her soul's humility. Ruskin, Rosetti, Patmore, Meredith, Francis Thompson—what a list! Neither Beatrice nor Laura had that marshalled testimony of many men of genius to a woman whose achievement in their own sphere was more slender, but of a security as absolute." . . .

"The word above all that named her to the end was Distinction. Coventry Patmore, himself an adept in that quality, first said it; and George Meredith confirmed it, though his critical scrutiny could penetrate the bone and marrow of false pretensions, and, however forward the cause of women in general, he could be merciless towards the individual woman, despite all gifts and charms, whenever he saw her victimized by the emotional impulse. "More brain, oh, Lord, more brain," he demanded, meaning to be more definite than Goethe, who asked "Light, more light." In Alice Meynell he had to recognize, as they all did, the intellect, not unfailing—not always proof against the quick emotional bias which is still woman's chief handicap in the open course of the world whereon she is entering—but veritable intellect, keen, puissant."

Her Poetry. "Not one of her poems but was the music of a thought, as most of her essays were the fruit of perception. A perception, an awareness of all other wits, which never seemed either to notice or listen, yet missed nothing that the usual five senses and the added sixth can seize or apprehend."

"There remain in several countries broader reputations, more opulent vitalities, than hers; also moods of pessimism larger, more decisive, than any mood of hers—the firm but anxious believer, wholly committed to an ultimate faith of hope through renunciation and sacrifice; but bound to think it out as far as might be, and find reasons for it with her unquenchable activity of intelligence. But having had this question long in mind and tested it by enquiry in several countries, I doubt, and more than doubt, whether any personality equal to her quality of distinction remains in the world which she has left."

"Thou art the Way,
Hadst Thou been nothing but the goal
I cannot say
If Thou hadst ever met my soul.

I cannot see— —
I, child of process—if there lies
An end for me
Full of repose, full of replies.

I'll not reproach
The road that winds, my feet that err.
Access, approach
Art Thou—Time, Way, and Wayfarer."

And again:—

"You never attained to Him." If to attain
Be to abide, then that may be."
"Endless the way followed with how much
pain!"
"The way was He."

"But these two little things are only quoted to show the deep roots of her poetry, and are surpassed by at least twenty things which show

the full cupped flower of its art when it is more human and less divine." . . .

"Led into quoting, let me give two of the shortest things. The first is a "Cradle Song":

"The child not yet lulled to rest,
Too young a nurse, the slender night
So laxly holds him to her breast
That throbs with flight.

He plays with her and will not sleep,
For other playfellows she sighs;
And unmaternal fondness keep
Her alien eyes."

"The second is that celebrated little poem which is like nobody else at all in its heavenly tenderness joined to that invulnerable, self-disciplined control:

"Home; home, from the horizon far and clear,
Hither the soft wings sweep;
Flocks of the memories of the day draw near
The dove-cote doors of sleep.

Oh, which are they that come through sweetest
light
Of all these homing birds?
Which with the straightest and the swiftest
flight?
Your words to me, your words!"

"These I give in passing to show the enchanting rarity of her touch and the rarer honour of her heart, for her personal sense of honour was without weakness or flaw, delicate enough to judge the finest issue, strong enough to bear the sternest test. But these are minor pieces. There are a score which are either lovelier or greater. Some of them are to be found in the Oxford and other anthologies, and so well-known now they need only be named."

"Renouncement" I think the finest sonnet ever written by a woman. Rossetti thought it one of the three finest, which would make it immortal enough. But I hold to my opinion of its absolute superiority, and with Christina Rossetti and Mrs. Browning kept in mind, I could argue the poetic point if there were space

here for that delightful employment. It has sometimes been thought faintly derived from that ardent old French sonnet by Louise Labé:

"Tout aussitôt que je commence à prendre
Dans le mol lit le repos désiré."

"That is worth knowing, but anyone that compares it will find that there is no spiritual or imaginative correspondence. "Renouncement" has left as deep a mark upon the lives of many who have once encountered it as any poem can make, and women have carried it about with them for years. But nothing she wrote was without some permanent significance for life."

"The Shepherdess' everyone knows by now; that other wonderful woman who lately died, Mrs. Leo Maxse, set it blithely to old English music. 'The Lady Poverty' in less than twenty lines, is a new education of the finer senses, psychic and physical; it has what I can only call a ravishing severity. What other word is there for this picture of Umbria?

"The stony fields where clear
Through the thin trees the skies appear,
In delicate spare soil and fen,
And splendor landscape and austere."

"The Two Poets' asks who made the voice—the beech or the wind? Both do, and it is another profound parable. Who has ever come near to describing so magnificently the rush of the northern heart to meet Italy, as it is done in 'The Watershed'?"

"But oh, the unfolding South! the burst
Of Summer! Oh to see
Of all the southward brooks the first!
The travelling heart went free
With endless streams; that strife was stopped;
And down a thousand vales I dropped,
I flowed to Italy."

..... "As for the style of her prose, it is a nimble and shapely vehicle. She is equally mistress of the alternative languages, our Saxon

and our Latin elements, which make good English by happy marriage. She is never banal and seldom precious: it is the unusualness of the thought that often makes her simplest sentences seem uncommon.

"She is an essayist of rank in our lasting literature. I am not saying that she is equal to either Bacon or Hazlitt, for she is not; she comes in the next degree; but she can be nearly as close as the one while as quick as the other. Her prose sentences are the rapid, lucid, defined successive ripples of English, seldom its long, full wave. It is all of one consistency, and you cannot explain by quoting separate passages, any more than you can show a stream by filling a tea-cup. . . ."

"In prose and verse alike she was, I shall venture to say, a spiritual romantic, disguised by classic forms; the impassioned heart so schooled to the last reserve of expression that some clever critics in their own haste have accused her of artifice, and even thought her cold. But each of her short pieces, verse or essay, contained part of the essence distilled from a deliberate and vigilant life; you cannot apprehend a year of hers by a moment of your own; you must bring leisure to her like decent manners; otherwise of the cleverest critic in a hurry she will make a noodle."

"In *The Saturday Review*, after Tennyson's death, Coventry Patmore suggested her for Poet Laureate. One wishes that the national recognition had given her the formal wreath. It would have been a stroke of genius to make a woman the last Laureate to Queen Victoria. The whole world would have been quickened by the interest of it. But she was crowned in her own right. Francis Thompson requested her to

"Teach how the crucifix may be
Carven from the laurel tree."

It was what she taught in all her ways and works her whole life long, wherein nothing trivial, nor mean, nor for self, was ever known."

"Francis Thompson has left a psychic por-

trait (of her) as exact as Sargent's drawing of the balanced grace of her figure:

"There regent melancholy wide controls;
There earth and Heaven-Love play for aureoles;
There sweetness out of sadness breaks at fits,
Like bubbles on dark water, or as flits
A sudden silver fin through its deep infinites;
There feeling stills her breathing with her hand,
And Dream from Melancholy part wrests the wand;
And in the contemplation of those eyes,
Passionless passion, wild tranquilities."

Among writers who are less prodigal of their praise, who even seem inclined to question some that has been bestowed upon Mrs. Meynell by her admirers, is Agnes Repplier, whose article in a late number of the *Catholic World* is somewhat out of accord with the majority of press comments. Speaking of her prose, she says:

"Mrs. Meynell's essays suffer from undue brevity, a brevity doubtless entailed by journalism. They are no shorter than were the eighteenth century essays; but they are more critical, and criticism calls for scope. Moreover, the eighteenth-century essayists, when they wanted to be exhaustive, carried a subject through half-dozen or a dozen papers, until the picture was complete. Mrs. Meynell's papers are for the most part snatches of thought, expressed in carefully and admirably chosen words. She was, in the best sense of the term a *précieuse*, valuing the manner of the saying as highly as she valued the thing said. She has never made this plainer than in a superb paragraph describing the imprisoned waters brought to Rome, over the steady and level flight of arches, to give their magnificence to the imperial city.

"None more splendid came to Rome, or graced captivity with a more invincible liberty of heart. And the captivity and the leap of the heart of the waters have out-lived their captors. They have remained in Rome, and

have remained alone. Over them the victory was longer than an empire, and their thousands of loud voices have never ceased to confess the cold floods, separated long ago, drawn one by one, alive, to the heart and front of the world."

"No one who has listened by night or day to the Roman fountains can remain insensible to the beauty of those few lines, which celebrate them with unerring eloquence."

"Mrs. Meynell's literary sympathies are many and finely chosen. They never fail, save when her profoundly un-humorous mind is forced to the contemplation of a profoundly humorous writer like Jane Austen. All the distances that can be imagined, distances of time and space, of centuries and continents, are too narrow to reflect the measureless gap between these two English ladies."

A writer in the *New York Tribune* says: "Not many humans have the poise for such faith in religion or such taste in art as had Alice Meynell. . . ."

"There was a something about her," says another, "that made all other people we have ever known seem earth-bound." The same writer, a personal friend of the Dead Poet's, Miss Zoe Atkins, goes on to say: "I have met people so beautiful and so graceful physically that they make one feel clumsy and a little ridiculous—all hands and feet and wrong proportions—in comparison. And one had a similar sensation in Mrs. Meynell's presence, only it was a sense of spiritual clumsiness, instead of physical. . . Of the beauty and merit of Mrs. Meynell's work there is no need to speak now. She never wrote an insensitive line. She never spoke except beautifully. She was a living, immortal from the day her first poems were written, and I am not sure that her prose was not even more lovely, more rare, than her verse. I have never known the death of any person seem, in a curious way, so little of a shock, so perfectly natural. . . ."

Katherine Brégy, to whom we owe a collection of splendid essays under the title of "The Poet's Chantry," has a brilliant one on "Alice Meynell," which came out in the *Ca-*

tholic World magazine some years ago. She says:

"She has elected all along to speak in a deliberately vestal and cloistral poetry. Remote as the mountain snows, yet near as the wind upon our face, is her song. It is seldom sensuous, the very imagery being evoked, in the main, from the intellectual vision; and there are moments when "amorous thought has sucked pale Fancy's breath" quite out of the stanzas. Yet these tremble with a deep and impassioned emotion—emotion which seems aloof because it is so interior. For the characteristic note of Mrs. Meynell's music is not yearning or aspiration; it is not the dear and consummate fruition of life; still less is it a mourning over things lost. It is the note of active renunciation. Renunciation of the beloved by the lover, that both may be more true to the Heart of Love; renunciation by the poet, the artist, not only of the poor, precious human comforting, but likewise of his own sweet prodigality in art—that he may see a few things clearly, without excess; in fine, the ultimate and inevitable renunciations of the elect soul."



The Rainy Summer

There's much afoot in heaven and earth this year;

The winds hunt up the sun, hunt up the moon,

Trouble the dubious dawn, hasten the drear
Height of a threatening noon.

No breath of boughs, no breath of leaves, of
fronds

May linger or grow warm; the trees are
loud;

The forest, rooted, tosses in his bonds,
And strains against its cloud.

No scents may pause within the garden-fold;
The rifled flowers are cold as ocean-shells;
Bees, humming in the storm, carry their cold
Wild honey to cold cells.

—ALICE MEYNELL.



The Unknown God

One of the crowd went up,
And knelt before the Paten and the Cup,
Received the Lord, returned in peace, and
prayed

Close to my side; then in my heart I said:

"Oh Christ in this man's life—
This stranger who is Thine—in all his strife,
All his felicity, his good and ill,
In the assaulted stronghold of his will,

"I do confess Thee here,
Alive within this life; I know Thee near
Within this lonely conscience, closed away
Within this brother's solitary day.

"Christ in his unknown heart,
His intellect unknown—this love, this art,
This battle and this peace, this destiny
That I shall never know, look upon me!

"Christ in his numbered breath,
Christ in his beating heart and in his death,
Christ in his mystery! From that secret place
And from that separate dwelling, give me
grace."

The worst temptation in the world is the
habit of influence and authority, the desire
to direct other lives and to conform them to
one's own standard.

MARGARET'S WONDER BOOK

By M. D. Chambers, Alumna.

FIRST READING

THERE was a tall dressing-table in grandmother's room, so tall that a little child had laboriously to drag a heavy chair, and climb on this, in order to look at a book with pictures in it; a big, leather-covered book, that always lay at the right-hand side of the pincushion. One of the pictures represented an old man with a flowing, ropy beard, and two queer little horns growing out of his head. Another was of a woman who stood over a man that lay on a couch—the woman held in her hand a sharp sword—it was a thrilling picture. Yet another showed a number of persons with harps, seated, weeping by a river.

Farther along in the book were pictures the child did not care for so much; they were less spectacular and mysterious, and represented such ordinary things as a woman with a baby, or a lot of men sitting along only on one side of a dining table—a very odd way to sit—or a man riding a donkey and other men holding what looked like stiff bunches of feathers over him. The last picture in the book she had looked at only once; it represented a thorn-crowned man whose hands and feet were fastened by nails to a cross; they were bleeding, and his side and his forehead were bleeding. She dreaded this picture, it hurt and frightened her, and when she came near the place she always shut up the book quickly, to avoid the painful sight.

Nobody knew of her surreptitious enjoyment of the pictures, nobody dreamed the book could attract a small child.

By the time Margaret was eight years old she could read very well, with only a little help over the big words; and every morning after lessons with her governess she had to read "a chapter" aloud to her mother. This chapter was always from the King James

Bible, and always from either the Gospels or the Acts, one of which seemed just as dry and uninteresting as the other. During the reading she often had to stop while her mother made explanations which Margaret did not in the least desire, and which only prolonged the reading hour. Yet the "chapter" had to be endured every day like that other interminable hour of Czerny's exercises. Parts of life were very hard.

Happily there were compensations, for up in grandmother's room there was a big book full of wonderful stories about a Beast, and a Scarlet Woman, and a City with Gates of Pearl. Neither the story of Cinderella nor of Alladin with his Lamp was half so enthralling as the tales of the Beast, and the Woman, and the City, which fascinated her more and more the oftener she read them. Sometimes the "chapter," when it dealt with scourging and crucifixion, gave her a pain in her chest; sometimes the five-finger exercises were almost too much for endurance; but her woes were forgotten while she "wondered with great admiration" over the Beast and the Woman and the streets of pure gold. These tales were so rich in color and movement, so different from those chosen by the Grown-Ups for her delectation that she felt sure the intense pleasure she took in them must be very wicked, and she thrilled in the forbidden enjoyment.

In the fulness of time Margaret outgrew, to some extent, the Beast, and the Woman clothed in Scarlet; but the book was full of other stories, about Judith, and Ruth, and Esther—delightful stories! "The Little Lame Prince" (the gift of a great-aunt), was interesting; so were Miss Alcott's stories, but these and all others palled on a second reading, while there was always something new and fascinating

about Judith and Ruth and Esther, and an unfailing charm in sentences that began with "And."

By this time Margaret's cousin, Susan McElroy, came to spend Christmas with her. Margaret's people were Church of England; evangelical, yet aside from daily collects and chapters, quite easy-going in matters of religion; while Susan's aunt, Kirk of Scotland, took things—especially religious things—hard and seriously. On these the conversation of the children turned.

"I hate to read old chapters," Margaret confided to her cousin, "but I love to read nice parts of the Bible that I pick out for myself."

"I have to read three chapters every evening aloud to my aunt," said Susan, with the vain-glory of a martyr.

Margaret's eyes grew round. Susan improved the opportunity.

"I have already read the Bible all through, from cover to cover," she said. "Not another girl in our Sabbath-School except me did that, and when my aunt told the minister he gave me my choice of a Bible or a Psalm book for myself. I took the Psalm book. It has gilt edges and a purple ribbon with a gold tassel, and the leather has a lovely smell. And I began the Bible over again, and now I'm as far as the Lamentations of Jeremiah. How many times have you been over the Bible, from cover to cover, Margaret?"

Hundreds of years passed before summer came, or they seemed hundreds of years to the little girl who spent all her spare time up in her room, reading the Bible "from cover to cover." "Elsie's Year at the Golden Crescent," a recent birthday gift, lured her in vain to give up, or even to suspend her task. Her flower-garden was laid waste by hens that scratched and devastated her seed plots; and Reuben Ramsay built a new fowl house in the stableyard without Margaret once going out to advise and help him. Her brother Tom rushed up one day to tell her that Reuben had allowed him "to use the trowl once to put some plaster on the back, where the work would not show, so Reuben said, after it was all white-

washed." But Margaret went on reading the Bible steadily through, and then she began again, and then again. It was tiresome, especially the Prophets—but reward was near. Susan McElroy came again.

"Susan," Margaret asked, the moment the guest had taken off her things, "how many times did you read the Bible since you were here at Christmas?"

"I have read it all twice, and I'm going over it the third time. 'I'm as far as the Song of Solomon now.'"

"Susan," Margaret spoke slowly and deliberately, to prolong this sweet moment in which she felt repaid for having missed even the plastering of the fowl house, "Susan, I have read the Bible through, from cover to cover, seven times."

There was silence in the assembly.

"D-did you read the chapters full of names in Numbers?" asked Susan, faintly.

"N-no, not all the names."

"Well, I did," triumphantly. "And I looked in the back to learn how to pronounce them. So there now!"

* * * * *

It was the dinner hour. One little girl sat in her place with her hair brushed, and a big pink top-knot nodding over one ear.

"Where is Margaret?" inquired one of the Grown-ups.

Another little girl came flying in, with tumbled hair and flushed cheeks.

"I've read the chapters full of names in Numbers too, every one of them—so there now, I've read the Bible seven times! Yah, your old twice-and-a-half!"

Second Reading.

"She can go to church and Sunday School with the other Protestant girls, and there are six of them," said Margaret's mother, "but she is required to attend daily prayers in the convent chapel; she does not have to take part, but she must be present."

"I guess it will be all right," said Mar-

garet's father, comfortably. "The situation is the healthiest in the Dominion, and the food is said to be first-rate. Richard Gorham's girls went there, and the nuns never interfered with their religion. Like ourselves, the Gorhams think a nuns' school is just the thing for girls of Margaret's age—they give 'em a stamp of refinement or something they don't get anywhere else."

"They have the best masters for vocal and piano, and a Frenchman who is a regular artist for the dancing lessons," Margaret's mother continues with gentle satisfaction. "They have three Mistresses of Languages, all of them natives of the different countries they come from."

Margaret's father laughs.

"Well, you know what I mean."

"Sure thing. But I'll tell you, Janet, what decided me. It was the girls we saw there. I watched them from the window while you were talking frills with that Reverend Mother, and I tell you they were a healthy-looking bunch—red cheeks, bright eyes, good hair—full of ginger, you know, but perfectly—oh, I don't know what—well-bred, maybe expresses it as much as anything. It's something they catch from nuns. And did you see that piece of ground where each of 'em has a little garden? That Reverend Mother is O.K., even if she believes things that we don't."

So Margaret went to boarding-school at Mount St. Mary's.

Before long she found that the convent chapel was a good place to dream in. Sometimes there was a wonderful pageant going on, far yonder at the altar, lights and flowers and incense, a priest in gorgeous vestments, and organ music. The nuns used to be prostrate in adoration, and Margaret would feel half-entranced. At other times the stained windows would cast rainbows of soft color in floor and walls, and there would be chanting in a kind of monotone until twilight began to gather in the corners. Then Margaret knew what it meant to "see visions and to dream dreams. But there were also times when the dreams would not come, and then how deadly tiresome

she found the long chants, the musical murmur of the Vespers or the Bona Mors. How she would yawn, and wish there were not so many long-drawn-out devotions, all in Latin.

In one of these moments of weariness she pulled out her Bible. She had read it to satiety once, when she was a little girl, and had been weary of it ever since. Now she opened the book listlessly. "As the heart panteth after the water brooks," she read with a thrill, and as she continued a new Heaven and a new earth seemed to open before her, while she discovered a music and a poetry and a wonder before unthought of, in the Psalms.

After this she was two girls—one, red-cheeked and bright-eyed enough to please even her father, climbing the elm trees, laughing a little too boisterously, a ring-leader in mischief; the other, whether in the body or out of the body she knew not, stilled and quieted of soul, finding self-expression in the Psalms, and acquainted with joy unspeakable.

"Do you ever read the Gospels, Margaret?" inquired a nun who loved the Bible-loving child.

"No, Mother. I don't like them so well as I like the Old Testament," was the answer. She had not forgotten the compulsory chapters which had failed to enlist her young interest.

The following year Margaret left the convent, was perfunctorily confirmed in the Church of England, and took the Sacrament. She believed everything she was told it was right to believe: the Thirty-Nine Articles, the Creed, the Catechism, and the Bible "from cover to cover"; and she was grieved and shocked when Tom came home on vacation from the University and said that some of the Bible stories were impossible, and some others were myths.

During the summer she read "Lorna Doone," and coming to the dreadful slaying of a little child by the wicked Doones, she was impelled to ask:

"Grandmother, why does David say it is right to dash little children against the rock? Think of it, grandmother, little children!"

Her grandmother pushed up her spectacles

on her forehead, and darted a keen glance at Margaret from a pair of very young blue eyes. She laughed a little at the perplexed face.

"Why, childie," she said, "David's enemies were God's enemies, and those 'little ones' stood for future sin and evil."

So Margaret was satisfied, and thereafter she read the imprecatory Psalms with renewed fervor.

* * * * *

Margaret was twenty-one, that is to say, older and wiser than she ever would be again. She had graduated from one of the great colleges for women in the States, where she had specialized in Philosophy and Old Testament criticism, and had elected courses in Geology and Anthropology as correlatives. She had read the "Origin of Species" and the "Critique of Pure Reason," and firmly believed she understood and enjoyed them. She could talk glibly about the Ding an Sich, Natural Selection, the Yahvestic and Elohistie narratives, and the Accadian legends. The Thirty-Nine Articles were beneath contempt; and though she went to church, for on this her father insisted, she always remained ostentatiously seated—and silent—during the Creed. She enjoyed posing, she enjoyed shocking people, she had ceased to believe in "plenary inspiration" or in miracles; she had doubts about a personal God, she found the doctrine of the Atonement unmoral, and she was privately convinced that hardly anybody else knew as much about everything as she did.

Her father and mother were anxious, but the grandmother said cheerfully that the child didn't know what she was talking about, and she always went off into gales of laughter, becoming fairly convulsed and having to take off her specs to wipe her eyes, at any mention of the Accadian legends. Margaret's indignation found vent in an ardent study of Buddhism. She was not sure who Buddha was, nor when he lived, and her chief sources of information were the Encyclopaedia Britannica and "The Light of Asia," but she loved to talk about Nirvana, and its esoteric and exoteric

significance. When ever Margaret used these words her grandmother would pound one plump clenched fist upon another with a great show of effort, and when Margaret could no longer resist asking why she did so, she replied:

"To break the rocks, my dear."

After some vague bewilderment Margaret realized that "rocks" in her grandmother's day and generation meant big, dictionary words, "not understood of the people."

All the while Mother Joseph at Mount St. Mary was praying for Margaret, and offering Holy Communion for her. Little did the girl know how powerful are the prayers of a nun.

Third Reading.

It was only right, thought Margaret, that with her mental gifts and fine training she should do something for the uplift of the girls of her "crowd," who had not had the advantages of the higher education. She proposed weekly meetings for the philosophical study of "Knowledge and Its Criteria," but the girls asked her instead of this to get up a Browning Club, and she rather disgustedly yielded.

Margaret had missed out on Browning in college, for he came in English Three, which was an elective, and for which she had substituted Anthropology One. Now she hurriedly glanced through the poems, and was attracted by the words "chest of terebinth," and "from epsilon to mu." She would enjoy explaining to the girls that these last were Greek letters, and tracing how they were derived from the Egyptian hieratic characters. She knew she would have a grand time doing this, so she chose for their first meeting "A Death in the Desert."

Carefully she read the poem, and in the reading lost thought of both hieroglyphs and hieratics. She was taken back to the old days, when, ignorant of the spuriousness of Biblical texts, she sat in the back bench of the convent chapel (reserved for those of the Separation), and dreamed over the Songs of Ascents. "A

Death in the Desert" was also a thing to dream over. Perhaps it would be interesting to read the Gospel of this "aged John."

Here she recalled having heard that this work imputed to John was highly untrustworthy—a regular happy hunting ground for the higher critics. Was it her great intellect—or something greater—that suggested to her a reading of all four Gospels, preparatory to "an intensive critical study of them?" The only thing she had brought from the formal and compulsory chapters at the age of eight was the recollection of a nightmare of effort to reconcile the genealogy in Matthew with that in Luke.

She began to read of One who was tempted by great temptations, and who overcame. Of One who—was it in the strength of that overcoming?—won power over the hearts of men, so that when He called, they immediately left all to follow Him. Of One who had power over the bodies of men, to heal all manner of sickness; power over evil spirits, to cast them out. It was, she thought, like the hercules of Camarina. He overcame in a great battle, and thenceforward wore the lion's robe of power. It was, of course, all mythical. But how fascinating the simple style, how almost convincing its sincerity.

Farther on, the thought of the mythical faded, the Hercules of Camarina vanished from consciousness, as she read, enthralled, the Sermon on the Mount. Here, her admiration of the teaching was lost in a vision of the Personality that transcended the teaching. To gain more knowledge of this great Person she devoured eagerly all four Gospels, and found herself possessed, heart and mind and spirit, by the One whose story they told.

For days she could think of nothing else. Mental images from here and there through the narratives rose up and held her breathless.

She saw One who went into the synagogue on the Sabbath day, and read from the book of Isaiah. What might be in that reading that when He sat down "the eyes of all in the synagogue were fastened on him?" This was no myth; it pulsed with reality.

She saw a Shepherd, tall and straight like a young soldier, who carried with triumphant joy the lamb He had gone to seek and to save. For His sheep knew His voice. "Knew His voice," yes, it was a voice of power, it came with the force of "one who spoke with authority."

She saw a Man, wearied with his journey, and seated by a well. She saw him read the soul of a woman like an open book, she heard him speak to her of living water. If only the writer had told of what happened in that Samaritan city when, yielding to those who besought him, "he abode there two days." But how full of reserves were the accounts! It was as though things were too big to be written about.

Surely there was in the One who walked through these pages a quality of greatness veiled in flesh, greatness which now and then burst forth and was revealed. Was this merely a man? She would read the story again.

Again, on closing the book, her mind was utterly filled with the thought of Him she read about. The miracles ceased to be stumbling-blocks. Might they not have been performed in obedience to natural laws we do not yet understand? Or spiritual laws? This—this Man, could do anything.

She brooded over His untiring ministry of teaching, and healing, and service to thronging crowds of people. She thought of whole nights spent up in the mountain, in prayer to God. She meditated on One that stood at a door and knocked, and promised to him who opened—she thrilled at the greatness of that promise.

Everywhere she found glimpses of the glory within. What tremendous claims He made for Himself! "I am the light of the world." "I am the way—no one cometh to the Father but by me." There were still more awesome claims—she hardly dared to think of them.

Through all his simplicity, through that meekness which was strength and gentleness, there was yet a quality which inspired awe. Even at the last, the Roman soldiers sent to apprehend Him "fell back," overcome by the

majesty of that Personality. It was only because He willed it, that He was crucified.

This crucifixion, how the thought must always have been with him. Through days of service and nights of prayer, through the Transfiguration, through the great entry into Jerusalem, through the nearness and love of disciples and friends, through the love of that Mother who would stand beneath His Cross. He must always have seen the Cross. The Cross to which at last He would be fastened by nails, on which He would hang with His hands and His feet bleeding, with His side and His thorn-crowned head bleeding; the Cross on which He would be lifted up, to draw all men unto Himself; to draw her, out of the foolishness of her prideful unbelief, to draw her to kneel at His feet in humility and repentance, and cry, "My Lord and my God."

Immediately the age-old hunger of the soul: "Oh, that I might find Him," the age-old desire for union with God, swept her into a turmoil of unrest. Where should she seek her Lord? Where might she find Him? How could she attain union with Him as close as that of the Vine with the branches, that union which He prayed might be won by His disciples, wherein they and He might be one, as He and the Father were one? That union promised in the dread words beginning: "He that eateth my flesh."

This wonder was too great, too difficult of credence. His very disciples found it a hard saying; no wonder it was disturbing to the ministers of the churches. Only Catholics were not in the least puzzled or disturbed by it, they took the words exactly as He spoke them, and received them with joy.

Days of thought and anxiety followed, days of longing and fear. Then Margaret made a little trip to Mount St. Mary's, to talk things over with Mother Joseph.

Nuns are so used to wonders and miracles that she found her great experience, her eager outpouring of confidence, not at all surprising to Mother Joseph, who said quietly:

"One thing is sure, Margaret. God has brought you so far, is giving you some know-

ledge and love of His Son, that He means you to go farther.

"I will not argue with you about this 'hard saying.' I will not refer you to the writings of the Fathers of the Church, nor to the testimonies of the Saints. I will refer you to Our Lord Himself. Promise me, Margaret, that when you go home you will make a little visit to the church every day, and ask the One Who is there to make you know the truth of His presence. Remind Him that He is the Truth, that He will not deceive you who put your trust in Him, and ask Him, if it is true that He is there, to make you know it."

When Margaret promised, the nun was entirely satisfied, for she knew that prayer was always answered.

* * * * *

Never had Margaret's parents known such loveliness as blossomed in their daughter during the weeks she was under instruction. Their first dismay and trouble over "this conversion business" vanished before the sweetness and joy she brought into their home. Tom, back from camp on a brief furlough before going overseas, found himself impressed by a new reverence for his sister.

"Meg," he said the last thing as they parted, "you haven't said a word about religion to me, yet 'almost thou persuadest me.'"

"I'll offer my First Communion for you, Tom," said Margaret.

He gripped her hand so hard that it hurt.

Her father once spoke to her in a puzzled fashion. "What I can't understand is how you, Margaret, who believed next to nothing, are now ready at one jump to believe so much—so much that seems unreason—?"

His daughter's head showed symptoms of going up in the air.

"Don't point your fighting chin at me, don't fire!" Her father threw up his hands in mock terror. "Know you not, O figlia most awe-inspiring, that before I'd say a word against the Catholic Church, now we have a Catholic in the family, I'd walk from here to California on broken glass! Only most humb-

ly and deferentially do I inquire how you can accept all this apostolic succession and papal supremacy, and—" he was half afraid to say it—"and Real Presence?"

"I'm not half instructed yet, father," said this child of his who used to think the 'higher education' the end of all knowledge. "But from the little I know, it seems to me the Real Presence of our Lord is the most reasonable thing in the world. To stay with us always is only another evidence of the love that died for us. He tells us this so plainly, plainer than anything! And once you know it, everything else follows. There must be a Church to guard this sacred Gift; there must be a Head of that Church to guide it; there must be a handing-down through a line of priests of the awful power to consecrate . . ." Her voice went reverently low.

"So you see, father, it is the most reasonable thing in the world. And yet, isn't it the supremest Gift that even God could give us?"

A Welcome to Spring

Welcome Spring, O time of happy hours,
Of skies of blue and sunlit meadows gay,
Of singing birds and softly tinted flowers,
And rippling brooklet's lilting fairy lay.

Hail! O season full of mirth,

Hail! O time of wakening earth,
Joy and gladness now you bring
Welcome, welcome, balmy Spring!

Welcome Spring, thrice welcome here!

Season of joy, season of cheer,

Welcome catkins, silvery grey,

Welcome daffodils, bright as day,

And the gentle April showers,

Bringing forth the fair May flowers,

Hark! I hear a robin sing,

Welcome, herald of the Spring!

CLARA BARRETT.

Loretto, Guelph.



POPE PIUS XI.

(Rev. Thomas J. Campbell, S.J.).

MILAN is a city in the northern part of Italy and was founded four hundred years before the birth of Christ, which means that it is now two thousand, three hundred and twenty-two years old. It is situated in the midst of a very beautiful plain, to the north of which are the Alps, whose summits are covered, winter and summer, with a mantle of glittering snow. The principal ornament of the city is its wonderfully beautiful cathedral, which is nearly five hundred feet long, and is literally covered, inside and out, with statues of the saints. There are six thousand of them in all; two of which, those of St. Ambrose and St. Charles Borromeo, are made of silver and are set in precious stones. St. Ambrose lived there in the 4th century and St. Charles Borromeo in the 16th. Both of them are great figures in the history of the Church; both were bishops of Milan and both lie buried there. Another great edifice in Milan is the Ambrosian Library which was founded more than three hundred years ago, and contains as many as two hundred thousand volumes besides eight thousand three hundred manuscripts. It is considered to be one of the most valuable collections in all Europe. Both the cathedral and the library are identified with Pius XI.

About eleven miles north of Milan there is a little town of about six or seven thousand inhabitants. It is called Desio, and is now a very important place on the map, because the new Pope known as Pius XI. was born there, March 31, 1857. When that event occurred, however, it was not considered a very important matter in Desio, for the boy, Achille Ratti, as he was called, was only the son of a poor weaver of the town. But it happens, nevertheless, that most of the Popes who took the name Pius at their coronation, began life as poor boys.

Thus the first who bore the name was the

ninth successor of St. Peter, but we know nothing about him except that he gave his life for the Faith about the year 150. In those early days when the pagans were slaughtering the Christians, very few of the Faithful had any worldly possessions, or if they had, they were not sure of keeping them from one day to another.

After the martyr, no Pope took the name of Pius for thirteen centuries, and then a great literary man of that period, named Aeneas Silvius, called himself Pius II. when the tiara was placed on his head. He was a nobleman, the chronicler tells us, but "in straitened circumstances," which is another form of speech for "poor." Pius III., who was made Pope in 1503, passed his boyhood in destitution; Pius IV., though he was called Medici, did not belong to the great family of that name, which is so conspicuous in European history. On the contrary, he was very poor and the great Medici princes claimed him as belonging to their family only after he became Pope. They had taken no notice of him before that. The Dominican Pius V., who was not only Pope, but a canonized Saint, was also of a poor family, and was about to be bound out to a trade, had not the Dominican Friars taken him into their schools. Pius VI. is set down in the "Catholic Encyclopedia" as belonging to a noble, but impoverished, family. Pius VII. is the first in the long list whose people were not wedded to Lady Poverty, but though educated in the College of Nobles, he became a Benedictine and, of course, he then had to bind himself by a vow of poverty to be a monk. Pius VIII. and Pius IX. appear to have been possessed of some worldly means; but Pius X. was only a Venetian letter-carrier. Finally, Pius XI. was the son of a Lombardy weaver. So that nearly all of them were neither born great nor had greatness thrust upon them.

Young Achille Ratti had his first schooling in the class-rooms of the Congregation of Charity, and from there he went to the Diocesan Seminary and afterwards to Rome, where we find him a priest in 1879, with the honours he had won by his hard work of Doctorates in Philosophy, Theology and Canon Law. He had no money, but he was rich in piety, intellectual ability and a capacity for intense application, the last mentioned of which was made compulsory by his poverty, and which he gladly cultivated at every moment of his life. He said his first Mass over St. Peter's tomb, never dreaming, of course, that he was going to be St. Peter's two-hundred and sixtieth successor. In 1888 he was made one of the staff of the College of Doctors in the famous Ambrosian Library of Milan of which we have already spoken, and he soon plunged into that vast mine of learning, to find material for the splendid scientific writings which began to appear over his name. School teachers will be interested to learn that, as early as 1883 he invited the pedagogues of Milan, at least the feminine portion of them, into an active co-operative Association; he was Spiritual Director of the Children of Mary and chaplain of the first establishment in Milan of the Cenacle or House of Retreats for women, but his chief attraction at that time was for the ragged and dirty boys who were employed as chimney-sweeps in the city. In 1911 he was sent as assistant to Father Ehrle, S.J., in the Vatican Library of Rome, a post whose importance we may get a very faint idea of by reading the description of it in the Catholic Encyclopedia. There is nothing like it in the whole world. It has fifty thousand manuscripts in all languages of the universe, and at least three hundred and fifty thousand books. Those figures alone will help us to understand the marvellous intellectual equipment of the man who was appointed to control that vast armory of learning. It was Dr. Achille Ratti, who was assigned to that post when Father Ehrle withdrew in 1913, but one is almost stupified when told by the Encyclopedia that no official of the Library, not even the Prefect, receives more than \$50 a

month. Evidently, Dr. Ratti was still as poor as he was when going to the Charity School of Desio, but that did not trouble him.

While buried in his books there came a sudden order from Pope Benedict XV., in April, 1918, bidding him to make all haste to go to poor, disordered Poland as representative of the Holy See. The World War was raging at the time, and Germany and Austria were exulting in their triumphs over the mighty Empire of Russia which had crumbled in the dust. Poland was then occupied by German troops, and the unpopular Council of the Regency which had been supposedly established in the interest of Poland, was dominated by Germany; but Dr. Ratti kept clear of all these political entanglements and, Italian though he was, secured the good will of both factions. He established a regular ecclesiastical organization in all that part of Russia occupied by the invaders and from which Russian tyranny had so far remorsefully excluded the Church; he re-established bishoprics which had been suppressed; he summoned the Bishops to decide on the division of the great estates formerly seized by Russia, and he came to an understanding with the lay authorities that the Catholic religion of Poland was to be carefully safe-guarded.

His great success in these delicate questions led the Pope to name him Papal Nuncio at Warsaw, and moreover on July 3, 1919, he was elevated to the Archiepiscopal See of Lepanto. As it was at Lepanto that Pius V. won his great victory over the Turks in 1571, this might seem prophetic of something great in the same direction, but in reality it was not needed, for just then Benedict XV. was overcoming the Turks, not by armed fleets, but by open-handed charity, with the result that to-day his splendid bronze statue stands in pontifical splendor in Constantinople which is the very heart of Mohammedanism.

Later on, Archbishop Ratti was asked for by Poland, Germany and the Inter-Allied Commission, to act as Ecclesiastical High Commissioner in settling the vexatious problems of Upper Silesia. In this new and untried field he

won still more the love and admiration of the Poles especially when added to it all was his unwearied labor in feeding the famishing Polish children; persuading the Bolsheviki to release their prisoners, but, most of all, when the Red Army was at the gates of Warsaw and all the other diplomats had fled, remaining at his post and having the satisfaction of seeing the Polish priests summon the young men and boys to the field and with the crucifix lifted high in the air, leading them against the wild hordes of Trotzky, which they scattered to the winds. It looked as if Sobieski had returned to Poland. Such pre-eminent successes in one of the most tremendous crisis of history called for recognition, and in 1921 he was made Cardinal Archbishop of Milan and finally, on Feb. 12, 1922, he ascended the throne of St. Peter

as Pope Pius XI. Even there something unusual happened and the world has been ever since asking why, after his coronation at the altar, in the presence of sixty thousand people, he unexpectedly appeared on the balcony of the Basilica and gave his blessing to the one hundred and fifty thousand men and women kneeling in the vast square beneath. Nothing like it had occurred since the Piedmontese armies occupied Rome in 1870; and the world is now asking, does it portend some great international movement by this new Pope whose whole life is a series of surprises. His coronation with the auspicious blessing of it to the world took place six days after the nine great nations of the world had signed the famous treaty of peace at Washington.—By courtesy of "The Homeless Child."



THE DIAMOND RING

A TRUE STORY—By A. M. O.

MRS. Davies, an elegant old lady, was a widow, who had been left remarkably well off early in life by a Colonel, who had not had time to squander his fortune. She lived in the neighbourhood of Kensington Gardens in a beautiful house, that from the drawing-rooms looked onto the upper branches of the superb plane trees of the Park.

Mrs. Davies was elegant. Her hair was white as driven snow and silky as spun glass; her face, an exact oval, expressed the sweetest possible self-satisfaction; her fingers were white and long and tapering, rather over-loaded perhaps, with rich rings, the richest of all being a diamond of great value. Everything about the lady of the house matched her in taste and texture. The servants were elderly, trustworthy and dignified; the furniture antique, priceless and well preserved; the equipage faultless.

Of the other two occupants of the house little need be said. They were nieces—Miss Wood and Miss Charlotte Wood; the former took after her aunt in figure and taste; the latter took after neither, but struck out a line of her own. She was short, rotund, practical rather than artistic.

One Thursday about six o'clock in early June, the carriage drew up to the door and Mrs. Davies and her two nieces alighted. The day had been spent in town, that is to say in shopping, which business on an extensive scale came off about four times a year. On these occasions lunch was taken at the Ritz Hotel, so that time should not be wasted in coming and going.

Mrs. Davies passed up the hall and stairs to her room, where she occupied herself until the dinner gong sounded. She sat up at the top of the table, Miss Wood on her right and Miss

Charlotte on her left. When dessert was put on and they were alone, Miss Charlotte said with some concern:

"Aunt, you are not wearing your diamond ring to-day." Mrs. Davies looked at her hand and saw the omission. A flush spread over her face. "How strange," she said, twirling the other rings and trying to think. "I have left it on my dressing-table upstairs, I suppose. I never wash with my rings on, as you know." She hesitated for a moment and then said, "Ring the bell, Charlotte, please, or stay, might I ask you to go upstairs yourself and fetch the ring. It will be in the crystal-topped box."

Miss Charlotte rose readily, dropped her dinner napkin unfolded on the table, and went upstairs. In a few minutes her heavy tread was heard in the room above. Toying with her peach, but listening intently, the old lady tried to make conversation.

"Unusually hot for June, but town always is oppressive, and shopping deadly tiring," she said. "What can Charlotte be doing; she never was good at finding things, was she, my dear?" Taking this for a hint, Marion willingly followed her sister, being herself curious and anxious. But the suspense being still prolonged, Mrs. Davies could bear it no longer; dipping her fingers daintily into her bowl, she sailed gracefully out of the room. When she reached her apartment she found three people—her two nieces and Lizette, the maid, making an exhaustive search in the three different parts of the room.

"Nothing found yet?" she enquired in her silvery old voice, and with elaborate calm Charlotte turned round and answered, "Nothing whatever, Aunt, and we have carefully moved everything. Are you sure you left your ring here? You were out to-day. Did you take your rings off at the Ritz?"

"It is quite possible," Mrs. Davies answered, brightening up perceptibly. "I washed my hands at number 24—that I perfectly remember; but I cannot remember taking off my rings. I was so occupied with the osprey feathers we bought, trying to think how they would look in the new bonnet, that I was hard-

ly conscious of my doings. We must send to the Ritz." Charlotte was always prompt on such occasions, and volunteered to go immediately. It was settled that both sisters should set off at once. Mrs. Davies thought it prudent to temper Charlotte's zeal with Marion's suave discretion.

The upshot of the enquiries in town and all subsequent enquiries and searching, was the miserable fact that the beautiful ring was missing and no clue could be found as to where and how the calamity had occurred. Mrs. Davies most truly said that dear as the ring was to her, it was the unsolved mystery that one minded most. Every servant in the house was as unimpeachable as the nieces themselves and yet every soul in the house felt a sort of uncomfortable burden at the loss. Miss Charlotte would have had a detective brought in to clear the matter up, she said. But when asked what good it would do if the whole of Scotland Yard together had the run of the house, she pursed up her lips, looks aggravatingly knowing, but said nothing. By Mrs. Davies' express order the subject was dropped; no suspicion fell upon anyone; nothing more was to be said. Still the good little old lady felt the loss of the ring intensely, because it was associated with her earliest and only days of married happiness.

Three months passed. It was September. The household had been shut up officially during July and August, and the family had been dispersed in different directions. Whilst at breakfast on the first day after their return, the butler came in with a worried look. He said the laundry woman, Mrs. Doughty, was there and insisted on seeing the lady of the house. He had ventured to suggest the Miss Woods, but the woman, though quite respectful, stuck to her point: "Please, Sir, I must see my lady; if not convenient to her, sure I'll call again." Mrs. Davies crumbled a bit of toast in her hand and then said, "Show her into the morning room, Bennett, I will come in a few moments." "It is that woman we help with clothes," Miss Charlotte said, "but that gives her no right to dictate to you in this way.

If we are not good enough for her, I should like to know who is?"

"Well, my dear, evidently, I am," Mrs. Davies answered placidly. "At any rate we won't judge the poor soul before we hear the story."

"Shall I go with you, Aunt," Marion asked, "she's probably begging and may get excited. She is a Papist, you know."

"O dear no, don't come with me," Mrs. Davies rejoined, rising slowly; she was far too unimaginative to be frightened even with this combination. "We should only flurry the good woman and there is no good in that."

Mrs. Doughty was standing inside the door just where the butler had left her. Her eyes were taking in all the appointments of the room, roaming from one beautiful object to the other. "My, my!" she was saying to herself, "Glory be to God! they live here and we live there! Glory be to God! Sure ours is more like Nazareth, not a doubt of it."

When Mrs. Davies came in with her sweet smile, and almost fairy-like figure, Mrs. Doughty, half courtesying, half bobbing, wished her good-morning and without more ado, drew her hands from under the shawl and held out the long-lost diamond ring. Mrs. Davies stared at the ring and at the woman. The ring was hers, the woman was clean but abjectly poor; her face was beaming, still she wanted to be addressed. Recovering a little from her surprise, Mrs. Davies said:

"That is my ring, Mrs. Doughty. How did it come into your possession? I have lost it for quite three months."

"Indeed, Ma'am, you have, and it's sorry I am that it was along of me that you didn't get it before. Will I tell you the way it was now, or had I best come again?"

"Sit down, Mrs. Doughty," the lady said graciously. Mrs. Doughty, still holding the ring, sat down on the edge of the chair.

"It was this way, Ma'am," she began. "You're so good as to send me parcels of clothing from time to time, Ma'am, knowing I have a large family, thanks be to God, and not much in the way of wages. The last parcel you sent

was just two months ago. There was beautiful things in it, Ma'am. Among the things was a dress of your own, a lovely purple. I held it up before me and I says to myself, I'll make that up into two beautiful frocks for Mary and Brigid. Well, yesterday, Ma'am, we all sat around the table and began to unpick the grand dress, me with the scissors and the childer with a stout pin, so as they wouldn't cut the material. And would you believe it, Ma'am, when I came to the watch pocket, what should I find but this very ring with the stone sparkling in the light of my one candle like a star in God's sky. It was nigh upon ten then, Ma'am, and I'd sent the little ones to bed. Jim, my man, wanted to take the ring himself to you that moment, but I said you shouldn't be disturbed in the black of the night like that. So I came first thing in the morning, and it's glad I am to give it to you back, Ma'am, and moighty sorry not to have found it before." Mrs. Davies took the ring from the washerwoman's hand. Her eyes were full of tears.

"Have you any idea as to the value of my ring, Mrs. Doughty?" she asked.

"I am not well up in that class of goods, Ma'am dear," she answered"; nor Jim neither; we thought as it would be valuable as it came from you and at it's a beautiful thing. He thought it couldn't have been bought for forty pounds, but he doesn't know, Ma'am; we could find out for you belike?"

"Now, my good woman," Mrs. Davies said, rising and taking the woman's sodden hand, "you are busy this morning, I am sure. May I come and see you some convenient day?"

"Why, bless your heart, Ma'am," said Mrs. Doughty, reddening and looking about her, "you'd be as out of place in our little house as—as I am in this—and I can't say more than that."

"Just so! You have come to see me and I am going to see you. That is only fair; do please give me your address." Mrs. Doughty fumbled in her overstocked pocket and brought out a stump of a pencil which she began to moisten between her lips. "Never mind, Mrs. Doughty, I was forgetting. We have your ad-

dress, of course. To-morrow at four-thirty I will be with you." And so it was settled. The butler with an inscrutable face saw the shabby woman off the premises. In less than half an hour the whole household knew that a poor Catholic woman had restored a priceless ring and had gone away rejoicing without a thought of reward.

Mrs. Davies was just and generous. She called on the Doughty's parish priest, Catholic though he was—heard all particulars of the washerwoman's household, heard of the deserving father, hardworking mother, of the eldest boy of ten and the two girls between and the baby in arms. Then for the first time in her long life, she visited a workman's cottage. Her eyes roamed round the white-washed walls with the cheap pictures of the Sacred Heart and the Blessed Mother and over the makeshift furniture; she noticed the clothes-line flapping wet linen in the draught; the baby in the swing cot, rocking itself by its own jerks and kicks. There she sat in the midst of it all, like a piece of Dresden china on a rubbish heap, but feeling as humble as the rubbish itself. After making friends with Jim the younger, Mary and Bridget

and Patrick the baby, she said almost shamefacedly:

"The Rev. Father Byrne tells me, Mrs. Doughty, that you would like to get your eldest children into a good boarding school—would you?" Mrs. Doughty looked round the little room and out into the noisy street. "Ma'am, dear, I would," she said bravely, but with an effort. "Then will you, with the Father's advice, select a school for both children and I will undertake all expenses in connection with them? You were the means of restoring something very precious to me. I am grateful to be able to serve you a little in return." Mrs. Doughty wiped her eyes with the corner of her apron. The dearest wish of her heart was granted—the children would grow up in God's own house.

Nor did Mrs. Davies' gratitude end with the education of Jim and Bridget. She watched over the little family and prudently and delicately helped it in its hard struggle. But if the Doughty family had reason to bless the diamond ring, much more had Mrs. Davies. For the lovely life of a poor Catholic household was revealed to her and she came to understand why there had been a Hidden Life of thirty years.



MODERN POETRY

SIR Henry Newbolt in a recent essay treats poetry as a "transfiguration of life heightened by the homesickness of the spirit for a perfect world." Had he inserted the word "modern" in his definition we feel that he would very fittingly have described our contemporary poetry. One of the outstanding characteristics of present-day poetry is that longing of the spirit—that homesickness which finds utterance in many of the songs of modern writers.

From this one might judge that all modern poetry is written in a mournful, despairing strain—that pessimism is the keynote. This is far from being true—the yearnings of the

soul, the "vain questionings," are not peculiar to modern poetry, but the significance lies in the fact that so often the questionings are left unanswered—or find their answer in something transient which does not satisfy.

But the most interesting feature of modern poetry is that there has never been a greater variety of moods among poets than during the past two generations. To generalize or to classify is a futile task. The war poets stand alone—and even among them, as will be seen later, there is great diversity. A short resumé of the greatest of our moderns will be sufficient to justify this statement and the paradox that they are "different even when most alike."

The poetry of W. H. Davies and Walter De La Mare have one thing in common—they are both the poetry of beauty. Yet there is a vast difference—there is a sense of reality about Mr. Davies' poetry; he has the faculty of arousing our sense of appreciation, of making us feel the beautiful more intensely—and most of all of showing us beauty in a surprisingly new form. He feels that life is scarcely worth while if we have

"No time to turn at Beauty's glance
And watch her feet how they can dance"—

And he teaches us to "stand and stare" while he reveals much of Earth's new beauty. Mr. De La Mare is, too, a worshipper of Beauty, yet there is an intensely sad strain about much of his poetry. He seems to feel that after all Beauty is such a transient thing—that we must gaze on it lovingly and longingly—perhaps for the last time—while it is passing.

Francis Thompson's "Hound of Heaven" stands apart as the most beautiful of the poems of optimism—of belief. He is truly the poet whose soul-yearnings have found an answer. He, too, loved nature, loved Beauty with his passionate soul. But though he laughed and wept in sympathy with Nature—"not by that was eased my human smart"—and he finds the only true answer—the supreme solace in God, and his poem ends on that sublime note:

"Oh fondest, blindest, weakest,
I am he whom thou seekest—
Thou dravest love from thee,
Who dravest me."

W. B. Yeats has an outstanding position in any modern anthology. He is a distinctive poet and his distinctiveness lies in his remoteness. Intensely imaginative and intensely sensitive to beauty, he creates a veritable fairyland and initiates his readers into the beauties of another world. His poetry is so new, so rare, that it holds his readers fascinated. One of his latest and loveliest beginning "I wandered by the Edge," expresses the desolation of love in a way that is beautifully new.

His collection of love lyrics—"The Wind Among the Seeds"—is in itself unlike any oth-

er collection of love poetry. The moods and passions are as old as the theme itself, but in it are new images and an almost new language that make them seem not quite the same. His incomparable verse and music are at their best and he introduces into them the magic fairyland that is distinctively Yeats.

Thomas B. Hardy is one of the most sensitive observers of human nature. He has a sense of reality that is almost bitter, and this reality and sincerity are the keynotes of his poetry. He writes out of the reality of his experience and there is a mournful, despairing strain through most of the songs that he has written. Frustrated love is his favourite theme. Could anything be sadder than his poem "Beyond the Last Lamp?" It leaves us mournful, but it holds us fascinated because it is so real. It is only too evident that Mr. Hardy gets no pleasure out of the beauty which passes—it only makes him sadder for its passing.

But there is one poem in which despair is not triumphant, and it is the most attractive which Mr. Hardy has written—that delightful Christmas lyric, "The Oxen." Faith is the predominant mood here—the simple, childlike faith which triumphs over all else. This is a perfect poem and makes us wish that more of his poetry had been written in this mood rather than in the mood of futility and frustration. But it is not to be supposed that his poems are not beautiful—there is beauty in his sorrow—pity intermingled with his bitterness in the songs which are the genuine confessions of his soul. Robert Lynd has said that the general atmosphere of Hardy's poems is to be found perfectly expressed in the last three lines of one of them which is about a churchyard, a dead woman, a living rival and the ghost of a soldier—

"There was a cry by the white-flowered mound,
There was a laugh from underground,
There was a deeper gloom around."

John Masefield's poetry is distinctive. He has a keen, human sympathy, a delicate sense of beauty and a questioning mind. His love

poems are simple and musical. "Beauty," an attractive little poem, furnishes an excellent illustration—

"But the loveliest things of Beauty
God ever has showed to me
Are her voice, and her hair, and eyes
And the dear red curve of her lips."

But he is decidedly one of the poets of doubt—one who finds no answer to his questionings—

"It may be that we cease, we cannot tell,
Even if we cease, life is a miracle."

The last two lines of Joyce Kilmer's exquisite and beautiful lyric, "Trees," presents a contrast that is a lesson in itself,—

"Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree."

Our modern war poetry forms in itself an interesting and exhaustive study. War, which makes so little of the individual life officially, has suddenly taught the callous that the individual life is the only thing which matters.

There is a self-consciousness about the earliest war poetry—that strain of longing for the things left behind, that is entirely lost after the writer has had real experience. The poet loses his sense of individuality and personality and it is replaced by a living, human sympathy. The atmosphere of the average war poetry is warm and tender with a sense of the suffering of others and the comradeship of endurance and pain.

Siegfried Sassoon, the most unsparing realist of them all, finds the only antidote to the horrors of war in the knowledge of high companionship in a great cause.

"There was an hour when we were loth to part—

From life we longed to share no less than others,

Now having claimed his heritage of heart,

What need we more—my comrades and my brothers?"

There is an unusual note in a poem of E. Helton Young's "Christmas," written on board

H.M.S. Ironduke, 1914. He feels that he is quite willing to give his life just for the men at Marlborough—the men he knows and loves—yet did not Christ die for men he never knew? And still he feels that

"As Christ's eyes closed in death
He must have seen the village street of Nazareth."

Paramount among war poets is Rupert Brooke, whose charm lies perhaps in his personality as surely as in his poetry. The prevailing impression that one gets after reading the poetry of Rupert Brooke is that of a "brilliantly attractive personality absorbed in a contemplation of itself." Much of his best poetry was written before he was twenty-one. There is a cynicism about his love poetry that is almost delightful, it is so very young. Then, too, with all the daring of youth he portrays ugliness in his poem "Jealousy," and in his unforgivable one on the passage of the English Channel. But when we associate with him such poems as "The Great Lover," "The Old Vicarage" and "The Soldier," and remember his collection of sonnets, we feel that though his death may have been a picturesque ending to his life, the world lost a very great deal in the death of Rupert Brooke.

And of course, no collection of war poetry is complete without that lyric whose depth of feeling and experience of tragedy has placed it in the front rank of war poems, John McCrae's "In Flanders Fields."

Does modern poetry need any defence? Does it measure up to the standard of what poetry should be? Is it "a thing of pleasant sights and pleasant sounds—of images and music?" It is generally conceded that no author's greatness is judged largely by his genius for writing memorable passages. If this be a true test, we can immediately think of many of our contemporary poets who would pass it.

The chief function of poetry is to delight—to make the life of man more full and real. The variety and diffuseness of modern poetry should in themselves be an argument in its favour.

There are some critics who say that modern poetry shows an indifference to form. A close study proves that there has been no radical change—no absolute breaking away from traditional form. Some of the twentieth century writers have made revolutionary changes in form, but they are not the poets of the first rank.

Mr. Yeats has made of the rhyming couplet something quite new, but its musical charm is sufficient argument for its existence.

Mr. De La Mare has helped to change our ideas of what is correct in rhyme because his occasional half-rhymes are altogether delightful.

It is quite true that in much of the modern poetry there is a very evident "self-consciousness." We do not find any of our contemporary poets losing themselves in their themes and writing with that ardour of which Shelley was capable.

The most salient feature of modern poetry is its sincerity. Everything else, including style, has been sacrificed in its favour—and there is much to be said on both sides of the case.

If we wish to appreciate modern poetry and gain the true pleasure that is to be found in it, we should not approach it in a too critical frame of mind. It is absurd to feel as many readers and critics do, that we ought not to enjoy it because it has so often departed from the trodden paths of conventionality.

Wordsworth has said in his introduction to the *Lyrical Ballads* to ask ourselves "if it contains a natural delineation of human passions, human characters and human incidents, and if the answer be favourable, to consent to be pleased, in spite of that most dreadful enemy to our pleasures, our own pre-established codes of decision."

Robert Lynd has said a truly appreciative thing: "Modern poetry has its own genius, however, and we need not weigh it against that of another age, as we delight in its sensibility, its wealth of observation, its conquest of new

themes, its perpetual rediscovery of simple things and of their effect on the consciousness."

MARY PICKETT, 2T3.

Loretto Abbey College.



Compensation

When the sunlight and the twilight
From our lives have gently flown,
Then the night brings golden starlight
With a radiance all its own.

DOROTHY B.



November Blue

The golden tint of the electric lights seems
to give a complementary colour to the air in
the early evening.—Essay on London.

Oh heavenly colour, London town
Has blurred it from her skies;
And, hooded in an earthly brown,
Unheaven'd the city lies.

No longer standard-like this hue
Above the broad road flies;
Nor does the narrow street the blue
Wear, slender, pennon-wise.

But when the gold and silver lamps
Colour the London dew,
And, misted by the winter damps,
The shops shine bright anew—
Blue comes to earth, it walks the street,
It dyes the wide air through;
A mimic sky about our feet,
The throng go crowned with blue.

—ALICE MEYNELL.

"THE VARSITY"

We all like to see ourselves in print. That accounts for the regular tri-weekly scramble for copies of the "Varsity." It is a mental snapshot of ourselves collectively, and therefore individually. Just as any whole is made up of individuals, so is this paper the mental expression of the various types which are to be found in any university. Therefore there is in each college the same general stampede for copies, the same type turning to the "Champus" Cat, another to "Sports," a third to "Editorials," and yet another devouring every line from cover to cover.

"But," says the sceptic, "there is absolutely nothing of the great political questions in your paper. If it is so expressive of University thought, and since your purpose to be the future leaders in world affairs, surely it is but reasonable that you begin at once to deal with these questions and not to ignore them entirely."

That sounds sensible, but consider a moment. This world is a big garden where so much harm is done by unskilled hands ignorant of the powers and possibilities of the tools they use, and therefore the innocent cause of much damage. So we have gone apart for a little while to a secluded spot, where with the most skilful to help us, we choose to learn the uses and capabilities of those tools which will help us most.

"If that is so," replies the sceptic, "then three times a week is too often to publish. If you are studying to turn your tools to best advantage it would be best to polish up your work and publish less frequently."

Again I beg to differ. True skill implies swiftness and that is what is most needed nowadays, and is only obtained by constant exercise. Life does not pause for a man to put steady deliberation on his opportunities; by constant practice he must be able to recognize

them instantly; nor is there an interval of a month between acts in the drama of political affairs; nor even five minutes between remarks in conversation. No, we must study to use our tools and apply them on every possible occasion. And just as there are people and things which act as mental grindstones, we must act fresh from contact with them so that we may achieve something worth while which will make it easier for us next time, and easier still when we leave this seclusion and face the larger problems of life.

Of the paper itself there is much to be said, and this especially: that the language is simple and well chosen, and that it is free from the atrocious barbarisms of present-day headlines. It is true that the "sports" page is not always of the finest calibre as regards literary excellence, but that is not what it is for. It is there to set down in black and white the just measures of praise due to contending teams; to announce practices and to work up enthusiasm for the sports, and that it does well. We need this, for what is the good of knowing the use of our tools if we have not the strength to use them?

Humour is another element which claims consideration. True, humorous writing requires a culture and experience beyond the reach of the average student. There is certainly an abundance of material in University life for a really brilliant wit, but the average person gets slightly tedious at times. One would suggest that jokes from the humorous papers of good standing form at least part of this column.

As to editorials, it is easy to account for their popularity. Students elect as editor of their paper the man who can most ably express their opinion. It is the editorials that lend the tone to the paper, consequently, all who are interested are eager to see what idea he

has formulated for us to-day. We want to analyse these opinions and judge them according to our standards. Of course it stands to reason that we cannot agree with everything. In such a vast assemblage there is bound to be some divergence of opinion on every question, but this must be overcome to a great extent, or the paper could not have such a circulation.

Then, too, there is always so much going on, really good plays, concerts, lectures, etc., which it is impossible to attend. However, in the Varsity we get the next best, a splendid first-hand account, which is infinitely to be preferred to a garbled third or fourth-hand recital.

Another splendid feature is the correspondence column. By this means no one is shut out from contributing anything of value to the paper. The student is free to state a case in that column and debate it if necessary with all who consider it one for argument.

Lastly, there is this to be said to the great credit of "Varsity": that as representative of the thought of such an admixture, when a question comes up for discussion the paper states

the pros and cons to the best of its ability and leaves the student to draw his own conclusions. As a concrete example one could not find a better one than the treatment of the question of initiations in last Friday's issue. It was absolutely free and impartial, and representative, leaving the student unbiased. To deal with questions in that manner is splendid, since it forces the reader to give each situation some consideration, so that when it comes to the partisan papers of the present day he will be able to deal with the questions by having opinions of his own and the power to create new ones, so as not to be influenced by every party opinion which he sees in print.

Some may think this too lavish praise to give this simple and purely undergraduate University production, but I doubt it. For what better proof could one have of its excellence than its universal popularity among so many people of such varied opinions and interest?

NORAH STORY, 2T6.

Loretto Abbey College.



THE LEADER

The leader sat alone in his bare, silent office, while the voices of the past, the demands of the future, and the insistent question of the present hour, beat upon his consciousness. Without, his associates awaited his decision. He tried for the few moments left him to focus his mind on the immediate issue—the compromise offered by the enemy. Would it fulfill the aspirations that had only grown stronger with the centuries? He was sure it would not. He doubted whether it would even suffice for the present. For the future it would be pitifully inadequate.

Yet, if it were the best they could do? That was where he and his colleagues disagreed. He knew it, though no word had been spoken on either side. He knew that the others would consider it better to take the slight present

good offered than to renew the long, unequal, well-nigh hopeless struggle. For himself, he believed that the enemy had offered the compromise because they realized that his people were at least within hailing distance of victory.

Compromise was utterly foreign to him. He had always been more than willing to give up his own inclination in a matter involving no moral issue, but he was adamant when principle was at stake.

It was contrary to principle, certainly, for him to assent to a measure that fell short of all that he had pledged himself to work for. He would refuse, and with that decision, he rose and went to the door. He realized how the world would construe his action. His enemies would be quick to declare that the leader's

decision was due to pique—because his would be a subordinate place under the new order. Even his friends would accuse him of deserting them at the critical moment. For that the others would accept the “half loaf” over his head he was sure. He thrust the thought quickly aside. It was never his wont to dally with temptation.

But a subtler temptation—or so he accounted it—presented itself even as he grasped the door knob. When the others went on without him, and he was left alone, discredited, even in the eyes of his own people, there would be left no way in which he could serve his cause. If he accepted the new order, there would at least be some minor capacity in which he could be of use; he could still serve with his colleagues—and he saw them as clearly as though the door were already open. There was the soldier, with his bronzed, heroic face, and a whole Odyssey of valiant exploits clustering

about his name; the financier with his penetrating, direct gaze; the historian; the man of business, whose business was, in very truth, held as a stewardship; the woman, with her high, militant courage; each was distinctive, different from the others, yet a certain tenderness about the mouth, the self-forgetting disinterestedness of the eyes was characteristic of every one. He loved them all with an intensity of which they did not dream him capable. He knew they entertained for him a mild respect, but in another moment they would account him the veriest dreamer. Had he possessed the slightest degree of personal magnetism, he could perhaps, have swayed them to his will, but as affairs stood he must sacrifice his sole chance of helping them to the loyalty he owed his cause. He opened the door. This was, indeed, the end!

MARIE ANTOINETTE DE ROULET.



BIOGRAPHICAL INTEREST IN THE WORKS OF COLERIDGE

“All other men whom I have ever known are mere children to him, and yet all is palsied by a total want of moral strength.”

Thus Southey said of Samuel Coleridge, one of the greatest English poets of the nineteenth century, in whom, together with his one-time friend, Wordsworth, was found the greatest development of the new romantic movement, which had been introduced into English literature by such earlier poets as Thomson, Collins and Gray.

Coleridge was brought up among books, yet he loved nature, not with the love which Wordsworth had, however, seeing the beautiful in even the lowliest of her forms, but with an imagination which painted for himself a world of his own. Erratic, imaginative, filled at times with a brilliancy which faded as suddenly as it had come, he has been called a man of great beginnings, of might-have-beens.

At the time of the revolution in France, like several other young poets of the time, highly enthusiastic regarding it, and burning with the thought that at last liberty was rising triumphant in a nation, he cries in the opening stanza of his “Ode to France”:

“Bear witness with me.”

“With what deep worship I have still adored
The spirit of divinest liberty.”

Soon, as he saw the fearful excesses of this new liberty, he recoiled from it, as he narrates in the later stanzas of this poem.

His “Ode to Dejection” has likewise a biographical interest. As a child he was precocious, and in some prank, disabled his body to such an extent, that in consequence of it he resorted to the use of opium later on, and contracted a habit which wrecked his life. In this poem, the hopeless despair of his soul is uttered in the cry:

"I see, not feel, how beautiful they are."

The man who had once felt to the very utmost the glory of a lovely sky, now knows only by the eye that it is still beautiful. We have here also, his attitude towards Nature, expressed in the lines:

"O Lady, we receive but what we give,
And in our life alone does Nature live."

Coleridge, as he shows in these lines, felt that only as the individual appreciated nature, according to his mood, was she beautiful. Far different from this was Wordsworth's attitude. He loved Nature in all her moods and exulted in all her glories.

"Youth and Age" reflects Coleridge's regret in the passing of the years. It has a hint of the melancholy expressed in "Dejection."

His love for Nature and his opinion that it has a deep influence on the moulding of human character is revealed.

"The Ancient Mariner" was his chief contribution to the "Lyrical Ballads" which he and Wordsworth gave to the world. The two poets aimed to set forth simple tales and express them in humble and appropriate language. "The Ancient Mariner," a story of crime and its punishment, is unique. It is full of the mysterious and weird elements in which Coleridge delighted, and of colorful pictures. Like all his best poetry; it was written under Wordsworth's influence. It is a connected tale, and yet has about it so much of the supernatural that one would hesitate to classify it.

"Christabel," one of the poet's might-have-beens, for it was never completed, has even more of the mysterious than has "The Ancient Mariner," and contains the true romantic element. The suggested, unexpressed is what holds our interest in the poem, for we are left in doubt as to the poet's meaning in it.

Although Coleridge was a friend of Wordsworth, and although they worked together,

and the latter had a deep and important influence on his poetry, the friendship was, like all the other good things in his life, broken, and they died without reconciliation. In the second part of *Christabel*, Coleridge has some lines which express his regret for this.

In "This Lime-Tree Bower My Prison," we have some most beautiful and detailed descriptions. "Kubla Khan" he wrote upon awakening from a dream, in which he declares he composed two or three hundred lines.

In taking a survey of the works of Coleridge, we see that, although he may not have accomplished all that was within his power, he has nevertheless given the world some rare poetry and an impetus to the romantic movement which completely did away with the old classical ideals.

M. ELEANOR GARDEN, 2T3.



Birthdays

Your birthdays mark the progress of life's
steps

By blossomy way, to where
Mature the fruit, and flowers full abloom
Perfume the summer air.

My birthdays mark the coming down life's way
Into the lowly plain,
Where autumn leaves are strewn, never to
grace
The waving boughs again.

May each advancing step bring rarer flowers
More fully into view;
The more you gather now, the richer glow
Will spread o'er autumn hue.

DOROTHY B.



THE EVE OF ST. AGNES

As a description of mediaeval customs, architecture, and manners this poem is incomparable. Keats' love for beauty and his skill in expressing it, also makes this poem worthy of praise and remembrance.

He brings the picture of this old mediaeval castle, interior and exterior, and its inmates so vividly before us with the magic of his pen, that it almost seems reality. Here are some instances taken from the poem—

"Along the chapel aisle by slow degrees
The sculptur'd dead, on each side, seem to
freeze.

Emprison'd in black, purgatorial rails,
Knights, ladies, praying in dumb oratories,
He passeth by; and his weak spirit fails
To think how they may ache in icy hoods and
mails."

In the last two one finds a touch of Keats' fanciful imagination, dreamy fancies that charm and delight the reader, though this last is rather dismal.

Here in this next stanza one is given a wonderfully accurate description of the rare old architecture of that time. Notice how beautifully suited his diction is to the description:

"A casement high and triple arch'd there was,
All garlanded with carven imag'ries
Of fruits, and flowers, and bunches of knot-
grass,
And diamonded with panes of quaint device,
'Innumerable of strains and splendid dyes,
As are the tiger-moth's deep-damask'd wings;
And in the midst, 'mong thousand heraldries,
And twilight saints, and dim emblazonings,
A shielded scutcheon blush'd with blood of
queen and kings."

In just a few words Keats can give a vivid, colorful picture. Such as:

"At length burst in the argent revelry,
'With plume, tiara, and all rich array."

Do not these two lines spread before one the magnificence and gorgeous display of all the knights and ladies making merry in the luxurious rooms of the old castle?

It seems as if into this poem Keats has crowded all the beauty that his soul loved and starved for, beauty of coloring, and of nature enriched by the beauty and music of his diction. Altogether this poem would have been a perfect gem of beauty for the mind to delight in, could Keats have added one more thing,—beauty of theme. Keats delighted in beauty of every kind, beauty that appealed to his mind and senses, yet he lacked that beauty that is higher, greater than all these, spiritual beauty—beauty of the soul. So it is that one finds the theme of the "Eve of St. Agnes" treated with sensuousness, even vulgarity, not spiritually, as Tennyson has treated his poem on the same subject. Keats is more to be pitied than blamed in this respect, and casting that defect aside, one must acknowledge that he is a master in his skilful choice of words and the art of portraying beauty to the eye. Notice the exquisite beauty of colouring and the poetic diction, in the following:

"Full on this casement shone the wintry moon
And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair
breast,
As down she knelt by heaven's grace and boon.
Rose-bloom fell on her hands, together prest,
And on her silver cross soft amethyst,
And on her hair a glory, like a saint."

"While he from the closet brought a heap
Of candied apple, quince, and plum, and
gourd,
With jellies soother than the creamy curd,
And lucent syrups, tinct with cinnamon.
Manna and dates, in argosy transferr'd
From Fez; and spice'd dainties, everyone,
From silken Samarcand to cedar'd Lebanon."

And finally, how poetically is sleep described in this line—

“Until the poppied warmth of sleep oppress’d
Her soothed limbs and soul fatigued away.”

In the last three stanzas one may get an idea of the customs and certain details of the interior and exterior of the castle:

“Down the wide stairs a darkling way they found,

In all the house was heard no human sound.
A chain-dropped lamp was flickering by each door,

The arras, rich with horsemen, hawk and hound,

Flutter’d in the besieging winds’ uproar,
And the long carpets rose along the gusty floor.”

They glide like phantoms, into the wide hall
“Like phantoms, to the iron porch, they glide
Where lay the Porter in uneasy sprawl
With a huge empty flagon by his side;
The wakeful bloodhound rose and shook his hide,

But his sagacious eye an inmate owns,
By one, and one, the bolts full easy slide,
The chains lie silent on the footworn stones,
The key turns and the door upon its hinges groans.”

Keats uses the Spenserian stanza, and his diction lends the beauty of musical rhythm to the verse.

LAEL HOUDE.

Loretto Abbey College.

Hope

When Pandora op’d the magic chest
And freed the troubles there,
A thousand Woes and Pains came out,
And flew high in the air.
But later came a knocking soft,
While a tiny voice did sing;
“Please let me out, please let me out,
And joy to you I’ll bring.”

Again she raised the heavy lid,
Out flew a Pixie gay,
“I am the fairy Hope,” she said;
“I’ll drive the ills away;
For when men trouble and are sad
And sit about and mope,
A little creature brings them help
’Tis I, the fairy, Hope.”

“I smooth the toiler’s wrinkled brow,
And ease the sick one’s pain;
I help the children to be gay,
Through wind and drizzly rain,
And to the one who on this earth
Is nearing Death’s dark night,
I give the wings of prayer, that he
May reach the Home of Light.

CLARA BARRETT.

Loretto, Guelph.



A LETTER FROM THE HOLY LAND

Written by a Member of the Order of Notre Dame de Sion—An Alumna of
Loretto Convent, Guelph, Ont.

Notre Dame de Sion, "Ecce Homo,"

Jerusalem, Jan. 6th, 1923.

My Dear M. L. —,

I sent you a card from Trieste, saying that I was leaving that city for Jerusalem. I hope you received it. In that case you will not be surprised to receive a letter from me here. You were astonished, I am sure, at the road I was taking to come back to America, but not any more so than I was when I received my obedience for the Holy City. It was certainly a great privilege for me, and one that I appreciate every day more and more.

I left Trieste on the "Vienna," Friday, Nov. the 24th and arrived in Alexandria, Monday at 5 p.m. From there I went to Ramleh—an hour's distance—where we have a most beautiful Convent on the sea-side. Here I spent a delightful week with our Sisters. There is a very fine park surrounding the buildings, and I never seemed to tire of admiring the landscape. The garden is full of beautiful date, palm and banana trees. The house is quite new and has every modern comfort.

On Monday at half-past three I left Alexandria and arrived here the next day at twelve. It is rather difficult to imagine that one can now travel by rail to the Holy City and even cross the desert in this modern way, but such is indeed the case. This railway was made by the English during the war, to bring ammunition and food to their troops, and now they are making use of it for the benefit of the world in general. The trains are not exactly up to date as yet, but they are new, clean and much superior in that respect to the Italian trains. The journey is rather complicated, as you have to change three times during the twenty-four hours it takes to arrive at destination. The first change is at Benha, about 5

p.m., the next at Kantara, the frontier between Egypt and Palestine. There the luggage is examined at the Custom Office. Happily, I had no difficulty and was not even asked to open my bags, but I saw some others who were obliged to take out everything from their trunks. At midnight we passed over the Isthmus in a ferry boat; it was happily a beautiful, clear, moonlight night. I say, happily, because my Sister companion and I were the only ladies on board. We were surrounded on all sides by Arabs, who were either taking the luggage across or working the Ferry. I did not feel altogether secure, and the thought came to me that these people could very easily take it into their heads to throw us over board and make an end of us. However, they didn't, and that's how I am able to write to you to-day.

The train was waiting for us on the other side. We were very fortunate in finding a compartment for us alone, so that we were able to rest a little. I was so sorry not to have been able to see the Desert in the day-time, but in the moonlight it seemed as if the whole plain was covered with snow. On the rest of the way until we arrived at Luddhe (our next changing place) we passed by a great number of Arab villages, little houses made out of mud and all huddled together. One is stupefied to think that human beings can live in such places. Then we saw many camels, majestically striding along, looking with disdain at the train, pulling behind them most primitive plows. After Luddhe the aspect changes; instead of the plain we see nothing but stony hills and mountains, around which the train curves gracefully.

On our arrival at Jerusalem, we found two Sisters waiting for us, one an American, and the other, an old acquaintance I had known for several years in Trieste. An auto brought us soon to the door of the Convent. We en-

tered the Basilica of "Eccc Homo," and the Magnificat was sung in thanksgiving for our safe arrival.

How can I describe my emotions when I walked up the centre aisle, where the Jews stood once, crying out to Pontius Pilate: "Crucify Him, crucify Him!" I don't know whether you have read "A Miracle of the Nineteenth Century" or not, which tells all about the building of the "Eccc Homo." You must really see it to understand the miracle accomplished by Father Marie in building the Convent and Chapel. It is one of the sanctuaries most visited and most venerated. When the ground was bought from the Turks in 1857, it was only a heap of rubbish. After excavations were made, two Roman arches which had been buried for centuries, were found. The architect knew how to make the most of these arches, which were once a part of the traditional Roman Governor's Palace. The old, defaced, reddish stones were left intact. One of the smaller arches (there must have been three, one large and two smaller ones) is at the back of the altar, and the large one spans the famous "Via Dolorosa" outside—that narrow, crooked, winding way which marks the Stations of the Cross, the starting point of which is the Chapel of the "Eccc Homo." On top of the smaller arch is a large space spanned by a semi-circle some fifteen feet broad, of variegated marbles, on which are the Roman Procurator's words in gold letters: "Eccc Rex Vester" and "Pater, dimitte illis, non enim sciunt quid faciunt." In the centre, just where Our Lord was shown to the Jews, is a very beautiful statue of white marble of the "Eccc Homo" crowned with thorns. It is the work of a gifted Polish sculptor, Count Sosnowski. On a small marble is a royal diadem, the combined gift of Leo XIII. and of the faithful from all parts of the world. It is literally covered with diamonds and precious stones. Two angels in the attitude of ardent prayer seem to be offering it to Him to atone for the crown of thorns that the Jews in mockery placed on His Head.

The main altar is entirely made of the flagstones of the Lithostrotos; on the reredos is

the inscription: "Corona tribulationis effloruit in coronam gloriæ." In a crypt underground some large flagstones are perfectly conserved and are evidently of the period of the Passion. On a few of them we can still see the imprint of several different games that the Roman soldiers must have played to while away the hours of guard. There are also several large cisterns of the time of Solomon, a Hebrew tunnel in perfect preservation, a spring of fresh water, and also the gate of one of the towers of the ancient fortress and parts of the outer walls. Thousands of pilgrims come yearly to visit the "Via Dolorosa."

I am giving you all these explanations, but you could never form a correct idea unless you could see it yourself.

We have an orphanage of some seventy Arab children; a boarding-school for the middle classes, and one for the higher classes; in this we have quite a number of Mohammedans—very nice children. They are to be pitied, for, even if they are convinced they are on the wrong path spiritually, they can never change. They would be killed immediately. When they go out, or appear anywhere in public, they must have a thick, black veil entirely covering their faces.

We are having our vacation now, until the tenth of January, so every day we go for long walks. I have already visited many of the sanctuaries, but the walk I like the most is the one we take often, going out of the Gate of St. Stephen and then through the Valley of Josaphat, on the road to Jerico. We first go to the Garden of Gethsemane, where Our Lord went so often with His disciples. There are still in existence there, eight olive trees, the most venerable trees in the world, the trunks of some of them are from six to eight m. in circumference. The Franciscan monks have the care of this Garden. For a long time they left it in its primitive, wild state, but unhappily they have laid it out with beds of flowers so as to be able to give souvenirs to the pilgrims. However, it seems that the custodian has given orders that next year, all that must disappear. At a stone's throw is the Grotto of Our Sa-

viour. It is about the only monument which has conserved its primitive state intact. Everywhere the rock is the same as on the sacred night of Holy Thursday. You go down about twelve steps to enter the Grotto which seems very dark, until you get accustomed to it, and then you see there are three or four altars where Mass is said every day. During Lent we go to Mass there, and to Holy Communion, sometimes.

Besides the Grotto is the tomb of the Blessed Virgin, in the Church of the Assumption. The Church is underground, and to gain access to the tomb, you go down forty-eight steps; it belongs to the Greeks and Armenians—schismatics. After leaving the church we follow the road that leads to Jerico; in the valley we see the path that Our Lord followed when He went from the Cenacle to pray in the Garden of Gethsemane after crossing the torrent of Cedron, which no longer exists. In the distance is Bethphage, where Our Lord mounted the ass and began His triumphal entry into Jerusalem. On the opposite side is Bethany, where Martha and Mary, His faithful friends, lived. All the sides of the mountains look sombre and desolate. There are Turkish, Jewish and Mohammedan graveyards, not a plant, not a flower, all is desolation. On the opposite side of Mt. Olives rises Mt. Moriah, the former place of the Temple, but now that of the Mosque of Omar, a magnificent building, but what is it in comparison with the grandeur and beauty of the Temple!

On the way back we go up the Mountain of Olives, a very steep and stony path, and we come to a large, enclosed space of ground. This belongs to our Community, having been given us by the Princess de la Tour d'Auvergne, who also gave the ground upon which is built the Church of the Pater, where the Carmelites

are. Here are a small vineyard, fruit trees and a vegetable garden, and above all a most magnificent view. On one side are the mountains of Moab, the Jordan and the Dead Sea; on the other, Jerusalem surrounded by its embattled walls and fortified by towers. Not very far from there is the Church of "Dominus Flevit," where Our Lord wept at the thought of the terrible calamities that were to befall Jerusalem.

But this description will hold over for another time. There is also my visit to Bethlehem to tell you about.

We are having delightful weather here now and the sky is always of the deepest blue. I have never seen anything to compare with it. We have not much of a garden—it is a hanging one, about the size of a handkerchief—for we are in the very heart of the Mohammedan part of the city, where the houses are built very close together; but there are terraces over the entire house and we have a view of the whole of Jerusalem. I take promenades up there very often. There is a minaret just in front of us from which six times a day and twice in the night, we hear the call to prayer. The streets are very narrow, and everything is pell-mell, camels, donkeys, autos all jostling together. You must look out for your own safety as well as you can. We meet some very fine types of Bedouins and Arabs, but I should not care to meet them alone in the dark. As to the donkeys—when they want to pass, they stick their noses into your sides and politely ask you to turn aside.

I need not tell you that everywhere, in all the Sanctuaries, I pray for you in a special manner.

With love and best wishes for a most happy New Year to you and all those I know at dear Loretto, I am yours devotedly,

SR. MARIE LORETTE DE SION.



MY FAVORITE SUBJECTS

This is certainly a queer theme—a lesson about lessons, which I cannot help thinking a bit priggish, but as a mere reminiscence not an unwelcome one, I must confess that the branches of knowledge which gave me the greatest pleasure to assimilate, varied from time to time, depending on the circumstances under which they were studied and the success I obtained in them.

There was the teacher to whom I took such a violent fancy that I printed out on my timetable, her subjects underlined in red ink, and widely separated from those of other teachers, by artistic little scallops. Then there came a time when I succeeded in proving a particularly intricate problem in geometry, and for a brief space—to be exact, until I started the next problem—I conceived the idea of being a mathematician.

But after this, and other vagaries of a like nature had passed, two subjects always came back to favour—History and English. The scholarly part of my nature always inclined towards the pursuit of those subjects, not only during my High School years, but even from the time I became engrossed in a sanguinary history of the French Revolution, and particularly as a child of tender years in the Second Book, wrote a pathetic little tale about a sagacious dog rescuing a blind man from a particularly violent conflagration.

The history in High School, I discovered, increased in interest from year to year. For the first year we took the latter part of Canadian history, and as I liked only the French period, I voted it no history at all but “mere party squabbling.” I remember expressing this opinion with all the authoritative emphasis of a young person who has just entered High School. Little did I dream, as I yawned my way through a page of Tory politics that I should some day be translating Cicero’s antiquated principles from the original Latin.

In the second year we renewed our acquaintance with English History, which was quite to my taste. Indeed it was from this chronicle I had been early led to believe erroneously, that in former ages people were great nobles, or kings or queens, and led delightfully exciting and adventurous lives, an idea which was followed by regret that I had not been fated to live in such glorious ages.

Then, by decrees of the Department of Education which ordained that the farther we advance on the flowery(?) path of knowledge, the deeper we should delve into the past, I found myself initiated into the bewildering mysteries concerning Mycenaean pots and pans and the contents of broken up cities generally—in a word I commenced ancient history. I admired the Greeks, but disliked the Romans with the usual result in subjects to which I have a partiality, I found no difficulty in following the scattered histories of the Greek states, but never could write a paper on the Romans with any degree of complacency.

Third Form English was the most absorbing I had ever taken. As a whole I prefer the works of Tennyson to those of any other poet. As to Coleridge, though I could not attempt a criticism of his style or structure, I spent one very happy Sunday afternoon writing (what I considered) a highly satirical denunciation of the spirit of “The Ancient Mariner,” while Shakespeare, as everyone knows who has taken his plays in literature, provides one with any number of new and taking expressions, which having a classical turn, are rarely objected to by “parents or superiors.”

Dropping into a reminiscent mood, I can recall pleasant pictures of my English study in Third Form: evenings spent in comfortable solitude in my own room, memorizing “Ulysses” and “The Lotus Eaters” and assiduously preparing my lesson on “Locksley Hall,” while the algebra and geometry lay neglected on the

floor (after-four periods not being on the timetable in the darkening school-room), hastily arranging eleventh-hour compositions — the process of elevated thought being somewhat retarded by the pangs of hunger.

At length news came that certain exams, which had loomed up in monstrous proportions during the year, were successfully passed, and finally a letter arrived from the University which quite overwhelmed me with its opening, "Dear Madam," and requesting me to fill in certain cards. Somehow my eye rested a trifle longer on the English and History courses than on the others.

Who knows but there was a reason for this? Time will show.

JOSEPHINE PHELAN.

Loretto Abbey College.



The March Sun

The vines that flashed flame yester-year

In glittering, crystal drippings hang

A sparkling diadem of light

Iceicles on my portico!

Glassed-in, their tiny berries red

Unloosened by last autumn's wind,

With criss-cross twigs and curled brown
leaves

Make latticed tracery on the snow.

LOLA BEERS MYSEN, Alumna.

LETTER FROM LORETTO ABBEY, "MARY'S MOUNT," BALLARET, AUSTRALIA.

To Miss Lena Coté, Convener of Press,
Loretto Abbey, Toronto, Canada,—

The Diamond Jubilee number of "The Rainbow" reached us from Toronto during the Christmas holidays, 1922, and, though late, we desire to unite in the loving congratulations which from far and near have already greeted your Diamond Jubilee.

The children of Loretto Abbey, Mary's Mount, represented by Marjorie Bannon, will be pleased to see their letter in print, and will well understand that amid the Diamond Jubilee festivities, it would not be easy to find time to send a letter in exchange. However, they hope for an exchange letter by the 1st of June, 1923, the date of the next issue of "Blossoms." They also request permission to reprint (with acknowledgement) an extract from the masterly account of the I.B.V.M. written by "A Loretto Alumna" in the Jubilee issue.

The young Australian branch of the Institute will not celebrate its Golden Jubilee until 24th of September, 1925, the fiftieth anniversary of the day upon which the first Mass was said in Loretto Abbey, Mary's Mount. But, though young, it would not willingly be surpassed in sisterly love and reverence for its elder sister in America.

Again, repeating, in the name of all the present and past pupils of the I.B.V.M., in Australia, sincere congratulations.

A Past Pupil of Loretto Abbey,
Mary's Mount, Ballarat.

We send under separate cover, by this mail, a presentation copy of "Eucalyptus Blossoms," December, 1922.



IN THE WILDS

WHEN I was sixteen I went to spend the summer in the Canadian woods with my mother, a younger brother and sister and Paul Everett, a combination of tutor and policeman to take care of my somewhat obstreperous young brother. We motored up, starting at three-thirty one morning. Can anyone imagine going to bed at midnight, owing to late packing, and being rudely awakened two short hours later. I never knew anything that seemed quite so uncanny as that two o'clock breakfast. We tried to force ourselves to be calm and eat, but with little success. So very soon we were on our way.

I drove until we reached Toronto, but when there, mother professed a fear of my ability as chauffeur in the midst of heavy traffic, and so Paul took the wheel. Since it was still very early it was not long before we had left the city street behind us and were once more on the open road. The weather was wonderfully clear and motoring was a delight. We reached Bracebridge at eight that evening. Not daring to go further on account of the rough, dark roads, we spent the night at a hotel there. We started on the road again the following day at noon and reached our destination about five. The cottage had been opened and put in shape and a country girl installed in the kitchen.

The cottage, named "Bonnybrook," was on the shore of the Muskoka river, built at the top of a terrace leading to the bank. There was a veranda on three sides commanding a beautiful view of the river. I have said "commanding a view," but in reality it was very much obscured on both sides by the trees—tall pines and stately oaks and maples with the occasional white trunk of a birch. In front, terraced steps led to a dock and float and a small stone bathing dock. Around the point concealed by trees there was a boat-house containing a motor-launch, the indispensable mode of travel in that country.

The morning after our arrival we saw a

canoe and row-boat pulled up on the float. The former I claimed as my special property. Jim, my brother, announced his preference for the row-boat and immediately disappeared in it, to mother's intense consternation. Here Paul's duty began. He took the canoe and soon discovered the culprit on a small island down the river. As a punishment he was not allowed to go out alone in the boat for a week.

From a neighbouring farmer we procured two fairly good saddle horses. Though our days followed no regular schedule, we usually rose between nine and ten, took a dip and then had breakfast. Often we went to the village, which was about two miles distant, for supplies before lunch, but that was largely as we felt inclined. Indeed that was mainly what we did all day long. In the evening someone rowed or canoed to the village for the mail.

There was fine fishing up there—trolling in the Lake of Bays and bass-fishing in a smaller lake about two miles inland. But the greatest sport in this line was the speckled-trout fishing. We went about seven miles up the lake by launch and walked inland for some distance, then waded for half a mile and knee-deep in a swamp until we came to a clear pool in the middle of the marsh. Fish were very plentiful there, due to the inaccessibility of the place. We simply had to cast the line and within a minute a fish bit and only had to be played a little and reeled in. At this rate it did not take long to get a good string.

The summer months passed away without any very extraordinary adventures, though now and then we had strange surprises and a few thrilling experiences. At the end of September my father came out to spend a month at the cottage. We had intended to return with him, but towards the middle of the month my brother met with an accident while hunting, which enforced his stay for the whole winter. We all decided to remain with him and my father went back alone. The beautiful autumn

days passed swiftly and uneventfully and then winter set in. We had near neighbours on both sides of us, but being in the midst of the woods there was an air of lurking danger and mystery about the place, which, towards the end of December was increased by the report of stray wolves, and a few wild cats had been seen in the vicinity. We said nothing about this to mother, knowing that it would cause her a great deal of worry. One morning at breakfast she said that she heard a cat crying in the night. Paul and I looked at each other, but said nothing. Later he told me that when he was coming home with the milk the evening before, he was sure that he heard the thrice-repeated warning cry of a catamount.

The next day a heavy fall of snow began which lasted for two days. On the third the sky cleared and the wind went down. Being terribly tired of staying shut up in the house, Paul and I took our guns and went out in search of rabbits. I thought of the catamount Paul had heard, but said nothing for fear that he would tease me about being afraid. We didn't go any great distance from the cottage, but instead of following the river bank, we crossed the road and entered the denser part of the forest on the opposite side. We shot a few rabbits and were starting for the road again when we heard a snarl. Turning, we saw a huge catamount half concealed in the branches of a tree. It sprang at Paul, but he lunged to one side and the force of its spring carried it far beyond him. Paul, lying in the snow, fired at the beast and it fell to the ground. Paul started to get up, but dropped back with a groan. In escaping the wild-cat's spring he had broken his ankle. I dropped my rifle and went to him. He unstrapped his leather legging and we saw that it was dreadfully swollen. Since he could not stand on it I said I would go for help. All this time we had forgotten the catamount, but a sudden growl awoke us to the realization of our peril. The animal was creeping towards up on its front legs—its hind ones dragging in the snow. Paul's shot had not killed the beast, only partially paralyzing it. The magazine in Paul's

rifle was empty—mine out of reach. The beast crept nearer and nearer until it was only six feet from us. Suddenly it stopped and coughed—would it sink, unable to move farther? But no, it came on again. I felt Paul move—he reached for his gun and groaned when he realized how useless it was. Painfully he raised himself to his knees, seizing the weapon as a club. The animal was now about a yard from us and I closed my eyes in terror of the struggle. Then the animal suddenly stopped, the fire went out of its green eyes and with a quick wheeze it sank limply to the ground, dead. This danger was past, but we had scarcely time then to realize what might happen when the sound of voices came to us through the woods. It was a happy chance that brought to our rescue a neighbouring farmer and his hired man, on their way home from the logging camp. Between them they carried Paul to the cottage.

The snow began to melt about the middle of March and the ice to loosen in the river. Often in the dead stillness of the night a loud booming noise told us that the ice-sheet had broken up and was moving out toward the lake. After this came a warm spell and high winds. The river became a roaring torrent. Our float was carried away (not much loss) and more than once a boat-house or an upturned craft passed swiftly by, borne on the mighty current of the river. The spring days began to lengthen and the buds on the trees to open, and when May came, flowers opened, the carols of numberless birds made sweet music in the woods and the farmers busied themselves with the planting of their crops. Then the weather became warmer and before we realized it, summer was upon us.

By this time mother was tired out with the lonely life of a pioneer and planned a house party. My little sister was frankly delighted, doubtless because it would mean new and assorted kinds of mischief. I was divided between joy at seeing friends and reluctance to give up the simple and rigorous life to return to the very conventional. In June the first instalment of guests arrived, mostly friends and

relatives of mother's, many of whom I did not know. The month passed away in a pleasant round of dances, launch-parties and picnics. By the end of June they had nearly all departed, but a few remained for the summer.

One day a fearful wind and rain storm came up which lasted for a day and a night. All lines of communication were cut off. The next day there was great excitement in the village. The storm had started about eleven in the morning—two hours before that two brothers from the village had started in a canoe for the Wa-Wa, a hotel on the lake. They had never reached it and it was feared that they had been lost in the storm. In spite of the high waters in the lake, search parties had started at daybreak, for there were numberless small islands where they might have landed on seeing the storm approaching. That night I was returning from a dance, in a canoe, with two boys who were our guests. We were the last of our party to leave, and a heavy fog had fallen on the river. I sat in the middle and held the flash-light while the two boys paddled slowly up the lake. We got into the river all right, but it was darker, owing to the wooded shores on both sides. So we began to give the special signal we all used, and to flash our light. We saw two lights flash on the dock, then the steady, though faint glow of the lantern. The boys had just headed the canoe for the wharf when we felt a jar and knew that we had hit something. I flashed the light to the stern and there we saw an overturned canoe. Thinking it to be one that had drifted away during the storm, we towed it to the dock. There, by the aid of lights, we examined it and recognized it to be the one belonging to the missing boys. Sorrow filled all our hearts, for we felt sure that they must have been drowned. At this moment we saw a launch headed towards the dock. It stopped and one of the searching party landed. In great excitement we showed them the canoe. It was indeed the one we thought. The father of the boys was there, silent and grave in his overwhelming grief. He simply said: "Yes, that's the one all right," and bent to touch tenderly his

sons' canoe. We turned aside, the sudden tears rushing to our eyes at the pathetic sight. Sadness filled our hearts, for it seemed certain that they must have perished.

As if fearful of admitting the worst, the father spoke: "It is not hopeless; they may have landed on an island; it has been too rough to search more than a few." The same thought had occurred to all of us. The men, glad of action, immediately began to plan another expedition. Through the fog we saw the headlight of another launch. It was hailed and a second searching party landed on the wharf and joined in the discussion. A map of the lake was produced, and then the men were divided into five groups, each to search a certain territory. We offered our launch, and two men set off in each, leaving four behind to borrow boats to hasten the work.

With silent prayers in our hearts we watched them depart into the fog. If it would only lift it would be so much easier. For a long time we stood there. Suddenly a breeze sprang up. The fog began to lift off the water and soon the whole sky was clear, but best of all the moon was shining in the full glory of a northern night. With thankful hearts we went up the steps to the cottage. Now the work of the searchers would be rendered easier, and somehow all of us felt that it would be successful.

It was just after dawn the two were found on an island in the middle of the lake. They were nearly famished, for they had eaten nothing but blue-berries—yet they were very much alive. The next morning when we went to the village we saw the two sitting in front of the post-office, surrounded by an admiring crowd of the youthful populace, making the most of their adventure. They were for many a day the heroes of the village, of course.

In the middle of August my father came, and the guests for my small house-party began to arrive. What fun it was to welcome friends I had not seen for over a year! We had a glorious two weeks—motoring over bumpy roads, fishing, boating and swimming, with dancing in the evenings. The last night we gave a

masked fête and invited all the cottages we knew. The trees and cottages were strung with lanterns and we danced on the veranda and on the dock. From many lantern-hung canoes floating on the river, the ukeleles played a faint accompaniment to the band.

About an hour after midnight I stood alone on the terrace and gazed out along the water. I thought of all that had happened during our stay—our arrival, the happy summer, the beauty of the autumn, the splendor of the winter months and the glory of the spring season.

I hated to leave the place that now seemed more like home to me than the one I had left a year ago. It was very late when the guests departed, and the next day we started on our homeward journey. As we drove along the tree-lined road, I turned and cast a long, sorrowful look at the cottage in the trees, that now seemed so lonely and deserted. Amid cries of "Farewell Bonnybrook!" we turned the bend in the road and set our faces towards home.

ANNE PETERS.

Loretto, Niagara Falls.



THE LATE VERY REV. WILLIAM RICHARD HARRIS

Loretto lost one of its oldest and warmest friends a few weeks ago, when, after but a week's serious illness, Very Rev. Dean Harris passed to his well-earned reward. For more than half a century his had been a familiar and beloved figure at every public and many a private occasion at Loretto Abbey, at Loretto, Niagara Falls, Hamilton, and at the College and Day School on Brunswick avenue. One can never forget the hearty and genial grasp of his hand, the keen interest he always showed in all that concerned the welfare of the Institute, nor the readiness with which he came to its aid with his valuable advice and opinion. His words of address at the annual closings and upon many special public occasions formed an almost indispensable item on the program, their keynote always tending to establish or renew a sense of esprit de corps on the part of both students and alumnae. It was a privilege to hear his scholarly comment on amateur or professional performances. This was always discriminating as well as encouraging, and when mingled with brilliant anecdote or wise epigram, as it so often was, the

effect was irresistible. Dean Harris had that rare gift of seeing the general bearings of a subject, without missing or undervaluing the smallest detail thereof. He was a man of letters and a man of science as well as a theologian, and in all three of these realms he has left monuments that do honour to his name. Perhaps that geniality of manner, the natural expression of a large-heartedness which excluded no one from his understanding sympathy, was the quality in him which was most potent for good. He won friends everywhere; neither race nor creed proved a barrier to his friendship, as many testimonies since his death go to prove.

Among Dean Harris' published works were: "The Catholic Church in the Niagara Peninsula 1626-1895"; "Days and Nights in the Tropics"; "By Path and Trail," a book of southern travel; and a series of striking articles dealing with his travels in Mexico and Central America. He was president of the Association of Mechanical Institutes of Ontario; and in 1897 the degree of LL.B. was conferred on him by the Ottawa University.

ALUMNAE NOTES

LORETTO ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION

Patroness	REV. MOTHER PULCHERIA.
Hon. President	MOTHER M. CHRISTINA.
President	MRS. J. P. HYNES.
First Vice-President	MRS. W. S. MILNE.
Second Vice-President	MRS. HARRY ROESLER.
Recording Secretary	MISS CHRISTINA COLLINS.
Corresponding Secretary	MISS MONA CLARKE.
Treasurer	MISS ALMA SMALL.
Convenor of House Committee	MRS. W. T. MERRY.
Convenor of Entertainment	MRS. W. T. J. LEE.
Convenor of Membership	MISS KATHERINE LAMBE.
Convenor of Press	MISS LENA COTE.

The quarterly meeting of the Alumnae Association was held at Loretto Abbey on Tuesday, April 10th, Mrs. J. P. Hynes presiding. It was announced by the President that a "Tea and Dance" would be held in aid of the scholarship work of the Association; and a "Theatre Night" would be given at the end of April, by the Local Council of Women, with which the Alumnae is affiliated. A wonderful program was presented during the afternoon, when Miss Nella Jeffries gave a reading of "The Postoffice," a Hindu play by Sir Rabindranath Tagore. The music and charm of Miss Jefferies' voice in her interpretation made of this unique play, a piece of true art. This was followed by an effective program of classical numbers on the piano by Mr. Harold West, a pupil of Mr. Ernest Seitz, and by a group of songs, beautifully sung by Mrs. Russell Marshall, accompanied on the piano by Dr. Russell Marshall with sympathy and perfection. A vote of thanks to the artists, and to Mrs. William T. J. Lee, Convenor of the Entertainment Committee, was moved by Mrs. W. S. Milne and seconded by Mrs. Twohey. Tea was served after the program, with Mrs. McDonough and Miss Marie McDonough as hostesses, members of the Executive and the Loretto College students assisting.

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The Nominating Committee of the Loretto Alumnae Association has been called for May 2nd, at 3 o'clock, in Loretto Abbey. Those

requested to be present are: Past President, Past Secretary and the present Executive.

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Miss Mary Mallon, Loretto Abbey College, has been appointed Canadian Editor of the I.F.C.A. Bulletin. The Association extends its sincerest congratulations to Miss Mallon. It is gratifying to see that Loretto pupils are ever striving to reach the top.

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The Executive and many members of the Association were present at the luncheon given by the Toronto Local Council of Women in honour of the Delegates who were attending the National Educational Conference. The speaker was Sir Michael Sadler, eminent English Educationist. The Loretto Alumnae is affiliated with the Local Council of Women.

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The Alumnae extends congratulations to Miss Alice McLelland and to Mr. W. Horkins on their marriage, which took place on Monday morning, April 16th. Alice was one of the first graduates of Loretto Abbey College, and has always been a staunch member of our Alumnae.

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Congratulations also to Miss Ethel Maloney and Mr. E. J. Downey on their recent marriage, which took place at St. Helen's Church. Ethel has been one of Loretto's most faithful friends.

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Felicitations on the part of the Alumnae are offered to Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Seitz on the birth of a daughter.

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The Association held a delightful Tea and Dance at Newman Club, St. George St., in the aid of the scholarship work of the Alumnae. About two hundred guests were present, and Mrs. J. P. Hynes, President, with Mrs. W. S. Milne, Vice-President, and the members of the Executive received the guests. Tea was served in the Library and the table was beautifully decorated with rose tulips. Mrs. W. Merry

was tea hostess and was assisted by members of the Executive and the College girls. The Convener of this successful and enjoyable entertainment was Mrs. William T. J. Lee.

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On Friday afternoon, April 20th, Evelyn Lee gave a delightful recital for the Tertian Sisters at the Abbey. Those who had not heard her for some time were amazed at her progress. Better still, she surprised others who had heard her very recently, by the marvellous sonority of her tone-production in the Bach-Busoni Toccato, D Minor. The program gave evidence of her versatile gifts. The exceptional maturity of her technique and interpretive powers fulfills the highest expectation of her former teachers and associates at Loretto.



THE VAGABOND

Ever since I can remember, there have been struggles between my vagabond self and my self who wished to act as convention and habit dictates. My vagabond self craves the open spaces, a long, winding road with new beauty at every curve, and adventures in most unexpected places. Since my conventional self must go to school and become educated in the way of books, the vagabond cannot follow the urge of the wanderlust and so I must content myself with only occasional journeys on the vagabond road. I have had some delightful wanderings and with the waving of the magic wand, Imagination, I can pretend that I travel in far away countries and discover quaint customs and charming people.

A vagabond journey is usually preceded by an argument duel between my two selves. If the day is a glorious one, after a week of dismal weather, then assuredly the vagabond wins. I don old clothes—who ever heard of a vagabond taking to the road in fashion's latest creation?—and set forth on my journey. The woods, the beach, a country road, across the fields—it doesn't matter, just as long as I can wander and discover.

Of all my journeys there is one that is in my memory book to stay—and why?—I cannot tell. Perhaps it was the witchery of a fall day, perhaps it was the delight of discovering a new dream-nook, or perhaps it was because the vagabond found beauty easily that day. But whatever the reason, certain it is that the journey on which I discovered my throne and when I played queen, was the best journey my vagabond self had made.

A rare day of early October gave the vagabond supremacy and I set out to wander. We were at the beach, and truly, Nature never had a finer canvas on which to paint her beauties of earth, sky, and water. The trees were robed in autumn glory of crimson, orange, gold, and russet. The water sparkled and danced as the golden sunlight shimmered on its broad expanse and the waves murmured their old, sweet story to the sand. Far away, the purple hills on the other shore curved in graceful undulations against the arching sky of deepest blue. The air had just a tang of frost in it and there was a delightful feeling of exuberance. The most exacting vagabond could not ask a more perfect day. I had wandered far along the beach and I was now at the rocky point. The water was unusually low and I discovered with delight that by jumping rocks I could get out farther in the lake than was usual at high water. It was heaps of fun taking far jumps over the pools of rippling water. I long ago learned that to jump rocks one must never follow the proverb of "Look before you leap," or one is almost sure to slip and get wet. I was almost at the end of the line of rocks, and there it was that I discovered my throne. If it had been carved it could not have been more perfect, but no genius can ever hope to come near the perfection of God's creation, and this spot seemed a bit of God's own beauty. There was a jump over a pool of water and then I was on the throne step—another step up, and I was seated on a huge rock. It was a rock until I started my game of "pretend," and then it changed to a really, truly throne. The indentations in the rock were the carvings in the wood

of my throne—the sunlight-dappled water around the rock island was the palace floor of rare mosaic. There were little pools in the throne steps and in the throne, and these were changed to sparkling jewels. The soft wash of the waves lulled into the far away sweetness of a 'cello. Of course, a vagabond in old clothing couldn't very well sit on such a gorgeous throne, so I wore a gown of creamy white satin and finest lace. A crown of filigree gold with beautiful jewels was on my head—and oh, queenly happiness, my hair was curly! The wand of Imagination is such a worker of magic that I sat on my throne with an air of regal dignity and grace. Queens dream, I suppose, and so I dreamed that afternoon of books, of old friends, of ambitions, of past years. And I was content.

Slowly the sun was sinking in a glorious pageant of colour—crimson, darkest blue, gold, fluffy clouds of blush pink, and mauve, violet shadows shot with bits of pearl. These made a colour-harmony of exquisite beauty. It was growing late and the vagabond jumped up. Vagabond feet must take the road that leads to home.

ALICE STUART.

Loretto, Niagara Falls.



ON THE SHORE OF GALILEE

In a little village, not far from the city of Capharnaum, there lived in a small, flat-roofed house near the centre of the village, a Jewish family. There were four in the family—father and mother and two sons, Jacob and David, who were named after the two great patriots of the days when Judea was in the height of her glory. Jacob worked with his father at fishing, while little David helped his mother as well as he could by running errands, carrying water from the village well, or doing various small chores about the house. When he had no work to do he played and shouted with the other children of the village. On the Sabbath, he and the rest of the

family went to the Synagogue, and there, with the other inhabitants of the village, worshipped and prayed to God.

One day, near the time of the Feast of the Passover, great crowds were wending their way to a desert place near Bethsaida, where it was rumoured, the Great Preacher was to speak to them. Some were drawn there by curiosity; some by a desire to criticize what they considered a breaking away from old custom; while a few were drawn by a longing for the Truth and Light. Some had heard Jesus before, and said He could do wonderful things, such as making the lame to walk and the blind to see. It was even said of Him, that He had power to raise the dead to life.

Having heard of the wonder performed by the Nazarene, the father wished to go and see Him. Jacob was going with him; but when little David begged so hard to go too, the father decided to allow him to accompany them. His mother having dressed him in his best clothes, looked at him with great pride as she kissed him goodbye. Just as he was leaving she gave him some lunch, lest he should become hungry while away.

The three had not gone far from home when they saw a great crowd hurrying along the shore of the Sea of Galilee. What could be the meaning of this great throng, and why the excited murmurs? Mingling with the multitude, David soon found out that they were going to a place near Bethsaida on the other shore of the lake. They were trying to reach it before a little boat, containing Jesus and His disciples, arrived. David heard that Jesus was trying to get away from the great throng, so that He could think and pray. He was in great sorrow, owing to the death of John the Baptist, who had been slain by Herod, at the wish of the princess, Herodia. But so eager were the crowd to hear Him, that they followed Him everywhere, and to satisfy them He was compelled to preach.

The day was fast drawing to its close, yet the crowd waited till the Preacher had finished speaking to them, although they were tired and hungry and a long way from their homes.

They waited there by the shore of the lake till the close of day, when the red glow of the sun transformed Galilee into a sea of fire. They were hungry, but what cared they for that? They could eat any time, but not at any time could they see or hear the great Peacher. In the distance, across the lake, the hills of the other Bethsaida and Capharnaum loomed dark shapes against the fiery background of the setting sun.

David happened to be near the group of men gathered about Jesus. As small boys generally do, he had pushed his way through the crowd in order to see what all the excitement was about. He overheard Jesus saying to Philip, one of His disciples, "Whence shall we buy bread, that we may eat?"

Philip answered Him: "Two hundred pennyworth of bread is not sufficient for them, that everyone of them may take a little."

Then David thought to himself, "If Jesus can perform such miracles, why could He not feed this crowd with my lunch?" So he took his food to Andrew, one of the disciples, and said, "Oh, sir, if this will be any good to you, you may have it. It is my lunch and it might help to feed someone."

It cost David an effort to say this, for he was very hungry and his lunch looked very good to him, but looking on the kind face of Jesus, a great, unselfish desire welled up in his heart to sacrifice it for His sake.

Then Andrew said to Jesus: "There is a lad here, which hath five barley loaves and

two small fishes, but what are they among so many?"

And Jesus said: "Make them sit down."

There was much grass about the place, so the people could seat themselves quite comfortably. About five thousand were seated. Then Jesus took the loaves from David and raising His eyes to Heaven, that all might see His power came from God. He distributed the bread among the disciples to give to the hungry throng. He did likewise to the fishes. And there was enough for the multitude and much left over.

David gazed with awe on the wonderful proceedings. He ate the bread and the fish, half afraid of the wonderful food, which, as it were, had stretched itself at the command of this Nazarene.

When night fell, he came home and there told his father and brother, who had reached home before him, and his mother, of the wonderful happening. He told them about the miracle, and how good and kind the Great Preacher had looked as He blessed the food. Seeing the face of Our Lord, holy and calm, raised to Heaven in silent prayer, had made David, young as he was, wish to do something to serve this Master. Years later his wish was gratified, when he became one of the followers of St. Paul, and preached the Gospel in many countries. In every place he went, he would relate to the people the story of how five small barley loaves and two fishes had fed five thousand people.

CLARA BARRETT.

Loretto, Guelph.



ENGLISH GRAMMAR AT THE BAR

IT is more than likely that many of our readers have failed to see, or passed over without noticing, an article by John O'London, on "Grammar and Grammarians." While laying no claim to being a studious or professional discussion of the subject, it has found an echo in minds of some to whom the vexed question of "grammar or no grammar?" is a living issue. The author throws some interesting lights on the subject, and will be, or should be, pleased to have us quote him in full:

"I have never seen an American grammar-book, unless you accept an American Lindley Murray's, and with that once famous work my acquaintance is slight. Lindley Murray was, of course, a Pennsylvanian by birth, and later a New York counting house clerk. He died in our own York, and, as a school-boy, I saw his grave there. He came to England in the year in which Dr. Johnson died—a not uninteresting fact. I wonder whether the shade of Lindley Murray is perturbed by the new active revolt against English—and therefore American—grammar and grammarians. The English Association has been discussing the grammar-book, and there is talk of putting it on the back of the fire. Professor Allen Mawer has asked the impressive and by no means premature question, "Are you going to tie English down to a system of grammar which does not recognize to the full the fundamental facts of its structure?" Hitherto it has been well understood that schoolboys and schoolgirls have loathed grammar. There is now evidence that their teachers loathe it too, if only because, in the last resort, they do not understand it. They regard it as a system of attaching "strange labels to familiar things."

That phrase summarizes the grammar-sickness which tends to become visible. What we call the grammar of the English language is a hybrid, pretentious and repulsive hurly-burly

of alien grammars. Its nomenclature alone condemns it. We want an entirely different and more human and reasonable method of ordering the greatest of all modern languages, and a method which, if we ever get it, will answer somewhat to St. Paul's triumphant sigh, "With a great price I purchased this freedom." As it is, we can hardly see the road for the sign posts, with their vertiginous directions and labels: Adjective Clauses Reflex Pronouns, Gerundial Infinitives, Dative Absolutes, Participial Prepositions, Factitive Verbs, Intransient Verbs of Incomplete Predication, and—to beat the band—Indefinite Demonstratives.

No wonder the grammatical Vesuvius is laboring. For myself, I am devoted to grammar, if grammar means the correct transference of a thought into the words which clearly express that thought. But I do not recognize the grammarian as a law-giver. He is simply a register, and, like many types of register, he tends to be musty and mysterious. Convict me of a grammatical error and I chew my blanket in the night watches. But the iron that enters my soul is not the grammatical rule: it is my recognition of a false sequence or correspondence in my own thought. And if I wanted—which Heaven forbid!—to convict a brother writer of grammatical sin, I should refrain, for the reason that it would usually take me too long to frame a legal indictment. Yet there are thousands and thousands of intelligent readers who demand chapter and verse from that inflated Decalogue which every practiced writer has utterly forgotten and never consults.

A few weeks ago I happened to be writing about Dr. Johnson's relations with Mrs. Thrale, and one of my sentences ran: "It was from Dr. Fitzpatrick that she learned, to her surprise, why Thrale had married her; he had,

the old man said, wooed several women, but all except she had jibbed at living in this undistinguished neighborhood (the Borough, Southwark) in order that Thrale might be near his malt and hops." At once I received a genially reproachful letter from an Oxford vicar, suggesting, with the jam of flattery, that Jove had slept or Homer nodded, and that "she" should have been "her." In this instance being forced back on grammar, I took the liberty of telling my correspondent that it was not a matter of Jove sleeping nor of Homer nodding, but of Melchizedek forgetting that my "except" was a conjunction, not a preposition. He lowered his flag gracefully, though with a parting kick of which I forget the precise objective. And I don't know now whether my retort was scientific, though I am fancy-free about my phrase. Mrs. Hemans wrote: "The boy stood on the burning deck, Whence all but he had fled." At least, I hope she did, though in "reciters" and places where they misquote you are likely to find it written "When all but him had fled." The law, of course, is that "but" is here a disjunctive conjunction, which I take to be a contradiction in terms. And the fact that one has to resort to such jargon is a sufficient condemnation of grammar as she is coded. In the recent discussion Dr. Ballard said that grammar is pure psychology. I should say that it is a set of rules for transmuting clear thought into clear language, and that its first necessity is to be itself clear and intimate. As now taught, it leads both thought and expression into the wilderness."

REVIEW OF BOOKS

"The Early Friends of Christ," by Rev. Joseph Conroy, S.J. (12 mo. cloth, illustrated—net \$1.75, postage 10c.).

The author introduces The Early Friends of Christ in such terms, at once so clear-cut and familiar, that they become our friends, in a sense they never were before. Merged, as

their names necessarily are, with His, whose Image and whose story, so naturally absorb all our attention in the Gospel narrative, many of them have failed hitherto to attract us as individuals. Father Conroy here plays the part of an artist, who restores or defines for us the lesser details of a picture, lest they be overlooked or lost to the eye altogether. He makes the Shepherds, Zachary, Elizabeth, John the Baptist and even St. Joseph, whom we thought we knew so well, many times more real to us, through the medium of his graphic pen. In this way he enriches the story ten-fold for his readers. His chapter on the Magi is particularly attractive, enough so almost, to start a devotional cult for these grand old figures, who have been content for so long to be little more than mere pictures on our sky-lines.

If books like "The Early Friends of Christ" continue to illustrate the "Sweet Story of Old" it will no longer be as an assigned task, on the part of youth, nor as a pious duty on the part of age, to assimilate its message, and to establish an intimacy with the friends of Christ.

"A Collection of Hymns." This little book is compiled by . M. M. Fidelma, of Loretto Abbey, Toronto, and printed by the Catholic Extension Press. It is designed to replace the old-time Hymn-Card for congregational use and children's choirs. It is already filling a long-felt want, being superior in every respect to the hymn-card. It is well printed and neatly bound and besides the complete Latin text of the Mass, it contains hymns for all the liturgical seasons and Benediction service. The words only are given, but the hymn-books from which they are taken are mentioned in the list of contents. One section is devoted to prayers for assisting at Mass and devotions before and after Holy Communion. The very modest price of ten cents per copy, puts it within the reach of all teachers, to whom it is proving an invaluable help. The Rainbow takes pleasure in recommending it warmly. The book may be had in large or small quantities by writing to the above address.

WHEN I'M A MAN

When I'm a man I'm gonna be a big Injun, an' wear de suits an' feders and war-paint like I did when Aunt Jane dressed me up at Christmas. If I had a tommyhawk I could scalp de Simpkins boy what sick't his dog on me onct. My mudder's big batter spoon 'ud do, for I udn't really, truly scalp Joëy Simpkins—just friken him. I'd just betend, 'cause maybe de policeman whut comes round our street might ketch me an' put me in a dark jail. Maybe I'll be a p'liceman when I'm big. Not de kin' whut takes little bad boys, but de kin' whut stan's in de middle of de crossin', puttin' up an' down his han' an' tellin' ever' one to stop an' nen go on. Oh, I forgot, maybe de p'lice cop what stan's dere all de time, gets his feet an' ears col'. He can't go down town an' look in de windas nor nuttin'.

When Mudder takes me wit' her she lets me look in candy windas an' evertin'. Maybe I'll be a candy-man when I grow big, an' have gum drops an' jelly beans all de time, an' give lots an' lots to my little boy. If I et too much I might have to take castroil like Mudder gave me when I took too much mince-pie. (Mudder wasn't lookin' when I took it—she jus' foun' out.) Before, I uster want to be a baker—nixie!—not after that castroil.

I'd like to be a sojer like Uncle Tom, but Uncle Tom says dere ain't no more bad men to kill. De bogey man is a bad man do'. Gramma says you can't shoot a bogey man, cause he's only a shadder—has no eyes nor nose nor nuthin'. She says if I wasn't skeered, I could walk right troo him, takin' hol' all de time—not hurt his ribs nor nuttin'—jus' shad-

err—jus' like a man made o' clouds up in de sky.

Maybe if Uncle Tom gives me his gun I can shoot de taiger whut I saw up our appletree. Joey Simpkins don't b'lieve I saw a taiger, he says it was a Pershun cat, but I saw de stripes an' everthin' like whut's in de story book whut Aunt Jane reads from.

Maybe I'll be a street-car conductor, cause dey can ride as fas' as lightin' an' get all de rides dey wants fer nuttin', an' let people on an' off an' take in all the nickles. Oh, no, I wudden' be him, for some day de street-car might be stall'd an' I cudden' get home. Maybe de car might blow up!

When I'm a man cud I be a hunter an' ride on a elfan's back, like whut de pictur' books says dey does in Inda? Den I could bring back a tame monkey on a string to de litle girl nex' door, caus' she's alus playing wid a tin monkey on a string, an' if she had a tame one I could play wid it too. I could fish an' maybe I'd ketch a whale whut would take me all over de water on his back. Ah!—but maybe he'd get hungry an' swaller me up like Jonah. I guess I'd be feared o' de whale.

Joey Simpkins says he's gonna be an undertaker an' wear a silk hat an' a black suit, an' get lots o' automobile rides, but I'd be skeered de ghostes 'ud jump out an' kill me.

Oh—I guess—I guess—I guess—I'll just be whut Daddy is, a store-keeper, when I'm a man.

JUDDY JUDSON.

Per Margaret Murray.

Loretto, Niagara Falls.

TIT FOR TAT

Fluff and Dog were sleeping, as usual, in their accustomed places before the fire. Sparks hissed and with quick darts of flame the logs lurched, gave way to the overwhelming master of heat and left but a grey ash as their emblem of life well-spent. Evening drew its shades about the world and soft lights appeared slowly in the dark, greyish sky.

The room was growing colder, when suddenly Fluff opened her big eyes and saw Dog pulling away vigorously at her very own special pillow. "S-s-s-st!" No, not a log this time, but Fluff demanding her own—an angry Fluff who allowed no one, especially that Dog, to take her pillow. He was all right, at least so the family thought. Just what he was all right for, never could be fathomed by Fluff's mind. But they did shoo her away at times when she chased him around the room. However, here was a golden opportunity; everybody had gone out, and would not be back for hours yet.

Dog barked playfully, tugging and pawing at the pillow while Fluff scratched at the air and "s-s-s-st" violently. The pillow lunged sky-ward and huge paws dangled in the air as Dog grew more bold at the cat's expense. But then, quick as a flash, he sprang and dashed quickly through the door—cat in pursuit—and upstairs. Downstairs, up again they ran, in the living-room, "er'r'ash!" an antique vase sought the floor as a safer position, but the dog ran even faster, if that were possible, and struck the leg of the dining room table. Small matter,— "on—ever on"—was his present motto.

Not "into the valley of death," but away, away from scratchy Fluff. Under—between—across kitchen chairs, beneath the table, around the stove and then up the stairs once more. It was a mad dash for freedom, from a cat this time.

But there a door was swinging slightly, about to close from the breeze that sprung up with the night. In! Bang! Safe. Well, at last a breath; before this it was hard telling just how his heart had managed. He was quite sure it was not with regular heart-beats and natural breathing spaces. Listen to that cat! Scratching and doing its worst on the door. Well, God was glad his paws made scratches quite distinguishable from the cat.

She had given up now—light thuds marked her padded feet descending the stairs. Now for a well-earned sleep.

Sweet may be the ways of adversity, but sweeter by far are hours of sleep to a cat-worried dog. It seemed short, but time passed quickly, when voices aroused him. The family had returned. Callings for "Dog" resounded through the door, and then they released him from his haven of refuge.

But downstairs Fluff was dozing peacefully on her pillow, evidently enjoying the dream powers of her tired mind. Where was Dog's pillow? Not near the fire, not in the kitchen either. It could not be found. But Dog could guess the hider. It was certainly a case of tit for tat. And much to Dog's discomfort the pillow remained unfound.

EVELYN HORNE.

Loretto, Niagara Falls.

JOURNAL JOTTINGS—THE CASTLE

It is rather a long time since we have had a cozy chat, isn't it, Little Book. You'll never guess what I've inherited—inherited without anyone dying: I have a castle—oh, a beautiful place! I can feel you bulge with questions. "How came it to be mine?" I saw it in a picture and it was so near my idea of a castle home that I took it for my very own. So now, when dream time comes I can travel in Imagination Land and there I find the castle. It is high on a mountain side, that is beautiful with its clothing of majestic trees. Far down in the valley is a river, which winds like a broad blue ribbon, sometimes hidden, sometimes dancing in golden sunlight.

Once within the castle gates I am in a different world. The road curves and twists under the tall old trees of the park, up to the castle door. I always pause just a moment before pushing wide the doors, and study this castle of mine. There is something awe-inspiring in its air of age-old tradition, stately beauty and majestic sternness. But though the outside may seem a little cold and grey, inside all is warmth and cheer, and I slowly push back the heavy door with a delightful feeling of ownership. Just inside the door, there is a great hall with a high ceiling and a polished floor, covered with thick, soft-toned rugs. At one end of the hall is a huge open fireplace that gives a cheery warmth on cold days and a bit of artistic atmosphere when days are warm. On the walls are a few beautiful pictures by old masters. A wide stairway leads to the upper floors, and I think I like the upper floors better, because these have the tower rooms, the studio, the music room and my own little library, which has in it the favorite books from the big down-stairs' library. The studio is a long room with windows on three sides which let in a glory of golden sunshine. Like everything else in the Castle, the painting and sculpture here are mine, by

imagination, and so, Little Book, you see I have all the lovely art things that I ever wished for. The most beautiful of the paintings, and the one I love more than any of the others, is Raphael's Sistine Madonna. Perhaps the reason why I love it so much is, because it has never yet failed to inspire me with feelings of sweetest peace. The ineffable calm and love of the Blessed Mother's face seem to be something real and tangible that enters into my heart and touches it with beauty. As she holds in her arms the gift of the Divine Child, she seems to offer us that gift without which all other things are as nothing.

The library is across the hall from the studio, and here are my treasures of literature. Rare old books, new books, beautifully bound books, and books in paper covers—I have them all here, and I spend many delightful hours with my book friends while the softly-shaded lamp sheds its glow on their kindly printed faces. My favorite way of spending an evening at the Castle, is to go just when twilight is folding the distant mountain tops in a soft, purple haze. First I go to the studio and in the half light, I take deep draughts of the beauty of painted loveliness. Then when the twilight has deepened to velvety darkness, I cross the hall to the library to wander through the lanes of romance and adventure with Scott or Dickens or Thackeray. After explorations in Story Land, I go to the music-room. It is in a tower, and the view is inexpressibly beautiful.

I have told you, My Journal, that in the Castle, I can do anything, so here in my music-room I play the violin, though it is not an accomplishment of Reality Land. I nearly always stand at the window when I play, and I play best when the moonlight gleams in silvery loveliness. The trees cast their long shadows on the mountain side; far away the river twists its winding way in the shimmering

moonlight. High in the soft, black vault of the sky the stars are pricked in gleaming points. Lovely is the night, and the violin speaks that loveliness for me. I play but one composition—the Schubert-Wilhelm Ave Maria, but in its throbbing sweetness there is a wealth of beauty, and an echo of it still lingers as I put my violin aside and stand at the window with my thoughts.

Oh, it is in every sense desirable, this Castle of mine, and I could wish to dream here always, but life is not all dreams. It is reality and accomplishment that count, and so I come back from the Castle to work and study. Perhaps some day I shall really have a castle, but until I do, this picture castle will always be for me a haven, when the way is a bit steep and rough. I shall keep it always, and Beauty will ever be just over the boundary of Reality Land.

RUTH GOETTER.

Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls.

A Slighted Artist

O Nature makes the lily fair
And tints the blushing rose,
But only Grippe knows how to paint
A radiant human nose.

He touches like an artist true
This shapely human form,
As evening dashes colours on
The heavens after storm.

There's deep vermilion, ruby red,
And many a crimson hue,
With now and then a touch, perhaps,
Of aqua-marine blue.

And yet how shamefully some folk
Abuse the artist Grippe,
Because, forsooth, to get effects
His colours sometimes drip!

K. CHEW.

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ATONEMENT.

(By Aline Kilmer).

When a storm comes up at night and the wind
is crying,

When the trees are groaning like masts of
laboring ships,

I wake in fear and put out my hand to find you,
With your name upon my lips.

No pain that the heart can hold is like to this
one—

To call, forgetting, into aching space,
To reach out confident hands and find beside
you .

Only an empty place.

This should atone for the hours when I forget
you;

Take, then, my offering, clean and sharp
and sweet,

In a glory brighter than dull remembrance—
I lay it at your feet.

“CARDINAL MERCIER.”

(By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews).

The incredibility of a tree of flowers!

If it never had happened, these thousand
thousand Springs,

We would never have thought it could happen;
yet there they gleam,

Apple-trees—earth's white soul of a myriad
wings;

And never a human so dull but halts and sings
A phraseless hymn of delight to the blessed
things.

The incredibility of a holy life!

Humanity mocks and sighs the dream away.

Yet a face shines out of a shattered land, and
a smile

Dissolves all doubt as the sun melts night-fogs
gray;

And never a human but stands, in that flooding
day

With a surer hold on visions, the things that
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Joan of Arc

(By Nora Holland).

Still, they say, she moves through the oldtime
places,

Joan, the Maid, with her great sword girt
at her side;

Sheen of wings and shimmer of angel faces

Gather around her, as she on high doth ride!

Rheims or Orleans may see her thus in splendor,

Never in the old Domremy streets she knew.

Here she walks as a maiden, shy and slender,

Brushing with bare, brown feet, the evening
dew!

Oft do the children, playing in the meadows,

See her watching them, white and very fair,

Smiling lips and eyes that dream in the sha-
dows,

Lilies of France, she loved so in her hair.

So she comes, through those quiet road-ways
stealing,

Where in the gray church still her people
bend,

Unto the Maiden, their own Saint appealing;

Hears them name her, saviour of France and
friend.

She has forgotten now the English faces,

Prisons and wounds and torture of the
flame;

Still, they say, she moves through the oldtime
places,

Joan, the Maid, whence once, long since she
came.

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MARY WARD (1585-1645).
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VOL. XXX.

TORONTO, JULY, 1923

No. 3

MARY WARD

UPWARDS of three hundred years have elapsed since Mary Ward, the real pioneer of all active orders of women, founded the Institute of Mary. The life of this true servant of God is a grand, heroic episode of the history of the English Catholics during the time of Protestant persecutions—a time of conspiracy, vengeance, imprisonment, execution, famine and war—all which contributed greatly to oppose Mary's plans, thus making her life a slow martyrdom.

Born in Yorkshire on January 23, 1585, of a distinguished Catholic family, very early in those troublous times, she learned from her devout parents to make heroic sacrifices for the faith. Early, too, she felt the call to devote herself wholly to God. Realizing the needs of the times and the danger to which the faith was exposed in her own country, Mary became more and more convinced of the necessity of a solid religious education which would enable good Catholic women to withstand every test. Being possessed of a temperament naturally ardent, an attractive loving disposition, together with a strong personal influence that relied for effectiveness on sincerity and a love of the noble and holy, the spell of Mary Ward soon drew irresistibly to the great work seven generous companions animated with the same lofty aspirations as herself. With these she opened the first house for the education of girls, at St. Omer, in Belgium, in 1609. God showed

her by His divine light that He wished her to adapt to the requirements of the Community the Constitutions of St. Ignatius, and though there should be no dependence on the Society of Jesus, He made her clearly to understand her Institute should be animated by its spirit.

To those whose blindness would not be enlightened, the novel movement to found a religious community of women whose chief end was education, but which she intended should adjust itself to every conceivable need of the Church, was neither intelligible nor purposeful. To the officious and anxious only grave danger lay ahead of women undertaking what Mary Ward had planned. But they little knew that these active workers were first and always to labour at the perfection of their own souls, that thus they might be made capable of devoting themselves to the salvation of their neighbour. "Ours ought to be endowed with the zeal of Apostles and the recollection of spirit of hermits to attend at the same time to both their own and their neighbours' salvation," she said in an instruction to her nuns. Mary herself was a true contemplative, having ever before her the vision of God.

From Belgium, with the encouragement of princes, kings, bishops, and even popes, Mary made other foundations in Liege, Cologne, London, Treves, Rome, Naples, Munich, Vienna, and Presburg. But threatening clouds arose. Certainly the Institute anticipated the times,

and because of the principles for which she stood, the foundress, as is always the case with privileged souls, was called on to drink the chalice of which He did drink—yes, even to accompany Him up to the red summit of Calvary. But she carried her cross almost gaily, for He was at her side and Heaven was just beyond the height.

Her career as a foundress has been outlined in many a recent sketch, but in these little biographies her great and unforgettable merits as a mother, sister, and friend, as well as the human touches that make her so lovable and admirable, are too often overlooked. And lovable indeed she was, as those who lived in daily contact with her bear glad testimony. On her own admission she "ever loved much more than ordinary," and possibly this susceptibility, spiritualized, accounts for her cheerfulness, which almost amounted to gladness; her self-forgetfulness; and her tender consideration of others.

Cheerfulness was her pet virtue. It was a fervent conviction of hers that charity and peace flourished most when they were united by joy. "Charity, Peace, Joy," she counted. "Let the child be cheerful and it will be innocent; let the religious be cheerful always and he will be a saint." "In our calling," she said, "a cheerful mind, a good understanding and a great desire after virtue are necessary, but of all these a cheerful mind is the most so." We find traces of Mary's beaming cheerfulness all through her life and to it we may partly ascribe her success with souls. The stern drive, the cheerful attract. And as a rule souls are won, not driven. How out of harmony with her blithe spirit was the gloomy Puritanism just beginning to cloud England. In contrast, what fun she seemed to take out of religion! "Be merry," she wrote, "mirth at such a time is next to grace." She could enjoy getting the better of bad news and of bad persecutors. The Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury, George Abbot, the arch-enemy and hunter of Catholics, bore Mary a flattering hatred. He declared "that woman had done more harm than many

priests, and he would exchange six or seven Jesuits for her." Once he expressed a wish to see her. With a humorous desire to gratify him, she presented herself at Lambeth Palace. We speculate on what might have been the outcome of that interview. Would she have introduced herself (she was brave enough), or only later would he have become wrathfully aware of whom he had been entertaining? He was out—we are tempted to regret it—but we should love to know his feelings when he read her name in a window-pane which she had engraved with a diamond as a souvenir of her visit.

With her soaring spirit of cheerfulness we find in Mary Ward another characteristic which usually keeps it close company. Her attractive simplicity is very marked in her letters. She was daringly individual and wrote with the spontaneity of a wholesome present-day school-girl in that early seventeenth century period of affected and stilted letter-writing. All her correspondence is refreshingly free from preachiness—there is no air of the superior. In an age when the position of superior was almost feudal in its exactions, Mary took advantage of her elevation to make herself the equal and friend of all; or rather, as the chronicles relate, "this blessed servant of God lived most and breathed freely where herself was least." At a time when she was living the life of a busy foundress and Superior General, she shared, as far as possible, the common duties of the community, "taking her turn in serving in the refectory, washing the dishes and sweeping the house." She is absolutely candid with her members; from them she holds no secrets back except her own heaviest trials with which she feels it is unfair to burden them. How often she brought to recreation a radiant face over a heart that was aching! Near, or far away from her dear ones, hers are the sorrows, theirs the joys. From her prison at the Anger a message went to her nuns whom she knew were made gloomy by the sad turn of events "that Mother Rectrice sing Gillien (a bright song) or such like every day while I am here." Not even around her deathbed would Mary let them

grieve. She spoke to them bright and consoling words. "What! still look sad?" she said. "Come, rather let us sing and praise God joyfully for all His infinite loving kindness." She sang the hymn they often sang together and they, stifling their sorrow as best they might, joined their voices with hers. Gradually the sweet notes died away, hushed in weariness, and she lay calm and peaceful to rest. Twenty-four hours afterwards Mary died.

To maintain a cheerful exterior while the heart is torn by anguish requires an enduring courage, and that masculine characteristic whose possession makes modest women more womanly was a happy asset of Mary Ward's. She needed it surely when she had to plead the cause of her Institute before Popes and Congregations of Cardinals; and that it never lost her their respect is proved by the many tributes they paid to her worth and her work. Cardinal Lancellotti, in the name of Pope Paul V., recommended the Community to the Bishop of St. Omer, promising him that any help given it would be for God Himself. In speaking of her Institute, Gregory XV. said, "God has provided in good time for His Church." And after words of high praise of Mary herself, he added, "We rejoice that many noble women stand beneath her banner." Cardinal Bandino, at the head of the Council to examine her petition, was heard to say, "Did it not derogate from his character of a priest he should have cast himself at her feet and asked her blessing." While Urban VIII. assured her, "We and the Cardinals are well informed as to yourself and your habits and your exemplary conduct; We and they are not only satisfied, but edified, and we know that you have carried on your Institute well." Of her the same Holy Father said, "A woman of great prudence, of extraordinary courage and strength of mind, a saint and a great servant of God."

It was this holy courage of Mary's that gave her strength rather to refuse the last rites, once when she was in danger of death, than submit to the—to her—sinful conditions on which they were to be administered. Her courageous love

brought her behind prison walls in England, sentenced to death for the faith. "He whose honour she sought undertook her defence," but it was not without the deepest sorrow that she saw the palm of martyrdom escape her. Her desire to be a martyr God was surely to gratify, though not in the accepted sense—hers was to be the slow, painful martyrdom of dying daily. In all her trials there was an entire abandonment of every interest to her God, her strength and her joy. This conformity to the Divine will gave her tranquil intellect endurance to bear all her trials without the slightest disturbance, sadness, or least disquiet. Clouds rarely lifted, nor was the horizon ever radiant. With it all she never bowed meekly to what many would deem the inevitable. "There shall be no stay for me. For the rest, God work His holy will." "She could attend Almighty God His time and leisure, for man had to follow, not go before Him." She never gave up battling for the right. If she had desisted, nor fought that holy fight, how much noble work being done by active orders of women to-day would be lacking God's Church. And her enemies—those who strove to hinder the work and were often unscrupulous in the means they took? They were her "friends, the purchasers of her heavenly reward—" "Jerusalems" she called them. Her manner to them was ever kind, tender even.

How amazingly present-day are the little hints we glean from her letters of her zeal for education! She recommends giving up work on a Roman antependium, a seemingly laudable occupation, to bestow the time on Latin. There is again and again her expressed wish that hers take up the languages, with an assurance that they need "fear not their loss of virtue by this means." She is continually urging them to study and to be satisfied with giving their pupils nothing short of the best. In many particulars we find that Mary Ward bears a delightful resemblance to St. Teresa. Both possessed energy, initiative, decision, common sense, the spirit of self-sacrifice and of poverty,

and almost best of all, the saving sense of humor.

Love of poverty was practically interpreted by her as, first of all, a love for the poor—God's own children. "I have found out a good way to make our monies hold out—to be sure to deny no poor body alms who shall ask it on the road," Mary happily declared when her purse was light and the journey fatiguing. Of the virtue of Obedience which she prized so highly, she refused to allow her subjects the monopoly. Among her resolutions we read, "I will never contradict in desire, word nor action the will of my superior." And, "I will every day labor to become perfect in obedience, kissing the five wounds of our Saviour crucified, that I may be such in this virtue as He would have me." She wished hers the free possession of what she so abundantly enjoyed—the beautiful liberty of the children of God. On entering her Institute no one was to forfeit her individuality—rather she was to be herself perfected under the influence of the wise, mild, Ignatian spirit.

Mary Ward's devotion to our Lord in His Sacrament of Love is very apparent from the Painted Life. Five of the pictures show her absorbed in prayer before the Sacred Host, from which brilliant rays of light stream towards her beautiful, spiritual face. Her love for the Blessed Virgin is evidenced in another picture where we see her, Rosary in hand, confident of safety in her father's burning castle. She gave a still greater proof of this love when she dedicated her life work to our Blessed Lady and elected her to be the patroness and Mother of her Institute.

The life of Mary Ward has always held an extraordinary fascination. It has been written in Latin, English, Italian, German, and French. Her companions had the important events of the life of their beloved foundress painted in fifty large pictures, which treasure of the Institute is appropriately the possession of its most ancient house in Augsburg, Bavaria. Shortly before the tercentenary, a compendium with explanations in Italian, dedicated to the Car-

dinal Protector, Merry Del Val, passed into the hands of His Holiness Pius X.

The last picture of the Painted Life shows us Our Lord comforting Mary with the knowledge of future happiness. He is standing by her, His right hand on her arm, with the left He points to a vision of glory in the heavens and bids her be comforted, for her death is not far off and great glory awaits her in her heavenly home.

It was in her native country that death found her. In a small house in Hewarth, where she with some of her sisters had taken up their abode, she fell seriously ill. Her end approached rapidly. Seeing her sisters overwhelmed with grief, she reminded them of God's special goodness towards them and exhorted them to an unbounded trust in His divine Providence. Her courage and sublime patience filled those around her with an admiring and holy awe, and the words of whispered farewell inspired them with a great faith, hope, and love. She recommended them to cherish God's vocation in them. "Let it be constant, efficacious and loving," she said, with a great stress on the word "loving." Then encouragingly: "The Lord will assist you; He will help you always, and I shall serve you when He has given me a place in Heaven."

The name of Jesus had been the first her baby tongue ever lisped and to that sweet name she had devotion all her life. We find her letters ending with: "Jesus be with you," "Jesus ever bless you and keep you and yours," "Jesus will protect you always"—and with the loved name on her lips her beautiful soul passed to its heavenly reward—to Jesus Himself. Almost immediately after her death, which took place on January 30, 1645, a celestial peace spread over her countenance, beautified by sufferings and illuminated with the spiritual joy which is the portion of souls united with their God.

On the eastern side of the Church of St. Helena in the Protestant cemetery of Osbaldwick Mary's coffin was laid. "No priest read

the beautiful prayers for the dead over these holy remains, no holy water was sprinkled, no panegyric preached." There is serious doubt whether the body still rests here, based on a letter of 1727, which tells that the grave was opened and found to contain nothing but the copper or tin plate upon which Mary Ward's name was engraved. But her children still go to pray where she once lay, and ask through

her intercession for the grace of their vocation—strong, efficacious and loving.

The cause of Mary Ward is at present before the courts of Rome, and throughout the world to-day her spiritual daughters, numbered by thousands, are praying hopefully that in a short time the Church will permit them to rise and call her their valiant Mother "Blessed."

A. C. M.



To Mary Ward

O Britomart of sacred chivalry,
 Who from the cloister's holy pale went forth
 To battle in the world's harsh ways for souls
 For whom Christ died, leaving the cup of Love
 Thy heart had hoped to quaff in stillness deep,
 For din and clash of truth on error's mail;
 With gallant chere thy maiden knights upheld,
 And eye upon the visioned future bent,
 When ringed about by foes who rived and tore
 Thy standard fair and laid low i' the dust!
 Then didst thou meekly bend thy head
 And lift that tatter'd emblem of the power
 Of woman to upraise a world down-fallen.
 Thy life went out before thou saw'st it wave,
 Grand and triumphant o'er a myriad host
 Who won thro' thy hard passion facile gains.
 O Mother, sweet and fair, teach us to trust
 In darksome ways, even unto death, that Will
 Which ne'er did man of his high hopes betray.

REMINISCENCES OF CONVOCATION

Proverbially it never rains the day of Convocation, but on Friday morning, June 8th, 1923, we looked out upon a miniature deluge. Our hearts sank rapidly, but we managed to raise them a notch or two by counting our many mercies, the greatest of which was the fact that our humble selves were permitted to convocate at all. In addition, preparations and the arrival of gifts and flowers, helped us to forget the weather, until around noon joyful shouts informed us that the sun was shining.

Behold us then in white dresses, caps and gowns in a taxi en route for Main Building, each with a bouquet of flowers on one arm and a hood dangling from the other. Half way, the driver inquired our destination, appearing somewhat at a loss when we told him Main Building, U. of T. "By the way, what is going on to-day?" he enquired conversationally. Well, really, we who had thought all the world must know, answered, a little crestfallen. "Congratulations!" said he, very politely. "You must feel very proud." We did, and the car gently stopped at our destination. We alighted, and were greeted by the janitor, jovial assistant of the ladies' section at many a Rugby game, who laughingly inquired if our bouquets were just the regulation size, admired them, and then let us proceed upstairs to West Hall.

Here all was bustle and confusion, some of the men endeavouring to appear as if the whole affair were a huge joke, others prepared to be serious, and some achieving an air of nonchalance, or even boredom. Our side of the hall did not pretend to hide its feelings, but arranged caps and gowns, hair and hairpins, and from time to time went forward as names were called for flowers. "I know I am going to feel like a perfect idiot," said one girl to us. We did not feel the least bit foolish, and according-

ly looked surprised. On all sides, outbursts of wrath were heard from time to time as unfortunates discovered that full names were printed and that Genevieve Jeremiah did not look well, and would not sound well when read aloud.

To produce order out of this chaos was the task of the Assistant Registrar, who marshalled the procession, ladies leading, and gave the final instructions. We must "subside on both knees before the chancellor, place our hands together, etc., and leave our flowers in our seats. When kneeling it was not necessary to close the eyes." He reminded us that we were not at a funeral, and that songs, yells, and witty remarks would be welcomed in moderation. We were then given the signal and the procession started slowly down the old stone steps, and out the beautiful main doorway for the last time as undergraduates. Bright sunshine greeted us and a soft wind blew in our faces. Friends lined the way and we gaily waved to them. Our partner was more serious, and with set, unsmiling face, looked neither to the right nor left, though several friends called. She made us feel undignified, but dignity had to be abandoned anyway as we clutched at caps in the cave of the winds created by the arches of Convocation Hall.

Then we were inside, moving to our seats, to the stirring music of the organ, and for the first time a feeling of solemnity seized us. Rays of sunlight falling from the high windows shone upon the rows upon rows of women, their flowers forming a solid bank of bloom. The men followed, their yells sounding oddly at variance with the notes of the organ, and as the Faculty and Board of Governors entered in their many-coloured hoods, we felt that here was one of those occasions when it is possible to feel the subtle emotion called by Aristotle katharsis.

Everything was hushed as the Chancellor took his seat and Convocation began. Honour courses and then Pass. Applause according to popularity greeted each new B.A., varied by yells, and humorous remarks. Those early in the list never for a moment felt their interest flag, and almost begrudged the time spent in the foyer signing the rolls.

Through it all the feeling never left us that this ceremony, of which we were a part, was a link that bound us to the past. In Canada of the twentieth century it was a relic of European feudalism, and we as Catholics were at home. As we knelt and heard the words "Te admitto," and our hood was slipped upon our shoulders, applause sounding far off, we felt that we were indeed swearing allegiance to our University, and our little selves seemed small in

comparison with the countless ages for which this custom had existed.

We knew now why those not of the faith felt foolish. Processions and ritual were novelties to them. Those who were not moved to awkwardness or scoffing became too serious over small things, as had our partner. But we children of Loretto felt at home. Convocation for us passed like a dream. President Falconer read the prize list after the Registrar had received the degrees for the absentees, and with a sigh we heard the words, "Convocatio dimissa est." Now

"The world was all before us,
Where to choose our place of rest
And Providence our guide."

MARY FRANCES MALLON.



LORETTO COLLEGE GRADUATION

The final exercises and conferring of Loretto College graduation medals were held in the evening of Convocation Day, June 8th. At eight o'clock the Rose Garland Processional took place, the graduates proceeding from the great entrance to the auditorium between two lines of undergraduates bearing the garland and singing the college song, "Gaudeamus nos Alumnae." On the stage, the statue of Our Lady, amid a profusion of flowers, dominated a scene of striking beauty as the choir of students grouped about it sang "Ave Maria Loretto," the festoons of roses they offered her on behalf of the nine graduates, showing rich and bright against their dark academic gowns.

Rachmaninoff's "Melodie," played with taste and fine expression by Miss Mary Mallon, B.A., was followed by the valedictory, spoken

by Miss Edna Dawson, B.A., President of the Class of 2T3.

Loretto College graduation medals were conferred on Miss Mary Mallon, B.A., Miss Cicely Wood, B.A., Miss Edna Dawson, B.A., Miss Margaret Kelly, B.A., Miss Louise Gibbons, B.A., Miss Angela Hannon, B.A., Miss Anastasia Hughes, B.A., Miss Dallas Legris, B.A., and Miss Mary Pickett, B.A.

The Baccalaureate address was delivered by Rev. John E. Burke, C.S.P., of Newman Hall. We had hoped to give the readers of the Rainbow something of the advantage enjoyed by the graduates and their friends in hearing this impressive address, but have been unable to get a copy of the text.

"Tota Pulchra Es," a motet dedicated to Loretto, closed the programme.

GRADUATES OF 2T3



Angela Hannon,
B.A.



Louise Gibbons,
B.A.



Mary Mallon,
B.A.



Margaret Kelly,
B.A.



Anastasia Hughes,
B.A.



Cicely Wood,
B.A.



Dallas Legris,
B.A.



Edna Dawson
B.A.



Mary Pickett,
B.A.

—••• Valedictory •••—

"We look before and after,
And pine for what is not,
Our sincerest laughter,
With some pain is fraught."

And so to-night we, the class of 1923, exulting in joys present and others yet to be, still regretfully sigh as we ponder upon this—our formal leave-taking of Loretto. Loretto! What fond recollections this name inspires in each one of us! To some, Loretto has been a tender guide, a second mother, since early childhood; others whose association with Loretto began only with college days, have none the less learned to love and esteem her. Is it not fitting, therefore, that on this night of "Farewell" we should with all eagerness and zeal give some testimony of what Loretto has meant, and does mean to us?

Very naturally, there springs first to the mind the recollection of the many personal ties each one of us has formed during our sojourn at Loretto—enduring friendships with our revered Faculty and with classmates,—of years, each made prominent for us by some humorous or grave event—First Year with all the memorable terrors of initiation; Sophomore Year with all that access of importance so befitting one who has emerged from the abject state of the Freshman; and then Junior Year, when, sitting next to the head at banquet table, we suddenly realize with a thrill that the ambition of our Freshman; and then Junior Year, when, sitting dignified Seniors, we shall take our rightful place at the head of the table. So we come to Fourth Year! Has it taken us four years to realize that we, until now more or less self-sufficient, are but at the threshold of knowledge and

of life? How we envy the once despised Freshman and long to be able once more to take our place at the foot of the banqueting table! But no! However slight, yet it has been experience that we have tasted, an experience dear to each one of us.

We feel tempted to discourse at length of all these sweet memories, but dear to us as they may be, even more has Loretto meant to us. Loretto, whilst enjoying the advantages shared by the Federation of Arts colleges, yet has an individual existence and life of its own. It is responsible for a training in character and general culture which is not embraced by the University Curriculum. For three hundred years the Institute of Mary, now spread throughout every country within the British Empire and beyond—to the United States, Spain, Italy, Germany, Austria and Roumania—has ever anticipated the movement for university education for women. In all these countries to have been a pupil of Loretto is no slight recommendation and bespeaks the highest standards of learning and Catholic culture.

It is, above all, for this Catholicity of thought and of training that we would thank Loretto this evening. She has ever held aloft for us the highest ideals of Catholic womanhood. If we now stand, with confidence in God's grace, unafraid and ready to take our places in a world sadly in need of those principles and ideals Loretto has striven so hard to give us, it is to her our heartfelt thanks are due. Thus to-night we come, bringing to Loretto our love, esteem and gratitude—and in our hearts the joy of a goal attained is mingled with the sadness of "Farewell."

EDNA DAWSON, 2T3.

AN EXILED IRISH PATRIOT POET

"I'd rather be the bird that sings
 Above a martyr's grave,
 Than fold, in gilded cage, my wings,
 And feel my soul a slave;
 I'd rather turn a single verse
 True to the Celtic ear,
 Than classic odes I might rehearse
 With listening Senates near!"

(The Exile's Devotion).

These lines sound the keynote of the life-music to which was attuned the soul of Thomas D'Arcy McGee, the exiled Irish patriot and poet.

"Ireland's Faith and Ireland's Freedom" were the perennial fount of his inspiration, whether in the editor's sanctum or in the public forum. These were the themes which drew from his *Life's Harp* its richest, sweetest strains.

All the fervor of an ardent soul, to whom his country stood second only to his God, was directed towards making an actuality of that dream, which is ever a vivid reality in the thought, the heart, and the hope of every Irishman—the freedom of his native land from the burden of centuries of oppression. That dream inspired the vigorous race of young poets who appeared after the French Revolution, and who fain would rally to the defense of the generous, the noble and the true against the mighty. But, unlike a few of these enthusiasts, who, misled by the fomentors of unreasoning revolt, pursued the phantom of an Utopian dream—the Millenium—McGee made the goal of his striving ever a worthy one. His aim, not the less lofty and noble because doomed to temporary failure, was not revolution directed towards the mere destruction of existing insti-

tutions, but towards the elevation of his Motherland to her rightful place as a sovereign nation. He could rest satisfied with nothing less than the assurance that his work would live to awaken those high sympathies, in the exercise of which he found his own best satisfaction. Ireland's history, her legends and her folklore, her faith and traditions, her glory and her wrongs, and her hope for freedom—these were the themes of his oratory and of his poetry. But above all, and through all, the note of loyalty to her holy Faith rings clear and true in all his singing. A contemporary critic has said of him: "He never sings so sweetly, his heart never beats so joyously, nor his pages glow so warmly with enthusiasm, as when he treats of the glory, the grandeur and the beauty of Catholicity." McGee was not only a poet, but a distinguished contributor to every department of literature—a fact all the more remarkable as he was unaided by a college education, having been thrown on his own resources while a mere youth. Native genius made him a brilliant editor and an effective orator long before the age in which other men ordinarily enter upon their career.

"He was a popular lecturer, a writer of acknowledged power, equal to the best of our time," wrote Mrs. Sadlier, his biographer, in 1869, "a careful and reliable historian, an essayist of grace and skill, a legislator and ruler, a projector of mighty plans for the government of nations—and yet a singer of sweet songs. These were a recreation and a solace amid the manifold troubles of his life, while they lent to his speeches and public writings, as well as to his private correspondence, that charm which poetry alone can give."

A brief consideration of the circumstances

in which his genius found its development may aid us in appreciating his work, especially his poetry.

McGee's poetic fancy was fostered by the grand and beautiful scenery of the Rostrevor Coast, in County Louth, Ireland, where he was born in 1825, and where he spent his early boyhood till the age of eight, when the family removed to Wexford. His early education, plain but solid, was obtained in the schools of Wexford, and was the foundation on which, in after life, was built the edifice of his distinguished manhood, as statesman, orator, journalist, historian and poet.

He was descended on both his father's and his mother's side from families remarkable for devotion to the Irish cause. With the exception of his father, all his immediate male relatives were United Irishmen. His maternal grandfather had been imprisoned and financially ruined, on account of his share in the struggle for freedom in "'98." Deep as must have been the impression of such traditions, yet his passionate and inextinguishable love for the land of his birth, her story and her song, as well as for her strong and vigorous faith, is mainly traceable to the influence of his mother, whom he loved to describe as "a woman of extraordinary elevation of mind, an enthusiastic lover of her country, its music, its legends, and its wealth of ancient lore." She died when he was but eight years old, but through all the changeful years of exile her gentle memory shone like a star through the clouds and mists.

In the "Apology to the Harp" he says:

"I! who have heard thy echoes from my soul,
A sickly boy, couched at my mother's knee;
I! who have heard thy dirges, wild as winds,
And thy deep tidal turns of prophecy. . . .

"Forgive me! oh, forgive me, if too bold
I twine thy chords about my very heart,
And make with every pulse of life a vow
Swearing—nor years, nor death, shall us
two part."

Again, in "An Invocation":

"My mother died young; I inherit
For thee all her love and my own;
Oft I heard in thy fields her loved spirit
Sing thy songs with Eternity's tone!"

In the poem, "The Three Minstrels," he indicates the trend of his poetic efforts in the lines:

"O Bard of duty and of Country's Cause!
Thee will I choose to follow for my lord;
Thy theme my study and my words thy laws,
Bard of the Patriot lyre, and guardian
sword!"

So earnestly did McGee pursue the study of his chosen theme that, before he was seventeen, he had read all that had come within his reach relating to the history of his own and other lands. And his noblest poems are those on historic and patriotic subjects. The story of Washington and the great West, where Freedom had established her throne, where many of his race had found fame, wealth and honour fired his youthful fancy and induced him to emigrate to America, with one sister, in 1842. The emotions in the breast of this lover of freedom found expression in "Hail to the Land," written on shipboard, when nearing the shore of America:

"I feel my heart beat fast and high,
As to the coast our ship draws nigh;
I burn the fresh footprints to see
Of the heroes of Humanity."

McGee arrived in Boston when the Repeal Agitation was at its height among the Irish population of that city. Little wonder, then, that the Fourth of July celebration kindled the soul of the enthusiast! He addressed the crowds that day with such eloquence that he held the listeners spellbound, as, in after years, he held the Canadian Senate. Within a few days he was offered a position with the "Boston

Pilot." He accepted. Before two years elapsed McGee had become the editor-in-chief of that paper—at the age of nineteen.

The fame of McGee, always the most eager and fearless defender of the Irish cause in America, reached the ears of the *Liberator*, O'Connell, who referred to his splendid editorials as "the inspired writings of a young exiled Irish boy in America." At the age of twenty he was called to Dublin to edit the "*Freeman's Journal*." Finding the publication too moderate in its policy and too cautious in its tone, McGee joined his friend, Charles Gavan Duffy, in editing "*The Nation*," in conjunction with Thomas Davis, J. Mitchell and T. D. Reilly. Here his Muse found a congenial atmosphere and his poems were eagerly welcomed by readers of "*The Nation*," which became the great organ of the Young Ireland, or National Party. It was later the cause of their secession from the Old Ireland Party, led by O'Connell. The impetuous Young Irelanders attempted the Rebellion of '48. Its failure involved the leaders in ruin or exile. McGee escaped to America, but was forced to leave behind his young wife, a circumstance which added anguish to his grief and disappointment over the futile attempt for freedom. After long months of doubt and anxiety he was joined, in New York, by his wife and infant daughter. Some of his most touching poems were penned during these months of weary waiting. We instance the following:

"O dear Lord of heaven and earth! Hard and
sad it is to go
From the land I loved and cherished into out-
ward gloom and woe.
Was it for this, Guardian Angel, when to man-
hood's years I came,
Homeward as to light you led me?—light that
now is turned to flame!"

—(Parting from Ireland).

We quote also the following lines written
"To Mary in Ireland":

"Sad the parting scene was, Mary!
By the yellow-flowing Foyle . . .
Do you think I'm happy, dearest,
In the wondrous sights I see?
Ah, when my new friends are nearest,
Happiness is far from me!"

.
"Like a requiem still rang round me,
'God be with you, love, farewell!'"

The exiled patriot, however, did not waste his days in regrets and vain dreams. Shortly after his arrival in New York he set on foot the "*New York Nation*" as an organ of the Irish in America. Unfortunately for its success, the editor laid the blame of the failure of '48 on the Irish clergy, who had dissuaded many from taking part in a movement which they felt to be ill-advised and ill-timed. This brought McGee into collision with Archbishop Hughes and with the Catholic element in New York, who held their bishop in the highest esteem. Later, convinced of his error, McGee deplored, in public and in private, his dispute with the Archbishop, whose wisdom and worth he had come to recognize.

McGee's friends in Boston had been urging him to make that city his home. In 1850, having resigned his post as editor of the "*Nation*," he undertook the publication of the "*Boston Celt*," a journal dedicated solely to the interests of the Irish in America, and, at first, revolutionary in tone. Gradually the fiery ardor of the young patriot submitted to the control of his strong mind and far-seeing intellect, guided and influenced by Bishop Fitzpatrick of Boston. McGee began to realize that not by impracticable schemes of revolution, but by the arts of peace and by the increasing enlightenment of her children, was his country not only to be freed from the dominion of her more prosperous sister island, but to be elevated to her rightful place among the foremost nations

of the earth. His new ideal of freedom found expression in the following lines:

"Erin, let thy sons combine
In one holy brotherhood!

.
"Prudent, temperate, firm and strong—
Loyalty our watchword be;
Truth our shield 'gainst taunt and wrong,
And warm hearts our chivalry,—
Loyal soul and stainless hand,
Make our Country Freedom's Land!"

That McGee, in spite of his change from Radical to Conservative, succeeded in recovering the confidence of his compatriots, is proved by his subsequent career. "The American Celt," keeping aloof from political parties, had for its special object to keep the Irish in America bound together by the memories of their common past, and to preserve and increase that manly self-respect which would elevate them before their fellow-citizens and keep them from political degradation. "To make them good citizens of their adopted country, lovers of the old cradleland of their race, and devoted adherents to Catholicity—these were the ends and aims visible on every page of the "American Celt" during McGee's editorship." In those years of conflict with fanaticism and prejudice, so rife at that period in Boston and other eastern cities, McGee realized that

"Two things alone in life we can call ours,
The Holy Cross and love of Native Land;
Not all earth's envy, nor the infernal powers,
Can make us poor, with these on either hand."

In 1857 McGee, yielding to the persuasion of friends, who felt that he would find in Canada a more favorable field for the prosecution of his life's aim, sold his interest in "The American Celt" and removed to Montreal. Here he began the publication of "The New Era," devoted to the elevation of his own people and to the defense of his faith, its laws and its

institutions. Before the end of his first year's residence in Montreal he was returned as a member of the Canadian Parliament. Afterwards, in the face of opposition from the English, Scotch and Irish Protestant electors, he was returned for the fifth time—on three occasions by acclamation. On one occasion, when he was twitted by his opponents with having been a rebel in former years, McGee calmly replied: "It is true I was a rebel in Ireland in '48. I rebelled against the misgovernment of my country by Russell and his school. I rebelled because I saw my countrymen starving before my eyes, while my country had her trade and commerce stolen from her. I rebelled against the church establishment in Ireland; and there is not a Liberal in this community who would not have done as I did, if he were placed in my position and followed the dictates of humanity."

"The London Athenaeum," speaking of Canadian poetry during the lifetime of our author, says: "They have one true poet within their borders—that is T. D. McGee. In his younger days the principle of rebellion inspired him with stately verse; let us hope that the conservative principles of his more mature years will yield many a noble song in his new country." The hope was not in vain. McGee stood forth as the life and light of the Canadian Legislature, already distinguished for eminent men and able statesmen. Such a career might well find expression in noble song, when the duties of the statesman gave way to the recreations of the poet.

In his Parliamentary career he came to be regarded as the great Catholic Irishman of Canada. The settlement of the Ottawa Valley by Irish Catholics, a work which he achieved while Minister of Agriculture and Immigration, is a practical illustration of his efforts on behalf of his compatriots. Although his public career in Canada was comparatively brief, he made many friends amongst those who had been most prejudiced against the Catholic faith. Nevertheless, he made bitter enemies among the Radicals for opposing the

Fenian Invasion as unwise and inopportune, and his utterances were interpreted as a threat to denounce the leaders by name, if they persisted. The fanaticism thus provoked made him the victim of its vengeance. In April, 1868, during the Parliamentary Sessions at Ottawa, he had just delivered one of his noblest orations in advocacy of cementing the union of the Provinces by mutual good will, and on his return to his lodgings he was shot by a fanatical assassin. While those in sympathy with the Fenian Movement saw in McGee's opposition only a betrayal of the Irish Cause, nevertheless, by his tragic death, the Irish in America lost one of their warmest defenders on this side of the Atlantic.

To his genius does Canada owe her present solidarity as a Dominion by the union of her Provinces. It was in his fertile brain that the project of their federation originated, although it was carried forward to accomplishment by others. He modestly stepped aside and allowed the credit of the scheme to be given to others, yet his best efforts of brain, tongue and pen were devoted to its success. In this union of the Provinces McGee saw the possibilities the future held for Canada, especially as the adopted home of thousands of his countrymen—exiles through the pressure of misgovernment or dire necessity, if not, as in his own case, the victims of unjust penal laws.

His achievements as statesman, orator and poet have added no small measure to the glory won by Canada's sons, native-born or adopted; yet, strangely enough, in the "Anthologies of Canadian Verse," issued in recent years, the works of Thomas D'Arcy McGee find scant place, if any. The cause is not far to seek. McGee was an Irish Catholic patriot, thoroughly loyal to the land of his adoption; on the other hand, the sympathies of the Anthologists were not responsive to the same appeals as those which influenced the poet to whom they have given such slight recognition. But whether justice be, or be not, done to the memory of McGee by the present generation, his works remain to awaken admiration and enthusiasm

in the hearts of all who are in sympathy with Ireland's cause, and, in particular, in the hearts of Irish-Canadians, no matter what their creed may be.

Although brilliant success marked his efforts in his public capacity, neither public life nor politics had been of McGee's own seeking. Literature would have been his choice, but by force of circumstances, and his own desire to aid his countrymen, he was involved in the troubled career which ended so tragically. At the very time of his death he was engaged on an essay: "Oliver Plunkett, Archbishop and Martyr." He had, a short time previously, completed his *History of Ireland*, which probably is his best work. McGee was the first to work up the crude materials of our history in his "Catholic History of America," and the first to point out what the American Republic owes to Ireland in "Irish Settlers in America." Apart from journalistic work, the list of McGee's writings includes, in addition to those already mentioned, "O'Connell and His Friends," "Irish Writers of the 17th Century," "Life of Dr. McGinnis," "Attempts to Establish Reformation in Ireland" and "Poems," edited by Mrs. Sadlier, of Montreal, in 1869.

The critic who is seeking the finer and more subtle graces of poetry may experience a sense of disappointment on reading many of McGee's poems on account of their deficiency in that respect; but if he be one who values lyric expression less for its stylistic quality than for its simple, heartfelt spontaneity, its lofty ideals and its origin in a high enthusiasm, he will rest satisfied that these verses, on the whole, are genuine poetry. The measures may not satisfy the ear of the fastidious, yet they possess the lyric quality in a remarkable degree and a rhythm that is always "true to the Celtic ear." They never fail in the essential quality of deep and fervent feeling. Throughout they reveal the inspiration of that intense love for and unswerving devotion to the "Cause of holy Ireland," which was his. His emotion is genuine, for it sprang from a heart that had felt and had seen others feel. He had seen and had

shared in the sufferings of his countrymen—poverty, persecution and exile. His noblest poems are those which treat of historic and patriotic themes. In them are blended reverence for what is old and venerable, appreciation of the good and of the beautiful, "patriot grief and patriot pride," expressed often in terms of delicate fancy.

"Three things stand: Throughout our borders still the Gaelic race is found,
Manly stem and lovely blossom flourish on the ancient ground,
And the dear faith of our fathers—rooted deep as Danaan Mound.

Such the changing thoughts that found me . . .
Past and present, hope and solace, patriot grief and patriot pride."

—(Ballad of Bannow).

"The Legend of Croagh Patrick," "Ireland of the Druids," "Ossian's Celts," "The Gobhan Sear," "Earl Desmond's Apology," "The River Boyne," "The Midnight Mass"—these are a few of the many poems in which he dwells on Erin's early glory—a theme of which he never wearies:

"Oh, blame me not, if I love to dwell
On Erin's early glory;
Oh, blame not, if too oft I tell
The same inspiring story."

In the poem, "O'Donnell in Spain," the yearning heart of the exile throbs:

"Oh happy is the beaten bird that from the billowy west,
At fall of eve, can still return, in Erin, to her nest;
Oh happy is the fond sea-wave, that, when the storm doth cease,
Can fling itself at Erin's feet, and breathe its last in peace!"

The anguish of his heart at witnessing the desolation wrought by misgovernment finds utterance in the poems on the famine in Ireland and on the emigration to America; yet, even in

the midst of his grief, his pride finds voice, as in "The Desserted Chapel":

"Ireland of the Holy Islands!
Girded round with misty highlands!
.
God be praised for Ireland's beauty!
Such a Mother as He gave us!"

McGee's pride in Ireland's ancient glory is very evident in "The Harp of King Brian," "The Battle of Clontarf" and other poems. A stanza from "The Battle of Clontarf" will suffice to illustrate the stirring measures which are in keeping with the theme:

"Clontarf! a sea of blood
Rushes purple from the shore,
And the billow's rising flood
Is impelled by waves of gore,
That fling a sanguine blush o'er the tide—
We have drawn the sacred sword
Of green Erin and the Lord,
And have crushed the sea-king's horde
In their pride."

In these historic poems, the past becomes a vivid present, in which we see:

"Spirits of heroes, of saints and of sages,
Glowing with life in thy bright colored pages,
O gifted McGee!"

Among the "Poems of the Affections," there are many of touching pathos and beauty, such as "The Parting from Ireland," the poems "To Mary in Ireland" and "Memories."

"I left two loves on a distant strand,
One young, and fond, and fair and bland;
One fair, and old, and sadly grand,—
My wedded wife and my native land.
One tarrieth sad and seriously
Beneath the roof that mine should be;
One sitteth sibyl-like by the sea,
Chanting a grave song mournfully."

Throughout this section of his poems, the prevailing note is one of tender sadness—the yearning of the exile for home and friends, the

regret for vanished hopes—but withal, a manly strength, a loving trust in God's Providence and a hope for the future. The optimism of the Celt is by no means absent, nor is the humor that "smiles through the tears." At intervals, lyrics of a lighter vein—ballads, legends, folk-songs—relieve the seriousness.

His obituary or commemorative poems, as "The Dead Antiquary," "Eugene O'Curry," "Gerald Griffin," and others commemorating eminent Irishmen, possess a lofty and majestic dignity. "Requiem Aeternam," written one month before his death, suggests the "Dies Irae" in the march of its stately rhythm and the solemnity of its appeal:

"Mighty our Holy Church's will
To shield her 'parting souls from ill;
Jealous of Death, she guards them still—
Miserere, Domine!

"The dearest friend will turn away,
And leave the clay to keep the clay;
Ever and ever she will stay—
Miserere, Domine!

"Friend of my soul, farewell to thee,
Thy truth, thy trust, thy chivalry!
As thine, so may my last end be!
Miserere, Domine!"

"The Dublin Nation," (1857), in an article on "True Poetry and How It Has Been Appreciated," pays this tribute to McGee's poetry: "Perhaps the poetic recreations of T. D. McGee, taken as a whole, are the most intensely Irish verses which have been as yet contributed to our literature. Not one, not even Davis, seems to have absorbed the spirit of Irish history so thoroughly into mind and heart as McGee; nor can any more melancholy proof be given of the decay of national spirit than the fact that these poems, the composition of which has been a labor of love to him—exile as he is—remain uncollected. We might search in vain even through the numberless volumes of English poems and lyrics for any that equal, in their passion, force, and beauty, his verses

entitled 'The War,' 'The Celt's Salutation,' 'Sebastian Cabot to His Lady,' and many others."

As if some premonition of an early doom had visited the poet's soul, during the last few years of his life his themes were those of Religion and Eternity, and his deep faith finds expression in such poems as "The Midnight Mass," "Christmas Morn," "Soldier, Make Your Sword Your Cross!" and "Shrines on the Shore."

The following is an excerpt from an eloquent tribute, penned by Mr. J. J. Clarke, Q.C., of Montreal, whose eulogy is but one of the many offered in memory of the lamented poet: "Far away from that glorious but unhappy Isle, where he dreamt away the bright, fleeting hours of his childhood,—far away from the home of his dearest hopes and aspirations . . . in the New World, the land of his adoption, high up on the side of Mount Royal . . . overlooking the fair city of Montreal—where his voice was the most potent, his smile the most friendly, his influence in all that was most noble, patriotic and good was most felt,—sleeps the historian, the best and truest friend and counsellor of the Irish race in America. His grave is bedewed by a Nation's heart, his name and fame shall cast lustre on the pages of her history, and his life-labor stand forth as an example worthy of emulation to future millions."

The following lines were written by an American clergyman on hearing of McGee's death:

"Dark is the house of our fathers, O brother,
Fast fall the tears of its inmates for thee—
Grief-stricken man his emotions may smother,
But loud is the wail of the wife and the
mother,—
Loved D'Arcy McGee!

"Sadly the Muses thy loss are bewailing,
Sighing in chorus the sad dirge,—ah, me!
Life's golden sunset in darkness is paling—
Death, thy bright name with his shadows is
veiling—
Lost D'Arcy McGee!

"Lo! the great dead of the long-buried ages,
Thronging innumerable, moan over thee;
Spirits of heroes, of saints and of sages—
Glowing with life in thy bright-pictured pages,
O gifted McGee!

"Thousands, the wide world o'er, who with
gladness
Spell-bound, enraptured, erst listened to thee,
Silver-tongued orator! now in deep sadness,
Horror-struck, gaze on the dark deed of mad-
ness,
O martyred McGee!

"Poet, historian, the Forum's bright glory—
Light lie the sod, noble D'Arcy! on thee!
Blest be thy name, till the ages are hoary—
Honored, oft-uttered in prayer, song and
story,
O deathless McGee!"

M. ATHANASIA, I.B.V.M.

Hymn to the Little Flower

O Little Flower who solved the mysteries
Of life and time, who saw beyond the clouds
The majesty, the beauty that enshrouds
The Godhead, whom your name now glorifies,
Help us, O child of faith, God's will to praise,
And strengthen our belief in all His ways.

O Little Flower who trusted in the Lord
And saw beyond the trials of this life,—
Beyond the longings and the daily strife,
The vision fair of the Incarnate Word,
Help us, O child of hope, to see the light,
Even when heavy shadows dim our sight.

O Little Flower who gave your heart to God
In life's sweet prime, who saw beyond this
earth

A Spouse awaiting you, of Kingly birth,
Who royal road to Calv'ry meekly trod,
Help us, O child of love, forevermore,
Jesus to love and serve and to adore!

DOROTHY B.



LATIN PLAYS FROM BEHIND THE SCENES

ORBILIUS of flogging fame, laid away to rest this many a year in Horace's epistle, where only the rare footfall of the student of Second Year Classics comes to break his sleep, received a rude summons to flourish his rod once more on the Nones of February at Loretto College in the Year of Grace 1923. Hastily gathering about him his likeliest pupils, he strove to drill them as of yore for a "visiting day." Cicero, Caesar, Lucullus, Appius Claudius, Quintus Hortensius, Clodius Pulcher, and even Catiline responded the first day to the roll call, despite the counter attractions of the Campus Martius and the palaestra Liliae Massae. The schoolmaster was distinctly pleased and felt that with such enthusiasm, a couple of weeks would suffice to

prepare the "impromptu" programme. The next day, however, Cicero complained of a "gravedo frigida," as did also Lucullus, Clodius Pulcher and several others. Even Caesar was shaken with a "frequens tussis" which seclusion and an infusion of nettles failed to expel.

In vain did Orbilius, ranging his class-room amidst the prostrate forms of his discipuli, exhort them to hold out, for the honour of magister and schola. In vain did he remind them of the expected presence of the praefectus provinciae. Some openly declared for a general mutiny, others preferred to retire quietly to their Sabine farms on the suburban hills of Hamilton and Guelph. Plainly a pestis had broken out and was devastating the city. In

vain did Orbilius, in his desperate state, long for a decree of the Senate to forbid all such educational exhibits. No decree came, and he knew full well that, though all the orders without distinction might be smitten, the *præfectus* and *præfecta*, specially favoured by the gods, would not fail to be present.

Struggling manfully against the fatal *pestis* himself, many a time and oft did he sigh: "Utinam! I were once more two handfuls of dust shut up in a Horatian hexameter, or, better still, had never taught that graceless youth at all. Little did I dream that I could not wholly die, so long as there existed one surviving student of Second Year Classics. I had hoped for the total extinction of that species, but now that Freshmen of the general course at Loretto have begun to take an unholy interest in me, I know not where it will end." While thus he made his plaint the fatal evening was drawing on apace.

But worse still was the plight of Tullia. She had been summoned from the shades to wed once more with Piso for the benefit of Toronto. Picturing to herself the feverish impatience of a Toronto audience awaiting a Roman wedding, particularly if done in the vernacular of Cicero (to which this people is greatly addicted) she bounded across the Styx, bringing with her the bridegroom and other requisites for the nuptial ceremony. But, alas! The *pestis* was awaiting them. The course of true love never did run smooth, but never was anything like its behaviour to this star-crossed pair. When the bride was present, the bridegroom was lacking. Day after day the bride would be married by proxy. Again, the marriage would be performed without either of the contracting parties. On a few joyful occasions they reached the altar, only

to be baffled by an absentee priest. Once they were baulked by the *juris consult*, while Piso consumed two mothers-in-law in the space of a week.

Such was the posture of affairs *pridie ejus diei*. All were resigning themselves to the prospect of "mained rites," when early next morning a whisper circled about that *Aesculapius* had called during the night, and that everybody was up! Joy on the harrowed visage of Orbilius! Smiles wreathing the blushing countenance of Tullia!

In due time the *præfectus* and *præfecta* arrived with a few survivors from the pestilence. What booted it to us that the Uganda Missions reaped but a scanty harvest? By this time we had completely lost interest in the world beyond the footlights—the *præfectus* and *præfecta* always excepted.

What need to tell of Orbilius' dignity in his role of schoolmaster or the brilliancy of his scholars, or how gently he laid on to the recreant back of Catiline, "more et exemplo populi Romani,"—just to sustain his "plagosus" reputation; how Antony and Brutus and Pompey "spoke pieces" anent the Three Wise Men of Gotham, the classic ascent of Jack and Jill, or Jacobulus Horner's adventure with the Pie; of Lucullus' highly dramatic rendering of the Porculus who betook himself to the Forum; how Cicero and Caesar delivered orations—non sine sale; or how the fair Tullia was carried off with show of violence; or of the lictors, the flamens, the sacrifices; the eloquence of Cicero père, and the boyish tricks of Cicero fils. If you were there you know, and if you were not, you don't care. But perhaps you really would like to know what we said in private after the "*plaudite cives!*"—*C'est notre secret à nous*.

L. des E.



MAY 24 — A PIC-NIC

A long time ago this was the home of a giant. I do not know much about him, but he must have been a very hungry giant, for the whole hillside is full of bites and nibbles. One day when he had been for a grand excursion, jumping from rock to rock, down by the water-side, he came to the top of the hill to rest and enjoy the view, and as he leaned on his elbows—well shaded by a big tree—looking over the edge, he got so hungry that he took a big bite out of the side right at the top. Now, after so many years, it makes a green, snug resting place in which to sit and think about “nothing in particular.”

It is not spring, nor summer, nor any definite season or time, certainly not Empire Day, that is so serious, and this is not a bit serious. It is all light, long shadows and tall grass which the breeze blows down, down, down till the violets peep out and little white flowers with rose-striped hearts nod their greetings to the friendly dandelions.

Right down below is the water, so still that one could scarcely believe it was moving except for a little quiver right in the centre, and the distant roar it makes falling over the dam. It is rocky there and the water bubbles, and foams and makes a grand to-do. But can you blame it? It was winding along peacefully between steep rocks and grassy slopes, watering the banks and beautifying the land-

scape, when all of a sudden, crash! it falls over an obstruction that some old miller deliberately placed in its way. No wonder it seethes and boils in righteous indignation.

But here the water is quite quiet in a dark green frock, with hem of black, cobwebby lace. For evening wear, the fairies will throw over this a fine veil of black, gold-spangled chiffon, but we cannot stay to watch for that.

There are trees, too, lovely silver birches and shady, sweet-smelling cedars, among which run paths winding in and out, and scrambling over old grey, moss-covered stumps and rocks in whose crevices grow the palest violets, the most fascinating fungi and curly, wavy ferns, all reflected in the soft, cool light that filters through the tree tops. Then back we follow the windings to this hollowed hilltop and tea

Soon there is a nice, crackling fire on which the kettle splutters with the wrath that our giant must surely feel on seeing so beautiful a spot desecrated by the plebian operation of making tea. Really I should not be a bit surprised to see him come stumping around the corner to turn us out. But on second thought, after a day of this gorgeous fresh air, he would probably feel far more like joining us, especially since, as I remarked before, he was a very hungry giant.

NORAH STOREY, 2TG.

THE RETURN

SAINTE GENEVIEVE was a little village in the north of France, showing in its richly decorated church and picturesque, gabled houses the hand and spirit of an earlier century. Round about lay its compact little fields yielding plentiful harvest and smiling beneath the calm sunshine in gracious promise of prosperity. Beyond was the world, great, powerful and ambitious, leaving far behind, in its triumphant march down the highway of Time, Sainte Genevieve, secluded and forgotten.

And what a peaceful, complacent little village it was, where none were wealthy, but all were prosperous! What an atmosphere of cleanliness and well-ordered quiet seemed to hover around the quaint old houses! As well it might, for what speck of dust or cobweb could withstand the broom and sand and soapsuds with which each ardent house-wife waged relentless war? Those dark banners of sloth and neglect dare not appear within miles of so thrifty a community.

The house of Pierre Mercadier was one of the largest in the village. Like its neighbours it was a very old structure and it had belonged to the Mercadiers for many generations, in fact so many that no one was quite certain as to which were in the village first—the Mercadiers or the Mercadiers' house.

Its present owner, Pierre, was a lively little man who had inherited from his mother some of her southern quickness and vivacity in striking contrast to his solid Flemish compatriots. Pierre was married and had two small children, prodigies of youthful intelligence and precocity. At least so thought their father, and surely in such a case he would be the most competent judge.

Françoise, his wife, was a busy woman who rejoiced in the knowledge that in her house the

wood-work was a little darker and glossier, the linen a little smoother and finer, the flagged floors a little whiter and the rows of pots and pans a little brighter, than in any other in the village.

The house-wives of Sainte Genevieve all admitted this, and, on looking complacently about their own apostles' domiciles, declared it was a wonderful reputation for so young a woman as Madame Mercadier, and generally manoeuvred their conversations on this important topic so as to be strictly impartial to Françoise and a little complimentary to themselves. Such is feminine wisdom!

Then one day, without rumour or warning, the war broke out and this peaceful competition was lost and forgotten in the greater rivalry of nations. Sainte Genevieve was filled with a strange new life. Soldiers marched through in long, dusty lines on their way to battle, singing and cheering, and the men in the village, of military age, left the harvest-fields to join the army. Pierre was one of these and as the day of departure arrived, sadness and tremulous anxiety settled on the little household. Françoise packed his knapsack with the dainties baked the night before, into which, all unwittingly, the poor little wife had mixed tears along with the other ingredients. Pierre, endeavouring, in a great glow of patriotic fervour, to console her as best he could, by treating the war as a mere nothing, a matter of as slight importance as the snapping of the finger, gathered up his belongings, slung his rifle over his shoulder, bade his family an affectionate adieu, and marched off with the rest, singing *La Marseillaise* with amazing spirit and vowing vengeance on the foe.

Five years passed and the war was over. A death-like peace reigned over the scarred

battle-fields of Europe. War, like the fire-breathing dragon of the legends, having spread destruction far and wide, had once more hid himself and the leaders of the nations were gathered together debating as to their strength to keep the monster confined to his lair, or if indeed they must await some fairie champion wiser and braver than themselves to lay him low forever.

It was early spring, but there were as yet no signs of returning life. And either side of the road leading to Sainte Genevieve the fields lay brown and sodden. The air was cold and damp, the cheerless sky gray with clouds. But so desolate was the scene, so torn and broken the trees, so bare the fields, that no winter of even Arctic duration could have made this barren desert. All about were the signs of the grim passage of war.

Along the road briskly marched two soldiers whose shabby uniforms declared them no strangers to hardship. One was no other than our friend Pierre, after five years of hard fighting, as lively as ever. The other was Robert Stanley, a private of the Canadian Army, who had not as yet returned home because a famous French "médecin" had held out the hope that it might still be possible to heal the injured arm declared by the hospital authorities to be incurable.

The two comrades enlivened their dreary tramp with conversation carried on, it might be mentioned, in a somewhat peculiar manner. Each clung tenaciously to his native tongue, but in some mysterious soldier-fashion they contrived to understand each other perfectly.

Pierre was rattling on, with great animation and many gestures of his half-formed, nebulous plans for the future.

After anxious searching he had discovered his family, who had weathered the conflict in one of the larger towns outside the immediate war-zone, and now that the first enthusiastic reunion was over (during which Pierre had embraced his family collectively and individually at least twenty times), a whim had seized him to return to Sainte Genevieve and see what had

become of his home. Robert was not a talkative person and usually permitted his friend to chatter without interruption, but on the present occasion the selfish man was more interested in his bandaged arm than all the families in Christendom and could not forbear explaining to the impatient Pierre that the "Sawbones," for whom despite the irreverent term, he entertained the deepest admiration, had pronounced him practically cured and in another week he would defy the swiftest ocean-liner to bear him fast enough to Canada.

Together they trudged along, and quite suddenly, on reaching the crest of a little rise of ground, their destination came in sight. Before them lay Sainte Genevieve, a confused and shapeless mass of ruins.

War had wrought sad havoc in the once prim French village. The narrow streets were blocked with fallen masonry, the walls of roofless houses stood straight and grim against the sky with jagged outlines and great rents made by the passage of shells. Here a fire had broken out and left blackened walls and staring windows; there giant explosives had demolished a dwelling, leaving erect only the more strongly-built chimney-piece in shape, rudely triangular. On all sides the rough hand of war had wantonly levelled the buildings into heaps of bricks and twisted frame-work, as a child petulantly topples over his mimic house of wooden blocks. Between broken walls were great chasms leading into cellar-ways and basements filled with broken timber, bricks and plaster in the midst of which could be distinguished fragments of household furniture—the legs of an upturned table, a child's toy, a once handsome bedstead, an avalanche of broken dishes issuing from an overturned cupboard.

It was a miserable scene and as Pierre, closely followed by his friend, picked his way over the piles of rubbish, his light-hearted volubility deserted him. He became silent, his shoulders drooped beneath his ragged coat, his gait became halting and uncertain, and he looked about him in a dazed and helpless fashion as if endeavouring to recognize in the chaos and

ruin about him the calm and orderly homes of Sainte Genevieve.

They passed the church; it too had shared the fate of the village. It was there Pierre had been baptized and had attended Mass from his earliest years. It was at its altar he had been married. He passed and looked at it, sad but wordless. Finally they stood before a house which seemed too like the others to be distinguishable from them. But the poor Pierre knew it immediately. He turned to Robert.

"It is my home," he said simply. Robert had been deeply touched during their progress through the ruins. He had passed through many such villages, but never with one, like Pierre, who saw in the wreck and destruction the familiar scenes and landmarks among which he had hitherto spent his life. The taciturn Robert could not put into words the sympathy he felt, nor did Pierre expect it. His whole attention seemed riveted on the wreckage of his most cherished possession. He was no longer the reckless, talkative soldier, but the quiet, tradition-loving villageois who had obeyed the hereditary impulse to return to the home of his ancestors—and this was what awaited him. There in the confusion of fallen beams and crumbled plaster, he recognized the shattered remains of his household goods. It was a sight that would have broken Françoise's heart, and to Pierre it was little short of tragedy. Large tears rolled unheeded down his cheeks and dropped onto his rough coat as he poked about the rubbish in a half-distracted, ineffectual fashion.

"See," he cried partly to himself, for he had forgotten Robert's presence, "the chair in which grandpère used to sit and here is Jeanette's cradle. This must be the old spinning wheel—all broken—all ruined. They have left not a thing—my home—my poor village!" he cried in a perfect flood of grief and misery.

He was leaning over a mound of broken, greenish pieces of china and rusted scraps of metal—the crushed remains of one of those porcelain stoves—delicately tinted and gilt-ornamented, that are held in such high favour

in the countries of Northern Europe—and on recovering somewhat from his outburst, he once more took up the dreary category of his ruined possessions.

"Alas, this also—the fine porcelain stove that came from Germany. So! from Germany! It is—well, it is fitting that they should break that!"

So saying, Pierre gave the rubbish of such abhorred origin a vindictive kick and commenced a perusal of the walls above. The plaster had been broken away by the shock of the explosives that had destroyed the rest of the dwelling, and it could now be seen that the aperture for the passage of the pipe had been enlarged by the removal of several bricks. In this narrow space lay a small metal box. Pierre thrust his hand forward and examined this minutely. He repeated this manoeuvre several times with an expression of deepest perplexity. Then pushing his cap on the back of his head, he stood staring, with arms akimbo and the traces of tears still about his cheeks, for all the world like an amazed child.

"Mon Dieu! Is it possible? Can it be! It must be!" and with this lucid statement he drew forth the box.

At this juncture Robert, who was standing at a little distance, felt constrained to draw near and look over Pierre's shoulder. On being opened, the box disclosed two smaller boxes. One contained a considerable number of franc pieces bearing the head of Napoleon III., and in the other was a quantity of massive gold ornaments such as French peasant women are accustomed to wear on holidays and great occasions.

Pierre regarded them solemnly, "Ah! It is!"

"Is what?" asked Robert, whose patience was thoroughly exhausted by Pierre's cabalistic expressions.

"Violà!" said Pierre with an explanatory gesture, "it is the gold hidden by grandpère at the time of the Franco-Prussian War. There was then a great invasion of Germans and my mother has often told me that before they fled grandpère rose secretly in the night and hid

the valuables. On their return my parents sought high and low, but could find no trace of them."

"Why did they not ask grandpère?" suggested Robert, who was of a practical turn of mind.

"But he had died during the flight, how could they?" asked Pierre.

Robert admitted the impossibility of such a step and his companion proceeded.

"I remember when I was only a little one the endless search they made—in the garden, under the flag-stones, among the rafters, but we never thought of the chimney. How strange that it should turn up at such a time!

"I think," said Robert, "it could not have turned up at a better."

Pierre looked at the box and nodded. The once prosperous farmer of Ste. Genevieve was in that flourishing condition no longer.

"Certainly," said Robert, venturing on another hopeful remark—"everything is all right, for now you can build another house."

"What!" cried Pierre in a sudden and unaccountable outburst of fury. "What is it that you so coolly talk about, as if I could ever build such another house, so old, so fine, so strong! What would you have me put up—an American house—thin boards pasted together at the corners like Madame's hat-box? Never! Ste. Genevieve is gone forever. I will never return. Let us go—immediately."

As the two soldiers left the desolate Ste. Genevieve to the silence and approaching night and slowly ascended the little hill by which they had come, their ears were assailed by strains of melancholy music. They looked at one another in surprise, and hurried forward to discover the origin of the sad notes. Round a bend in the road they came upon a soldier seated on a tree-stump and meditatively playing a mouth-organ. He was a long, lanky man—his arms were long, his legs were long, his fingers were long, his face was long, his very hair was long.

"Ah!" said Pierre, "it is Monsieur le Philosophe."

Monsieur le Philosophe, otherwise Alexis Dobbin, was a soldier of the English Army, and even in so varied a collection of individuals as the Allied forces, he was considered by his acquaintances to stand alone. He had been a quiet, unobtrusive man to whom no one paid much attention until one day, during a German bombardment, an officer retreating with more haste than dignity to his dug-out, bumped into Dobbin, who, seated on an old box, was placidly reading from a little leather-covered book. The contact brought the officer into such close proximity to Dobbin that he discovered the leather-covered book was not, as he had at first suspected, a prayer-book, but nothing less than a copy of Dante's *Inferno*. This fact struck him as so very peculiar that he later declared at the time he had sincerely considered either one or both of them to have gone crazy.

"The shells were falling round as thick as hail and I was sprinting for shelter when what should I run up against but this queer chap reading Dante's *Inferno*."

"Well, it was appropriate under the circumstances," said a wag who was present.

The officer was not a quick thinker, but he turned this over in his mind carefully.

"Well," he said, "perhaps it was appropriate, but, don't you know, it was rather unnecessary."

The outcome of all this was that Dobbin was regarded, to his intense satisfaction, as a person of calm and stoical disposition, a gentleman of philosophical tendencies and any little eccentricity on his part was considered only as a proof of the greatness of his mind. Thus it was that neither Pierre nor Robert expressed any surprise on beholding Dobbin seated like a peculiarly long and begubrious Muse of Tragedy playing mournful ditties near the site of the ruined village.

After the usual greetings had been exchanged, Dobbin called attention to the village below.

"Burg pretty badly smashed up. Eh, what?"

Robert had made an attempt to forestall

any reference to a subject which he had already observed aroused such strong emotions in Pierre, but the remark was out before he could prevent it. Pierre, however, seemed to have gained a certain degree of calmness in being removed from the immediate scene of his family's misfortune.

"It is where my home was," he explained.

"What a calamity! I am truly very sorry for you," said Dobbin with a certain amount of simplicity. "You of the north of France, also in Belgium and the Netherlands, always seem to suffer most from these wars."

"What you say is very true, Monsieur. In this part of the country we have had more than our share of invasion and trouble. Just to-day I found in the ruins of my home money and a few valuables that my grandfather had buried during the invasion of 1870."

"Yes, Dobbin, that's a fact," said Robert, "and don't you think Mercadier a lucky fellow? At the same time he returns to find his house and property destroyed he also finds a nice little nest-egg tucked away in the ruins to help him build it up again."

"Build it up again?" cried Pierre, who seemed determined to fly into a rage at every remark poor Robert made. "Ugh! the very sight of that poor village is horrible to me. It is like a grave-yard—no, worse—like a grave-yard without the bones buried—a charnel house. What, build it up again?" And the next fine army that comes marching by—and what happens! Biff! Bang! All rifled, looted and destroyed."

Pierre waved his hands in a gesture expressive of the devastation that presented itself so forcibly to his lively imagination.

"What a crazy notion, Pierre," interposed Robert, mildly. "What army do you suppose is going to come rampaging across the country? What did we fight this war for if it wasn't to stop war once and for all time? I tell you the Peace Conference and the League of Nations they are talking about will make war in the future an impossibility."

"Do you really believe that?" asked Dob-

bin, rising to his feet, stretching his long limbs and filling a stubby pipe with tobacco.

"Well, what do you suppose I enlisted for? It wasn't for the pleasure of standing in a muddy trench in danger of having my head blown off."

"Humph!" ejaculated Dobbin. "Well, Mr. Stanley, it is my opinion you are going to be a bit disappointed. After the war there will be leagues and conferences by the dozen and treaties and ententes by the gross, and after that—" He paused, obviously to take a pull at his pipe, possibly from a sense of the dramatic.

"What?" said Pierre, who was listening with great interest.

"After that they will start fighting all over again."

"Well, if that's your idea of it," said Robert in great disgust, "why in the name of common sense did you enter the war?"

"Because," said Dobbin, "I am a fatalist."

As this, to Robert's mind, threw no light on the subject, he withdrew from the conversation with increased disgust, and commenced whittling a stick, muttering something under his breath which, it is regrettable to relate, sounded very much like "humbug."

Dobbin, not at all abashed by this behaviour, proceeded to address his theorizing to Pierre, who proved a much more respectful listener.

"Our friend here appears somewhat set in his opinions. His views are charming, very charming, but quite idealistic. For myself," he continued modestly, "I do not presume to state myself positively on such matters, but I hold certain opinions, opinions which I may add, I have deduced from such observations and study as, in my humble capacity, I have been able to make."

Pierre raised his hand as if to protest against such self-disparagement. "Pardon, Monsieur. I have heard that you express yourself with great skill on this subject. I wait with eagerness to hear what you have to say."

Monsieur le Philosophie appeared to beam throughout his entire lank frame at these

words, and now devoted his attention wholly to this appreciative audience.

"Mr. Stanley, here, thinks that wars are a thing of the past. Perhaps he has the optimism of the new country from which he comes—Canada. I believe that war is part of the life of a nation just as birth and death are part of the human life. I consider that it is not altogether impossible, but highly improbable, that the pursuit of war between nations should be entirely exterminated. Take Europe, for instance, and look at its history from the earliest times—Rome—even more ancient—Greece. Is it not almost entirely a history of wars?"

"I believe so," answered Pierre, whose knowledge of Ancient History was not of the clearest and most accurate nature.

"Wars in Europe are merely the natural outcome of numerous political divisions and numerous nationalities. Do you think, Monsieur Mercadier, that two nations so mutually antagonistic as France and Germany, having fought in the past despite leagues and treaties, will not continue to fight in the future despite further leagues and treaties?"

"No," said Pierre, briefly, while his glance wandered in the direction of the village.

"Europe is old in political intrigues. For its size it is divided into numerous states and monarchies, which ever since the dawn of their histories have individually been striving to preserve their identity in the face of stronger nations, and exert their supremacy over weaker nations. When a number of strong and divers personalities are brought into contact there is certain to be a considerable amount of disagreeing and trouble. So when different nations live in close contact there are certain to be periods of war and strife. To reduce the nations of Europe to a common way of thinking and common sentiments, it would be necessary to wipe out the present population and introduce a new race. But the New World from which our idealistic and optimistic friend comes is a different matter. When I said that continuous peace was not entirely impossible I was thinking of it. The continent of North

America consists mainly of two great states of a common language and nationality. The continent of South America is very similar. Now, seeing that the most important countries in this portion of the world have many aims and ideals in common and the people of these countries in general hold war in disfavour, it is not difficult to imagine them fixing some mode of arbitration for settling their own difficulties and by their power and influence keeping the smaller states at peace. As to the danger of their becoming involved in European wars it is impossible to say whether a suitable solution could be found for that problem or not.

"But my good Pierre, the Old World is indeed growing old and its civilization with it, and war is a habit which it cannot now break away from."

"Enough!" cried Pierre, literally jumping up and down in great excitement. "What you say is true. There is no peace in this country. I have considered the matter carefully while you were speaking and I have now decided I will take my family and go to Canada immediately. Do you hear, my friend?" he said, turning to Robert. "I am going to accompany you to Canada."

"What!" exclaimed Robert. He had been paying no attention to the conversation between Dobbin and Pierre—indeed his thoughts inspired by anger had turned towards a certain café he knew, famed both for the cheapness and excellence of its fare. Therefore, at this sudden statement of Pierre's he could only stare at him and exclaim in amazement "What?"

"I am going to move with my family to Canada," he explained. "I am tired of wars and bombardments. I will now try my fortune in the New World."

"Well," said Robert, turning towards Dobbin in great wrath, "See what you've done with your talk and nonsense. A nice set of ideas you've put into this excitable fellow's head! Send him tearing off to Canada with his family and there they can starve or go to the poor-house. I tell you, Pierre, don't be foolish;

you can't go off to a new country like that. You'd better stay here where you know the people and their customs and you can build your house and do your farming after your own fashion."

"No," said Pierre, with such emphasis that Robert jumped. "I can learn new customs and new ways of farming. Do you take me for a fool? And, Monsieur, let me assure you, Pierre Mercadier and his family are not paupers yet. I have here sufficient money—yes, capital—to establish myself in a new country." And he waved his hand grandly towards the rough box he had deposited beside him. "Come, my comrade," he continued, noticing the distressed appearance of the unhappy Robert, "we have been through much together. Let us not quarrel. It was a happy thought of mine—that of going to Canada, and presently you will come to think of it as I do."

"Mercadier has come to a logical and natural decision," said Dobbin. "I protest, Mr. Stanley, that I have not done or said anything to influence him. We were merely speaking on matters of international interest when Monsieur decided upon his future course, somewhat hastily, I admit, but that seems to be his nature. Well, gentlemen, it is growing late and we must be on our several ways. Let us shake hands and wish each other good luck."

This they proceeded to do, somewhat silently, for both Robert and Dobbin felt that their parting with their queer friend would be a long one. Dobbin slung his knapsack over his shoulder and knocked the ashes out of his pipe. "Life is rather a queer experience, I have discovered. But many of the so-called tricks of fate are nothing but the whims of man himself. We part now as allies, but who knows but that we may yet live to fight each other."

With this cheerful and consoling remark he left them, and presently they heard him

playing "The Three Fishermen" on the mouth-organ with considerable feeling and expression.

Pierre did come to Canada and bought a small farm out on the prairies of Alberta, and Fortune is already beginning to smile propitiously on the efforts of that indomitable little soldier. To Pierre Canada is a source of endless wonder. He had never formerly imagined that the natural features of a country could be on such a large scale. He entered the country by a mighty river. On his journey to his new home he saw lakes as big as seas and passed through forests that appeared interminable. He lives now on a vast prairie stretching as far as the eye can see north, east and south like the sky itself and guarded on the west by the towering outlines of the Rockies.

"It is a big country; it needs big men," says Pierre, drawing himself to his full height. Probably he means big ideals and ambitions, and certainly Pierre has plenty of the latter.

As to Francoise, her wonder borders on bewilderment. And even though among her prairie neighbours she is establishing the reputation for housewifery earned in her Old Country home, she still declares she feels it is all a dream and that some morning she will wake up in Ste. Genevieve and the old life will go on as before.

Robert's home is not far from the Mercadiers', and having long since laid aside his first rather inhospitable disapproval of the venture, he visits their farm frequently. Often in the evening these two comrades sit together in the door-way, smoking their pipes and recalling their varied experiences in the Great War and the changes it has wrought, particularly for Pierre. Robert always speaks of the French physician who healed his arm, in terms of profound admiration and offers to prove the efficacy of the cure by a pugilistic contest with anyone.

JOSEPHINE PHELAN, 2T6.



The Mystery of Life



I flit through the world from morn till night,

I watch with the stars till dawn;

I'm the Beloved of the Human Heart,

Beloved but to lure her on.

Where am I? Sweet, here I am

In the heart of the full-blown rose;

She comes—I burst through the pulsing folds,

And she thinks 'tis the wind that blows.

Do you hear me, Love, in the woodland shade,

Do you hear the linnet sing?

Eager she steals to the magic branch,

The linnet has taken wing.

On a night as I watch her from a star,

I whisper, "Come, my Love!"

She dreams she's a bird and flies to me,

She wakes and I'm far above.

Sometimes into her mind I glide

A silent, white-winged thought;

O, how she strives to capture me—

I go. Reproach me not.

O Love, thou'rt fated to follow me

And I am doomed to flee,

Till the world is past and we meet at last

In the arms of Eternity!

ELSA KASTNER, 2T5.

SCHOLARSHIPS AND PRIZES

Awards resulting from May examinations, 1923:

L.A.C. Alumnae Proficiency Prize in Fourth Year—Miss Angela Hannon, B.A.

L.A.C. Alumnae Proficiency Prize in First Year—Miss Josephine Phelan.

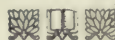
Tuition Prize for Honour English—Miss Elsa Kastner.

K. of C. Scholarships in First Year—Miss Josephine Phelan, Miss Katherine Keenan.

Dockeray English Prize in Fourth Year—Miss Edna Dawson, B.A.

Prize for Highest A. Standing in Religious Knowledge—Miss Marie Campbell.

Prize for A. Standing in First Year Spanish—Miss Josephine Phelan.



"CASA DELLA GUARDIA"

If the gods of Greece had not taken the precaution to fix their abode on Mount Olympus with only a rare descent amongst men, they would not have remained gods to the Greeks, so human were these celestial beings. Even so with our seniors. Hence they have removed themselves this year to the remote and rarified atmosphere of "Casa della Guardia," which rises in lofty isolation on the other side of the courtyard. There they may be serenaded o' nights and even seen at a respectful distance by admiring Freshmen and Sophomores whose habitat is the main building.



MRS. JUSTINE B. WARD

Originator of the Ward Method of Sight-reading

MRS. JUSTINE WARD

Written for the "Rainbow" by Mr. Theodore Heinroth, who Conducted the Summer Course in the Ward Method

HERE is at this time a wide and far-reaching movement on the part of the clergy, religious and interested laity to re-establish the Gregorian Chant, and rigidly and uncompromisingly follow out the "motu proprio" as laid down by the great Pope, that friend of the children, the late Holy Father, Pope Pius the Tenth. Six years ago a devout and zealous Catholic lady, Mrs. Justine B. Ward, was called by God through the voice of the late Rev. Dr. Shields of Washington, to co-operate with him and assist in broadening the scope of Catholic child education to embrace the long-neglected field of that most beautiful of all Church music—the Gregorian Chant. And with a determination inspired by the lofty ideals of her co-worker she has attained the heights where the world's best music is at her disposal to give to our children, in such a way that they may sing with understanding and love.

The method slowly but surely leads the children through the mysteries of music step by step, one new thought at a time to use, to play with, to love and remember. And as gradually as the child is taught and learns the vocabulary of its own mother tongue, word by word, so does her method at that time teach them how to use these their new words in song as well as speech, to say their baby prayers and sing their baby praises to their Lord and God. And as the method is educational in its purpose, it has been developed in such a way as to be eminently practical, easily understood, and successfully taught by our own grade teachers both religious and secular.

Divided carefully and systematically, graded through the present Four Year Course with still four more to be written by this wonderful woman, it exhausts the possibilities of the melodic line as a unison study in the first three years. Then comes the triumphal entry of

Music Fourth Year, with its inspired teaching of Gregorian Chants—with the Kyrie as the child's text book. No longer will the chant Palestrina, Vittoria be relegated to the recesses of the cloister or monastery or left to gather dust in the choir loft, but in the years to come, when our children are profiting by our own pioneer experiences, a new music will be heard in the Catholic churches throughout the world—the revival of an old song.

The Ward method's home is at the College of the Sacred Heart, Manhattanville, New York, where Mrs. Ward has endowed the Pius Tenth Chair of Liturgical Music. Here the unceasing efforts and tireless energy of Mother G. Stevens has given an impetus to the work that has driven it to the four corners of the continent. Each year she sends her trained instructors and supervisors to spread the work and win supporters to the cause, until to-day its scope is international. Great numbers attend the courses given in New York, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Minneapolis, St. Paul, San Francisco and Seattle, and Catholic universities and colleges feature it in their syllabus of Summer Courses.

London, Halifax, Winnipeg, Vancouver and Toronto have heard the call and given extension courses and last year with Montreal and Quebec sent their priests and musicians to sit at the feet of that great master, Dom Mocquereau; to hear Mrs. Ward expound her presentation of the Method to the children; to follow Mother Stevens' course in the preparation of the child's mind that it may be in a receptive condition to assimilate their teachings.

The movement is still young, it needs the help, co-operation and moral support of the Catholic world. From its success in the past may be predicted a bright future for a work that appeals to all, regardless of race, creed or nationality—the education of a child.

PRE-RAPHAELITISM

THE central idea of the Pre-Raphaelite brotherhood, which was destined to have a profound, though indirect, effect on English art, was a revolt against conventionality. They maintained that artists did not give vent to their own originality and enthusiasm. They followed painstakingly their predecessors; they painted things not as they saw them themselves, but as they thought Raphael would have seen them. The Pre-Raphaelites believed that Raphael had influenced too deeply the art of his successors—and tended to destroy originality of design. The Pre-Raphaelites did not take the earlier painters as their models; they wished to revert to the principles of an artistic age when there was no strong and dominant tradition at work, when painters developed art on their own lines, seriously and truthfully.

They did not, however, attempt to confine themselves to realistic subjects; they rather set out to conceive a subject in a serious and lofty way and then see that the details were presented with a strict and austere veracity.

And it must be remembered that the principles of the Brotherhood embraced literature as well as art—there was very little religious tendency in the society—the dominant influence of Rossetti held it strictly to art and literature.

To quote A. C. Benson, "It was strongly held by the Brotherhood that purity of mind and heart was a necessary condition for good work and all that was gross or sensual was strictly tabooed. It is clear that this band of enthusiasts were men of untainted lives and that they probably had little respect for purely conventional morality. They had a deep-seated desire for nobility of life and aim."

But the interest of the pre-Raphaelite movement is twofold. It interests us, of course, because so many of the Brotherhood rose to fame later, but it interests us for the movement alone,

when we consider the ardour and enthusiasm, the generosity and sincerity with which its youthful members were endowed. The realization of their dreams may be a nobler spectacle, but the vision of their youth is a more beautiful one.

Since it is around the name of Rossetti that this movement centred, we will devote most of our study to him—and since it is a literary criticism, his poems interest us more than his pictures.

A. C. Benson, in an attempt to illustrate the influence which Rossetti had in his circle, says of him "that he was a combination of the dominion of will—intellectual force allied with noble sympathy."

Nearly all of Rossetti's poems are poems of keenly-felt passion—his tragedies are tragedies of love. Nature to him is merely a background, the emotions are enacted in the foreground and nature may be in sympathy or out of sympathy with them. The beauties and charms of Nature are accessories to the picture—not the essentials. Even in "The Stream's Secret," though the stream is passing through the foreground of the dream—it is only a stream bearing a message, hiding within its ripples the voice of her whom he loved and bearing within its murmuring waters more than a subtle hint of passion.

Rossetti's original theory of writing was to find the most direct and unconventional expression for what had to be said. He abhorred intricacy of style and maintained that lucidity of expression was the main requisite. In this respect his earlier works differs from his later. In an attempt to be straightforward and clear he often succeeded in being gaunt and stiff. There are those who find this gauntness charming—but it is decidedly not the charm of his later work.

It is true that the work of his youth both in poetry and pictures, had "a sweet and exquisite naiveté of phrase and conception, that first, fine, careless rapture which gives the world (one is tempted to think) the best and most uplifting art, the art that springs from a pure, mental joy and uses colours and words with something of the bright insouciance of a child, unhampered by criticism and tradition alike."

Rossetti's life may be traced in this art—the enthusiasm and ardour of his youth were dimmed by tragic experiences and sufferings—mental and physical. He puts aside his direct, simple manner and begins to write gorgeous, extravagant poems—poems laden with a wealth and luxuriance of colour.

It is not to be concluded from this that Rossetti became a victim of expression. His point of view was too intense, his conception too firm for this feeling, and moreover, he always wrote under the spell of an inspiration.

There is throughout all his later work a deep strain of melancholy. The tragic death of his wife was responsible for this and in much of his poetry we find him brooding on the mystery of death—of separation, on the sudden and final cutting off of beauty which was to him the loveliness of life.

Rossetti is capable of inconsistency—he attained gorgeousness of word and phrase, attained it successfully and effectively and side by side with this we have poems that are beautiful in their sheer and utter simplicity, poems in which he employs only monosyllabic words. In his sonnet—"The One Hope"—we have a particularly striking example in the last lines:

"Ah, let none other alien spell soe'er,

But only the one Hope's one name be there
Not less nor more, but even that word alone."

This ending is particularly effective by contrast with the ornate lines which precede it.

There is a second inconsistency. Rossetti is usually dominated by his inspiration—his words are (usually) woven round his central thought, but he is capable, too, of merely making words into music. The best example of this is "Love's

Nocturn"—a slumberous poem whose delightfully murmuring melody rivals that of Tennyson's "Lotus Eaters."

Rossetti uses the supernatural in his poetry to a large extent, although he does use it with restraint. There is nothing melodramatic, yet it is supremely powerful, replete with terror and horror. The passage from "The Portrait," beginning, "In painting her face," illustrates this admirably and at the same time stands for the best in English poetry.

Rossetti has been described as an indoors poet. There is no English poet of the nineteenth century who has so little of the instinctive love of nature. It will be seen that this departure from the beaten path has, too, its advantages. It gave to Rossetti's poetry some of the strength which characterizes it. He never finds himself entangled in an elaborate, drawn-out description of Nature. Nature is always subordinate—decidedly a background for the foreground of his central thought.

In this respect it may be well to consider another departure of the poet from the usual order of things. An unusual note in Rossetti's poems is the arresting, appealing first lines. This is particularly noticeable in his sonnets and is a direct contradiction to the more usual practice of saving the climax for the end. It might be taken as indicative of Rossetti's individuality, originality, firmness and intensity of character.

But the real charm of Rossetti lies in the atmosphere which pervades everything he has written. He is decidedly obscure—we may read many of his poems and know very little of his meaning—yet there is a fascination about them that is quite magical. He is like Keats in that he possesses the rare gift of wringing beauty out of the moment, but he is not as great as Keats, because he cannot rise above himself. He rarely detaches himself from his poetry.

Perhaps the most obscure of Rossetti's poems are his sonnets entitled "The House of Life," or more properly, "The House of Love." This interchange of titles is in itself significant. It shows the place that love had in Rossetti's

philosophy and proves clearly that for him love was the all-embracing secret and mystery of life.

"Whose speech Truth knows not from her thought

Nor Love—her body from her soul."

Love, then, to Rossetti, is the supreme secret, the lord of all the powers of beauty and mind and soul. This love is inextricably entwined with beauty. Though it may exist independently, beauty is the actual and visible symbol of the secret."

In the sonnets of Rossetti and in some of his poems there is much that offends the temperate and controlled spirit. There is a sensuousness about them that is bewildering and which leaves the reader with a sense of sadness. The absence of any real religious sentiment is keenly felt—love seems a thing of material rapture and sensuous excitement.

But it is in "The Blessed Damozel" that Rossetti rises to the heights. The theme of the poem, a tribute to deathless Love, is a beautiful one, but not more beautiful than the daring yet delicate way in which Rossetti handles it. Here we have him dealing with the supernatural—in the realm of fantasy which was his kingdom. The whole poem is so rarely and exquisitely beautiful that it would be difficult to decide on any particular lines as illustrative, but we quote the following as indicative of its charm:

"The sun was gone now; the curled moon
Was like a little feather
Fluttering far down the gulf; and now
She spoke through the still weather.
Her voice was like the voice the stars
Had when they sang together."

It is, as one critic has said, "a poem born of the heart's yearnings, ideal, spiritual, unsoiled and unsullied."

Although this is chiefly a literary appreciation, Rossetti as a painter must be considered. It has been said of him that his paintings were too literary and his poems too pictorial. There is something of the truth in this statement. Rossetti lived in both worlds. He wrote sonnets

for his pictures and drew designs for his poems. But in his most characteristic poems, "The House of Life," there is nothing pictorial and in the most characteristic of his pictures, the heads of mystical women, there is nothing that might be termed literary.

But Rossetti's art is strangely like his poetry. Both are marked with the same originality, the same definite conception of purpose, the same ardent imagination and the same patient effort and attention to detail.

Much of the early work of the Pre-Raphaelites was characterized by stiffness and precision. It was not an attempt to copy the Italian painters, but to produce an effect of naiveté and sincerity. Rossetti's later pictures have much the same fascination as his poetry—they too have a very decided and individual atmosphere. He was primarily a colourist and produced effects which have never been equalled. He was lavish and fearless, just as in his writings, and attempted contrasts in colour which are Rossetti's own. When we think of Rossetti's pictures we immediately think of his heads of women—with their long necks and full lips—necks that are often too long and lips so full that they express sensuality—yet withal, marvellous eyes that hold one as under a spell with their expression of wonder and mysticism.

Rossetti had a nature which was entirely penetrated and dominated by the beauty of the world, and his noble life was devoted to an expression of it. He exerted a deep and curious influence over the lives and minds of others, but he never seems conscious of doing it.

For Rossetti it was one special form of beauty which overpowered his spirit—the beauty of the human face. To him it was the sublimest form; earth and all things earthly paled before this, "the purest, fairest and divinest thing that earth can hold."

In conclusion, we quote an excerpt from a very interesting study of Rossetti by H. C. Marillier: "Let us be frank and not try to understand Rossetti. He probably never did fully understand himself, if he ever sought to. He has written poems and painted pictures that

charm us by their infinite light and shade, their suggestiveness, their harmony, their music, their colour and a hundred subtle qualities not to be described. Why should we cavil at accents, at occasional faults of drawing, when there is so much beyond that lies outside of us and above our commonplace? The art of modern

journalism is gradually subjecting all great men and all great things to the insult of our understanding. Is this not sufficient reason why we should give thanks to Heaven for one revelation that is cryptic, one man of passion and genius whom not even biographies have reduced to common terms?"

MARY PICKETT, 2T3.



VISIT OF CARDINAL FAULHABER TO LORETTO CONVENT, NIAGARA FALLS

His Eminence, Michael Cardinal Faulhaber, Archbishop of Munich, while travelling in the United States, favoured Loretto Convent, Niagara Falls, with a greatly appreciated visit. The Cardinal was being shown around Niagara Falls, N.Y., and observing the Convent on the cliff across the river, made enquiries concerning it. On learning that it was a convent of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary, the same Order as that which he has in his archdiocese, he wished to have a closer view of it and called there in company with Rt. Rev. Monsignor Britt, Chancellor of the Diocese of Buffalo, and several other priests.

While being escorted through the house he stopped to examine the "Pictured Life" of Mary Ward, Foundress of the Institute, and remarked that lectures were being given in Munich on this "Pictured Life," to interest the people in the cause of Mary Ward's canonization, which would surely be proclaimed in the near future. He also mentioned that the Mayor of Munich had named one of the streets of the city "Maria Warde."

When he arrived at the tower and viewed the mighty cataract and the enchanting scenery surrounding it, His Eminence was deeply impressed. On being told that His Majesty, King George V., had stood on the same spot and looked over that scene, he said: "Yes, this is for all peoples, but for one language—the language of the Holy Ghost."

The Cardinal is fine looking, tall and well proportioned, his eyes grey and serene, his expression kindly and dignified; he possesses a charming personality and produces the impression of glorious youthfulness; he is a typical Prince of the Church, stamped with the distinctive majesty and sanctity which recall the sweet attractiveness of Christ.

The visit of His Eminence will be a memorable event in the annals of the Convent.



Sunset

The sun in all its splendour filled the West,
Tingeing the clouds that o'er its pathway
spread.

Its crimson light—a blaze of glory—led
Across the sea, and brought unto me rest.

Then from the turmoil of this lonely earth
It bore me to a realm beyond the sea,
Where peace and silent, soulful ecstasy
In the far distance had their glorious birth.

Softly this pathway lured me on and on,
Drawing me nearer to that longed-for shore,
Where I shall dwell in bliss forevermore
When I have fought my battles and have won.

DOROTHY LATCHFORD, 2T5.



LITERARY EXECUTIVE

Elsie Irvine.

Mary Pickett.

Mary Mallon.

Mary Halloran.

COLLEGE DEBATING

In earlier days there had been brilliant debaters to uphold our reputation abroad—notably Miss Genevieve Twomey and Miss Grace Elston—yet success was felt to be entirely sporadic, being entirely dependent on natural talent unsupported by any general interest or training in argumentation. Not till two years ago did Loretto Abbey College students begin to take an active and persevering interest in debating, but since that time the development is worthy of note. The first sparks of enthusiasm once set aglow, regular inter-year debates were inaugurated with the result that the interest of all was drawn to the new activity. When a beautiful shield was offered to the year winning the series of inter-year debates, enthusiasm was stimulated further. Finally Second Year, the class of 2T3, were led to victory by Miss Louise Gibbons and Miss Eugenie Ducharme, whose names are inscribed on the first shield to adorn our halls.

The school year 1922-1923 has seen a great development in enthusiasm and talent. Debating had become such an absorbing interest to everyone that the Literary Society gave it frequent and prominent place on its programme. A voluntary class, formed from among those

especially interested, under the kindly and capable direction of Mother Margarita, made considerable advance in studying the art of debate from its various angles. Another series of inter-year debates brought the coveted shield of victory to the class of 2T4, Miss Eileen Dunnigan and Miss Marion Sullivan being the survivors of the literary combat.

Once having set out seriously in quest of laurels in the debating field, the next step was a more determined effort to win in Inter-collegiate debating. Miss Louise Gibbons represented Loretto in the debate between St. Hilda's and St. Michael's, by her talents helping to bring victory to her Alma Mater. Again in the debate between McMaster and St. Michael's Miss Gibbons very capably represented Loretto.

The past year has revealed many promises of future success in debating. Worthy of special notice are Miss Eileen Dunnigan of Third Year, and two youthful members of First Year, Miss Katherine Keenan and Miss Josephine Phelan.

Although many of the subjects chosen were quite difficult, nevertheless, they were handled to the satisfaction of everyone. Among other



ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION, L.A.C.

TOP ROW—M. Roach, C. Yates, E. Irvine, M. Coffee.

BOTTOM ROW—M. Halloran, D. Legris, E. Dawson, L. Gibbins, C. Wood.

COLLEGE DEBATING—(Continued)

reforms the debaters advocated the abolition of Income Tax and of Capital Punishment, and concluded that the publication of crime in newspapers is harmful.

Much gratitude is felt towards Judge O'Connell for his sincere and capable assistance. He has watched us with kindly interest through the first two years of our new activity, and inspired by his predictions and our own enthusiasm, we look forward to adorning our college halls with shields, and in addition, all the available silver cups.

KATHLEEN McGOVERN, 2T5.



ATHLETICS

Loretto has placed her foot on the ladder towards fame in every branch of athletic life. Three brief years have sufficed to make a formerly unrecognized Loretto in the athletic world a college taking an active and worthy part in most of the Inter-collegiate games. This fact can only be truly appreciated when

one considers the comparatively small number from which the various teams must be chosen in comparison with the larger number of the other colleges.

Of all the various sports enjoyed by Loretto, the one in which she has especially excelled is Tennis. Successfully defeating three other colleges in the competition for the Inter-collegiate Championship, Loretto thus succeeded in obtaining third place. This success in so short a time augurs well for Loretto's dream, that she may one day soon hold the Tennis Championship.

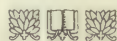
Though in Basketball Loretto cannot yet claim to have matched successfully against the vigorous and long-trained Vic. and Meds., yet she revealed her strength and ability in this branch of athletics by twice defeating Pharmacy. With yet another year's experience we may well hope for even the conquest of such powerful teams as Vic. and Meds.

Hockey is a new venture for us this year, consequently it was decided that it would be better for Loretto's honour to devote this preliminary year to practice before joining in the Inter-faculty tournaments. However, she

played one game with the Margaret Eaton School in which the score was tied, which leaves her very optimistic regarding future success in the field.

Last, but by no means least, is our new Baseball team. In this branch of Athletics Loretto has revealed remarkable prowess. Though all the members of the team had to be initiated into the rules of the game, yet such was the vigour with which all the members entered into the spirit of it, that, not only was the game itself completely mastered, but Loretto's team defeated U.C. once by a large majority. This victory over a team with much longer training and experience seems to predict a speedy ascent to the topmost heights of that noted "ladder of fame," for Loretto in this particular sport.

In fact the budding spirit of Loretto's Athletics reveals so much strength, courage, and true comradeship that she may indeed dream of a successful future in every sphere of the Athletic world. In all our hearts re-echoes the wish, "May the vision come true!"



COLLEGE RETREAT

An event of the most vital importance in the lives of the students is the annual Retreat, which takes place as early as possible in the Michaelmas term. This year the Retreat was preached by Rev. Father Knox, S.J., whose fervour and eloquence drove home the great truths without the every-day realization of which, life is a tragic failure. Father Knox is a man of varied experience, both before and since his conversion to the Faith. He served in the Great War as chaplain, subsequently entering the Jesuit novitiate. The students owe much to Father Knox for his unforgettable exposition of Christian principles of conduct.

IMPORTANT LECTURES

The annual distribution of scholarships was made the occasion for an excellent lecture on "Catholic Education" by Rev. J. F. Holland of St. Ignace, Michigan. Judging by the impression made on his Toronto audience, Father Holland has a brilliant career before him as an orator.

One of the most memorable events of the year was the coming of Rev. Michael J. Earls, S.J., the well-known poet, novelist and lecturer whom it was a delight to hear. His lecture, "The Price of Poetry," inspired the large audience of students and their friends with a desire for more. Father Earls has many fascinating subjects in his repertoire, some of which we hope to hear during the coming year. The illuminating talk on Shakespeare at the Saturday morning assembly was a great source of enjoyment, and threw much helpful light on points which interest all students of Shakespeare.

Through the kindness of Rev. Dr. Carr, the Loretto girls, in common with the other St. Michael's students, had an opportunity of hearing Mr. Hilaire Belloc at close range and to much greater advantage than at Massey Hall. His two lectures in which he applied the historical method to "The Conversion of the Roman Empire" and "The Reformation in England," convinced the students that much that is called critical and modern history is a distortion of the truth owing to the failure to sift evidence, the mistaking hypotheses for truths and ignoring the common sense element. Mr. Belloc is an ardent Catholic, seeking to uphold and strengthen the position of his Church by direct methods, using plain truth for his weapon.

Not by any means the least interesting lecture was that delivered by Professor De Lury on "Some Irish Poets." It is regrettable that illness deprived so many of the students of the pleasure enjoyed by those who were present.

A course of lectures is being planned for the coming year, which will include the most distinguished lecturers on the continent.

THOUGHTS ON THE VOCATION OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER

The angels smile sometimes at the silent rapture with which we gaze at the miracles of Nature, but there is a miracle daily and hourly wrought, at which the angels hush their glorious song, bow their heads, and fold their wings in adoration. It is when their Lord and Creator deigns from His heights of inaccessible glory to knock at the door of the human heart.

Then, blessed be the heart that listens. God knocks, but He knocks softly. He speaks, but He does not clamor. He waits, but He will not wait forever. Laden with jewels from the celestial treasury, He stands at the door. Open wide to His loving importunity, then listen and look, and the angels will hush their heavenly strains again, to adore the marvels of love He will pour into your heart.

Francis Xavier's life was one long, glorious response to our dear Lord's gentle call. Through a youth of promise he cherished the talents God had given him, but like the apostles, before the Holy Spirit had set His seal upon their hearts, it was earthly glory he coveted. Dreams of literary renown filled his soul, and, engrossed in his studies at Paris, he little knew that the Divine Master's hand was outstretched towards him, and that the peerless soul of his humble Savoyard companion, Peter Faber, was a divinely-placed shield, protecting the proud and high-minded young nobleman from the dangers of life in the great city.

The dear Lord loves to win the hearts He has chosen from all eternity for His service. He loves to cherish them, to prune and train, and at last to watch them unfold like flowers in the sun, till they are ready for His Divine Fingers to pluck from their stems. When the heart of the youth had become the heart of a

man, a heart kept pure by the closest companionship with Peter Faber, the Divine Master sent him Ignatius of Loyola. Soldier of Christ as he was, Ignatius brought to the combat all his forces of will, intellect, heart and soul, and the holy weapons of prayer and penance. The disdain with which the young student looked down upon the humble and mortified life of Ignatius only added fuel to the fire of his zeal.

At last the Divine Master put His own words upon the lips of Ignatius, "What will it profit a man to gain the whole world if he lose his own soul?" Francis Xavier listened, opened the door of his heart wide and free, and laid at the Master's feet all he had and all he was.

But it is not enough to hear the call, to open the door and give the welcome. "Let not him that putteth his hand to the plough turn backward."

To the grand lesson St. Francis Xavier has taught us, of giving freely, fully, generously, gladly, he has added the grander lesson of faithful correspondence with every least grace vocation brings in its train. To those who value and cherish their vocation as the priceless treasure it is, and who guard it and its attendant graces with zealous love, God is ready to give favours beside which the miraculous successes of St. Francis Xavier are scarcely wonderful.

To His elect of the commoner mould, He does not give the power of working miracles, but the silent graces that pour in upon their souls may have, in the sight of the angels, effects more marvellous than the raising of the dead.

Mortification, prayer and charity are the guards of vocation. No sooner had Francis

Xavier heard his dear Master's voice than he gave himself up to the severest austerities, that his purified body might be a less unworthy temple for the Ark of the Divine Word. Hour after hour of meditation and closest communion with his God, filled his soul with alluring sweetness,—a sweetness that in all true lovers of our Lord soon overflows upon their fellow-creatures in a charity truly Christ-like. When our saint gave up his dreams of earthly honour, he did not give up the energy with which he had pursued them. He only turned it all to a nobler cause. And God illumines the intellect and purifies the imagination that are freely devoted to His services.

We do not need to follow the details of the saint's wonderful life. We have only to remember this: If God gave the graces, it was Francis Xavier who corresponded with them. If God allowed him to work miracles, it was because the Divine Searcher of hearts found in him perfect faith and humble adoration, of the God-given power he exercised. If God permitted him to win thousands upon thousands of souls to the knowledge and love of their Creator, it was because he knew the worth of souls, and looked upon the humblest outcast savage as a temple intended for the Holy Ghost, and given to him to prepare.

Give us, then, dear saint, a little of the spirit with which you received your vocation. Give us a little of your spirit of penance and prayer, and, as far as our imperfect minds can contain it, a little of the humble and beautiful homage you ever paid to God in your tender love of souls.

KATHLEEN O'CONNOR.

COLLEGE SODALITY

President—Miss Dallas Legris.

Vice-President—Miss Genevieve Mulvihill.

Secretary—Miss Madeleine Coffee.

Treasurer—Miss Mary Halloran.

Sacristan—Miss Mary Dwyer.

Librarian—Miss Elsa Kastner.

The Sodality of the B.V.M. held its regular meetings on the second Sunday of each month, conducted the customary October devotions and the great novena before the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, when the annual reception of new members took place. The ceremony was performed, and a beautiful eulogy of our Blessed Mother as the model of Catholic womanhood, delivered by Rev. John E. Burke, C.S.P., pastor of Newman Hall. In December the activity of the sodality executive was directed to the preparation of a bountiful Christmas tree for some twenty little ones of poor families. The visit of Santa was dated Wednesday, Dec. 16th, and the event was so generously supported by the sodalists and so successful that it has established itself as an annual undertaking. In the second term the sodality made great progress in choir work, and on all feasts of Our Lady the singing at Mass was by the students. On Jan. 23rd a High Mass in honour of the foundress of the I.B.V.M. was sung in Gregorian Chant, as was also the Benediction throughout the latter half of the year. In April the Sodality made an initial donation to the fund to be raised by all the sodalities of the city for the maintenance of a choir at St. Augustine's Seminary.



WHO'S WHO IN 2T3



'Tis said we're of such stuff as dreams are made,
Ah, would we looked our parts! but oft it seems
The Bard meant those with Baby Mary's face—
Is it not made of dreams?

Such lavish, bright, profuse luxuriance!
Did ever artist gaze o'er such a scene?
Did ever...? Why, it's Dallas peeping from
Her high-class limousine!



Who is she? O ye great unravelling sharks,
Who is it with the care-free, artless pose?
Every secret has its human source—
Then perhaps fair Margaret knows.



There may be "teeth like pearls" and "ruby
lips"
And eyes like nothing but a "limpid pool,"
But here is something that will cap them all—
A genuine English jewel!

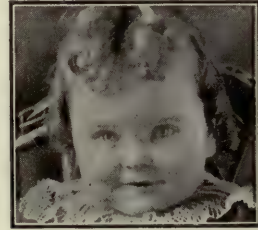
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen—
And many an infant orator unheard,
Ah, who was there when, thro' the startled air,
Louise her views averred?

WHO'S WHO IN 2T3



Ah, there she stands indignant that her face
Should come within the heartless camera's
range;

Ye days of ancient honour! Edna now
No more objects—'tis strange!

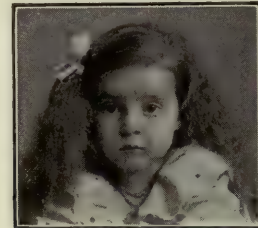


She rocks; let no too fond adorer voice
A "Darling, don't!" or a "Dear child, take
care!"

Thus once, O world of '23, you twined
Round Mary's rocking-chair.



A *man* may smile and be a villain still,
In Hamlet's tablets it is plainly writ,
But Angel *babes* in Holy Ireland
Had learned the trick of it.



How can she help if she is beautiful?
How can she help if there's no misplaced curl?
How can she look as if she knew it not,
When Ann is Daddy's girl?

THE GRADUATES' BANQUET

"The guests are met, the feast is set,
Mayest hear the merry din."

All was in readiness. The candles had been lit, the guests were assembled—all except the chosen nine in whose honour this "trifling, foolish banquet" was being given, the graduates, and they were approaching. Why was their progress so slow? Had they not answered that gong, come down the same stairs and into this very room for four years past? Why did they hesitate now?

Ah! it was the night of their Graduation Banquet. For them the old, familiar room had been decorated, the gifts had been chosen, the flowers heaped high. No wonder they became shy and were loath to enter, till received by a delegation of undergraduates, almost equally affected by the solemnity of the occasion, while the remainder sang "In Their Sweet Little Dark College Gowns," as has long been our method of greeting at these events.

As soon as they were seated in their appointed places at the head of the table, each was presented with a bouquet of sweet peas. But lo, when nine bouquets had been fittingly acknowledged, two still remained. (Some "feeble-minded" junior had blundered, but let us hope it passed unnoticed in the general excitement).

The feast itself was next in order, and needless to say, its flavour lingered. Then came the toasts and speeches which formed the most appealing and enjoyable part of the night's programme. These included the Pope, the King, the Faculty, the Years, and so forth.

Long will those present remember the adequate and touching responses which were made to the Faculty's toast, the one in which our lives were so beautifully compared to the materials in the hands of the Master Sculptor,

and likewise the one which characterized the graduates so aptly in poetry, the listeners guessing each by the admirable trait peculiar to herself.

The Presidents replied to the Year Toasts, beginning with Miss Edna Dawson of Fourth, and after each President's reply, her Year sang its own song—a new and pleasing feature and one which we purpose continuing.

All the speeches were unusually good and appropriate. A something noticeable about those of the Faculty and older Years was their ability to produce a suspicious moisture in the eyes of the listeners—an effect not to be wondered at. We all realize that "the old order must change and yield place to new," but why, oh why, must it bring the void that it invariably does?

In describing the different speeches, one might say that whereas the note of pathos was prevalent in those of the older Years, those of the younger were tinged with humour. We were very glad to hear it, but wait till 6 replaces 3 after 2T! First Year is to be congratulated also on the original and altogether delightful way in which three of its members carried out the fortune-telling. One of these, daintily clad in blue, visioned the future in soap bubbles and in poetic form gave each graduate her place therein.

The festivities closed with the singing of the graduates' songs, which, to humour them, were rendered a second time. Loretto, our Alma Mater, was remembered in a song which pledged to her the lasting fidelity of her children.

Varsity, St. Michael's and College yells were given and thus

"Another race was run and other palms were won."

ELEANOR GARDEN, 2T4.

A Dream of Fair Women



"I read before my eyelids dropt their shade
 'The Legend of Good Women' long ago,
 Sung by the morning star of song who made
 His music heard below."
 And then methought I saw a peaceful home,
 And gliding here and there at every call,
 A winsome woman made her presence felt,
 A blessing unto all.
 "A phantom of delight" she seemed to be,
 The mother's comfort and the father's pride,
 By kindly deeds, by countless generous acts
 Her life was sanctified.
 Thro' altered mien a friendly form I traced,
 Her curly locks familiar were to me,
 When as she turned her head I recognized
 That she was Cicely.
 Again methought Loretto's graduates
 Had all assembled in a spacious hall,
 An auditorium just lately built,
 Affording joy to all.
 'Twas an Alumnae meeting called to greet
 A former graduate, now renowned afar,
 Who was to-night upon the college stage
 To shine as any star.
 With bated breath I watched the curtain rise
 Upon a lovely figure, and behold!
 I saw a maid in dainty evening gown,
 With scarf of brown and gold.
 A soft, sweet prelude played and then "a flow
 Of music left the lips of her" who stood
 Upon the stage; a vision fair to see,
 "A rose of womanhood."
 As lingered thro' the hall the melody,
 Applause was mingled with the dying strain,
 Smiling, the maiden bowed, and then I knew
 Our Anastasia again.
 Then I saw "faint smokes curling whitely."
 Oh!
 'Twas a grim laboratory full of stuff—

Mortars and phials, powders, poisons too,
 Surely more than enough!
 Behold a figure lost in thought amid
 Pale flickering flames and wondrous mystery;
 "Elixir vitae have you found?" I asked,
 But there was no reply.
 Some invitation cards lay on a desk
 Not far away and once the alchemist
 Looked towards them very wearily as tho'
 She could not quite resist.
 But soon she turned to her experiment;
 "I can't accept them, no," she firmly said;
 And then I knew 'twas Angela who still
 Takes chemistry instead!
 Again methought I saw an office vast
 Where bustle and excitement reigned supreme,
 Grave men and restless maids attention claimed
 And anxious all did seem.
 One form serene was seated at her desk
 Oblivious of confusion all around,
 Quite self-controlled she was and dignified,
 For naught could her confound.
 Without a ruffle marring her fair brow,
 With smiling face, now nothing did she shirk,
 She'd mastered the touch system—and herself,
 'Twas Margaret at work.
 A great arena rose before my gaze,
 Thronged with spectators, interested all
 In the world champion who was now renowned
 For skill in basket-ball.
 Graceful was she in movement, swift and strong,
 I peered thro' crowds this marvel fair to see,
 Smiling, as in the happy days gone by,
 'Twas really Mary P.
 The scene was changed to angry parliament,
 Where members warred with words and
 argued loud,
 A clear voiced speaker rose, with winning ways
 And wondrous power endowed.

'Twas the new member, growing famous now,
 She just arrived and tho' a little late (!)
 Began her speech. I recognized Louise,
 The leader in debate.

Again methought it was the midnight hour,
 Yea, "now the very witching time of night,
 When churchyards yawn,"—but soft ye now,
 behold!

This is a gruesome sight.
 "Il Penseroso" sits within her tower
 Where she entranced doth "oft outwatch the
 Bear";

And now fair Plato's spirit she unfolds
 To charm the midnight air.

Now deep in Vergil, then 'tis Cicero,
 Now Pindar's odes, again 'tis Sophocles,
 Homer sublime now holds her quite enthralled,
 And grave Thucydides;

A glance around her room convinces me
 That Higher Education is her goal—
 Astronomies, Philosophies, she reads,
 And studies of the soul.

The aristocracy of the dear dead
 Her comrades are, and plainly I could see
 'Twas Mary M. industrious as of old,
 And now a Ph.D.

Another vision rose before mine eyes,
 Loretto Abbey College, up to date,
 And there a pretty Don in cap and gown
 Did easily captivate,

Discoursing with delight on literature

And making Robert Browning clear as day;
 Her class was all attention to her words
 As passed the hour away.

Such gems of thought she took from Browning's
 works,

"Then welcome each rebuff," I heard her
 say;

"Oh, the wild joy of living!" she exclaimed
 In tones so gay.

"Saul is the noblest poem," she affirmed,

"E'er written,—with it nothing can com-
 pare."

A closer look revealed the lecturer—

'Twas Edna, I declare!

Again "methought that I had wandered far
 'In an old wood, fresh washed in coolest
 dew."

Yet on a closer, curious gaze methought
 I recognized the view.

I peered thro' clust'ring foliage and I saw
 The well-trimmed lawns, the beaten, winding
 path,

And nature in apparel glorious,
 The fairest that she hath.

'Twas the new Abbey that I gazed upon!
 The convent lofty rose before mine eyes
 In aspect grand, the view so beautiful
 Still on my memory lies.

Adown the walk a stately sister came
 (A "pensive nun devout and pure,
 Sober, steadfast and demure"),

As in my Milton I had often read,
 Her eyes upon her Office Book she cast,
 Her prayers to Mary said.

Her form seemed quite familiar spite her garb,
 A memory of other days to tell;

I watched her as she walked in silent prayer,
 'Twas Dallas, I knew well.

As one by one in dream I saw these maids,
 Tho' satisfied with all and glad at heart,
 With fairest wreath I crowned the brow of her
 Who chose the better part.

I need not Chaucer, no nor Tennyson,
 Their legends and their dreams of women fair
 To tell me in sweet accents,—for I know
 In truth nine maidens rare.

They're launched upon the world this bright
 June day,

My heart goes with them as I say adieu;
 Lectures are over,—gone the good old days,
 "To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures
 new."

DOROTHY B.

Loretto Abbey College.



POETRY CLASS

"Wednesday afternoon at three
Is the hour for poetry;
Wonders are wrought—think of it!
Poeta hic non nascitur, fit."

One ever memorable day early in October, 1922, eager eyes scanning the bulletin board notices, caught sight of a slip of paper with the magical heading "Poeta non nascitur, fit," and beneath, the announcement that a poetry class was to be formed, and in it poets were to be generated from the base earth of common undergraduates. Dreams of being made a second Browning or Wordsworth, even though the non-poetic star had been in the ascendent at the time of their birth, speeded the steps of those who had read it to the appointed place. There, under the capable direction of Mother Dorothea and aided by her untiring efforts, they realize the difference between being born a poet and being made a poet, or rather a versifier.

The object of the class was to initiate each member into the various forms of versification and then enable her to turn, with profit, her prosaic thoughts into versified thoughts at any desired moment. Many are the moments in life, when emotions are aroused, which seem to demand the vari-coloured forms of verse for their fitting expression. For such moments the girls were prepared under skilful guidance, and many poetic seeds were sown. The fruits were garnered and exhibited anonymously. A guessing contest was the result, the winner being rewarded with a beautiful volume of poems.

The ultimate success of the class may be divined when certain members of it, taking various French, Spanish and German poems, transformed the originals into English verse. Christmas and graduation time saw many good wishes, fledged with poetic plumes, winging their way to delighted recipients. At such times many a grateful thought turned to the one who inaugurated the class, and who was unsparing of her time and talents.

Loretto, as in the past, so in the future, will always have her share of "Poetae natae,"

but may she always have also her share of the "factae" sort—products of Loretto's poetry class.

CICELY WOOD, 2T3.



NEW LORETTO HOUSE IN PARIS

It is with great satisfaction that we learn that the Loretto nuns of Rathfarnham have opened a branch house in Paris, 22 Villa Molitor, Rue Molitor Anteuil (16). This fact is of particular interest to the students in moderns, as the main object of the foundation is to afford Loretto students from the Provinces the advantages of Paris and to enable the members of the Institute to attend the university there.



THE LORETTO "AT HOME"

Never were Jenkins' Art Galleries prettier than on the occasion of the third annual "At Home" of Loretto College, on the night of February 12th. The patronesses and the committee received the student guests shortly after eight o'clock, and dancing began almost immediately to the music of Jardine's incomparable orchestra. The spirit of St. Valentine was evident in the decorations, which were charming in every detail, from the big red and white clock whose hands pointed to the number of the dances, to the dainty read and gold programmes.

When the last dance was finished another success was registered in the building of "At Home" traditions. The patronesses on the occasion were Lady Falconer, Lady Windle, Mrs. H. F. Kelly, Mrs. J. P. Hynes, Mrs. F. McLaughlin, Mrs. E. P. Kelly, and Miss G. Elston. The committee, who deserve hearty congratulations on the result of their enthusiastic industry, included Misses Mary Pickett, Dallas Legris, Mary Mallon, Marion Sullivan, Eileen Dunnigan, Madeline Roach, Jeanette Power, Madeleine Coffee, Rose Sylvester and Marion Sharpe.

ELSIE IRVINE, 2T4.

LORETTO IN DISTANT LANDS

We are indebted to "Eucalyptus Blossoms" (Australia) for the three following articles. The inter-change of experience between Loretto girls living "under palm and pine" and Eucalyptus cannot fail to be of mutual interest:

India.

Loretto Convent, Darjeeling.

19th Sept., 1922.

My Dear Mary,—I am writing to thank you in the name of the Darjeeling Loretto girls for your interesting letter which we were very surprised and pleased to receive.

I am enclosing two snaps of our convent, which I hope you will like. The convent stands just below the cart road; and the flat in front of the house overlooks the garden which lies about 40 feet below. From the front of the house the botanical gardens, which lie to the left of the garden, can be seen, and we often go there for walks or picnics.

The main body of the school is a three-storied, grey stone building, the top floor of which is occupied by the dormitory. This consists of one large room with curtained beds ranged along the sides for the big girls, and two rows of beds for the younger ones down the centre. My bed is near a window overlooking the garden, and in the morning the first thing I see on tumbling out of bed is a view of distant mountains in all the glory of a Himalayan sunrise. Unfortunately the snows cannot be seen from the school grounds, and they and a stretch of water are all that are necessary to perfect the view.

The nuns' apartments, the infirmary, and the laboratory are on the second story.

The class rooms, study hall, concert hall and parlours are on the ground floor. The refectory with the dressing room above is a separate building, joined to the main by passages. The singing and music-rooms are connected with the concert hall by a covered passage and over-

look the senior compound, on which are the two basket ball courts. We play the American basket ball. Below are the junior compound and tennis court. The teachers' cottage and little boys' school are still lower down.

We do the Cambridge locals over here. The Senior and Junior Cambridge sit for their exams, in December at the end of the school term. The higher school certificate is an eighteen month course, so the girls study for it the whole of one year and do it the following July. We also take the Trinity College London Music Exams., and the City and Guilds London for needlework. The school term extends from March to December and we have three months' holidays.

In February there is to be an exhibition in Calcutta and all the schools are to send contributions. We are sending needlework and specimens of our work in botany and geography. We are most enthusiastic about photography, and many of the girls would have liked to send their collections to the Exhibition Hobbies' Section, but are not doing so since there is no certainty of their being returned.

The natives, especially the Tibetans, are an exceedingly dirty set of people, and the native part of the town is not over pleasant. This, however, is fully made up for by the beauty of the landscape and the European quarter. Many of the houses really remind one of dolls' houses, with their small, quaint staircases, corridors and rooms.

Last year on the 10th October we celebrated the Diamond Jubilee of the dear old school. You may be sure we had a holiday and great doings all day, and fireworks in the evening. There was still an old nun living—one of the

very few that remain of the pioneers—who bravely faced the difficulties and hardships of the early days. It was most interesting to hear her speak of those days, when Darjeeling was but a small bazaar with a Sepoy garrison; when jungle covered the hillsides where now are shops and houses; when there were no trains and but an indifferent road, and when a journey from Calcutta at its quickest and best meant three weeks in a bullock cart. She died during the last holidays.

I suppose you have often heard of the stately cryptomerias, which are one of the chief features of a Darjeeling landscape. I do love them and I am sure you would too. We often see the snows when out for walks, and sunset on the snows is a sight never to be forgotten.

I never can decide whether the snows look more beautiful when surrounded and partly hidden by wisps of cloud, or when boldly standing forth in all their glory and splendour against a background of deep blue sky. The rays of the setting sun turn the western sky and majestic snow peaks to the most beautiful colours imaginable. The dark, peaceful valley, the stately forest trees, the patches of light and shade on the surrounding hills; the sky, blue overhead, but in the west turned to one great rainbow reflecting its myriad-blended colours on the glistening peaks, form a perfect picture, the beauty of which is enhanced by soft, fluffy clouds floating in the sky or nestling on the mountain sides.

You will find enclosed an account of a visit to a Buddhist monastery, written by one of our girls for "Palm Leaves." One of the sights of Darjeeling is Observatory Hill, which is dedicated to Buddhism. On the top of the hill is a worshipping place, a round enclosure surrounded by long, erect bamboos on which are hung exceedingly dirty pieces of cloth covered with writing (these are prayers), and the supplicants believe that when the writing is effaced (by means of rain, etc.) the prayer has been heard. Within the enclosure is a large stone where they make their offerings. Both Hindus and Buddhists use this place for wor-

shipping. There are also a good many Mohammedans. They have a large mosque in the town.

There are many races in Darjeeling, it being the natural meeting place of several nations. The market forms a gay and picturesque sight on bazaar days. The scene at first is one of utter confusion, confusion of actions, sounds, colours and things. Representatives of all nations—the stately Nepalese, dirty Tibetans, Lepchas and Limbus from the tea plantations, small but fierce Gurkhas, Hindus, Mohammedans and Bhutias are all present, each with his or her wares for sale. There seems to be no order nor method, the vendors squatting on the ground, with their wares spread out before them. Little groups of chillies, limes, oranges, dry biscuits and various Indian sweets are heaped together. Among the fruits and eatables, rolling upon the hard ground, regardless of the crowd and cold, often in danger but never hurt, play half a dozen children and about as many dirty, lazy dogs.

An occasional donkey or hill pony stands dozing under paniers full of vegetables or fruit.

Women seem to predominate and it is their bright clothing that gives the scene so brilliant an appearance. Under other circumstances such colours would naturally clash, but in their eastern setting the varied hues blend with perfect harmony. The usual dress of the Nepalese women is a skirt of cotton print, often brightly coloured, ankle length, very tight across the back and heavily gathered in front and a velvet jacket, usually blue or crimson, green or black. A bright coloured shawl is worn sash wise, while another shawl of yet another hue is worn over the head like a veil. The Tibetan women wear a one-piece garment like a kimono or great coat, crossing over at the breast, with great loose sleeves, and turned back cuffs of some gay colour, a bodice is worn underneath and an apron of thick, striped, heavy cotton material completes the outfit.

The women delight in jewellery. The earrings are sometimes three inches long, being either of heavy Mosaic work or fantastic brass

designs. A heavy bead necklace usually adorns the neck and the more wealthy have necklaces formed of coins. They wear numerous bangles, rings and anklets, and even the nose is adorned with a ring.

The din is simply maddening—men, women, children, dogs and donkeys unite in chorus, and evidently vie with each other to make the most noise.

Do you have girl guides in Australia in your school? At the beginning of this year we started a company of Guides in the convent, and I must say all of us are very keen. We attended a big rally at Government House a short while ago. Lady Lytton, the Governor's wife, presided. First there was a parade and then each company gave some demonstration of guide work. One gave a first aid display and another did signalling, while we having been enrolled but lately, were able to do nothing but drill. After rally there was tea, followed by dancing at Government House, and we spent a most enjoyable evening.

A short while ago we sat for our 2nd class test; with two exceptions the whole company passed.

Last Monday Mrs. Goode, the district commissioner of Guides, inspected the company, presented our 2nd class badges, and enrolled the second company which has been formed in the school.

At present we are preparing for an entertainment to be held on the 26th, 27th and 28th. It takes the form of a Handel soiree. The play is an English adaptation of Racine's *Esther*, with music selected from Handel's oratorio *Esther*.

Tableaux will illustrate the water music and the harmonious blacksmith.

There will be several choral and orchestral items, all Handel's compositions. We hope it will be a great success. We expect the examiner from Trinity College of Music, London, early in October. Then will come the final exams. and Cambridge Locals—the end of our school year.

With all good wishes from the girls of

Darjeeling, and respectful greeting to Mother Superior. •

I remain, yours sincerely,

Ethel M. Robertson.



A Visit to a Buddhist Monastery.

In Darjeeling it is seldom one can go very far without seeing a Lama or Buddhist monk. They are to be met in the bazaar, on the roads, by the score; some looking fat, prosperous and comfortable; others, the reverse; all with their peculiar tunics and caps, their prayer wheels, beads and bowls.

There are many lamasseries or monasteries scattered about, though some of the Lamas come from a great distance. On the top of the highest hill of the range opposite the convent, a very large monastery can be seen with the aid of a telescope.

We had heard much of the monastery at Ghoom, particularly on account of the very large image erected there a couple of years ago; so when we went for an outing after our half-yearly tests we determined to visit this object of interest. The monastery, like most others, is built high on a hill. We were rather disappointed with our first view of it. It was small and dingy. A narrow flight of steps outside led to the second floor. We called out, and after a few moments a Lama raised the curtain—and such a curtain!—hanging across the door at the top of the steps, looked down at us and mumbled something. He was old and gaunt, and looked like an opium-eater. We were kept waiting for some time, and on enquiring the reason we were told that the head Lama was praying, and until he had finished we could not gain admittance. There was noise enough going on inside—drums and gongs.

At last we were told to mount, and some of the girls were quite nervous lest we should all be done away with. As there is safety in a

multitude, they condescended to bring up the rear. I was rather disappointed. How could the boasted 21-ft. figure fit into a room scarcely twelve feet high? It took me some time to realize that the apartment, to which we had been admitted, was really a sort of gallery on a level with the head and shoulders of the great statue, the feet of which rested on the ground floor. The image represented Buddha seated, praying. The Lama told us the image was made of clay and with the clay was mixed crushed jewels. The whole figure was gilded. The crown was studded with torquois, lapis lazuli and other stones.

In front of the image hung a really lovely chandelier with an electric light inside. It struck me as somewhat incongruous. Under the chandelier was a large copper cauldron filled with ghee (butter made from buffalo milk and heated to drive off the water) and with a light in the centre kept burning day and night. The ghee (what ambrosia—food for the gods!) was, to translate literally, “for Buddha’s dinner.” Brass bowls containing water and other things were ranged around, also presumably, for Buddha’s dinner.

The walls were decorated with banner-like pictures, representing scenes from the life of Buddha. Portion of one wall was occupied by a sort of pigeon-hole erection—the library. The Lama showed us one book. It was written or engraved on sheets of what looked like parchment, broader than long. An etched border ran round each page. When not in use the book is rolled up, wrapped in silk or parchment and cloth, and fastened between two gilded boards and returned to its pigeon-hole. All their prayers and holy writings are thus preserved. A double row of low platforms stretch down the room. A number of bells and gongs and horns lay scattered on them, and at the end two huge drums like gigantic dinner gongs. These are all made use of when the monks assemble for their devotions. It must have a consoling influence on the population sufficiently removed to appreciate—a sort of guarantee that the monks are doing

what is expected of them. As we were about to descend the flight of steps, we saw a number of black hats, round, crowned and broad trimmed, with strange devices and horrible eyes painted thereon. With them were stored a number of great horns, fully five feet long, which make a weird sound. These are used at the “Black Hat” and devil dances which are performed on certain occasions by the Lamas.

We then took our leave rather disappointed with the whole place, which looked more like a squalid curio shop than a temple.

—Esmé Destustains E. de M.



Spain.

To-day is quite a royal day. The “colgaduras” are on the balconies for the Infanta Isabel, the Queen Mother, is coming to tea, and the Princesses Christiana and Mercedes are coming to play “hide and seek” with the children.

The Infanta Isabel was furious because she could not come as usual in the morning; she had to hear Mass at home and then hold a reception of some military kind and go to salute the Infanta Isabel. She managed to get here in time for dinner. She hates “funciones” of all kinds; the only thing she liked this morning was the military part. I suppose they told you of the Queen’s visit on Infanta Dolores’ Birthday (the cake with eleven candles came, of course). The Queen went to the children’s refectory, and sat at the end of the table where the Infantes were, only the fourth school children were there and they filled two long tables. The Queen was greatly pleased with the refectory. We never know when she intends dropping in. She hurried through the house the other day to find Infantita Isabel in her class; she is most friendly. Esperanza is really a wonderful little child; she is perfectly in love with the violin; she has begun an air, and is going to do a few notes for “gandma” to-day. Miss

Dutton brought Miss Moran, the Princesses' governess, to see us some evenings ago; the latter is a very sweet, gentle girl, and interesting looking. I believe the Infanta came back quite exhausted; they were so rushed while they were in Sevilla.

Last evening the Royal Family arrived: The Queen, Infanta Louisa, and four of the royal children—Donas, Cristina and Beatriz, Don Juan and Don Gonzalo, and two Damas. Our children were playing basket ball and the whole party went out to look on; then the four little royalties joined the game and played with all their hearts. When it became too dark all came in to tea, arranged in the large parlor. The lights were all switched on when Her Majesty went to the door; she stood for a moment to admire, and said, "how very, very nice it is"; she was surprised and pleased.

The young people seemed to like the thin bread and butter. Before going to tea the royal ladies went to the children's refectory to see the table with the Infanta Isabel's presents, and the Queen Christina was presented with a gorgeous bouquet and the three best violinists played the Royal March. After tea they went to S. Cecilia's to hear the Infantita Esperanza play the violin for them. She was simply amazing. The confident way she stood calmly there and played her little air with the absorbed look of a real musician. You can imagine the joy of the Infanta, of course. Dona Sol wept all the time; she adores those children and always sheds tears of joy when they are noticed in any way. The royal children each played a little piece on the piano without music and with great simplicity, when asked. Then the Queen, Infanta Lusía, one of the Damas and Dona Sol went away, leaving the royal children to spend some time playing with our children.

The Marquesa de Salamanca was left to mind them; she has been their Dama since the Prince of Asturias was born. I never saw any poor lady suffer such agony of mind as she did that hour. The children played a game which took them racing all over the children's

part of the house, up and down stairs to concert hall, up and down the winding stairs, everywhere, like lunatics. The Marquesa sat at the open door of the little parlor and we tried to keep up her spirits. She would say every now and again: "What would I do if I brought home one of them with a broken leg!" Thank God no limbs were broken; I never saw children enjoy themselves so much (as there were nearly a hundred and thirty children playing, you can imagine the racket!) The younger ones were sent to play "hide and seek" in the schools and dormitories, the three or four smallest Infantes with them. Nuns played with them and watched them well; little Gonzalo hid under an eiderdown in one of the beds with one of our young people. I never saw children enjoy an evening so much. When Infantita Beatriz and Don Juan "could not any more" they took off their coats and brought them to the Marquesa to mind; both appeared in white woollen jerseys and suits and looked quite slim—then off to play again. The Princesses wore pale blue velvet coats—they are all beautiful children. John is the image of the King. They fought well for the prize that Mother Superior gave; Beatriz got a nice little sachet. At 6.30 o'clock the Marquesa insisted on going. She said they supped at 7 o'clock, and the nurses would be in a state if they were not at home in time to dress. There were great good-byes and expressions of pleasure; then all went down to the motor to see them off. The little Infantites (ours) did not go till seven. Dona Sol came for them when she left Dona Luisa at home. The Queen is full of gratitude for the care taken of the Infanta Isabel, because she is so happy and so well. She says she will send the royal children early some day to play basket ball.

11th December.

We are now nearly three weeks in Spain and the time has passed quickly. It is a most interesting country and so truly Catholic. While at Bilbao we had the opportunity given us of making a visit to Loyola. It is a drive of two hours over the mountain and the little town

can scarcely be much changed since the days of St. Ignatius. The Santa Casa, the old family residence where he was born and converted, is now buttressed between the Basilica and the residence of the fathers. The outside is as in the old days, but inside every room has been converted into a chapel and the greatest care taken to prevent decay. The walls are covered with marble or other decorations. We heard four Masses in the Chapel of the Conversion and received Holy Communion there too. In one of the chapels is a picture of the Blessed Virgin which sweated profusely before the suppression of the society—the cloths on the altar were soaked with water which ran down even to the floor. These cloths are preserved with a written authentication of the miracle. One is struck by the extraordinary silence and recollection which seem to prevail everywhere in Loyola. Even the little notes for the use of pilgrims and those who make retreats remind me of a convent. It was interesting to see the Novices go for their daily work, and each one take off his cap as he passed the statue of the founder in the porch, where he is represented as a warrior. No incident of his life is left without commemoration. Bilbao is also near Limpics of the Miraculous Crucifix. Many about there have seen the miracle, and the church hitherto so poor and obscure has become a famous sanctuary. The Feast of the Immaculate Conception is the greatest feast in Spain; our children here were dressed in white all day. They sang the Mass, and after a grand reception of Children of Mary there was a procession along the big corridor, which is 140 feet long and 12 feet wide. The heads of the three schools placed wreaths at the feet of Our Blessed Mother's Statue. On each rose petal was the number of acts performed in her honour. The devotion to the Blessed Virgin in Spain is extraordinary.

We are leaving for Andalusia on the 18th. There are some breaks on the way and it will be three days before we are in Castillija. Everything here reminds me of our dearest M.M. Stanislaus. When one hears of all the difficul-

ties she encountered in her work here it makes me realize how great was her courage. There is an Australian nun in Zalla, M.M. Bernadine Brown.

—M.J.B.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

A Blue Gown.

Your newest gown
Verily is an intriguing mystery,
Fresh with live colour
And fragrant softness,
The shade
Was stolen from the pulsing breast
Of a dying bluebird.
Blue moods,
The cold blue light of the moon
And the warm blueness
Of a gas flame
Are all enmeshed
In the blue of your gown.
It oozes the blueness
Of mountains and distant icebergs,
Of Venetian skies and summer seas.
Blue blood and the livid blueness
Of Toronto Sundays
Live in the colour of your gown.

BETTY McGRATH, 2T2.

Kathleen.

Dainty and small as an elfin maid,
Eyes that have borrowed the young sky's shade,
Flaxen hair
And a wistful air
As of one who into this dull world strayed
From a place that was cosy, where elf-maids
played,
Where log fires burned with blue-green flame
And the sparks cracked and clapped to applaud
the game.
And when they were weary the elf-mothers
came

And told them to sleep and they'd wake again
In a land that was new, where that strange
thing, Pain,

Held sway and was lord of the whole domain.
The elf-maids woke and with quaint surprise
Found themselves out of their paradise,
But the earth place saw them with kindly eyes,
For it knew the elf-maids e'en tho' disguised;
They are little, you know, and dainty and kind,
But their hearts are bigger than most, you'll
find,

And that is the reason the earth was glad,
For hearts like theirs are not easily had.
The maiden I speak of is one of the band
Of elfin maids who strayed into the land.



A PAIR OF IFS

How It Would Be if—Spenser Had Written "Little Miss Muffett"

A faire ladye of gentil blood y born,
To heare the song of gentle Philomel,
Rose from her bowre ere yet the Rosy Morn
Had left Tithonus' bed in heavenly dell.
She sate upon a mound where nymphes doe
dwell.

Eftsoons a dragon, loathly wicked wight,
With forty scaly legs as I thee tell,
With hideous mouth and eyen glittering
bright
And nostrils breathing fire, came into her
sight.

The beauteous princesse—Muffett was she
hight—

Withouten moe delay shrieked so withal
That her sad plaint and dire doleful plight,
When that the monster unto her did crawl,
A squyer heard, and it did him appal.

His snow-white steed he stopped, his sword he
drew,

Glittering like Phoebus rays ere night doth
fall,

With jewels dight. The loathly lord he slew,

Then tooke the Princesse Muffett for his
ladye true.

[We regret that lack of space prevents us
from giving the gruesome details of the slaying
of the dragon].

How It Would Be If—The Average Undergrad Had Written "La Belle Dame Sans Merci."

Senior:

What ails thee now, young Sophomore,
Alone and palely loitering?
The autumn's come, and Rugby games
Are in full swing.

O what can ail thee, Sophomore,
So haggard and so' woe begone?
Your class dance is next Friday night—
So put your watch and chain in pawn.

Soph:

I met a Co-Ed in the halls,
Full beautiful, with brown bobbed hair;
Her skirts were short, her step was light,
And her face was fair.

I got an introduction then,
And asked her to a movie twice;
She looked at me as she did love,
And said, "How nice!"

But when I went to call for her,
Her room-mate met me in the hall;
She said, "La Belle Dame sans Merci
Hath thee in thrall.

She would have gone with you to-night,
But Fred just 'phoned—she went with him,
A movie holds not La Belle Dame
Nor a promise slim."

So that is why I linger here,
Alone and palely loitering,
Though Rugby games and Thé Dansants
Are in full swing.

BETTY McGRATH, 2T2.

“——NIGHT”

The botanical name for it has not yet been found and we have vowed ourselves in the meantime not to use the common or garden word for such things nor ape those monstrous males who sing the glories of “Daffydil Night.” However, pending the discovery, the first annual “——Night” proved a mighty success. The dramatic work of each of the years was original and very well acted, but the prize—a banner bearing the Loretto escutcheon—went to Fourth, which presented two delightful sketches, “If Bacon Wrote Shakespeare’s Plays” and “Here We Go Gathering Nuts in May,” the latter being a very realistic presentation of what happens in the two lurid weeks which precede convocation.

“DICTUM SAPIENTI SAT EST”

Let us look to our sentences, Rainbow writers! There is room for improvement. Many, very many, are too long. Some are clumsy in construction. The sense of others is involved and obscure. The rules governing punctuation are too loosely observed. As for the poetry, look to it that poetic measure and accent are not seriously violated, and above all, see that your matter is strictly original. One must gather information, sometimes ideas, from other works occasionally, but beware of adopting another’s exact phraseology. Good, bad or indifferent, we want our own composition. Don’t forget the old adage, “Practice makes perfect.”



Well-Dressed Ankles

CINDERELLA’S FAIRY GODMOTHER was clever enough to dress the little Fairytale lady in gorgeous apparel for the Prince’s ball. The slippers were sparkling silver, the stockings — fairytale lore doesn’t record they were soft silken affairs, but fairies always wear silk.

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LORETTO GRADUATING EXERCISES (WOODLAWN, CHICAGO).

The graduating exercises of Loretto Academy, 1445 E. 65th St., Chicago, were gratifying alike to the faculty and the student body. Scholarships for college courses were awarded to Miss Dorothy Wideman, Miss Patricia Geoghegan and Miss Cecilia McBrady. A scholarship for Loretto Academy was obtained by Miss Marion Simmons. Certificates were awarded to the young ladies of the Academy who were successful in the recent music examinations conducted by Mr. Garwood, of the American Conservatory of Music, at the Academy, an established center.

Mass was celebrated at 8 a.m. by Reverend Hilary Doswald, O.C.C., who also delivered the impressive Baccalaureate sermon. At the breakfast which followed, the class prophecy and the last will and testament of Class '23 were read. Amongst other pleasant events of Commencement week were a theatre party given to the Seniors by the Juniors and a luncheon in the Gold Room of the Congress Hotel given by the Loretto Woodlawn Alumnae to welcome their new members, the Class of '23.

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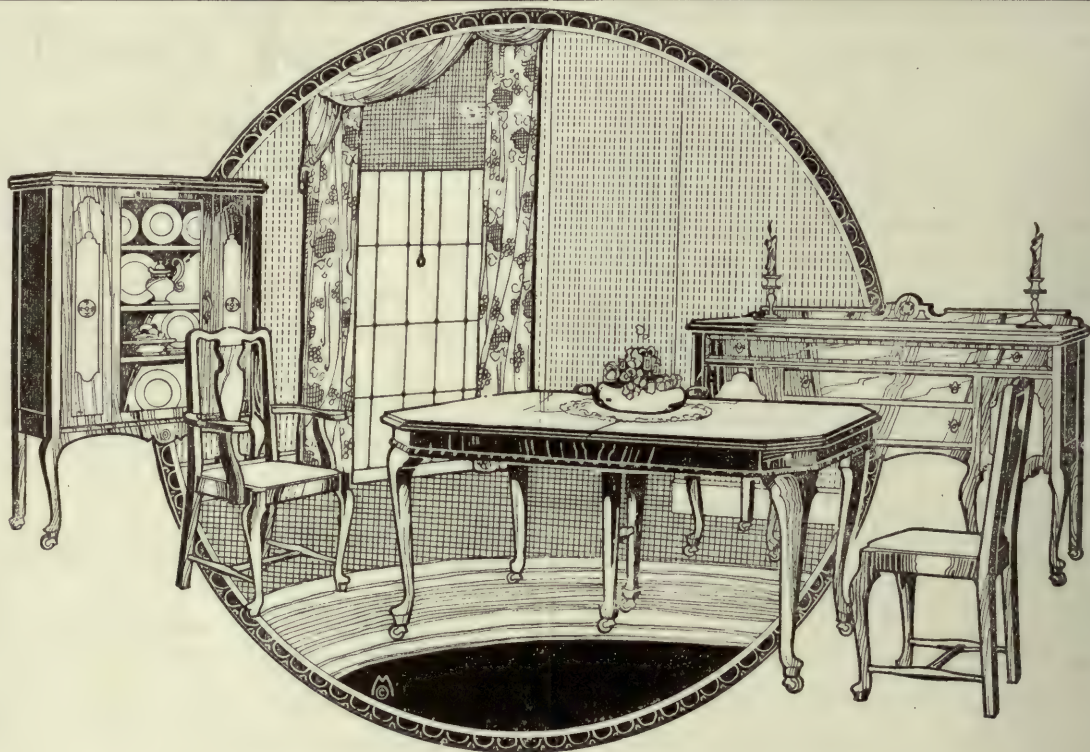
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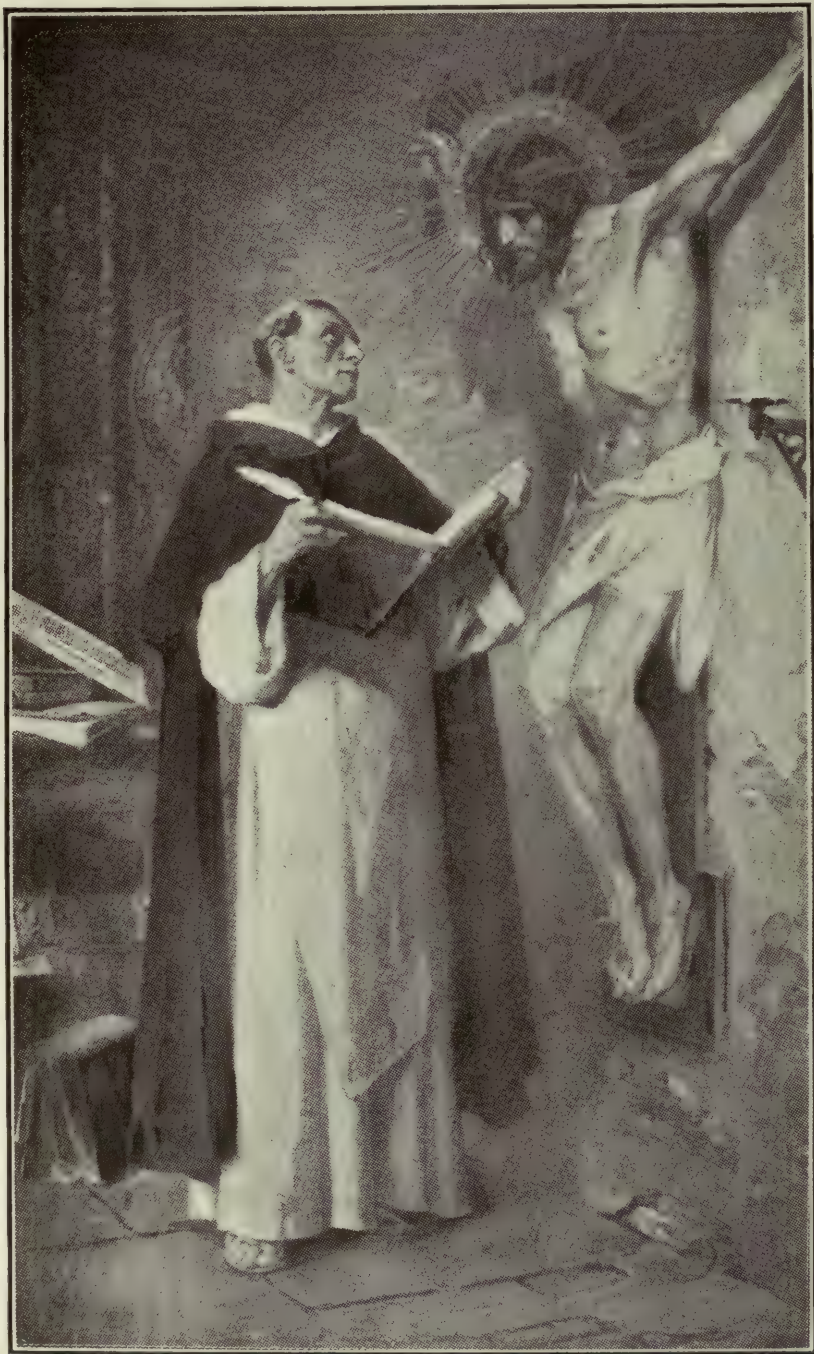
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VOL. XXX.

TORONTO, OCTOBER, 1928

No 4

ST. THOMAS AQUINAS

AN important event in ecclesiastical history is celebrated this year—the sixth centenary of the canonization of “the most learned of the saints and the most saintly of the learned.” A great year it should be for saints and scholars; but to base any claim to St. Thomas on either ground would be sufficient to disqualify the claimant; since the more holy one becomes the less one’s humility will permit him to realize it, and, with the greatest acquisition of learning comes the positive conviction of utter ignorance. But since as students we aspire to scholarship, and as Christians to sanctity, most of us may pretend to an interest in this purest glory of the Dominican Order.

In the whole history of the Church there is scarcely a more splendid figure than this mighty prince of theologians, with his extraordinary mind so quick to grasp the truths of God, and his scrivener’s pen so swift and clear in declaring His power and setting forth all His praises. The lines were fallen unto him in goodly places, in that he was born into the world during Europe’s golden age of education, and born into his order in the days of its most renowned professor, Blessed Albert of Cologne.

His birth, which took place in 1225, was preceded by signs and predictions of his future greatness. During his babyhood there

were also numerous presages of the holiness he was to acquire, one of the most touching being the determined closing of his little fist over a tiny roll of paper on which—when forced from him by his mother—was found written the Ave Maria — an incident truly prophetic of the tender love which he always preserved in his heart for our Blessed Lady. At a very early age he was sent by his parents to be brought up among the noble youths who were being educated at the Benedictine monastery of Monte Cassino. His education was continued at the University of Naples, from which seat of corrupted morals, the prayerful, mortified boy came forth unscathed. In this city he became acquainted with the Friars Preachers and begged to be admitted into their Order. But in following his vocation he was to meet with difficulties. His mother, though so much extolled for her piety, we have reason to suspect, had among her aristocratic prejudices, more worldliness than she was aware of. She was distraught at the possibility. Lord Abbot of Monte Cassino Thomas might become, but, if it lay in her power to prevent, no son of hers should ever wear the humble habit of a mendicant friar. Other attempts failing, she induced his elder brothers to seize him on his way to Paris and imprison him in one of the towers of his father’s castle at Rocca-Secca. But the noble youth had heard the privileged “Follow

me" of the Master, and from the perfect path, neither by the harshness of his brothers nor the blandishments of his mother could his footsteps ever be moved.

To the generous novice whose heart was given wholly to God, even the heavy trial of imprisonment could work only unto good. Books which the Dominican Fathers smuggled into the castle, were carried to him by his sister, and his long leisure was devoted to the Holy Scriptures, Aristotle's *Metaphysics*, and the "Sentences" of Peter Lombard. It was the intensive study he gave to these works that contributed largely to the disciplined perfection of his mind, with its resultant accuracy, in which, as well as in lucidity, he was later to surpass his renowned teacher, Blessed Albert himself. It was while in prison, too, as a reward of his well-tested virtue, he received the angelic girdling. Thomas pleaded for integrity of mind and body and a grace was accorded him, not numbered even among the favors to St. Paul, who complains of "the sting of the flesh," and "the buffets of the angel of Satan."

Released after nearly two years, he was sent by his superiors to Cologne to study under Albertus Magnus, the most famous professor among the Dominicans. Retiring, silent and humble, his talents were naturally underrated by his fellow-students, who nicknamed him "the dumb ox." But recognizing his abilities upon reading some notes he had written on an obscure passage in the "Book of Names," his penetrating—and as it proved prophetic—teacher exclaimed, "We call him the dumb ox—some day his bellowing will be heard throughout the world." In his lectures he soon began to eclipse his master, while his deft handling of philosophical treatises also attracted many readers.

Thomas as pupil still—and favorite pupil now—accompanied Blessed Albert when he went as professor to Paris. Returning after a time to Cologne, he was raised to the priesthood; then back again to Paris to receive his degree of Doctor of Theology, which is said to have been conferred on him side by side

with St. Bonaventure. Now began his career in earnest. He prayed, taught, wrote, and travelled considerably. In his travels, during his short tarrying time in different cities, he managed to exercise a vigorous apostolate by his expositions of Christian teaching and his definite declaration of the Church's doctrine.

Pure of heart, he had the King for his friend. With Him he ascended the holy mount and came back laden with precious gifts of learning. But the crown of all his labors is his "*Summa Theologica*," which was given a place with the Scriptures and the Decrees of the Popes on a table in the hall where the Fathers convened for the Council of Trent. At the Vatican Council it was accorded a similar honor. The Office of the feast of Corpus Christi, another work of the Saint, is said to be unsurpassed in beauty by any other office of the Breviary, while his hymns to his Sacramental Lord are sung to-day just as they fell from his heart and his pen, and they ever remain the most devotional of all. A system of studies formulated by St. Thomas in collaboration with two of his fellow-friars, is preserved in substance to this day in the "*studia generalia*" of his order.

A flattering testimony to the excellence of his doctrine has been unwittingly lent by the shameless Luther, who, unable to meet argument with answer, could only honor the Angel of the Schools with meaningless torrents of abuse.

Being taught by humility the real value of all pomp and power, he three times resisted the Pope's attempts to make him bishop, each time craving instead some boon for the Church. He held no office even in his own Order, preferring always to remain a simple friar. Once when questioned by a student whether he would care to have the governing of the beautiful city of Paris, he replied that he would rather have the homilies of St. Chrysostom on the gospel of St. Matthew—this held an appeal for him, the other none at all. Though so perfectly master of his intellect as to have the power of dictating to several secretaries at

once (one biographer tells us he even continued to dictate in his sleep!), in the simplicity of his soul he admitted, with thanks to God, he had never had a single thought of vainglory on account of his talents of mind.

St. Thomas is described as having been of majestic appearance—large, noble and handsome. Often he was abstracted and often too, he was caught up in ecstasy. One day at the table of St. Louis, so absorbed was his mind in a theological problem that he quite forgot the royal presence and surprised his host by striking the table and crying out: "It was defined against the Manicheans." It was long his custom to betake himself to the church at night when he supposed he was securely alone. On one occasion the sacristan, who followed him, suddenly beheld the saint raised from the ground, his eyes fixed on a crucifix. From the lips of the Crucified he heard the words, "Thomas, well hast thou written of me; what reward wilt thou have?" "None other than thyself, Lord," came the sublime answer.

The wise sayings of this man are well worthy of the care that has been taken to preserve them. "The prayerless soul advances in nothing." "The poverty of an impatient religious is a useless expense." "How can anyone who knows he is in a state of mortal sin laugh and be merry?" "Idleness is the hook with which the devil fishes." The easiest way to become learned, he said, was "by reading one book only." Probably the most noteworthy of all is his very acceptable definition of Heaven—"perfect activity, and perfect repose."

In 1274 St. Thomas was summoned by Pope Gregory to attend the General Council at Lyons. Though weakened by toil and suffering, he tried to obey. On the road his broken strength gave out; he was forced to accept the proffered hospitality of the Cistercians at Fossa-Nuova. On entering the monastery, he hesitated a moment on the threshold and whispered: "This is my rest for ever and ever; here will I dwell for I have chosen it." Here from his deathbed, at the request of the Fathers, he gave his beautiful explanation of that most

difficult book—the *Canticum of Canticles*. After he had made a general confession of his whole life, the Sacrament of Extreme Unction was administered. Later, at the approach of the Sacred Viaticum, he fervently and humbly threw himself on his knees to receive Him Whom his soul loved best. Almost immediately he cried out: "I receive Thee, the price of the redemption of my soul, for whom I have studied, written, preached and taught." For a time he communed in silence with his Sacred Guest, then he began to repeat aloud his own immortal canticle, "Adoro Te." He continued the Divine song to the end, after which he fell into a light slumber from which he awoke to the vision of God.

His death was miraculously revealed to his beloved teacher, Blessed Albert. In distant Cologne at this moment the holy old man, seated with his brethren in the refectory, suddenly began to weep. On being pressed by the Prior for the cause of his grief: "It is sad news I am about to tell you," he answered. "Thomas Aquino, my son in Jesus Christ, the light of the whole Church, is dead."

Within fifty years he was enrolled among the Saints by John XXII., who, with pardonable exaggeration, the outcome of his intense devotion to the Saint, declared that the miracles Thomas Aquinas had already wrought were as numerous as the articles he had written.

The Papal medal struck this year is commemorative of this great event. On the reverse side in high relief St. Thomas is seen seated on the clouds, while below him in various postures are the figures of Dante and Beatrice, John XXII., St. Louis V., and Leo XIII.

Dante and Beatrice are fittingly present. Beatrice who figures so estimably in Dante's monumental work—a work which is essentially the "Summa" remelted in the fervid imagination of the unrivaled genius and cast into the mould of his great epic poem, the "Divina Commedia." By John XXII., as was stated, Thomas was canonized. He was solemnly declared a Doctor of the Universal Church by St.

Pius V., another Dominican; while in our own day Leo XIII. issued a Brief designating him patron of all Catholic universities, academies, colleges and schools throughout the world.

Thus, after hundreds of years, the Church still keeps him before us, and, as prophetic-

ally foretold, the sound of his voice has gone forth unto all the earth, and his words are hearkened to "which they that use become the sons of God."

A.C.M.

Loretto, Niagara Falls.



In the Bois de Belleau*

BY MARIE ANTOINETTE DE ROULET.

The violets grow
In the Bois de Belleau,
Where American soldiers sleep;
Fragrant and fair
They nestle there,
A gentle watch to keep.

How came they there,
Those violets fair,
The quiet graves to bless?
Dead lads to thee,
From o'er the sea,
They bring a fond caress

From every home
Across the foam
Where gleamed a star of blue
By window bare.
The service stars
That changed their azure hue

To one of gold,
Fled to the cold
And silent Bois de Belleau.
As violets true
Those stars of blue
Above our soldiers grow.

In Flanders Field
Bright poppies shield
Old England's fallen sons;
And fleurs-de-lys grow
In the earth below
Grim Verdun's mighty guns—

Golden and white
Each droops at night
O'er a fallen Frenchman's breast—
But violets grow
In the Bois de Belleau
Where American soldiers rest.

*It is rumored that the American Government has bought part of the Bois de Belleau, as a cemetery for the American soldiers who are buried there.

ON TESTS AND EXAMINATIONS

BY M. D. CHAMBERS.

"The rain fell down in torrents,
The room was cold and drear,
And Lily Anna strode the floor
In anguish and in fear.
The dreaded day was coming,
She could not eat nor rest
Until she heard the welcome words:
'Sister's postponed the test.'"

The above verse from an old number of "The Saulteur," reminded me of the days—a hundred years ago, more or less—when I was a child in school, and suffered from examinations. We had them every once in so often, and we "crammed" for them weeks before. The studious among us had to be watched, or we would hardly eat or sleep or enjoy life on the days immediately preceding, and we all presented ourselves for examination in a more or less hysterical and nervously prostrated condition.

In this mental state, which we somehow believed was required by the occasion, we watched with sinking hearts the examiner write the questions on the board. The following are typical.

GRAMMAR.

Define Orthography, Etymology, Syntax, and Prosody.

GEOGRAPHY.

State the boundaries of Persia, Portugal, and Turkey-in-Europe. Name the chief cities of each; and the principal rivers and mountains.

HISTORY.

Give the dates of: (1) Discovery of America. (2) Norman Conquest. (3) Hegira. (4) French Revolution. (5) Invention of Printing.

Note that practically every blessed question called for nothing but a good, parrot-like memory, and all the examiner knew about the girl examined was whether or not she could repeat verbatim what she had read or heard. Such an examination could be passed brilliantly by a good phonograph.

This type of question was not for primary grades alone; it prevailed throughout all the classes, the only difference being that the higher you went the harder it was to remember enough to get a passing mark.

The first step that I recall in the evolution of the examination was that it was given a new name. It was called a "test." "Oh, no," we used to be told, "this will not be an examination, only a little written test." The change of name seemed to work with double-back-action. First, on the students, who until (to use the slang of the day) they "caught on," believed that "test" and "review" were synonyms, consequently made their preparation in less agony of mind, came to the "test" with fewer symptoms of hysteria and farther from the verge of nervous prostration, and naturally passed with higher grades. Second, the name "test" appeared to awaken the teacher to question what it was she tested, and to aspire to test more than memory. Thus, a typical question for a test in Grammar would be:

Correct the following: "Which of these pictures would you choose if you were me?" Write the rule on which your correction is based.

Such a question called for memory of the rules, also for ability to apply them, and therefore demanded something more of the girl than if she were a phonograph.

About this time I went to a new school. It would probably rank as what we call Junior

College. It was old-fashioned, long-established, and not afraid to call a spade a spade. We were told we had examinations, and the name was never softened to "test." Four questions were always given in each subject, never fewer, never more. Those answered correctly were marked plus; those incorrectly, minus; and the grade was based on the algebraic sum of the two. If a girl answered two only, and if these were correct, she passed with a grade of "Fair." If three, the grade was "Good"; and if all four were answered correctly, she got a grade of "Excellent," which meant an honor pass, and high distinction. But if the girl answered two correctly, and, not certain of the third, made a shot at it on the chance of winning the "Good" grade, and if the shot were wrong, she was then marked two—minus—one equals one—and this spelt failure.

How many an ambitious girl failed through taking a chance! How many a girl, rashly aiming at the glory of "Excellent," answered two questions correctly, and hazarding another one, came out two—minus—one equals one, which gave her only "Fair." How many a girl knew she knew the answers to two questions, thought she knew the answer to the others, chanced it, came out a failure, and lost promotion to the next higher class!

You remember, don't you, the old saying of the Arabs, to the effect that "He who knows not, and knows that he knows not, he is teachable; he who knows, and knows that he knows, he is wise." Such an examination was a test for both wisdom and teachableness.

Such an examination was more a test of the girl than a test of what she knew. It tested her for prudence vs. rashness; it tested her for self-knowledge—so far as this was included in awareness of what she knew. It tested her for mental integrity, for four-squariness and honesty; for ability to say: "I don't know, and I won't try to make believe I do." One might even call it a test of the girl's strength to resist temptation to the dishonesty of pretence. Such tests as these, during a girl's for-

mative years, could hardly fail to leave a permanent mark on character.

College entrance examinations came next, with proctors in caps and gowns walking up and down the aisles to make sure that nobody surreptitiously referred to notes. The questions used to be something like: "Compare the United States Senate to the Amphyctionic Council," or, "The psychology of the Crusaders has been said to resemble that of the adolescent. Criticise this statement." The questions used to be prevailingly thought-questions, rather than memory. Now we find the thought-question displacing the memory question not only in college entrance, but in the grammar grades.

There has recently been a new departure, so I have heard, in college entrance examinations. A friend lately showed me a set of questions—I think she called them psycho-analytic. I do not remember any of them exactly, but in kind they were all like some of the puzzle games of our childhood, when we were called on to solve such a predicament as that of the man who found himself required to ferry across the stream a fox, a goose, and a pail of oats. He could take only one at a time; and if he took the fox first, the goose would be left to herself to gobble up the oats. If he took the goose on his first trip, and on his second took the fox, the fox would do the gobbling (of the goose) while the man returned for the oats.

Before tests such as these the students are advised to prepare—not by study or cramming, but by a day spent out-of-doors in healthful exercise and fun, to stimulate a good appetite, an excellent digestion, and profound sleep. The examination tests not what they remember, not what they know or have studied, it is a test of quick mental reactions, of keen wits, of intelligence, and it is designated to separate those who are timber for college from those who are not.

After thus demonstrating that she has good brains, the girl who enters college experiences various and sundry kinds of examinations, from those of the celebrated Maria Mitchell of Vassar—who always permitted, even required her stu-

dents to bring their notes and texts to the room, and refer to them freely while they wrote or recited—to those of another college professor whose favorite examination was a request to the members of his class each to frame a set of examination questions in the subject, questions which should completely cover the ground and also test the power to think and reason. The students were not required to answer the questions, only to compose them. This was an excellent examination, in that it compelled a thorough review of the subject, and it also gave the student some inkling of the work called for from the one behind the desk. To frame a good question is much harder than to answer one.

The first examination I took in graduate work delighted me. It was in Sociology, in a class conducted by a man of probably world-wide fame. There was only one, single question: "Write the points wherein you agreed with the lecturer, and the points wherein you disagreed. State your reasons for both agreement and disagreement." Such a question tested the judgment and the good taste of the candidate; it was designed to incite to self-revelation; best of all, it called for clear thinking. Too many of us go through life shirking the trouble of thinking, accepting ready-made the opinions of others, too indolent to work out our own.

The last kind of examination to be discussed is the most important, the most searching of all. It is sprung on us without warning or formal notification. It is the test—probing and examining into every root and fibre of us—which every day, and every hour of every day, brings us, to pass in or to fail. To be the victim of a rather cruel practical joke, or to have to buckle down to work when your tooth aches, are very surely moments of testing; but to break a shoe-lace when dressing in a hurry or to have a pudding you don't like for dinner, are just as surely tests of you, of the kind of girl you are. All through your life you will come up against tests, the woods are full of them and they are as thick as blackberries. The books you read; how you spend your pocket-

money; how you react to a disappointment; how you speak of someone who has slighted or injured you—all these and many more are of common occurrence and of common recurrence. Failure to attain some end or aim, long striven for, greatly desired, is usually considered a severe test of courage and endurance, of mental poise, of strength of character. Yet success is frequently a far more severe and searching test. It is something to be accepted with fear—either that we shall over-estimate its worth (or our own in achieving it), or that we shall fail in right reaction to its responsibilities.

Certain kinds of success seem especially to be a test for level-headedness and poise, and absence of undue self-esteem. These are the forms of success which involve personal popularity, adulation and idealization. Such will often be won by a teacher from her pupils, and to stimulate such admiration and idealization may be the best thing she can do for her pupils. It should develop in them high ideals; it should elevate their standards and inspire them to noble aims. But it may be the worst thing the pupils can do for the teacher. It may develop in her the self-satisfaction which will forever cripple her advance; the self-esteem which blinds her to her faults; the craving for further praise and recognition which will shrink and shrivel her soul. This, provided her pupils persuade her she is worthy of their generous idealization. For no teacher ever measures up to that extravagant investiture of her with all things lovely and of good report, the result of youthful enthusiasm which admires to the point of adoration. Such idealization of her is an extremely severe test for the teacher.

Let me now tell you two stories; one of success, and one of failure, under test and examination.

A certain boy was sent to college, a thousand miles from his home. In high school he had distinguished himself in debates, and in college he was equally successful, so that early in his sophomore year he was chosen to lead an intercollegiate contest in debating. To win in this contest seemed to the boy the thing just

then most to be desired on earth. He craved the glory for his college and his class; he longed to win for the pleasure it would give his mother; and away deep down, perhaps most of all, he hungered for the distinction it would bring himself. Consequently he prepared for the contest to the best of his ability, and he kept urging his mother to come half-way across the continent to witness what he was so sure would be his triumph. The mother, at the sacrifice of time and money, consented to come, and in midwinter took that long journey to please her son.

The boy made a signal failure. So skilled was his opponent that from the first he had not the ghost of a chance. The only thing that could be said for him was that he stood his ground in the face of disaster, which after all was no small thing to do. *

The worst part of the disaster was that his mother was present; his mother, whom he had brought all that way to see him win, and who now saw him lose.

When the contest was concluded, and his opponent declared victor "summa cum laude," our boy was the first to offer him congratulations. This is only the usual courtesy on such occasions, but on this occasion the congratulations were offered in no merely formal spirit. The boy's face shone with pleasure as he expressed admiration of his rival's skill. Self was not thought of, nothing appeared to be present in his mind except enthusiasm for the other, except genuine and honest delight that an opponent who so well deserved it should have scored so high.

His mother went home, feeling that her journey was the most worthwhile she had ever taken. Her son had passed with a grade of A-double-plus. Not in debating, but in generosity, in absence of self-esteem, in willingness to admit he was excelled by another and in evident pleasure in that excellence—all qualities which go to make up a good sport, a good loser, and a whole lot besides.

Now for the other story, a much more subtle one.

A stupid girl, the daughter of the wealthiest

and most influential man in the town, complained to the registrar of a college that she had been treated contemptuously by the new teacher of Botany. The girl marshalled facts, and the registrar at once saw the case was serious. The new teacher was an extremely brilliant woman, quite an asset to the college; but one who, as the registrar well knew, was intolerant of dull brains, impatient with slow wits, and apt to be scathing in her scorn of stupid pupils. If the girl complained to her father, whose heart was wrapped up in her, he would immediately use his influence against the college. If the teacher were reprimanded she would flare up and resign—and she too had powerful friends. Trouble was threatening, and here was a test of the ability of the registrar to make peace.

"Catherine dear," she said to the girl, "you did right to come to me with your complaint. I can promise you that the matter will be attended to, and such a thing will not occur again. Aside from her unfortunate manner to you—which shall not be permitted to continue—don't you think Miss Blank is a brilliant woman, and very scholarly? A rare combination, isn't it?"

"Yes," Catherine admitted without anything resembling warm enthusiasm.

"And don't you think she is highly original?"

Another lukewarm assent.

"Drop in to see me to-morrow, Catherine."

Next the registrar managed to meet Miss Blank, apparently accidentally. "Hullo," she cried, "I have a bouquet for you."

Bouquets were things Miss Blank could not have too many of. She stopped, though she was in a hurry.

"One of your students was in to see me, little Catherine Kyle, and I must tell you what she said."

Miss Blank felt guilty, and reddened. This could not be a bouquet.

"She thinks you are a rare combination of scholarship and brilliancy, and that you are highly original."

Miss Blank immediately condoned the stu-

pidity of a girl so discriminating. The registrar could see her preen herself.

"Little Catherine has pretty good brains, after all, don't you think? Her father will be your friend for life, if his daughter likes you. And don't you agree with me that Catherine is pretty and ladylike? A girl like that has a social influence, as well as an influence in the class."

"Yes, indeed," from Miss Blank, who was delighted at the impression she made on Catherine, and was having her eyes gently opened to other results.

Enter Catherine next day by appointment.

"Why, Catherine," the registrar greeted her, "you must be mistaken about Miss Blank. I spoke to her, indirectly of course, and not mentioning a word of what you told me, and she has nothing but lovely things to say of you. She thinks you have good brains, and that you are so pretty and ladylike as to exercise a fine influence on the class."

Catherine went to Botany recitation with a change of heart towards Miss Blank; and Miss Blank was extra lovely to the girl whose intellect she had so misjudged in thinking it incapable of estimating her brilliancy, her originality and scholarship. Also a girl of social influence, and one whose father could be a wonderful friend. For the future there was no danger of friction between teacher and pupil.

In bringing about this desirable result, how did the registrar pass her test? Peace was made—yes, but was it peace with honor? Did she win through an appeal to what was highest and finest and noblest in the two whom she handled so skillfully; or did she win through a play on their vanity, through an appeal to what was weakest in both? Was her influence exerted towards life, or towards death?

Thus are the tests and examinations of greatest importance presented to us—without warning, with small chance for immediate preparation. In these every day we pass or fail.



Horation



Behold the gifts wherewith Thou hast endowed
 My little soul, and made my living sweet;
 I run to Thee—I who have been so proud—
 And as a little child I cast them at Thy feet:
 The sword of Reason, whetted on the stone
 Of hard Humility; and Faith's strong shield;
 The helm of Hope, whose nodding plumes have
 blown

Undaunted in a fight where giants reeled;
 And Charity, my Knighthood's chivalry;
 I come—for I have heard Thy silver Call
 That thrills about the rout and revelry—
 I come to give my Lord my very all.
 And—head flung back—to shout the proud
 "I will!"

And bow myself before Thy Holy Will.

O.M. STELLA MARIS.

UN TRIBUT DE MON HOMMAGE

C'est dans une auréole lumineuse que le nom de Mary Ward, nous apparaît après avoir fermé le livre relatant son héroïque vie. Un indescriptible sentiment d'admiration, de profonde gratitude remplit nos cœurs.

Enfants de l'Abbaye de Loretto, beneficiaries de son veuvre admirable dont les Soeurs de Saints Vierge Marie sont continuatrices, nous sommes heureuses, en ces jours ou commence devant le St. Siège le procès de sa canonization, de payer le faible tribut de notre hommage à l'admirable fondatrice de cette Institution.

Vivant dans notre ère de liberté, dans un pays libre, nous pouvons à peine concevoir les difficultés, les luttes et les persécutions qu'eurent à subir aux 16 et 17 ièmes siècles, les Catholiques d'Angleterre.

Mary Ward naquit à cette époque d'une famille noble et profondément chrétienne. Sa douceur de caractère, sa remarquable grandeur d'âme l'attirèrent vers un brillant projet d'avenir qui devait être éprouvé dans la souffrance et même par un insuccès passager. Son cœur était promis au Divin Epoux dès les plus jeunes années de sa vie. Elle avait résolu de n'appartenir qu'à Lui et plus encore, de travailler à Lui gagner âmes, particulièrement celles de sa terre natale.

Etablir une Congrégation de Religieuses non cloîtrées, sous la règle de St. Ignace, aussi près qu'elle pourrait être pratiquée, pour pourvoir à l'éducation catholique des jeunes filles, fut le but de Mary Ward. La tâche était immense, mais immenses étaient aussi le courage, l'énergie, le renoncement, la foi confiante de cette apôtre du Christ. Comme les Incomparable Douze qui formèrent l'école de son Maître, Mary eut à souffrir des persécutions sans nom-

bre, non seulement de la part des ennemis de l'Eglise, mais aussi de ceux elle attendait naturellement secours et appui. Elle supporta sans fléchir, tous les tourments physiques et moraux.

"Sois honteuse de dire que quelque chose te paraît difficile au service de Dieu," sont les nobles paroles que nous trouvons sur les lèvres dans ses moments d'angoisse. Sous le voile d'une délicate constitution quelle grandeur d'âme, quelle surhumaine énergie à poursuivre le but dicté par Dieu lui-même!

Après soixante années d'un labeur incessant, cette fidèle servante fut appelée à recevoir la récompense de ses nombreuses journées et de ses souffrances. Avec raison pourrait-on lui appliquer les mots de cet autre Grand Voyageur: "En voyages souvent, en périls des fleuves . . . en périls de ma nation . . . En périls des gentils . . . En périls parmi de faux frères" . . . etc., etc., et avec lui aussi: "J'ai combattu le bon combat, j'ai achevé la course, j'ai gardé la foi; au reste, la couronne de justice m'est réservée, et le Seigneur, juste juge, me la rendra en cette journée-là."

La semence ainsi jetée en terre, arrosée des larmes et sacrifices de sa fondatrice, germa et produisit une abondante moisson. Non-seulement en Angleterre, mais sur le monde entier l'Institution de la Bienheureuse Vierge Marie étend ses rameaux, protégeant avec une sollicitude bénie la foi de ses innombrables enfants qui sous son guide, reçoivent les solides principes d'une éducation chrétienne.

C'est fera de notre Bien-aimée Mère Mary Ward une Sainte, pour partager avec le monde entier l'honneur que dans nos cœurs nous lui avons toujours accordé.

BERTHE TRUDEL.

Loretto Abbey, Toronto.



BLESSED THERESE OF THE CHILD JESUS

"I wish to spend my heaven in doing good upon earth."

BLESSED SOEUR THERESE

IN a window filled with beautiful roses, the loveliest bouquets have dainty little flowers scattered in among the large roses. The small, lacy, white flowers add a very special charm which is all their own.

Now God has a wonderful bouquet made up of the great saints like St. Theresa, St. Augustine, St. Ignatius and a host of others, and with them are also the tiny saints, such as little Sister Teresa of the Child Jesus and the Holy Face, who seems to make even God's flowers sweeter for her presence among them.

Little Therèse, if she were alive now, would not be any older than many of the parents of those who read this, yet she is honoured by our glorious Church as a saint.

Therèse Martin was a happy child in having a home in which, as she says herself, she saw only what gave her good example. But like each of us, she had her faults, and had to learn how to conquer them. She was stubborn, but she loved God so much that she turned this fault into a virtue by making up her mind to do everything to please God. Of her self-love she tells us the following incident:

"I had another fault also, of which my Mother did not speak in her letters: it was self-love. One day, no doubt wishing to see how far my pride would go, she smiled and said to me, 'Therèse, if you will kiss the ground I will give you a half-penny.' In those days a half-penny was a fortune, and in order to gain it I had not far to stoop, for I was so tiny there was not much distance between me and the ground; but my pride was up in arms, and holding myself very erect, I said, 'No, thank you, Mamma, I would rather go without it.'"

When the Little Flower was about two years old she heard someone say that her sister Pauline would be a nun, and she immediately said to herself, "I will be a nun too."

She began when she was three to count the number of acts of self-denial she could make each day. One of her greatest joys was to give alms to the poor she met when out on her walks with her "King," as she called her father. There is one little story she tells about an experience she had with a beggar which may help us to keep in our thoughts the spiritual needs of the poor as well as their bodily wants:

"One day we came upon a poor man who dragged himself painfully along on crutches. I went up to give him a penny. He looked sadly at me for a long time, and then, shaking his head with a sorrowful smile, he refused my alms. I cannot tell you what I felt; I had wished to help and comfort him, and instead of that, I had, perhaps, hurt him and caused him pain. He must have guessed my thought, for I saw him turn round and smile at me when we were some way off.

Just then Papa bought me a cake. I wished very much to run after the old man and give it to him, for I thought: 'Well, he did not want money, but I am sure he would like to have a cake.' I do not know what held me back, and I felt so sad I could hardly keep from crying; then I remembered having heard that one obtains all the favours asked for on one's First Communion Day. This thought consoled me immediately, and though I was only six years old at the time, I said to myself: 'I will pray for my poor old man on the day of my First Communion.' Five years later, I faithfully kept my resolution. I have always thought that childish prayer for this suffering member of Christ has been blessed and rewarded."

Madame Martin died when Therèse was only four years old, so Pauline became her "Little Mother," and watched over her until she entered the Carmel at Liseaux. The poor Little

Flower missed her mother so much that she became very ill. After many months of sickness Our Lady of Lourdes smiled at the sick child and made her well.

From the time Celine, the sister just a few years older, made her First Communion, Therèse began to prepare for hers. She alone can tell us anything of her joy, and so in her "Life" she says:

"How sweet was the first embrace of Jesus! It was indeed an embrace of love. I felt that I was loved, and I said: 'I love Thee and I give myself to Thee forever.' Jesus asked nothing from me and claimed no sacrifice; for a long time He and little Therèse had known and understood one another. That day our meeting was more than simple recognition; it was perfect union. We were no longer two. Therèse had disappeared like a drop of water in the immensity of the ocean; Jesus alone remained—He was the Master, the King! Had not Therèse asked Him to take away her liberty which frightened her? She felt herself so weak and frail, that she wished to be for ever united to the Divine Strength."

Now all these years the Little Flower was becoming more and more careful to show her love for Our Lord by keeping her soul free from even the smallest deliberate fault. She had, with God's grace, conquered all but her extreme sensitiveness, and the dear Little Infant Himself cured her of this on His Own Birthday.

"On that blessed night the Sweet Infant Jesus, scarce an hour old, filled the darkness of my soul with floods of light. By becoming weak and little, for love of me, He made me strong and brave; He put His own weapons into my hands, so that I went from victory to victory, beginning, if I may say so, 'To run as a giant.' The fountain of my tears was dried up and from that time they flowed neither easily nor often."

"Now I will tell you, dear Mother, how I received this inestimable grace of complete conversion. I knew that when we reached home after Midnight Mass I should find my

shoes in the chimney corner, filled with presents, just as when I was a little child, which proves that my sisters still treated me as a baby. Papa, too, liked to watch my enjoyment and hear my cries of delight at each fresh surprise that came from the magic shoes, and his pleasure added to mine. But the time had come when Our Lord wished to free me from childhood's failings, and even withdraw me from its innocent pleasures.

"On this occasion, instead of indulging me as he generally did, Papa seemed vexed, and on my way upstairs I heard him say, 'Really all this is too babyish for a big girl like Therèse, and I hope it is the last year it will happen.' His words cut me to the quick. Celine, knowing how sensitive I was, whispered, 'Don't go downstairs just yet—wait a little, you would cry too much if you looked at your presents before Papa.' " But Therèse was no longer the same—Jesus had changed her heart.

"Choking back my tears, I ran down to the dining-room, and, though my heart beat fast, I picked up my shoes, and gayly pulled out all the things, looking as happy as a queen. Papa laughed, and did not show any trace of displeasure, and Celine thought she must be dreaming. But happily it was a reality; little Therèse had regained, once for all, the strength of mind which she had lost at the age of four and a half.

Therèse had not lost her desire to be a nun, but was getting more anxious each day, and so with her father's permission, she determined to enter Carmel when she was fifteen. Almost everyone else objected, even the Pope said, "Do whatever the superiors decide." Again Our Lord came to the help of His cherished child and she was allowed to enter.

Then commenced her life of sacrifice "to save souls and especially to pray for the souls of priests." Our Lord made her understand that it was by the Cross He would give her souls. He tried His little novice by sending her many sufferings of mind and body, but like a true soldier she smiled bravely and made herself ready for whatever He would give her next.

And so the years went by. Each moment was used for God alone and her love grew so strong that she offered herself to Our Lord as a Victim of Love:

"If Thy Justice—which is of earth—must needs be satisfied, how much more must Thy Merciful Love desire to inflame souls, since, 'Thy mercy reacheth even to the Heavens?' O Jesus! let me be that happy victim—consume Thy Holocaust with the Fire of Divine Love!"

She made use of everything in order to merit some grace for souls:

"The Infirmarian had advised her to take a little walk in the garden for a quarter of an hour each day. This recommendation was for her a command. One afternoon a Sister, noticing what an effort it cost her, said: "Soeur Therèse, you would do much better to rest; walking like this cannot do you any good. You only tire yourself!" "That is true," she replied, "but do you know what gives me strength? I offer each step for some missionary. I think that possibly, over there, far away, one of them is weary and tired in his apostolic labours, and to lessen his fatigue I offer mine to the Good God."

Then came the long, painful illness which was to lead to the beginning of her mission:

"I feel that my mission is soon to begin—my mission to make others love God as I love Him—to teach souls my little way. . . . I shall spend my Heaven in doing good upon earth."

When a flower has opened fully the petals drop off one by one and so the Little Flower showed, one by one, the miracles of grace in a faithful soul. "Precious the sight of the Lord, is the death of His Saints."

The solemn celebration of the beatification of Blessed Therèse took place in Liseaux on the sixth, seventh and eight of August, when her precious remains were borne in procession through the town. Over one hundred and fifteen thousand people were gathered from all parts of the world. Thousands had to sleep in fields and by the roadsides, but no discomfort

mattered when they were come to beg her intercession.

One of the first miracles produced at the Cause of her beatification was the cure of a nun to whom the Little Flower appeared carrying a bouquet of roses. She loosened her petals from the roses and with a smile, scattered them over the poor sufferer. Then she disappeared, leaving the sister entirely cured.

Soeur Therèse is generous in her gifts, and as she was little, we, too, may hope to have a place in her heart and a share in her bounty.

M. I. LEACOCK.

Loretto, Brunswick Ave.



Faith



Twilight and distant sounds

From out the darkness, faintly calling.

A maid, in love, by the casement dreaming,

Dreaming into the night.

Golden, purple, orange and blue

Sinks the sun in the west.

The maid, happy and hopeful smiles,

A fairy her hair has caressed.

Night falls.

The Evening Star shines bright and clear.

"Perhaps there is no God behind that Star,"

She fears,

"To promise me my wish, my Heart's Desire."

The fairy softly answers, "Watch and Pray,

Await the coming of the new-born day."

ANNE CARLYLE.

ONE SUMMER'S PILGRIMAGE

IT fell out in the course of events—merely fortuitous from some points of view, but purely miraculous from others — that a party of four friends of "Rainbow" readers went to pay a long-delayed call upon the old world, in the early part of last May. It is a truism verging on a platitude, that no two persons travelling together see things from the same point of view or find themselves impressed by the same things or in the same degree. Besides their differently informed minds, their prejudices and attractions, the result of education and avocation, in great part, there is that subtle thing which defies analysis—sometimes called personality—which is attracted or repelled according to individual bias. Consequently, though there was but one journey, there are four accounts of that journey, whether written or not, which it is safe to predict, differ in four times forty ways. The full sum of experience contained in any one of these would make a volume longer than the patience of my readers. I must therefore summarize mine, or run the risk incurred by preachers who disregard this warning about their sermons: "If it be good it *needn't* be long; if it be bad it *oughtn't* be long."

Is a long journey ever free from many teasing preliminaries? I doubt it. Ours was no exception to the rule, in spite of a host of friends who came to our rescue generously and gallantly. I hope their troubles dropped into the sea, as ours did, when the Italian liner "President Wilson" cleared the New York Harbour and turned towards the cultured City of Boston. We made a pleasant call of courtesy here, long enough for the passengers to go ashore, spin round the city in a car, get a passing glimpse of the Common, the stately old Colleges, Faneuil Hall, and several beautiful parks and monuments. Here we tried to ring up a friend and valued contributor to "The

Rainbow," but failed, and on returning to the ship made a special note in our log-book about the polite, even cordial treatment we met at the hands of the dock officers. One of them left nothing undone to oblige us, even to getting a city directory to help us in our search.

The Atlantic became our home for thirteen days after this call, and we were kept too busy for the first few days, getting used to the ship, making friends and plans, to appreciate it, to realize that it is a world in itself, full of surprising features and inhabitants, from the phosphorescent waves to the flying fish. On the seventh day out the Azores came in sight. The sea was too rough for passengers to go ashore, but many of the island people came bobbing around the ship in their small craft, like so many friendly sea-monsters inspecting a colossal whale brought to bay. They begged, they implored and conjured the ship's people to buy their wares—fruit, vegetables, birds in fantastic cages, tasselled and gilded, besides boxes filled with worked linen from Madeira, bright scarfs and handkerchiefs. Some of these were sent to the deck in baskets by means of pulley ropes, the money being drawn in by the same device. We watched their manoeuvres with amused interest, especially their murderous attitude towards their rivals in trade. They cuffed each other with no provocation, though at each movement of their shallow boats the sea threatened to end the dispute once and for all. But heavy though the swell was, it failed to intimidate the men who tempted us to throw coins overboard for them to recover by daring feats of diving. The sea has no dangers for these men. Geographies are woefully inadequate when it comes to describing such far-away places. They leave out more than half the interesting items. I wrote this statement for my log-book: "The inhabitants of the Azores are amphibious."

We had hoped to see Gibraltar, to be thrilled by the sight of this grim and ancient gateway to the Mediterranean, but we passed it during the night, at too great a distance to discern even its shadowy profile. A convent of Loretto nuns is located in the upper town of Gibraltar, but a short drive from the landing stage, and we had fondly dreamed of a visit there and a drive round the garrisoned town, from which all strangers are expelled an hour before sunset; but the captain's plans interfered here, as they almost succeeded in doing in regard to the stop-over at Algiers. In this case, it was the passengers who interfered with the Captain, with an earnest request that he should follow the scheduled course, and he gave in.

How glad we were that he did so, we realized only on our return from a three hour's visit to this city, laden with flowers and cards and other evidences that we had not only read, but actually taken part in an "Arabian Night's" scene. From the vessel, Algiers looked like a walking flower garden. Its inhabitants are drawn from all the nations of the globe, the picturesque ones, at least. What bond that can be which holds such diverse types of humanity together in peaceful citizenship is a question for the Sphinx herself to answer. Jew and Greek and Egyptian, Mohammodan, Arab, African, English, French and Dutchmen seemed as if on review that day. The streets were full. I can't say they looked gay, any of them. The faces of most of them were too intensely serious—shall I say, unspiritual?—for that. Perhaps their feelings found vent in the gay coloring of their bazaars and gardens, and their own variegated attire, instead.

Even casual observers like ourselves could see the evidences of caste everywhere. We drove past many handsome palaces and gaudy mosques, into streets whose sides were lofty walls, above which were perched many high and haughty dwellings, with trailing vines and flowers overhanging their terraced approaches, though a mere step brought us into the presence of unspeakable squalor and human wretch-

edness. Queer, mis-shapen creatures crept out of alleyways with claw-like hands outstretched for alms. They provided a somewhat cynical commentary on our first impressions of the city, and helped to answer our question without the Sphinx's assistance. Needless to say, peace and harmony at that cost did not attract us.

There is a fine old Cathedral in Algiers, built by the French, almost Eastern in its showy ornamentation, but imposing in height and not without architectural dignity and beauty. We were conducted to it by a postman with the mail-bag over his shoulder, a touch of home which amused us in this most unhomelike city. He made himself most agreeable too, by helping to settle the price, in American currency, of some cards we were trying to buy from a stand in the park. He was an Englishman, who during the war had visited all parts of the world—New York from which we sailed, and Toronto from which we hailed, among them. He was glad to hear his own tongue again—or an approach thereto.

It was easier to enter Algiers than to leave it, we found to our grief, having failed to provide ourselves with enough small coin of the realm—French centimes—with which to rid ourselves of a line of small gamin who attached themselves to us and pressed their services upon us, wholly undesired. An officer on the landing pier had to translate their complaints and buy us the peace we craved, with American coin. Our last look at the city was one of admiration, the approach to which offers one of the few examples we met in Europe in which beauty and convenience are so happily conjoined. There are terraces of stone masonry, reached by easy stairways at either side, which meet at the several heights under covered porticos, right up to the summit of the hill upon which the city is built—a device at once artistic and convenient to travellers on their arrival or departure by railroad or boat.

Back to the ship again, up the swinging ladder, with our arms filled with flowers whose names we knew not, and a little fearful lest we should drop them, and, incidentally ourselves, in to the water yawning beneath the frail step

which held us. But a helping hand allayed our fears this time, and more times than I can count, later on in our journey.

Perhaps nothing, during the whole period of travel, struck us so forcibly and caused us to realize the presence of our guardian spirits so vividly, as the continual acts of courtesy extended from all sides and at every stage of our course. At the risk of lowering the interest of my readers, I must warn them that I have no thrilling adventures to record, no hair-breadth escapes nor dramatic encounters; but I cannot overlook or ignore the fact that but for the intervention of these kind friends there might have been many embarrassments, if not actual adventure. Nationality, language, religion, avocation, proved no bar to this kindness, nor did those who extended it intrude themselves, nor look for more than a mere "thank you."

Before accepting Naples' invitation to "see" her "and die"—(one which, by the way, to those of a less artistic but more sanitary age, is open to various interpretations!) let me give the answer of one who was asked how it was that the skies of Naples are so remarkably luminous and clear: "Well, you see," he said, "it's the one thing the people of Naples cannot touch!"

On the evening before landing, the ship celebrated what is called "The Captain's Supper." The stewards, waiters and more than all, the cook with his gallant assistants, would feel slighted if this account passed over an event which cost them such an expenditure of industry and skill. The passengers donned all their finery for the occasion, the Captain himself looking brave and gay in his military dress uniform. Like children, the guests stole many a look over the top, at the preparations, for some hours before the event came off, and whispered around that these were elaborate, and it behooved everybody to rise to the occasion. The crowning feature was a large replica of St. Justin's church, in Trieste (the captain's home) a clever creation and worthy of this art-loving people. It was placed on a centre table in the saloon and looked very realistic, with its campanile and the conventional rectory beside it, all made of sugar

paste. At a late stage of the dinner the lights in the dining-room suddenly went out and those inside the miniature church were turned on, transforming the red and blue paper windows into real stained glass. The effect was strikingly pretty, and elicited applause from every table, loud and long. The clever cook was called in to receive the praise due him, and, if one could judge by his countenance, it was highly agreeable to him. Then began a series of speeches, not intellectual nor long, but hearty and full of good humour. These were followed by songs and by Mussolini's National Hymn, a favorite, evidently, with the officers and crew, and by compliment, with the passenger guests.

The actual landing at Naples was so involved with the bustle of luggage-hunting and ticketing, that the entrance made little or no impression on anyone. It was just as well, perhaps, as it would have suffered by comparison to that of Algiers, and we should have been sorry, for we share that affection for Italy which seems a common inheritance of mankind, and of Catholics by reason of a special bond, besides.

Arrived at the "Santa Lucia," to which we had been directed by one of the "Raphael's" of our journey, we found it a quiet, home-like hotel, just what we wanted. It faces the Bay of Naples and that day was fanned by the most delightful breeze across its waters. A short walk brought Vesuvius to view in the hazy distance, smoking peacefully on the near horizon. But he was even then plotting mischief, because in less than a month he had scandalized the entire world by his conduct, bringing a whole villageful of people, who had trusted him with their vineyards and olive groves, to black ruin. We were glad that we had contented ourselves with a mere bowing acquaintance with the monster. But we spent an hour or two in the ruins of Pompeii, the skeleton of that city, dug out of the lava which smothered it when the Christian era was but 79 years old. It was a thrilling experience to walk along these streets, to enter the houses which, with all their human inhabitants, found a common grave

that day; to see the walls covered with artistic decorations, still distinct and fresh in colour; to examine the collection of articles gathered from the ruins, utensils of every kind, from kitchen jars and dishes to ladies' combs and jewellery. We plucked a handful of poppies from the side of one of its narrow streets, down which Roman chariots used to dash in proud array. The little flower seemed a fit emblem of Pompeii, once a gay sea-side resort for the wealthy and noble of Rome, and in a day reduced to a mass of dust and ashes. To the Italian government is due the successful work of excavation, after several failures on the part of private companies. It stands as a monument to the wonderful ingenuity and patience of this people.

From Pompeii we drove to Amalfi, along that wonderful driveway that skirts the Bay for over twenty-five miles, seeming on some of its higher points to hang between heaven and earth. The day was one of those which would have enhanced the most homely of scenes and made it beautiful. When it lent its influence to heighten the beauties which Nature has lavished with so unsparing a hand on this favored spot, it produced an effect which beggars all description. Every sense seemed to overflow with delight, and the heart with gratitude and praise for the Author of it all. Now and then a glimpse over the sheer edge of the mountain road gave one a thrill of fear, but it was only for a moment, because for the most part there were protecting walls along the course. The conviction was forced upon us that nothing we should see later on could possibly equal this epitome of loveliness and sublimity, and there was the inevitable note of regret in the thought, because anticipation is always a keener joy than retrospect. We had seen pictures of this part of the world, but nothing ever gave us the slightest hint of this reality. No colour on canvas can approach the vivid blue of Italian skies, the varied green of its foliage, the pink, yellow and purple blooms that grew on the steep slopes at our right and festooned the stone wall at our left. The austerity of Nature in our northern

country found us unprepared for such an avalanche of beauty, which may account for the exhaustion which overpowered us when we returned from that excursion. One's emotions like one's adjectives are liable to suffer from over-use.

Amalfi, the objective of that drive, is a seaport on the Gulf of Salerno, twenty-four miles south-east of Naples. It was founded by Constantine the Great, and was once a powerful and independent state of 50,000 inhabitants. It contains a fine old Cathedral, and most of its houses are perched on the sides of steep slopes facing the Bay. It can boast of but 8,000 inhabitants now. If the Azoreans may be called "fish," on account of their aquatic habits and skill, the Italians might be called "goats" for their climbing propensities. Mountains in Italy are no mere features of the landscape, as they are, almost universally, in this country. They are sites for many of their cities and towns; their sides are cultivated to heights almost unscalable, by our standards.

The approach of our motor at Amalfi was the signal which brought a man and a boy running down the steep stairway of a quaint old white-washed inn, to receive and conduct us to a small refectory where an Italian menu tried our several gastronomic spirits and proved whether we were good travellers or bad ones. It wasn't quite fair to test us so severely at the outset of our career, but we all passed with honours except one, whose failure was honorable, as she claimed *aegrotat* standing.

The afternoon was late, so we didn't attempt to explore this fascinating place, except with much gazing through a window of the inn which commanded a fine sweep of the bay and the towns upon its borders, a sight from which we tore ourselves by sheer necessity. Had we been returning from our travels instead of entering upon them, we should have taken at least a day to explore this place, but Rome kept calling us with such insistence that we tried to cheat ourselves with the hope of another opportunity of doing so, and turned our faces towards Naples again.

The Cathedral of Naples (burned and re-

built in the fifteenth century and restored in 1837) was interesting for its antiquity and for a few good paintings. The adjoining chapel of Santa Restituta is a basilica of the 7th century. It is filled with ancient bas-reliefs, mosaics and paintings. The richly decorated chapel of St. Januarius (or La Chapella del Tesoro) is the scene of the miraculous liquefaction of the blood of the saint, which takes place three times a year; on the first Sunday of May, the 19th of September and December 16th, and for several successive days. The date of our visit in Naples prevented us from being witnesses of this supernatural event.

Mrs. Hugh Fraser, one of Italy's ardent admirers, in her "Storied Italy," has this to say of Naples, which contains a history of the city in miniature, I think: "Naples, the beautiful, has not been fortunate in its sovereigns! Few

have there been who have not left execrable memories behind them. I'm afraid their chronicles are more fitted to point a moral than adorn a tale. Yet the wonderful city basks on in sunshine and loveliness; earthquakes spare it, volcanic eruptions reach it not. Every time I see it it appears to me more transcendantly perfect; even its dark fortresses seem to have silenced their terrible secrets at last, and their black Cyclopean masses only serve to accentuate the matchless brilliance of the Empress of the South, where she lies on the jewelled shore between the calm blue heaven above and the blue sea below. She has brought forth many great sinners, but many, too, are the Saints who have trodden her streets; may they pray her some day, into holiness and peace!"

PILGRIM.

Loretto Abbey, Toronto.



The First Station

BY MARIE ANTOINETTE DE ROULET.

"Behold the Man!" hath Pilate loudly cried
 To all the rabble lying there in wait.
 But swift the answer came without the gate:
 "Barabbas spare—Let Him be crucified!"
 And yet again: "Let Him be crucified!"
 Then Pilate washed his hands in lordly state
 And Christ delivered to His people's hate—
 Their murderous rage that would not be denied.

Oh Christ Who faced that cruel mob for me
 That did with sorrow weigh Thy Sacred
 Heart
 And Who for me the unjust sentence bore
 That bade Thee die upon the Shameful Tree,
 Oh let me not play Pilate's coward part,
 And crucify Thee, dearest Lord, once more.

A NURSE IN TRAINING

TO be a Florence Nightingale; to soothe with magic touch the suffering nerves of the restless; to stroke gently the fevered brow of grateful patients; to smoothe wrinkled sheets and adjust comfortable pillows; to arrange flowers artistically; above all to wear a becoming uniform and finally marry a doctor; such is the life of the nurse of imagination and of fiction. Alas!

But Florence Nightingale lived in an age when no such thing—for a girl or woman—existed as anatomy—at least one had “it,” but “it” was one of the things one didn’t mention. *Materia Medica* was left unquestionably to doctors; and as for Dietetics, one ate what was in season—if one could get it. What the Florence Nightingales first had to have—and what certainly to-day is a big asset—was a sympathetic nature, courage and tact.

There is no “soothing touch” on fevered brows; sick people like to be left alone, and how could one have the magic touch with hands made hard from vigorous scouring and disinfectants. A fine lecture a probationer would get if her lesson on bed-making was so badly learned that sheets wrinkled, and as to lumpy pillows, the probationer must shake and turn them so successfully and frequently, that lumps simply do not exist. Flowers may be admired by convalescents, but among the real sick, this one cannot endure the heavy fragrance and another fears hay-fever, and anyway, they must be carried out at night from wards and rooms, and the constant care of changing the water and clipping stems, becomes an unprofitable task. Flowers figure small as a curative and big as a superfluity in the minds of the most willing of nurses, among their many necessary and obligatory duties.

As for the “becoming uniform”—long-established hospitals glory in their traditions

and cling to them even in the matter of uniforms. It is all very well for the religious to have clothes according to tradition, but oh! pity the secular nurse who must don an early Victorian dress in which the back fits like the front, and it matters little which way it is worn. Time may be saved and perhaps comfort attained, but neatness, as defined to-day, is sacrificed, and all aspirations for that trim effect which allows of quick, yet silent movement, deft hands and gentle ministration, are defeated. One’s skirt, six inches from the ground, is in the way and does not look smart, yet woe betide the unlucky probationer who attempts to steal a tuck in skirt or apron, or having accomplished the tuck, fails to let it down when attention is called to the irregularity. I know. I had some that were long and more that were short, and I am sure the supervisor must have become dizzy watching which I wore. That fairy tale of nurses who romantically marry the doctor is seldom true to fact. Most of the doctors are married or going to be, and there is no time in any case, to think about that or anything but the next duty.

What is essential to one’s sanity is an abiding sense of humour. In your busiest moments, “Nurse, Nurse!” calls out a patient convalescing in a public ward, who after having taken a little exercise around the room, chatting to the other patients, settles herself comfortably in bed, “would you bring me a drink of water?” When attending a darkie once, I asked her if a person she described was dark or fair. “Oh, Nurse,” she said, “you white folks make me laugh, as if I know whether she was fair or dark, you all look alike to me,” a new interpretation of “All coons look alike to me.” In the act of poaching an egg for a private patient, the Supervisor will come alone and say,

"Nurse, the elevator is stuck on the top floor, see what the matter is, please." I fly obediently to the top floor only to find the elevator not there, nor on the third, nor first, but in the basement—and poached eggs can't be left—and right too.

The probationer must make mistakes or traditions are false. The first time I was sent to take temperatures I forgot to shake my thermometer down and found six patients with raging fevers, much to the amazement of the Supervisor. After a period of wrinkled brows she questioned, "Did you shake down the thermometer?" Needless to add, the patients had recovered from their raging fevers when I repeated my duty.

The most interesting place in the hospital to all probationers and to all visitors is the nursery where downy heads nestle in tiny bassinets. "What do you do with them when they cry?" I am asked. "Turn them over." "But if all cry at the same time, and you have so many?"—there were ten that day. "Oh, I make sure there are no pins and that their garments are comfortable, then shut the door and

pray for them." Some people think babies are all alike. They know nothing about them; some are placid and startlingly like old pictures of Queen Victoria; others are wrinkled and seem to carry the burdens of the wicked world upon them; others stare piercingly at one as if searching one's soul; yet all are soft and sweet and fragrant as a rose.

What is the fascination about nursing—for fascinating it is? To some it is the variety, to some the excitement and to some it is the best way of making a living. But the best motive, and let us hope, the most compelling one, is charity. Without charity it will profit nothing. Scripture defines that in terms that leave nothing for hospital rules to add or subtract: "Charity is patient, is kind; Charity envieth not, dealeth not perversely; it is not puffed up, is not ambitious, seeketh not her own, is not provoked to anger, thinketh no evil, rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth with the truth, beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, believeth all things, endureth all things. Charity never falleth away."

MARGARET O'SULLIVAN, Alumna.



Sweet Clover



The sweet clovers nod in the summer breeze,
Scenting the air
With their perfume rare,
Luring the butterflies and bees;
Teaching their silent lessons too,
For even tho'
Adverse winds may blow,
To clover sweetness they're always true.

DOROTHY B.

The Unexpressed



There are winged words that have power to fly
From zone to zone,
And they speak a tongue that is understood
By two alone—
The sender and the recipient.
There are silences that know not flight,
But forever poised,
Mute and motionless they remain for aye,
Not a sound is noised,
But more than words are they eloquent.

DOROTHY B.

TWO REVOLUTIONS CONTRASTED

THE Russian Revolution was actuated by absolute irreligion, but the Italian one has been accomplished in a manner compatible with Catholic doctrines. Both were the result of a series of events reaching far into the past and were the outcome of some immediate cause.

In the case of the Russian Revolution the autocracy of the Czars and the oppression and poverty of the people were the causes which put the desire for revolution into the hearts of the people. The immediate cause was that the Czar, having once chastised the Duma by dismissing it, attempted to repeat the punishment. The crisis could have been averted if the advice of a Catholic priest in the British Intelligence Office had been accepted. The Socialists, upon the dissolution of the Duma caused the mass of the people to revolt. The Czar was deposed and Kerensky was placed at the head of the Russian Republic, where he was kept in power for some time by the intervention of the British ambassador.

Kerensky was not able to organize an efficient government, and the country fell into the hands of the Jewish Soviets, such as Lenine and Trotsky. They were of the same type of socialist as Marx. They forbade the people to worship God in any form, and killed thousands of the clergy, besides putting to death about two million people who dissented from their views. They denied the right of private ownership and consequently paralyzed the industries of the country. They aimed to abolish capitalism throughout the world, and to accomplish this they sent large sums of gold to other parts of the world, while their own nation was being kept from starvation only through the efforts of capitalistic Europe and America.

The result of this revolution has been the complete disorganization of the country; the inauguration of shocking moral disorder and the imposition of intense suffering.

The Italian revolution was the result of the increased power of the socialists in the government, and the consequent weakness of the two old parties. The socialists held the balance of power and were able to secure unlimited concessions. Italy was in a somewhat chaotic condition through general strikes, and a revolution gave the peasants the ownership of the land which they had tilled for centuries. They wished to finish the revolution then and, as a consequence, boycotts were made by the socialists against the peasants, in a manner which would have put Italy in the present position of Russia in a short time.

Balbo, a young Italian, secured the organization of groups of young men into the Fascisti, which was composed of the storm-troops of the Italian army. They went about protecting the people and breaking strikes. Mussolini, a prominent member of the Socialist party, was placed at the head of the Fascisti, which was formed in the manner of a Russian army. The Fascisti desired to restore order and promote patriotism. Their most notable characteristic was their faithfulness to a promise or a threat. They took drastic action to overcome socialism. After subduing it in the north, they held a convention at Naples on October 23, 1922, to impress their spirit on the south of Italy.

At Naples, Mussolini conceived the idea of marching on Rome. The government was prepared to oppose, but through the co-operation of the king, Mussolini secured the dictatorship of Italy. He overcame the opposition of the government forces in a very original manner. His headquarters were in a hotel of a village near Rome, and government troops, fully armed, were stationed in a hotel across the street. Naturally it was a period of tension for the Fascisti. Mussolini conceived the novel plan of sending a row of elderly generals and officers out in front of the hotel every two hours to

perform the following tactics: They would salute the Italian flag floating above the army's quarters, then laugh steadily for ten minutes, salute the flag a second time and re-enter the hotel. This relieved the nervous tension of the Fascisti and made any intended attack upon their soldiers ridiculous.

Upon securing the dictatorship of the country he reorganized the Civil Service, practised unprecedented economy in the administration of government affairs, emphasized the necessity of having the spirit of Catholicism permeate the nation; he promoted patriotism, made the law respected, and the black-shirted Fascisti became the supreme power in the State, in less than a year.

As an example of the disorganized condition which prevailed before Mussolini's dictatorship the following story is enlightening:

No one could risk sending baggage on the Italian trains, robbery was so universal. A thief would have an accomplice on the car—perhaps a brakeman—who would rifle the most promising-looking trunks and transfer their contents into an empty one which had been placed beside it in the baggage van. He would then relock the trunk and change its tag so that it would be left off at the wrong station.

Much correspondence would be exchanged before the trunk could finally be recovered, and by that time no one could tell where the robbery had occurred. Mussolini stopped the robbery by arranging promising-looking trunks, out of which, when one was opened by a robber, a Fascisti soldier, with a revolver in each hand, would pop out like a jack-in-the-box.

Here is another incident that reveals this unique leader's methods: The Government had in its employ thousands of unnecessary civil servants. Italy's new Dictator discharged the supernumeraries and created a furore by placing a card on each employee's desk, saying that he was not wanted if he could not be at his office at nine o'clock. Previous to this, business was not begun before ten.

There is an old story in connection with Italian railways, that if a train arrived on time, the station-master would explain it thus: "Why, that must be yesterday's train, twenty-four hours late." Needless to say, Mussolini soon remedied this condition.

Thus, in a truly Catholic spirit, with regard to the rights of men and nations the Italian Revolution was conducted peaceably and the country was put on her feet.

Margaret Ross.

Loretto Abbey, Toronto.



A LETTER FROM THE HOLY LAND

Notre Dame de Sion, Jerusalem,

May 27, 1923.

My Dear M,—

I hope you have already received my letter giving you a description of the basilica of the Holy Sepulchre—to-day I must tell you about my visit to the Cenacle. The Cenacle was the first church consecrated to religious worship, as it was here that Our Lord took His last supper with His disciples. Here the Sacraments of Holy Orders and Baptism were also instituted. After the Ascension, the Holy Ghost descended on the Apostles who were assembled here with the Blessed Virgin. This Shrine which is blessed by so many holy memories, belongs to the Moslems. The buildings which form the edifice of the present Mosque of Nebi Daoud (Prophet David) are built on the ruins of the old basilica. The first was erected in the fourth century, and was destroyed by the Persians in 616, rebuilt and burned in 1010. Another magnificent one, built by the Crusaders, was also destroyed. In 1300 the ruins of the latter were given by a legal act of donation to the Franciscans, by the Sultan of Egypt and paid for by the Sovereigns of Naples. They built the church and a convent beside it. In 1552 the Jews awoke the fanaticism of the Moslems by spreading the false report that the tombs of David and other kings of Juda were found in the crypt. The Franciscans were expelled and twelve of them were massacred. The Cenacle was turned into a Mosque with the traditional Minaret beside it.

The present building has two stories; Christians are never allowed to enter the lower one where Our Lord washed His apostles' feet. The "Upper Room" is divided into two parts entirely separated by a wall. The first part is divided into two naves by two columns. The room is twelve feet, six inches square and quite capable of holding twenty people. It is quite bare with no decoration whatever. The floor

is covered with carpets like all mosques; a little railing at one end leaves a space where those who do not take off their shoes may stand. In order to enter the second part, which is a little higher, you go up eight steps. Here is the sarcophagus made of masonry work and covered with a rich green and gold cloth, supposed to be the tomb of David! The tomb itself is in the crypt, but no one ever sees it. This room is opened twice a year to Christians, on Holy Thursday and on Sunday and Monday of Pentecost, but Mass can never be said here.

As there are always great crowds on Sunday we were to make our pilgrimage on Monday. After Benediction at four, several of the Sisters and a certain number of the children set out to go to Mount Sion, on the top of which is the Cenacle. After half an hour's walk through the narrow streets of Jerusalem, passing the citadel or tower of David, we went out through the Sion Gate. Before arriving at the gateway which leads into the courtyard of the Mosque, we passed the Armenian Church of St. James, built on the spot where he was beheaded by Herod Agrippa. We found there was already assembled a compact crowd of people before the door, mostly Jews, who were also making their pilgrimage to the Tomb of David. At first we were rather discouraged and wondered if there would ever be any means of pushing our way through and entering. Fortunately we had a letter of introduction from the great Imam (head Sheikh of the Omar Mosque) whose daughter was educated with us, so we decided to try what pushing could do. In order to enter the second story, we had to go up a narrow stairway and were soon before the entrance. Here the Jews were like sardines in a box. Three policemen were trying their best to keep them back and oblige them to take off their shoes, which they seemed very much opposed to doing. However, as they saw it was a case of taking off their shoes or staying outside, they complied, but very un-

willingly. These Jews, mostly Poles, are dressed with long silk robes of all colours, their hair is cut short behind, but in front, two cork-screw curls hang down on each side of their cheeks; on their heads they wear a kind of black velvet cap with a band of thick brown fur around it. The different costumes of the Moslems, Jews, Bedouins, and Arabs make a very picturesque sight, but for my part I appreciate the view at a distance, for you never know what these people are going to do. Further on you will see that my fears were not without grounds.

But to continue my recital: The Sister who was at the head of the band got as far as the Moslem guardian and showed him her paper. When he saw the signature, he immediately told her to pass. She and another Sister managed to get in with one or two children amid the vociferations of the crowd—(every-one screeches here)—who were angry because she had passed them. But we, who were behind, could not move an inch, and I thought to myself, there'll be a pitch battle here in a minute and I don't feel like being massacred by these people, so we drew aside. Those who got in found the room so crammed that they couldn't move. The Jews with their old Hebrew books were reading aloud and knocking their heads against the wall, so they decided it was better to get out again. The Moslem guard advised us to come back at half-past five when the doors would be closed and he would let us in alone. So off we went to visit the Church of the Dormition (Sleeping), a beautiful church, built by the Germans; the land was bought by the ex-Kaiser in 1890 and given to the German Benedictines of Beuron. It is just outside the Cenacle. According to tradition, the Blessed Virgin died here, and in the crypt of the church an altar has been erected on the spot. The Church is in the form of a rotunda with altars all around the walls. Everything is very rich and in exquisite taste, the mosaics and sculptures very beautiful. In the Crypt there is also the altar of the Holy Ghost where Mass is offered every day. After

visiting the museum, which has a wonderful collection of old money, ossuaries and armour, all found in the excavations, we returned to the assault of the Mosque, and arrived just as they were closing the doors; the poor policemen were going off, looking as if they had just assisted at the destruction of Jerusalem! Boukra, boukra (closed), they called to us, impossible to get in now. But there was no 'boukra' about it for us, we weren't going to get cheated out of our visit, but showing our paper, insisted on entering. At last one Moslem said, "Well, come this way, we'll let you in the other door."

Here we found quite a number of notabilities sitting on divans and smoking their "argeelehs." They were very polite to us. We have the daughters of one or two in our boarding school. I was at the end of the band, and I saw three Jews following us; they had given a "backshish" (tip) to one of the guardians who let them enter. We went into the "Upper Room," but remained on the other side of the railing, as we did not want to take off our shoes; we said a few prayers to gain the indulgences and each one was making her own reflections, during which the thought predominated: how incomprehensible are the ways of God Who allows this most august sanctuary to be in the hands of infidels where Mass can never be said and where one cannot even get down on one's knees to say a prayer!

All of a sudden I was awakened from my reflections by seeing two Moslems enter the door behind us. They said something to the guard who let the Jews in, then jumped on him and in a minute a pitched battle began. The Moslems down below, hearing the screeching, came up to join in. As they were just in front of the door there was no means of our getting out. They will jump on us next, I thought, but happily for our fate, they fell over the balustrade, thus leaving the opening free. It didn't take us two minutes to clear out. The Jews had disappeared in the wink of an eye and were nowhere to be seen. We got out of the gateway and were thankful to escape. These people here are always ready for a fight, and a spark will immediately light up the

smouldering fire. The Arabs fight against the Jews, the Orthodoxes against the Latins, and alas! Jerusalem is far from being the "City of Peace," to the grief of the British, who have to satisfy everybody, but succeed in satisfying nobody.

On Ascension Thursday we made a pilgrimage to the Mount of the Ascension—a point of the Mount of Olives. The path is very steep and rocky, covered with loose stones of all sizes and dimensions. Walking up two thousand, seven hundred and twenty feet is no small task, but the longest way has an end, and the thought of venerating the stone which still bears the print of Our Lord's foot, gave us courage.

The octagonal chapel of the Ascension belongs to the Moslems and is surrounded by a round wall with an open space all around it. St. Helena had an edifice built over this spot, but it was never intended to be a church, only a commemorative monument. It had entirely disappeared in the third century. The Crusaders built the present edifice, but after it fell into the hands of the Moslems they modified it slightly. The octagon is formed by eight double pillars supporting eight arcades. The Moslems walled up seven of the sides (which were formerly open, without any dome), and added the cupola. At one side of the building there is a frame of white marble, 80 cm. by 50 cm. around the rock which has the impression of Our Lord's right foot; the part bearing the impression of the left foot has been taken to the Mosque El-Aksa, where the Imams show it to visitors. The minaret which is at the entrance, is six metres high and must have been the base of a steeple which was at the entrance of the former building. The panorama up here is magnificent: to the west on the other side of the valley, lies the City of Jerusalem, its stone buildings glistening white in the sun. To the south, the round-topped Frank Mountain and Bethlem, while nearer is the Mount of Evil Council; to the north is a succession of hills and villages. Eastward the road to Jericho loses itself in a scene of utter desolation, the peaks and ridges of the endless hills appear-

ing "like heavy swellings of a sullen sea." In the distance is the Dead Sea, about four thousand feet below the level upon which we stood, the mountains of Moab on the other side of the Jordan Valley, rising like ramparts against the Eastern sky. Every year the Franciscans celebrate the Feast of the Ascension very solemnly. They go there in procession on the eve, sing the first Vespers and Matins and pass the night under a tent. They have two portable altars, and they place one in the interior of the sanctuary and the other on the outside. From midnight, Masses are said continually. After the solemn High Mass the custodian takes the Pascal candle, applies it to the footprint and then raises it above his head, singing "*Ascenda ad Patrem Meum . . .*" repeating it three times. There are crowds that go up and spend the whole day there. The same ceremony begins for the Greeks a week later. It is a good thing that the two days do not coincide, as the Orthodoxes are most antagonistic towards the Latins and do all they can to raise a quarrel.

After leaving the Ascension we made a short pilgrimage to the Church of the "Pater"—went around the cloister and read the "Our Father" in as many languages as we knew, there are thirty-five of them. On this spot the new basilica of the Sacred Heart is to be built with the offerings of the whole universe. When the excavations will be made the ruins of the old basilica built by St. Helena, will certainly be found and many of the stones used in the new one.

Leaving the Church, we came down the mountain in another direction, and found that it was almost as difficult to come down as to go up. We passed the chapel of "*Dominus Flevit*" and then made a short visit to the Garden of Gethsemane, but as it was late, we could not enter the Grotto of the Agony or the Church of the Assumption beside it. I shall tell you about the ceremonies of Holy Week in my next letter.

Your loving sister,

MARIE LORETTE DE SION.

ALUMNAE NOTES

LORETTO ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION

Patroness	REV. MOTHER PULCHERIA.
Hon. President	REV. M.M. CHRISTINA.
President	MRS. JAMES W. MALLON.
First Vice-President	MRS. W. T. J. LEE.
Second Vice-President	MRS. V. A. McDONOUGH.
Treasurer	MISS IRENE FINN.
Recording Secretary	MISS FLORENCE DALEY.
Corresponding Secretary	MISS MABEL ABREY.
Convener of House Committee	MRS. W. B. HORKINS.
Convener of Entertainment	MISS HELEN SEITZ.
Convener of Membership	MRS. ROBT. RANKIN.
Convener of Press	MISS TERESA LALOR.

A very delightful gathering of Loretto's old girls took place on May 15th last, at the Abbey, when members of the Alumnae from far and near met to celebrate the Silver Jubilee of the Association. The assembly hall, gay with flags and the blue and white of Loretto, was a picture long to be remembered. Members of the Alumnae and their guests to the number of a hundred and fifty, sat down to a banquet which was more than a "feast of reason and a flow of soul."

An address of welcome was tendered by the President, Mrs. James P. Hynes, and the various toasts were responded to by Mrs. Devine of Ottawa, Mrs. D. A. O'Sullivan and others. After the banquet the ladies proceeded to the chapel and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament brought to a close an evening unique in the minds of Loretto.

* * * * *

The general meeting and election of officers, held every two years, took place at the Abbey, May 17th—the President, Mrs. J. P. Hynes, in the chair. After the reading of the minutes and the reports of the various committees, the elections were held, with the results recorded in the above list.

* * * * *

On October 2nd the Alumnae held its first quarterly meeting of the season at the Abbey, the members being received by the honorary President, Mrs. J. P. Hynes, the President, Mrs. James Mallon, and the first Vice-President, Mrs. W. T. J. Lee.

The business meeting was followed by a musicale, Miss Mildred Knaggs, pianist, and Miss McGillis, Contralto, contributing several

delightful numbers. An interesting feature of the afternoon was the presentation by Mrs. E. P. Kelly, of the prize donated by the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae, for the best essay in the Ontario Chapter. The prize was awarded to Miss Agnes Lee.

Tea was served in the drawing rooms, from a table beautiful with autumn flowers. The tea hostesses were Mrs. Andrew McDonough and Mrs. J. P. Hynes, assisted by Mrs. Charles Gage, Miss Florence Harkins and the Misses Annie and Gertrude Kelly.

* * * * *

The Convention of the Ontario Chapter of the I.F.C.A. takes place in Ottawa in the latter part of October, and Loretto will be represented by the President, Mrs. James W. Mallon.

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The Alumnae offers sincere condolence to Mrs. M. MacCarron upon the death of her sister; to Mrs. D. J. Ryan upon the death of her brother; and to the Misses Schmuck on the death of their father.

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The good wishes of the Alumnae are extended to Mrs. W. B. Horkins, formerly Miss Alice McClelland on her marriage, also to Miss Violet Evans, whose marriage to Mr. Snetsinger will take place this month.

* * * * *

Congratulations to Mrs. M. P. Mallon (Marie Hearn) upon the birth of a daughter; to Mrs. F. Marshall (Josephine Hodgson) on the birth of a son; to Mrs. Frank Hughes on the birth of a daughter; to Mrs. Ernest Seitz (Claire Cosgrave) on the birth of a daughter; to Mrs. Oscar Hasenkamp (Angela Duffy) on the birth of a daughter, and to Mrs. Jack Murray (Vera Haffy) on the birth of a daughter.

* * * * *

Miss Alma Small, a very efficient and indefatigable member of last year's executive, has departed to spend a year in California, specializing in kindergarten primary work. The Alumnae wishes her every success in her undertaking.

Invocation to Our Lady

Loretto Abbey Alumnae

TORONTO



Written to Commemorate Its

SILVER JUBILEE

JUNE, 1923

IMPRIMATUR

✠ N. McNEIL, Archbishop of Toronto.

Invocation to Our Lady

Religious of I. B. V. M.

Rev. Joseph Mohr, S.J.

In thy name, O Ma---ry, 'neath thy sweet pro-tec-tion,
May each mo-----ment find us mind--ful of thy pleasure;
Bless our Al-----ma Ma---ter, hal---low her en--dea--vour.

The first system of the musical score is written on two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and a common time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are printed between the staves, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across multiple notes.

Come we here to give thee all our hearts af-fec--tion.
Thy sweet way be al---way, of our own the mea--sure.
May our names give glo---ry to thy name, for--ev---er.

The second system of the musical score continues on two staves with the same musical notation as the first system. The lyrics are printed between the staves, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across multiple notes.

Adapted from "Cantiones Sacrae,"
With permission of Publisher,
Frederick Pustet Inc.,
New York City.

LORETTO NOTES

Oct. 11. Rev. Father Hingston gave a talk on the Russian and the Italian Revolutions, comparing and contrasting the social and economic problems of each and the manner in which each was conducted. His exposition was clear and enlightening and was applauded roundly.

Oct. 14. A Lecture by Rev. Father Earls, S.J., on the subject of "Three Extraordinary, Ordinary Women," provided an hour of entertainment and profit to the assembled pupils and faculty of the Abbey. There was a new dramatic quality in Father Earl's presentation of his subject which lent it both force and eloquence.

Oct. 16. Rev. Mother Pulcheria and Mother Blandina left for the far western missions in Sedley and Saskatoon. A telegram has announced their safe arrival and adds this cheerful item of news: "The pupils moved into their new school building to-day." All joy and prosperity to this wide-awake and progressive town (Sedley); to its enterprising and zealous pastor, Rev. Father Janssen, and to the members of the Institute to whose zeal and valour much of this success is due.

Oct. 17. It was with sincere pleasure the Community welcomed Mrs. de Roulet and her daughter Antoinette on their late visit to Toronto. They are treasured friends of the Community and of Loretto, Woodlawn in particular, and are both well known in the world of letters. The Rainbow has published articles from their pens several times, and is happy in having two poems of unusual merit under Antoinette's name in this number.

Oct. 19. Mrs. M. Davoren Chambers, an alumna of Loretto, Dalkey, Ireland,—a valuable and valued contributor to "The Rainbow," came all the way from Boston to honour us with her presence for two days. She gave talks at the College and at the Abbey, and the students were unanimous in their approval of her choice of subjects, viz., "Hats." The pres-

ent number of the magazine contains a specially felicitous contribution from her pen, and a short review of a book on science, published by the Atlantic Monthly Press.

* * * * *

On Saturday, the 13th of October, a fast and close game of basketball was played between the senior team of Loretto Convent, Hamilton, and Loretto Abbey team, at Loretto Abbey, the Abbey winning by 13-9. Both teams played an excellent game, and while the combination of the visitors was perhaps better than that of the home team, the Abbey, by its individual plays, more than overcame this advantage.

Hamilton secured the first basket and at the end of the first half the score stood 4-4 in its favour. After the intermission the Abbey team played in better form, and at the end of the second half, the score was tied 9-9. Five minutes overtime play was ordered, and the Abbey secured two baskets, making the final score 13-9. At the close of the game the visiting team had tea with the home team. A challenge for a return game at Hamilton is expected in the near future.

The teams were:

Abbey—Forwards, M. Teahan, M. Dods; jumping centre, M. McKittrick; side centre, Eugenie Denomy; guards, Helen Dunne, Marjorie Healy.

Hamilton—Forwards, Edna Gignac, Frances Buckley; jumping centre, Monica Goodrow; side centre, Donda Ricci; guards, Grace Catlin, Beatrice Schumer.

Referees—Miss Stuart, Hamilton, and Miss Roach, Toronto.

* * * * *

Our College Alumna, Florence Daley, B.A., is to be congratulated upon her enterprise and perseverance in securing her present position. We have received her card of announcement, that she and Miss Thompson, M.A., have opened an office for the general practice of law in the Hamilton Trust Building. Needless to add we wish them phenomenal success. Our long acquaintance with Miss Daley will tempt us to entrust all our cases to her with confidence.

The late honours awarded to Agnes Frances Lee have given joy to all her friends at Loretto, and should have brought much encouragement to herself and the members of her family. She obtained the Knights of Columbus Scholarship, The Catholic Women's League Scholarship, and the prize offered by the I.F.C.A. for the best essay in the Ontario branch of that organization. We congratulate her heartily.

* * * * *

Miss Evelyn Tierney, who attended Loretto, Brunswick Ave., three years ago, and who went to England to pursue her vocal studies, has scored a wonderful success in opera, and has chosen the operatic stage for her career. She sang at Albert Hall, Manchester, and at the Palladium, where she established her vocal reputation, and is already engaged for Chorley, Hastings, Eastbourne, Liverpool and Queen's

Hall, London. We wish her continued success and happiness in the exercise of her art.

* * * * *

Memorial Day in Joliet, Ill., brought a letter from Miss Genevieve Lennon, recording the touching and delicate attention accorded by our friends there, to the graves of deceased members of the Institute, in Mt. Olivet cemetery. A bouquet of white carnations was placed at the headstone of Sister Alice, Sister Cecilia, Sister Isabel, Sister Euphrosyne, Sister Aurelie and all the others buried there. It was a mark of affectionate remembrance which is deeply appreciated by Loretto.

* * * * *

Congratulations are due to Miss Mary Elizabeth (Bessie) Haffey, daughter of Mrs. M. E. Haffey, on her marriage to Mr. Thomas Francis Bellisle of this city. The ceremony was performed at Holy Family Church, by Rev. Father Bellisle, C.S.B.



In Memory of M. M. Joseph

Loretto Convent Niagara Falls

A spouse of Christ for five and fifty years,
She served Him gladly in this vale of tears;
She saw His loveliness in earth and sky
And every beauty that could charm the eye;
And He Who paints the sunset's gorgeous hue,
Who tints the flowers that shine with morning dew,

Gave her His talent. "Trade until I come,"
He softly whispered, leaving her blithesome
Of heart, to study the Creator's ways
And wonders of His work throughout her days!

She traded and He came ere life was o'er,
To bring her safe to the eternal shore.

No fear had she to travel the lone way

That leads to mystic valley, silver grey,
Shrouded in death's mist. No messenger
Wafted the dreaded summoning to her.
No, Christ Himself, for moments brief her
Guest,
Guided the way unto eternal rest.

Her body lies in peace where rising spray
Of cataract, like incense, day by day
In rainbow colouring ascends on high,
As if her love of beauty could not die!
While rushing waters time will never stem,
Beside her grave chant endless requiem!

DOROTHY B.

LETTER FROM RATHFARNHAM—AND REPLY

Loreto Abbey,
Rathfarnham, Co. Dublin.

My Dear Marjorie,—

As you have asked me to give you an account of our games at Loreto Abbey, Rathfarnham, I shall tell you all about them in this letter.

Hockey is our principal game here—chiefly because the season is so long—from October until April. We have three elevens, and those who are not on any of these teams play with their own Divisions. The 3rd XI. are really substitutes to the 2nd and do not play on the 1st XI. hockey field.

The first three elevens are picked early in October, some time after school has re-opened. Then, in about a fortnight's time, the members of each team vote for their own captain and vice-captain. The Divisions have separate captains and committees from these.

For matches, the 1st and 2nd XIs. wear navy blue tunics over white jerseys. Our ties and belts are of blue and gold—the school colours. The shields have the word "Excelsior" embroidered diagonally across them; together with the initials "R.A."—Rathfarnham Abbey. The badges are round, gold brooches. On them, in enamel, is the coat-of-arms of the Institute B.V.M., and above this the letters "R.A.G.C."—Rathfarnham Abbey Games Club. Members of the 2nd XI. are not entitled to wear belts or shields.

We play hockey every day at recreation, and once—occasionally twice—every week we have hockey-practice with our games instructor, Miss O'Kelly.

The 1st and 2nd XI.'s have out-matches quite often during the Christmas and Easter terms. After every match, played on our own ground, tea is served to the combatants and visitors in the Concert Hall. It is much appreciated.

This year the 1st XI. had matches with Muckross 1st XI. and with Muckross (Past) 1st XI. The former we won, but the latter we lost. We played Rathfarnham Past XI. and won. Two matches are played annually with the "Cherryfield XI.," which is gotten up by a past pupil who lives near Rathfarnham. One match is played on our ground and the second—the return—is played at "Cherryfield." This year we lost the first and drew in the second match.

The 2nd XI. do not play quite so many matches. Their most notable matches this year were those against Muckross Past XI.

On St. Patrick's Day we have Inter-Provincial matches. Eleven girls, who come from Leinster, play against teams made up in the same way, of girls who come from the other three provinces—Ulster, Munster, and Connaught.

Every year a photograph is taken of the 1st XI. In a little while we shall probably see these superseding the ordinary pictures in the schools—or perhaps hung in the gymnasium. Past pupils will appreciate this. Those we have now are framed together.

During the summer term tennis is the game we play principally, though it is varied by rounders. As the term is so short, only May and June, we have not time to get into full swing, or so it seems to us. That is reserved for the holidays.

We have about twelve courts and they are always fully occupied at recreation. Tournaments are held every year, championship and handicap doubles and singles. They are played on the "knock-out" system, and there is usually a good entry.

The handicaps are a great boon to the weaker players, who gain experience, and are more confident than if they had to meet better op-

ponents on equal terms. This year a 3rd division couple won the handicap doubles, and the handicap singles went to a member of the same Division. This shows what can be done by young players.

At the end of the year there is a prize given to the girl who has done most to help on the hockey, and who has been most enthusiastic about it. Our hockey captain won it for 1922-1923.

Another prize is given to the girl who has performed the same service for the tennis. These awards are decided by vote.

I hope that this letter has been of some interest to you, and we are eagerly looking forward to receiving an account of your games at Toronto.

We were very glad to meet Mother M. Irene and Mother Alberta during their visit to Ireland. There is a hearty "céad míle failte" awaiting any other visitors from Toronto.

I remain,

Yours sincerely,

Maureen Harrington.

Loretto Abbey, Toronto, Canada,

Oct. 19, 1923.

To Maureen Harrington, Loreto Abbey, Rathfarnham, Dublin, Ireland.

Dear Maureen,—

Since you have been so kind as to give such a splendid and interesting account of your games at Rathfarnham, I shall endeavour to give you an idea of ours at the Abbey.

Basket-ball, tennis and baseball are played by all, at the various seasons of the year, but the first named seems to take the lead at all times. Two captains are elected early in September. Each captain chooses her team, composed of six players, including herself. The first team is generally composed of the better players; these are the girls who play in the big games—by that I mean the games which are

played in the different Loretto houses. The second team, although not superior, generally makes a fairly good showing with the first, and it is a tired and breathless crowd of girls that make their way to study after an hour of practice.

During the entire Autumn, and from April till June, basket-ball is in full swing. Most of the big games take place during the spring months, as everybody seems to be ready for work then. Although basket-ball is a very strenuous game, there is nothing more enjoyable.

We play on an out-door grass court which is situated at one angle of our spacious grounds, quite close to the building. Do not think I am boasting when I say that the Abbey has been very fortunate in the majority of her games.

During the winter months we have a rink which occupies a corner at the far end of the grounds, and during recreation hours it is well patronized. This year we have among us some hockey enthusiasts who are planning to organize a team, which every one sincerely hopes will materialize.

A few of the more quiet girls take no part in basket-ball and skating, but to these a game offers more enjoyment. Although there is sufficient room for more courts, one is all that's needed. While basket-ball is progressing in the spring season, the base-ball diamond is also a popular place. There are no special teams chosen, as every girl is a base-ball player, and in order to give each a chance, fresh teams are chosen daily.

I hope we shall hear from you again and that some day it will be our good fortune to meet. Mother Alberta has not had time to tell all about her visit to Rathfarnham, but we believe she has oceans to tell of all the wonderful things she saw abroad. She sends her love, with ours to you all.

Your affectionate friend,

Marjorie Dodds.

"THE BIRTH OF MONTREAL"

IN "The Birth of Montreal," by Lady Roddick, we have a charming and attractive play whose keynote may be found in the lines:

"This life is but a striving toward perfection,
A looking upward—how expect to scale
The heights ere Heaven be reached—but
Faith's a light
From which ill shadows flee—whose lantern
man may clasp."

It is a plan of christian heroism—the whole pervaded with an atmosphere of true faith. It is a story of noble souls—striving for an ideal—meeting with almost insurmountable difficulties—conquering them and attaining, in the end, the goal. It is a story of hardships, of complete self-sacrifice, yet the note is optimistic. We read it, enjoy it and put it aside with the feeling that the goal of perfection is worth struggling to reach.

"The Birth of Montreal" is a chronicle play; it does not actually teach us history, but it puts flesh and bones on the skeleton of history; we actually live in the early days of Canada; we realize keenly the lives and sacrifices of the early pioneers, and their lives and sacrifices have a much deeper significance for us. The plot is essentially a very simple one. It is only a framework on which to hang a very wonderful character study.

There is no love story—unless we consider the simple, yet beautiful, tale of Jeanne and her Indian love—Anontebo, "whose gift she spurned until it comes from Christian hands."

The play is written in four acts, which have been entitled "The Vision," "The Cross," "The Combat," and "The Fulfilment."

The scene of the first Act is laid in France, in the home of Mme. de la Danversière. Enthusiasm for an ideal is the theme. M. de la Danversière has had a vision at Notre Dame

before the Blessed Virgin's altar. The Holy Family appeared to him; thrice the Christ Child said to him, "Where find a faithful servant?" and gave to him a ring with the words, "Jesu, Marie and Joseph" engraved on it. Another vision came to him: a vision of Montreal with "great churches, godly schools, infirmaries and Ville Marie." As more tangible evidence, he has a purse of gold given to him by an apparition in priestly garb. The fulfilment of that vision is his goal. His ardour and enthusiasm are superb. He is scoffed at; laughed at and his visions scorned, even by those who love him best. His wife pleads with him to "forget this madness born of dreams" and he answers magnificently:

"Ay, dreams, but living dreams, not man I
fear,
An earthly king who builds a structure rare
And beautiful, protects its burnished grace
And guards the skilled contrivers. How, but
think
The King Omnipotent will blow the winds
To fill our sails."

The second act is in Villa Marie, Montreal, on Christmas night, three years later. The picture is cleverly drawn; we feel it and almost see it, as we read. A fierce storm is raging; the river is rising and the fort is in grave danger. Yet these dauntless men and women who have left everything near and dear to them and have crossed the seas to face unknown dangers, have no fears. Their courage is sublime. Ville Marie, their fondest hope, may be destroyed, but they bow to God's will. The flood retires—even after it has reached the threshold, and they only say in thanksgiving, "Now God be praised!"

The scene of the third act is still in Ville Marie, some fifteen months later. Maisonneuve, the brave commander, is persuaded by his men

—restless for war—to take the offensive with the Iroquois, who have been threatening them. He yields against his better judgment, and the result is inevitable. The French are completely routed after many casualties, but only after Maisonneuve has shown his fierce courage and has had a miraculous escape.

The fourth act takes place sixteen years later, still in Ville Marie. It is spring, and with the change in season there is a change in the spirit. Snows and ice were a fitting background for the struggles and hardships of the settlers, but with the fulfilment of their desires comes a change. We find the Colonists after their day's work, "dancing to welcome spring." But it is only the "flash before the storm." There is still one more combat. Jeanne must part with her husband while he and his Huron tribes defend Ville Marie against the Iroquois. They are successful.

"The Iroquois retreat with silent drums,
With vaunting songs unsung, with lagging
steps."

But Anontebo is killed.

Just at this time comes news from France of the death of Danversière. The saintly founder, he whose enthusiasm and ardour were responsible for the success, was gone, but not before his work was accomplished. Ville Marie was saved.

While this play is founded on a very definite story and has a very clearly defined setting, we cannot but feel that it has a deeper significance than at first appears. It is typical of life when lived at its best and fullest. The struggle is that experienced by every soul who strives to attain an ideal. His own soul may be fired with the ardour and enthusiasm of his visions, but the world will scoff, friends will not flock to help him in his efforts, and many temptations will be put in his way. He will have crosses to bear he will have battles to fight, and it is only by sublime courage and perfect faith that he will attain his ideal.

As a character study, the play has much merit. The characters are more or less ideal-

istic, in that they all possess that nobility of soul which makes them forget self and strive only for their ideals. But they are not romantic characters. They are human and possess all the endearing qualities of human beings. M. de la Danversière and M. de Maisonneuve are the outstanding male characters and they are portrayed with wonderful strength and heroism.

The female characters are works of art. The scenes between Mlle. Jeanne Manee and Jeanne, the Huron convert, present a splendid contrast and are an evidence of the author's skill in character portrayal.

If I might be critical, I should say that the ending of the play, "The Colonists stand and sing 'O Canada!'" is rather weak for such a play. The ending of the three previous acts are sublime and produce a sort of climax in each case. But here is it not also a chronological error?

The poetry of Lady Roddick is in itself a delightful and attractive study. To me the most distinctive quality of her writings, whether in play or poetry, is that very unmistakable atmosphere which permeates them. In almost everything she has written we have only to read a few lines and we are unconsciously steeped in a very decided and distinctive atmosphere. It may be the wilds of Canada—snows and ice and Indian tribes, or it may be the tropical luxuriance of Florida, but it is ever present.

Her colorful language and her happy choice of words are in large part responsible for this success.

In all of her poems we have a lesson. They could not by any stretch of imagination be called didactic, yet they all point a moral. In "The Gardener Saint," the following verse is sufficient to commend it:

"My soul's a harp whereon the Lord doth
play,
Stringing lauds of melody;
My soul's a flute, whose sweet-toned breaths
convey
The Holy Spirit's purity;

My soul's a temple, where the Word holds sway,
Salvation's Song of Ecstasy!"

We have the beautiful lesson contained in the last line, "To work, with kindly thoughts God's will thereby attained."

"The Warning" is a poem with an unusual plot or story, but has much charm. It, too, is decidedly a poem with a moral—the moral of simple kindness.

She has written a group of Florida poems, all of which are pervaded with the colourful atmosphere of luxuriance, nature extravagant in its beauty.

"Content" introduces an idea that is different, yet extremely lovely. The poet is in a garden, rare and beautiful so beautiful that she can find no words to express its loveliness. She decides that words are meant to express longing; they are vain in the expression of perfect content. The sounds of nature—"zephyrs rustling fruited boughs"—"a mocking-bird's sweet carolling"—alone can express this gardener's beauty.

There are in this group two charming poems, "Effort" and "Heart's Ease," which seem to supplement each other. The poet watches a fluttering bird fall helpless into the fowler's net, and after many efforts he rends the net and soars on high. The poet realizes that her will is the bird, surrounded by difficulties—"oppressed by the fowler's sorry net

that muzzles thought"—and only by great effort may the will break through and soar on high as the bird.

"Heart's Ease" pictures the longings within the soul—even the satisfied soul—to soar above, to struggle with difficulties, to face ugliness in an effort to reach the goal. And that goal, once the effort is made and the difficulties conquered, is rewarded by perfect heart's ease.

In her Indian poems the author has given the same sure deft touch of setting which made "The Birth of Montreal" so attractive.

To me the most appealing of her poems is a very short one "Because He Lived." It contains in just twelve lines the story of a noble and perfect life, and ends with the line:

"Because he lived, I hold earth's key."

Lady Roddick is a poet of no small merit. Her work is distinctive and attractive. She writes with a sureness of touch and an absolute familiarity with her subject, which is in part responsible for the impressiveness of her work.

But above all, her poetry is inspiring. Her poems are poems of ideals. We read them and leave them aside with a feeling that the "wild joy of living" consists in an effort to attain the best and noblest in life; to make the supreme effort; surmount all difficulties and be rewarded by that perfect "heart's-ease."

MARY M. PICKETT.

Loretto Abbey College.



AN INSPIRING EVENT

Fourth General Convention of Catholic Students' Mission Crusade
by the Toronto Delegate, Angela Hannan, B.A.

"Tempus fugit!" It is now three months since I left Toronto, expecting to arrive at the small and out-of-the-way place in the State of Indiana, to attend the Students' Mission Convention at Notre Dame University, but Fate had decreed otherwise, and I found myself landed at the largest boarding school in America, if not, in the whole world. Some nineteen hundred students are in attendance at Notre Dame, which is directed by the Holy Cross Fathers. There are Arts, Law and Science buildings, and a very wonderful Library and Art Gallery. The grounds consist of about four hundred acres, contain two lakes, and on a slope overhanging one of these, is the most interesting building of the University to me. Father Sorin, the founder of Notre Dame, is buried there. It was in this chapel he said his first Mass. Outside the chapel is like a log cabin, but there are no windows and no means of letting the daylight filter in, except through the door at the rear. From the ceiling are suspended many swinging silver sanctuary lamps. This, and the absence of any church pews, gave an air of mystery and reverence that did not fail to impress the most irreverent of us all.

Although it is not usual to mention the most uninteresting fact about a trip of this nature, I am going to do it, if only by way of warning to the next delegate who goes to a convention of the kind. The lack of a looking-glass of any description in Badin Hall, where I was lodged, made it a case of real necessity for me to wear my hat constantly during the entire three days, ergo: Delegates bring your hand-mirrors with you.

There were about two thousand five hundred people collected from all parts of the States, from Canada, China, Japan, India and from many European countries. Fifteen hundred of

these were delegates; the other thousand consisted of priests and nuns and visitors, all of whom had assembled at Notre Dame to find out more about the Mission Crusade or about the Missions themselves.

Here I would like to draw attention to outstanding features which were evident throughout the Convention, and to which, in the main, might be attributed its success. The first was the thorough organization or planning of the Convention, and the ease with which these plans were carried out; the second was the magnificent spirit or enthusiasm of all concerned, which increased rather than decreased as the days went on.

Roughly speaking, the Convention fell into three divisions: (1) the initiation, (2) the education, (3) the transaction of business. The initiation ceremony took place the first evening we were there, and to describe its effect upon me in full, I shall have to relate a little incident that occurred at supper.

I met some very nice people from Frankfort, Kentucky, who said that they had run into a meeting of Ku Klux Klan, about three miles from the University, and they were at first afraid they would be stopped, but those gentlemen allowed them to pass unmolested. However, it gave me an uncomfortable feeling, as up to this time I had not realized that Indiana was their strongest State. The supper incident passed from my mind, until we all went into the Cathedral at 7.30 p.m., where on the back of the benches, row upon row, were placed the very same outfit as that worn by the K.K.K., except the mask.

Father Donovan, a Holy Cross Father of much oratorical renown, delivered the opening sermon. He was very eloquent, almost too eloquent for me, for think of my horror when he said: "It has been reported that the mem-

bers of the Ku Klux Klan have not only met under the very shadows of Notre Dame, but are here in our midst to-night. They have hurled down the gage to fight Catholicism to the end." Father Donovan took it up and flung it back in their faces, saying that the Crusaders would go forth and fight them face to face, with the same fiery cross upon their breasts, symbolic of love and justice, not of hate, but they would go unmasked, as a symbol of truth.

At this point some of the lights were extinguished and in marched some hundred men in navy blue, bearing torches, who stood as a body-guard at the end of the seats. Then a man clad in a crimson robe with black panels, delivered the Crusaders' oath of fealty to Our Lady. Then the Crusaders walked out of the Cathedral, in procession to the grotto of Our Lady of Lourdes, beside which an altar has been erected for the occasion.

We walked over unknown ground to the grotto, in absolute darkness, save for the torches, but my feelings were far from those of a Crusader, to whom fear is unknown.

When we were all stationed at the Grotto, first the man in crimson spoke a few words, then there came forth a man dressed similarly in green, and after he spoke, the veil was removed between us and the altar, and the spotlight revealed a knight, clad in perfect historic detail, like the knights of old. As he stepped forward to speak, the clatter of his armour could be heard to sound and resound.

He compared us to the first Crusaders going forth, led by Peter the Hermit, to regain the Holy Places from the unhallowed hands of the Saracen, and, "you too," he said, "are going forth to fight a crusade and you shall have for your banner—" Just then a black veil was removed from a life-sized figure of Our Lord crucified.

How I wish that all of you readers had been there that night, just to see that banner standing forth against the darkness; you could not have failed to catch the meaning and the vast possibilities of the Students' Mission Crusade.

For me, the next day was the most interesting—Education Day—although the business conferences were exceedingly interesting. The Conferences were divided into Foreign and Home subjects. Dr. McGlinchey, of Boston, introduced the subject of Foreign Missions, and Monsignor Knoll, that of Home Missions. Then a number of questions covering the whole mission field of the Catholic Church were answered by men or women who had laboured in these different fields.

I have not space now, nor could I ever write down all that was said during these Conferences. I shall just mention a little of what Dr. Michael Mathis said about the Indian Missions and what Bishop Forbes said concerning those of Africa.

The day was opened by Pontifical High Mass, and the first Conference, by an address by Monsignor Beckmann, President of the C.S.M.C. He made clear the object of the Crusade. He said:

"The primary object of the Crusade is educational. It is a holy purpose. The Church relies upon the C.S.M.C. to solve the problem of the Missions. It relies on the idealism of youth to wage war against the powers of darkness, and it makes the youth full-fledged Catholics by educating them to the Mission ideals." These words very explicitly define the meaning of the Mission Crusade. Some of the ways suggested for acquiring this education were (1) to become members of the C.S.M.C. (2) to form good missionary reading circles in the units; to have lectures, stereoptican views about the missions; to procure lantern slides or movies bearing on these subjects. The slogan of the Convention was: "Solidify," i.e., the object of the Convention was to find ways and means of strengthening all the units, of making the Crusade more educational, and of making a C.S.M.C. unit the most live organization in the school.

The question Father Mathis was asked ran as follows: "What is the greatest missionary problem in India? What is being done to meet it?" He commenced his answer by saying that there were four principal missionary activities

in India, corresponding to the four great problems: (1) The care of the native Catholics, numbering three million; there is a great work to be done in preserving them in their faith after Baptism; in developing and deepening their growth of Catholic life. There is need for more missionaries, particularly for more native clergy, to carry on the work. (2) That of weeding out superstition. The Indian people are very superstitious. This work, again, is seriously hampered by lack of workers. (3) Concerns the aborigines and outcasts. Wonderful success attends the labours among the aborigines, but again, "the harvest is great but the labourers are few." (4) The work among the Hindoos, whose conversion is the greatest problem. Father Mathis declared that, without question, these people are the most religious he ever met or heard of. The difficulty of their conversion arises from the fact that it is almost impossible to persuade them that by joining the Catholic Church they would be leaving a lower for a higher ideal. Prayer

and more men is again the requirement to meet this need.

Bishop Forbes answered the same questions; but instead of India, he had Africa. The greatest problem of Africa, he said, is that of training the native clergy, and more catechists. He took some trouble to show that the intelligence of the black man, which is rated so low amongst us, as a rule, can be readily compared with ours. The African people easily embrace the faith, but the native priests and nuns can achieve three times the results of the white clergy. Bishop Forbes recommended fervent prayer for more vocations, as the means of meeting and overcoming this obstacle.

In like manner did many other renowned and holy men deal with the various problems of home or foreign missions.

Sometime, dear reader, it may be your lot to have an experience like mine. If so, be sure and tell me all about your labours and your needs. My missionary education is far from complete, but the Fourth General Convention of the C.S.M.C. has started the ball rolling. Perhaps you can help it to run its full cycle.



As You Like It



Shakespeare has been called the "Wizard of the Human Heart," and this idea seems to be very pronounced in "As You Like It." He presents so many players, all different in character and puts his thoughts and opinions of life in their speeches. In this play we see all the different stations of life, and also many of the customs of his time.

In *Rosalind's* character we find a girl with wonderful qualities and great charm. She is the leading figure in this play, and consequently it is she who brings out the characters of her fellow-players. In the first part of the play she is sad because of her father's banishment, but has a strong enough character to overcome her grief and be merry with Celia. She then falls in love. Shakespeare must have known human nature well to have arranged matters in this way, for didn't *Rosalind* forget her father in her love for *Orlando*? She tried to please everyone in that Forest of Arden. She made fun of *Phebe* to shame *Silvius* for loving such a woman. She attempted to cure *Orlando* of his love for "His *Rosalind*." In all the different phases of her character we see the main characteristics of those with whom she acts. She brings out *Orlando's* noble qualities, and even *Phebe* is forced to pity *Silvius*, for she finds herself in love with *Rosalind*—in the disguise of *Ganymede*—who scorns her in return. *Silvius* also is scorned for his love, and in this way we see that even *Phebe* has one human virtue—pity.

In the story of *Orlando* and *Adam*, we see the faithfulness of an old family servant for his young master. We admire *Orlando* for his thoughtfulness of *Adam*, and *Adam*, for his absolute faith in *Orlando*. In consequence of this love between a gentle master and his servant, we see the good will and sympathy of *Duke Senior*, when he is approached and asked for food. Thus Shakespeare makes his players act as in real life and show the true feelings of the human heart.

Jacques is typical of the people who are always striving for something new. He exhibits or emphasizes *Orlando's* natural wit, as well as *Rosalind's*, and we have a glimpse of their cheerful outlook on life. *Jacques* is one of the cleverest characters in the play, and many of his speeches have passed into proverbs.

But were not those speeches Shakespeare's thoughts, and did he not mean them to be taken for sarcasm on the customs and follies of his day? He expresses himself in this manner because he knows he won't be blamed for them if he lets *Jacques* be responsible. This only confirms Shakespeare's knowledge of human nature, for he knows that people will take them as he means them to take them.

In *Touchstone* we see a man whose profession is to make those around him laugh, though he reveals beneath his folly a great deal of wisdom; but it is his business to amuse by whatever means. *Audrey*, in contrast to *Rosalind*, is a fool or simpleton, for she has not wit, and is not even as clever as *Phebe*.

Duke Frederick and *Oliver*—*Orlando's* clever brother—are very tyrannical. The *Duke* seizes his brother's lands and in turn *Oliver* seizes his share of the will. It seems hardly possible that two such characters should be reconciled in the very happy ending of the play, but of course, Shakespeare wrote "As You Like It" for a rest from his heavy dramas, and he wanted this play to please everyone in one way or other. However, to make this seem more human, he robs neither *Oliver* nor *Duke Frederick* of his dignity.

Celia is almost as charming as *Rosalind*, therefore it would hardly have seemed human if she were left alone at the end of the play, so Shakespeare makes *Oliver*, the previous tyrant, fall in love with her at first sight and marry the next day. It seems rather ridiculous, but did it not happen in the Forest of Arden?

Thus from all the characters in this play we see the author's wonderful knowledge of human nature.

CLARA CARROLL.

Loretto Abbey.

A TIMELY DEFENCE



I have been driven positively wrathful lately by the numerous aspersions cast on the "Modern Girl." She is being given as much objectionable notoriety and space in recent magazines and papers, by writers great and petty, as the Ku Klux Klan and the Dope Traffickers.

As a girl of the period, I feel it my right and my duty to uphold the modern girl and defend her against many false statements from those who prophesy that our downward career is swift and sure. Should we not at least be allowed to contrast ourselves with the girl of one or two previous generations? We might, with no disadvantage to ourselves, challenge girls of a much earlier date.

Our style of dress seems to be the main objection. I do not take the "Flapper" into this consideration. It isn't fair to generalize about modern girls with her as a model. I do not defend her, nor any girl who is the extreme of her type. But the wholesome modern girl, who is capable and efficient, who represents the majority of modern girls. Who can deny that she wears sensible clothes, clothes which really are practical? She nearly always wears ribbed woollen hose, so much better than the delicate silk stockings which insist on ripping and running. Her dress may be shorter, but she is young only once, and while she is young she should be allowed to be different from grown-ups and enjoy a certain amount of freedom of action. Every healthy, normal girl should be given opportunity to participate in games, and enjoy sports suitable to her age—which could not have been the case long ago when hoop-skirts were in order. How like walking lampshades our demure grandmothers must have looked! Our modern girl wears sweaters and blouses, which give her body perfect freedom, a much healthier and more natural thing than the old-time cramping into little wasp-waists, which were ridiculous as well as highly injurious.

But now about her hair. How can critics be so loud in condemnation of modern methods of wearing that? Can they fail to see that the new style is a blessing? It is far easier to arrange, and it has clean and sanitary advantages besides. At any rate it is an improvement on the fashions of long ago, when girls wore white powdered wigs, switches and rats. I should think they would have been afraid to go out without a hat for fear the whole device would blow off.

But the critics of to-day are only following the footsteps of their predecessors. Have you ever remarked in the good old books there is a general bemoaning of the follies of the day? "The old order changeth," they say, and repeat it dismally many times. There is one comforting reflection: fashions and fads come and go like winter and summer. They always did and probably will continue to do so. Were it otherwise, what a very monotonous world this would be!

Since the war a remarkable change has come over the world with regard to the avocations of girls. Men, young and old, were called to arms, men who held noteworthy and prominent positions. They all went, rich and poor, for their country's cause, and left behind them the women, to fill their offices and occupations as best they could. They certainly did admirably during that period, short, when one considers the changes it brought about, but endless years to those who waited at home in sorrow and anxiety for their dear ones "over there."

We find the change in the status of woman has been brought about in such a relatively short period, that it is only natural, as in all other changes that have been effected during the world's history, that there should be some undue excess in her conduct, and a corresponding amount of criticism. But we have no doubt that with the return of normal conditions, the modern girl will compare even more favourably than she now does, with those of earlier times.

Yette Hood.

Loretto, Niagara Falls.

Review of Books

Nature Secrets, by Mary D. Chambers. The Atlantic Monthly Press, 8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass. School edition 75c.

We need, and shall always need, in our class-rooms, science books which are rendered not only intelligible to the young, but are presented in such a form as to arouse an interest and a liking for this study, otherwise it is apt to become dry and distasteful. This need is met very happily in "Nature Secrets." One can foresee the delight in children's eyes when such a chapter as "Curion, the King's Messenger," is taken up, where copper is compared to a little red-skinned Indian boy; where the activities of chemical elements are called "pranks"; and attraction and repulsion, are disguised under the human figures of friendly and unfriendly relations. There will surely be no dull or apathetic eye in the class whose science period is made as congenial and attractive as it is made in Mrs. Chamber's book. The very chapter headings are pleasantly suggestive: "Sounds we cannot hear and sights we cannot see"; "Miss Oxygen at Work"; "The story of the Wheat Mother and her Babies," etc. We warmly endorse this book for supplementary reading, where it may not be introduced as a regular text-book. It has been examined and pronounced upon by many eminent educational authorities, as not only reliable from a scientific standpoint, but from a pedagogical one as well.

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The four following books are published by Benziger Bros., New York, 36-38 Barclay St. They can be secured by writing directly there, or by applying to any Catholic Bookseller.

The Cable, Marion Ames Taggart's latest novel, 8vo., cloth, 407 pages, net \$2.00; postage 15c.

It becomes a strong duty, if not a sacred vocation, for persons who can write like Marion

Ames Taggart, to give books like "No Handicap," and "The Cable," her latest one, to the world as often as possible. "The Cable" is quite alluring in its yellow, illustrated jacket, for the readers to whom it is addressed. The plot is grippingly life-like; the language full of natural colloquialisms, and many of the situations familiar enough to appeal to the girl of the present day. One need not recommend it to those for whom it should mean most. It will suffice to let it fall into their hands. The heroine, Cecely Adair, a true product of post-war times, is a boy-like, pure-minded, free-spirited girl, whose courage is tried in more ways than one, so severely in one, that she nearly goes under, but for the hold she keeps upon the slender thread of faith which is hers. A friendly helper comes at the crucial moment and averts her marriage with a divorced man who has won her affections under false pretensions. "The Cable" is more than strong enough to hold the reader's undivided attention, which many critics consider the proof of good writing.

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Viola Hudson, Isabel C. Clarke's new novel, 8vo., cloth, 487 pages, net \$2.00; postage 15c.

"Viola Hudson," as a review by Michael Earls has it, "is a new laurel to the fame of its author"; "a criticism of life," in Arnold's phrase, "therefore literature." It revolves round the problem of "mixed marriage" and contains a warning in its sequel against clandestine marriage, that evil of which society at present offers only too many woeful examples. One detects the drift of the plot from the first chapter, where the heroine, an orphan, tied down, as so many are, to the humdrum duties of home life, including in her case the teaching of her sister-in-law's two small, stupid children, is invited to go with an old family friend on a leisurely sojourn through the countries of lower Europe. The Cinderella and Fairy godmother arrangement works out well until the latter's son, a pampered, worldly young man, makes his appearance, and entices this Cinderella into a trap from which she makes but a sorry es-

cape. The denouement is a foregone conclusion, but the straits into which this heroine is led, the price she has to pay when she realizes the deceit of which she has been the unknowing victim—points a powerful lesson. We think the character of Esmé, the man who brings about the trouble, is a little over-drawn, a trifle abnormal, which detracts somewhat from the probability of the tale, but in spite of that flaw, the book is sure to attract a host of readers, and we heartily recommend it to ours.

* * * * *

Whoopee, the story of a Catholic Summer Camp, by Neil Boynton, S.J., 12mo., cloth, with frontispiece, net \$1.25; postage 10c.

It takes a certain very select kind of reader to appreciate to the full this "corking camp yarn," but his name is legion, nevertheless. The opening scene is laid in Washington, that city where big things are sure to happen, and little things may. "Wish Craig," the youthful hero of this story, has a chance meeting with the Chief Executive of the nation, and a wonderful change in his fortunes takes place. He is soon transferred by appointment to that paradise for boys, Camp Columbus, with the other boys of his class and street. We follow him through his many evolutions there, in the water, at a church fair, doing a good turn in a car at midnight, and paddling in a furious race. The talk between the corps of Christian Brothers, who are the Camp guardians, and their charges, throws a new light on boy-life and habit, and provokes many a laugh in young and old. Read it and see if it doesn't!

* * * * *

In the Wilds of the Canyon, A Juvenile, by H. S. Spalding, S.J., 12mo., cloth, net \$1.00; postage 10c.

The very title of this book, with its striking cover-plate of a boy levelling a rifle at an enormous bear, while an aeroplane is swooping down upon it from above, has captured its army of readers before the first page has been

turned. The boy and the adventure are described with graphic realism. We come upon the hero spending his Saturday in a narrow court-yard back of his home in an unsavory quarter of a large city, fishing for rats with a hook and line. His opportunities for sport and healthy exercise are found to be too limited for his growing strength and enterprise. A member of the Big Brother Association rescues him from his third or fourth summons to the Juvenile Court and sends him to a ranch in Mexico, where things happen!—things that cannot fail to produce thrills in the heart of any boy, and our hero is a normal boy, who would have probably become better acquainted with the inside of a jail, than with the haunts of birds and bears. The romance element is likely to be a negligible one in the tale, for all but the exceptional boy. The average boy will devour it whole, I venture to assert.

* * * * *

Talks to Boys, by Father Conroy, S.J. (Paper binding, net 25c.). These talks are written by one who knows what boys like as well as what they need. They have been gathered from the pages of "Queen's Work" by request of the reading public. They are a timely and urgent call to better and higher things in the conduct of the youth of the present day, yet their tone is far from "preachy" or they would hardly be so popular among those for whom they are written. They deal with the ordinary, every-day phases of boy-life, and tend to make both his ideals and his conduct a matter of personal concern, rather than one that is regulated solely by his natural instincts, the vicious example of others or the coercion of his elders who have him in charge. He is sure to receive in good grace the direction involved in such alluring talks as those contained under the headings: "Bluffer and Co.," "The Misfits," "Snake-charmers," "On Having Our Own Way," "On Bad Umpiring," etc. The trifling cost puts this valuable little book within the reach of everyone.



THE CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION

The Canadian National Exhibition has done much to make our city widely known and has helped to gain for it the title of "Queen City of the Lakes." For forty-five years it has been held here and in this way has brought Toronto before the eyes of the world. Tourists, particularly those from other parts of Canada and the United States, do not consider their travels complete until they have paid a visit to Toronto during the Exhibition.

The exhibition grounds are situated in the south-western section of the city, bordering the shore of Lake Ontario, and occupy an area of three hundred acres. The main entrance is from Dufferin street. As one leaves the street car to walk towards the gates, the beautiful arch over the entrance is the first object to attract attention. It is very high and massive and at night is made to stand out brilliantly against the sky by the hundreds of electric lights which adorn it.

Once inside the grounds, one is impressed by their extent. As far as eye can see there are smooth green lawns dotted here and there with immense buildings and intersected by broad roadways which are crowded with people.

The Canadian National Exhibition is famous for its beautiful buildings, which are substantially built of brick and stone. There are eighty large buildings in the Park and hundreds of smaller ones. The Park is valued at five million and the buildings at six million dollars. The southern boundary of the Park is protected from Ontario's waves by a sea-wall about a mile long. Boat races are held here on certain days and then this wall is crowded with excited spectators.

The interesting exhibits that one sees on entering the buildings are far too numerous to mention here. If there is any particular work within the power of man that interests you I am sure you will find something pertaining to it

at the Canadian National Exhibition. The man whose hobby is the study of motor cars will find much to interest him at the Motor Show. The exhibit of passenger cars occupies one whole building, while another large building is given to the display of motor trucks and cars for commercial purposes. The woman who is interested in needle-work or domestic machinery will enjoy going through the Women's Building and the Electrical Building, which is devoted to the display of electrical appliances used in the home. The people from the farm can learn how to carry on their work in the most modern and scientific way. Those who are fond of Art may spend a pleasant hour in the Art Gallery.

Music plays an important part in the programme of the Canadian National Exhibition. Great sums of money are expended in procuring the services of the most famous bands for the two weeks of the Fair. In previous years we have listened to bands under the direction of Sousa and Creatore, but this year the music was supplied by a Mexican band and a Cuban band. Their programmes are always a special attraction and the interest of the people in band music is evinced by the immense crowds that surround the band-stands at every concert. But band music is only one feature of the musical activities at the Exhibition.

A stroll through the Music Building in which the pianos and phonographs vie with each other in attracting the attention of the visitors, would be most helpful to a prospective purchaser. Even though one's mind was not intent on acquiring one of these handsome models the great beauty of design and the excellent workmanship would well repay the time spent at this exhibit.

Music Day is especially reserved for competitions in singing and piano-playing which have attained considerable renown. On this

day, also, the numerous musical associations of the city are asked to perform in different parts of the grounds. This year the Knights of Columbus Minstrels, Ben Hokea's Stringed Instrument Group, and some of the Canoe Club Minstrels entertained large crowds and were accorded much praise for their efforts. During the last week of the Exhibition the people in attendance are given an opportunity to hear some of the world's best music at very reasonable prices. A company of players present Grand Opera in the Coliseum, an immense building which seats many thousands. A different opera is given each night and the Coliseum is always crowded.

Another interesting feature is the chorus of over two thousand voices which sings in front of the Grandstand. It is a wonderful sight to see that mass of people and to listen to the beautiful melodies sung in perfect harmony. That large assembly obeys the conductor as if they were one person.

It is generally admitted that each year shows a marked advance in the musical programme of the Exhibition and the interest of the public increases in the same proportion. This genuine appreciation of good music is very encouraging. It is indicative of the high moral tone of the life of the city and, if it continues, may be depended upon to produce similar results in the future.

The Midway is considered one of the main attractions at the Exhibition. It is a long, wide road bordered on both sides with tents containing many objects of interest to the throng of people who wander up and down the roadway. On paying the required fifteen or twenty cents at each tent, you may go inside and see a man swallowing swords, or a snake-charmer, or perhaps the tricks of some trained animals. If you believe all that your eye sees you will leave the Midway in a state of amazement.

Those spending a day at the Exhibition usually complete their visit by attending the performance which is shown before the Grandstand every night. Hundreds of people are

employed in the staging of this performance, which usually takes the form of a huge pageant. It lasts for about two hours and a half and ends with a brilliant display of fireworks.

Then that large crowd of many thousand people quickly disperses.

DOROTHY H. SULLIVAN, 2T6.



A Hurray Prayer

Found in the Note-Book of a client of Blessed
Soeur Therese.—Free Translation.

Little Flower! Little Flower!
You must help me in this hour
To do the thing I've pledged myself to do:
For I feel a weak misgiving
And my life is not worth living
Unless, somehow, I'm helped along by you.

Little Flower! Little Flower!
You had your misgiving hour,
When you lived upon this planet long ago,—
But the Blessed Infant gave you
That which served at once to save you,
And His favours fell on you like flakes of snow.

Little Flower! Little Flower!
I shall grow morose and sour,
If I'm left to struggle through it all alone;
Then all my friends will shun me,
Even you will frown upon me,
And the world will reap the bitter thoughts
I've sown.

Little Flower! Little Flower!
Won't you come this very hour,
For you know you promised solemnly you
would;
And all these stupid things
Will be lifted—as on wings,
And they'll find themselves all beautiful and
good.

ST. HILDA ABBESS OF WHITBY

By James J. Walsh, M.D., Ph.D.

SOME time ago the Atlantic Monthly published after considerable preliminary announcement a series of articles on "The Woman Question." These were meant to orient the people of our generation, especially the intelligent readers of the Atlantic, and I use the expression without prejudice and without the slightest hint of irony, as to the position of woman past, present and future. The series began with some articles by Mr. W. L. George, an Englishman, who is heralded in the editorial announcement as "a recognized authority on the woman question," and one who would surely enable American readers to understand better than ever before all the facts with regard to this much-debated question as to the place of woman as it was, and is, and must be and surely will be.

Almost at the beginning of his first article, Mr. George emphasized the great progress that had come to mankind in all that concerns the due appreciation of woman, and above all, her place in the centuries. He did not hesitate to say that in the olden time men had been found to deny woman an intellect. He went on to say moreover, "they have gone further and seem to remember that in the Middle Ages, an Ecumenical Council denied her a soul."

Here is this "recognized authority on the woman question," repeating the absurd old story that has not the slightest foundation in truth, a story that has been corrected over and over again by reference to the documents in the case which are readily available, but in spite of that is constantly recurring in the present-day abundant literature of the eternal woman question. What surprises one is that at this late date a man not alone supposed to be an authority on the place of woman in history, but also pretended to know anything about feminine history at all, should still quote what the Germans so expressively called the old "history lie" as

glibly as ever. From an American standpoint at least what is still more surprising is that the Atlantic should print it.

It is easy to understand from this, however, just what a curious misconception of woman's place in history must exist among those who are in touch with the modern literature on the subject, if a writer who knows so little about the history of women and education in the past, as to make a statement of this kind, has come to be looked upon as an authority. When challenged for the proof of his statement Mr. George refers—of course—to the Council of Macon, which was held toward the end of the sixth century. This was diocesan or at most provincial, not ecumenical, and the bishops had a grammatical discussion as to whether the word "vir" (gentleman) applies also to woman as "homo, the more generic term of course does. It is out of this that someone made the supposed denial of a soul to woman.

It would have taken but a very little knowledge of the real history of feminine education to have saved this authority on the woman question from such an egregious blunder. For at the time of the Council of Macon already two women educators who organized magnificent developments in feminine education had run their careers and had accomplished intellectual work of a high order that was not only to live in tradition, but was by its actual influence and organization to continue to have weight among women down even to our own time. In their own generations these two women were looked up to as great intellectual lights, leaders not only of their own sex, but of the humanity of their day, and they have been venerated for their lofty qualities of soul and mind by all the generations ever since. They were saints, but unfortunately one of the special fruits of the reformation has been to make people neglect the lives of the saints. The term saint in connec-

tion with an historic personage seems quite sufficient to make most people shrug their shoulders and often contemptuously refuse to know anything further. This little world of ours is only just waking up through the study of the lives of St. Francis and St. Teresa and St. Clare and St. Catherine of Siena and St. Ignatius and St. Francis de Sales and St. Vincent de Paul to realize that these were among the most interesting influential and unselfish persons in the history of humanity.

I need scarcely say that the two women saints of the fifth and sixth centuries to whom I refer were St. Brigid of Ireland, whose great school of Kildare is a landmark in the history of feminine education, representing its first great Christian development and St. Scholastica, the Sister of St. Benedict herself, the foundress of the Benedictine Nunneries, which were homes of spiritual and intellectual retreat for so many fine women during the early troubled centuries of the Middle Ages. During the time of which this English authority on the woman question speaks so contemptuously the institutions founded by these women offered refuges of peace to women who wanted to secure for themselves the opportunity to cultivate the intellectual and the spiritual life.

What is perhaps even more surprising is that this English authority on women should ignore or perhaps have forgotten for the moment, the work of an English-woman who lived within the generation of the date of this Council which is so glibly proclaimed to have declared that women had no soul. Before the middle of the seventh century the Abbess Hilda, whom the world knows better as St. Hilda of Whitby, lived her life as the superior of twin institutions for men and women, being the responsible head of both the monastery and the convent, the whole institution becoming very famous. There seems to be no use merely denying once more the assertion with regard to the council of Macon, anyone can look that matter up and find what a mare's nest the reference to it is, but the history of this English woman, the fame of whose wisdom was so great that from even distant countries, kings, nobles, prelates,

superiors of monastic institutions, scholars, monks, and in a word men of every degree came to consult her, is worth while bringing out once more as exhibiting the utter lack of the knowledge of history that is contained in such declarations. Though I suppose in spite of that too the references will be repeated over and over again with a confidence borne of ignorance by those who are supposed to know something of the woman question in history, as modern popular writers know it.

At the beginning it may be said that what we know about St. Hilda is not gleaned from any vague and distant tradition written by someone who was filling in lacunae in history as best he could and who, confident that there were no documents to contravert anything he might say with regard to the dim and distant past, let his imagination and his wish to exalt the influence of Christianity run away with him into very dubious realms of fable. Our authority for the life of St. Hilda, who was born in 614 within thirty years after the Council of Macon, and died some sixty-five years later, is the venerable Bede, the great historian and doctor of the Church, who was himself born in 672, and therefore actually lived a portion of his life during St. Hilda's own time and must have collected the materials that he has with regard to her from those who had known her personally and in whose memories were still fresh the details of her career as the great English ecclesiastical historian has transcribed them for us.

Like so many of the distinguished Abbesses of these early centuries, like St. Brigid herself to take but one example, Hilda came of royal lineage. She was the daughter of Hereric, the nephew of King Edwin of Northumbria. She became a convert to Christianity in the early years of her girlhood when she was yet under fifteen. Following the example of her sister, in her ardor of devotion she became a nun. She resolved at first to enter a convent at a distance from home, so as to be free from the distractions that might come to her from the nearness of relatives, and above all so as to make the complete sacrifice of worldly considerations

and home ties in the religious life, but she was recalled by St. Aidan, who assured her that there was plenty of opportunity for her to devote herself to her own people and accomplish much good.

Hilda had not been long a religious before her power of administration was recognized and she was made the abbess of a double monastery of monks and nuns at Hertlepool in what is now the distant North of England, and ruled with great success. Her administrative ability led her to be selected for a still more difficult task, the building up of a monastery at Streaneshalch, where the monastery foundation had not succeeded well. Streaneshalch afterwards came to be known as Whitby and it was here that Hilda's great career was lived and that fame deservedly acquired, which has made her name a household word, for all those who know anything about Christianity and its relation to women, or the history of feminine education.

Probably the incident, or rather set of incidents, for which St. Hilda's name is best known among the scholars and students of our generation, is the story of Caedmon, the famous author of a series of biblical poems, in which the material of Genesis, afterwards used by Milton, was first put into poetic form in the west of Europe. That story told us by the venerable Bede, who was himself a contemporary of Caedmon, as he was of St. Hilda, is extremely interesting. Caedmon was attached as a laborer, perhaps what would now be called a lay brother, to the twin monasteries of Whitby, over which St. Hilda ruled as Abbess. He had received no education and his life was spent in laboring with his hands. He had often heard his fellow laborers sing with the harp in the evenings after their work was done, a custom which reveals rather interestingly a definite stage of culture among the working classes about the middle of the seventh century and contradicts much of current opinion as to popular ignorance at that time. Once the harp was passed to him and he was asked to take his share in the entertainment of the assembled laborers by singing to them for the

benefit of the company. Knowing nothing of poetry, he left the room for very shame. On several other occasions this happened to him until he began to take this inevitable exhibition of his ignorance rather to heart.

In his shame-facedness he used to withdraw to the stable where, having charge of the horses of the monastery, he was accustomed to sleep during the night. Here he had a dream in which, as is not uncommon with dreams, the last incident that he had been thinking about before he fell asleep recurred to him and there stood by him one in his vision who called him by name and bade him sing. His mystical visitant, however, insisted, and when Caedmon said: "I cannot sing, and therefore I left the feast," replied: "Sing to me, nevertheless, sing of Creation." Thereupon Caedmon, who was familiar with Genesis because of the frequent reading of the Scriptures in the monastery out loud for the benefit of all, and who therefore knew it very well, though at this time he could neither read nor write, began to sing in praise of God verses descriptive of the creation of man which he had never heard before.

In the morning he recalled not only the incidents of the dream, but the words which had come to him. Others have had dream poems and indeed a book of verses which, according to their authors, were composed in dreams, would, if collected, make a rather large volume. No one, however, has ever dreamed quite so successfully, and above all, not at such length in verse, as Caedmon. The next morning Caedmon went to St. Hilda and told his story. Then at her invitation he recited for her and the scholarly men of the monastery, whom, after listening for a little while, the Abbess summoned to hear him, the verses which had come to him during the night. There could be no possible doubt that he had been inspired to sing. Whether that inspiration shall be taken in the modern sense in which the poets so often use it, or in the older sense which seemed to these good monks and their Abbess to proclaim that this lay brother had received a Divine gift must be left for modern readers to decide for

themselves, according to their mental attitudes toward such events.

They were not satisfied, however, with the first sample that he had given them, but they suggested some further sacred stories as subjects for his muse, and he confirmed their opinion of his inspiration by turning them into excellent verse. The Abbess Hilda then persuaded him to become a monk and thus secure opportunities for his education. His humility would scarcely permit him, but it was represented to him, he owed it to himself, to the monastery, and, above all, to the inspiration which had come to him to give just as full play as possible to his poetic abilities.

Accordingly he was taught to read and devoted himself to the biblical story which he turned into "sweet verse." Bede has told us of his long years of poetic writing and then of his holy death, so that, no wonder, he came to be honored as a saint as well as a poet and is acknowledged as such by the Church, though few who have studied the account of his great poems, or the poems themselves, seem to be aware of this title of honor and veneration, which was so lovingly accorded him by the people of his own time and generation.

This was the beginning of the precious heritage of English sacred poetry, which has had its contributions in practically every century ever since. What is interesting for us here, of course, is the Abbess Hilda's connection with Caedmon and her place as the patroness of literature and education, even for the laborer of the monastery at Whitby, who showed that he had a gift for higher things. Surely this must be taken not as an exception, but as representing the custom of the time. Only one such great poet as Caedmon could well be expected in a single generation, but there must have been many other laborers at Whitby who, showing some ability with harp and song, were accorded the opportunity to develop their talents and make themselves something more than hand workers in this great establishment. That a woman should have been an institution that meant so much for education, and be so

looked up to, is indeed a startling contradiction of what is so often said with regard to the absolute lack of opportunities for women to develop their intellects or exhibit their powers of administration in the times so long before our own. This century of St. Hilda is often supposed to be one of the darkest periods, yet here is a striking testimony of the fact that when women had in them powers of intelligence and administrative ability, opportunities for their display were not lacking, but on the contrary, were afforded with a fullness that might well be envied in our time.

St. Hilda came to be held in the following generations almost as much in veneration among the inhabitants of what we now call England as St. Brigid was among the Irish. Many churches were named after her, and as the towns grew around these churches they came to bear her name also. There are probably a dozen or more old English churches dedicated St. Hilda on the northeast coast of England alone. She was very early looked upon as a saint and it was felt in erecting churches under her invocation that the people were raising just so many monuments in her honor. This was a favorite mode of recognition for those who had done great good work, particularly in what we now call social service, in that olden time. Probably the finest monument ever erected to a woman is the Cathedral at Marburg in honor of St. Elizabeth of Hungary, which was after all a popular tribute of veneration in the early thirteenth century from the German citizens of Marburg, very like that given to St. Hilda some six centuries before.

(Note.—Some of these towns bear by corruption names very different from Hilda in our time. South Shields, for instance, is said to be a corruption of the name St. Hilda's. Anyone who knows the tendency in English speech to modify such place names almost beyond recognition of their originals, will not be surprised at this. Charing Cross is *Chère reine croix*, the cross of the dear Queen Eleanor, Rotten Row is the *Route de Roi*, or route of the King, and Bishop Stubbs, the Professor of History at Oxford, traced his patronymic Stubbs to Stubbins originally derived from the ambitious Norman name St. Albans).

—Courtesy of "Children of Providence."

KNOWLEDGE IS POWER



Among all who obtain the highest honours in book-lore and science, few can be said to possess the knowledge which is most beneficial to mankind, if rightly used,—the knowledge of one's fellow-creatures. In looking through history we find that the greatest leaders and rulers have possessed this power. Foremost among the rulers who have made their nations famous, is Elizabeth, who ruled over England in the latter half of the sixteenth century.

It is well known that Elizabeth was one of the most erudite women of the period, and during her reign her country became rich and prosperous, on land and sea. Yet she came to the throne during one of the most critical periods of English History. Her triumph is ascribed principally to her keen knowledge of human nature. She was not a good woman, but she shaped her policy towards the achievement of a great destiny. She worked on the follies and weaknesses of her courtiers and enemies till she had accomplished her end.

All who are skilled in literature and mathematics cannot be said to have knowledge. The wisest king who reigned in England ruled badly. James I. was skilled in all the learning of his period, but he was not a strong man or a good ruler. His rule was weak and he was easily persuaded to pass acts which had a bad effect on the country. As he knew nothing of others, those whom he chose for his advisers were incompetent and often dissolute and reckless. He left as a legacy to his son, the ill-fated Charles I., a host of conflicting parties in England.

There has been only one man whose works have been deemed immortal. Shakespeare knew his fellow-men, their passions, their vices and their humanity. His plays are written about real people and they are great.

Knowledge, to those who know how to use it, can be a great power for good or evil. Many have been led astray by those who have known

their weak points and played upon them. If one knows people and can bring them where one wills, lives can be ruined.

On the other hand, those who make use of their knowledge of the weaknesses of others are to be honoured. It is a great thing to help one's fellow-creatures. It is good to feel that one has been helped.

In every walk of life it is found that those who know human nature well make the best friends. They are tolerant and make allowances for the inevitable falls to which all of us are subject. They can appreciate the good that is in the most wayward being. The latter will respond more easily to good advice, for they know that their friends understand.

Knowledge is power, and they who help their fellows will inherit a glorious reward. "Charity covereth a multitude of sins," and it is charity to use one's gifts for the good of mankind.

Maureen Harrington.

Loretto, Rathfarnham.

A Happy Thought

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Among the thousands of lovely things our show-cases hold, there is just the gift you are looking for—and at the price you have decided to spend.

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Pussy's Plea



To Whom It May Concern:

Have you seen two little kitties
In your travels anywhere?
One is glossy, jet-black,
The other golden fair,
With eyes that shine like starlight,
And paws so velvet soft,
That two such lovely kittens
You wouldn't see quite oft.
They were full of tricks, my kittens,
They knew naught but sport and play,
They frisked and jumped and gamboled
To their hearts' content all day.
They boxed each others' soft ears,
They played with my long tail,
They ran up poles and tall trees,
And never once did fail
To give delight to others
As they always gave to me,
But now they're gone, my kitties,
And I'm heart-broke, you see.
I've searched the grounds and convent,
I've scoured the Holy Hill,
Went over to the Rect'ry
To make inquiries, still
I get no information,
Tho' I'm asking day by day,
If anyone could tell me
Who took my pets away.
I thought that in September
I'd be sending them to school,
And fancied I could see them
Acting up to rule;
Playing with other children
At the happy recess time,

Falling in line with class-mates,
When the little bell would chime.
They would have taken vocal,
Such singers they'd have made,
Beneath the convent windows
To chant a serenade!
They would have gone to High School,
And when they finished, they
Were going on to College
To get at least B.A.
E'en further dreams I cherished,
For imagination runs,
And I saw them in the future
Among the holy nuns!
But all my plans and projects
Have vanished into air,
Since they took from me my kitties,
Jet black and golden fair.
Oh, 'twas an act so cruel
That I cannot understand
How any one could do it,
In this civilized land.
Of course 'twas some human being
Who never felt the smart,
The pang of pussy anguish,
The grief of feline heart.
So life has no more sunshine,
Or comfort for me now,
I can only tell my sorrow
In a plaintive, sad M-I-A-O-W!

P.S.—Information gladly received by:

Mrs. Pussy Cat,
The Barn, Holy Hill, Guelph.

AUSTRALIAN LETTER

○○○○○○○

Loreto Convent, Mary's Mount,
Ballaret 25, 7, 1923.

My Dear "Loreto Chum" Clara,—

We were so delighted to get your very interesting letter in time for our 1923 "Blossoms" which will be printed earlier this year, in time for the September holidays. So all "copy" had to be given in by the end of July.

Marjorie Bannon, to whom you wrote, and who will be very pleased to see her letter printed in the Diamond Jubilee number of the Rainbow, has left school, so, in case anything should prevent her answering your letter, I want you to know how personally interested every girl in Loreto, Australia, is in it.

We shall send a copy of the 1923 "Blossoms"

to Mother Superior at the Abbey in September—and I am sending a copy of the 1922 issue with this—it will tell you most about our doings.

The death of our dear Rev. Mother Provincial this year prevented our usual Amalgamated Sports and Art Club Entertainments, and we have not begun our 1923 Examinations yet. They are set by the Melbourne University, and correspond, I am sure, with your Departmental examinations, in which we wish you the best of good luck.

We hope you will be able to write to us again before the publishing of 1925 Golden Jubilee Magazine, for which we shall be preparing all through 1924.

Please give my respectful greetings to your Mother Superior and love to all Loreto girls in America from all of us in Australia.

Your Loreto Chum,

ELLA KAVANAGH.

Autumn Foot Notes

Feet that crackle Autumn leaves and complete Autumn costumes are all in readiness in Simpson's Boot Shop. There's a smart Shoe there for every hour of the day.

FOR MORNING HOURS

Sturdy Baltimore Brogues in Scotch grain calf at \$10.00. The same shoe in fine calf at \$9.00.

FOR AFTERNOON

A Satin one-strap with walking heel, a Baltimore model at \$8.00. A patent sandal shoe at \$9.00.



WHEN THE CLOCK HANDS TURN TOWARDS EVENING

And the hours are filled with dining and dancing—there's a brocaded satin one-strap at \$10.00. A fetching strap effect reminiscent of a ballet slipper in another black satin slipper at \$10.00.

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VOL. XXXI.

TORONTO, JANUARY, 1924

No. 1

ST. FRANCIS DE SALES

FROM his own times down through the years of analytical and indiscriminate criticism, St. Francis de Sales has ever held a unique place of favoritism among the saints. And this is scarcely astonishing when we consider that in his moral life he reflected every admirable and lovable virtue, while his intellectual capabilities and interests were such as to have made him an outstanding figure in any profession.

The man who prizes honour will agree that the name of Francis de Sales is worthy to be inscribed in enduring stone beside those who set up for themselves the highest standards of integrity. The gentleman meets in him a gentleman of superior manliness and unquestionable culture and refinement. The scholar is never so scholarly that he may not still receive gentle and profound teaching from this richly-gifted saint; while to the priest and bishop he will ever be a model of every perfection.

Francis de Sales was born of devout Catholic parents in the Castle of Savoy, on August 21, 1667. From his tenderest years his mother, like another Queen Blanche, strove to impress on her son how tender was the love God bore him, and rather than know that he should ever offend that love by sin, she declared she would willingly see him dead at her feet. The child, responsive to his mother's careful training, grew up with a distinct predilection for all that is noble and pure and

holy. As a boy his countenance was of a beaming brightness and exquisite sweetness—the expression of one who had already learned the wisdom of immortal values.

While he was still very young, his father decided to send him to the College of La Roche, and, as a concession to the mother's grief and fears at the separation, he deputed a good priest to accompany the little boy in the capacity of guardian. So attached did Abbé Déage become to his charge and so faithful was he that he remained with him always until his death after Francis had been made a Bishop. In his eleventh year, with his father's ready consent, he received the tonsure, for though the father ambitioned for his gifted son a brilliant career in the magistrature, he fancied at the time he was merely yielding to a childish whim which would be regarded as such by the boy himself with his maturer growth.

When his studies were to be undertaken at the University of Paris, Francis begged to be permitted to attend the College of Clermont under Jesuit direction—of the fifty-four colleges the one most famous for piety and learning. It was while he was in Paris that his soul was forced to endure a trial of no ordinary magnitude and anguish. From constantly hearing the question of Calvinistic predestination discussed, his mind became the prey of temptations to despair. He was pursued and oppressed by the idea that he was hated by God—hated by the Object of all his own gener-

ous love—and destined by Him to spend an eternity among those who were His enemies. For six long weeks he suffered unutterably, his health and spirits were visibly affected and he was brought to the verge of madness. Of his spiritual calibre we may judge by the prayer he put up in his greatest paroxysm of grief: that if his destiny was to be separated from God forever he might be preserved from blaspheming Him, and, if he might not love Him in eternity, he implored, "At least let me take advantage of my brief existence here to love you as much as I can." The heavy cloud lifted as suddenly as it had fallen. In the Church of St. Stephen, while praying before a statue of Our Lady, his eyes rested on a printed copy of the "Memorare." With boundless confidence he recited this beautiful prayer of promise; he rose from his knees restored to peaceful faith, more loving, more generous and trusting than ever. This trial, like most trials, proved in time to be a blessing. From what he had so painfully undergone himself, he was later qualified to sympathize with others and to direct them wisely when, under affliction, they came to him for priestly counsel and consolation.

From Paris, Francis was sent by his father's wishes to the University of Padua, far-famed in those days for its law schools. There, as in Paris, he was fortunate in having learned and holy men for his instructors and directors. In Padua he fell so seriously ill his life was despaired of. Francis himself looked forward with exhilarating lightness to the everlasting life which he hoped was opening before him. When the faithful Abbé Déage came for instructions relative to his funeral, he was told: "Let my body be given to the anatomy theatre to be dissected. It would be a comfort to me to feel that I who have been a profitless servant in my life will be of use when I am dead, by providing the medical students with a subject to work upon, which they have neither quarreled nor committed murder to obtain." He did not die at this time as we know, but recovered and lived to do the great work in the Church for which he was destined.

When the degree of doctor of laws was

conferred on him, the ceremony was so unusually imposing as to evidence in what esteem he was held in the University. He was decorated with the insignia of Doctorate by the renowned Pancirola whose congratulatory address on the occasion has fortunately come down to us. "I rejoice," he said, "that on me has fallen the office of performing the ceremony. Others would have performed it with more honour to the University, none with greater affection for yourself—an affection inspired by your virtues which are on a par with your science; by the goodness of your heart which is as pure as your intellect is clear. To love virtue and not love you would be impossible. Humane, charitable, and so compassionate that, at the gate of the tomb, you bequeathed your body to purposes of public utility, you have been even more eminent for your chastity—a chastity that has been safeguarded by your sincere piety. Like the fountain of Arethusa, which mingles its waters with the salt sea without losing its sweetness, you have lived in the midst of a voluptuous city and preserved your innocence. Finally, in you a sincere horror of all that is evil, the habitual practice of all that is good, are associated with noble and generous sentiments, with solid piety; and it is these virtues which Heaven to-day rewards by the honours you are to receive."

Before returning home the young Doctor visited Rome and the Holy House of Loretto. His father's ambitions had already secured his appointment as advocate in the supreme court of Savoy, an exalted position for a young man in those days when Savoy was an independent dukedom. On learning from Francis of his fixed decision to enter the sacred ministry, the father was deeply grieved and very reluctantly yielded, only when the office of Provost of the Chapter of Geneva, the highest honour in the diocese, had been obtained for him. His ordination took place in December, 1593, and almost at once his Bishop sent him to preach in the neighbouring towns and villages. The word of God fell from his lips with sweetness and frequency. With too great frequency, it would seem, to please his conservative old fa-

ther, who remonstrated with his son, the Provost, for sacrificing his dignity by appearing too often in the pulpit.

Very early in his priestly career, he volunteered to undertake the perilous mission of attempting to restore the Catholic faith in Chablais, land of Calvinistic fanatics. For a time these people avoided him in their hatred of him; they even conspired against his life; but by his kindness and gentleness he converted the two men who had been sent to assassinate him. The aged leader of the party, Theodore Beza, whom Francis visited on three occasions, was so disturbed by the Saint's arguments he was forced to forego the meetings, remarking sadly, "My side is chosen." He preached, prayed, taught and suffered among them; called the Jesuits and Franciscans to his aid, until it is computed he was the means of bringing half a hundred thousand into the true fold.

The Bishop of Geneva petitioned the Pope to make Francis his coadjutor. Only the fear of resisting the divine will prevented him from refusing the office. Pope Clement VIII., wishing to become personally acquainted with the bishop-elect, summoned him to Rome to be examined in the presence of the Sacred College and to receive his bulls. The outcome of the examination gave such gratification to His Holiness, who found Francis not only learned, but charming, exclaimed, "Drink, my son, from your cistern and from your living wellspring; may your waters issue forth and may they become public fountains where the world may quench its thirst."

The following year he paid a visit to Paris in the interests of the French portion of the Genevan diocese. While there his preaching of the Lenten sermons before the court, so charmed Henry IV. that he made him tempting offers to remain in France. "Sire," Francis responded, "I am married, and having married a poor wife, cannot leave her for a richer." But Henry IV., who was ever capable of discerning and appreciating the noble and the sincere, returned to the charge, only to be again sweetly repulsed. "Francis has every virtue and not a fault," the King once

remarked; and at another time, "Francis is incapable of flattery." His offer to nominate the Saint to the Cardinalate was graciously declined.

On the death of Mgr. de Granier he succeeded him as Bishop of Geneva, the ceremony of his consecration taking place on the feast of the Immaculate Conception, 1602. Before he had entered far on the career which makes him such a glorious figure in the Church—lifted high, as it were, that his light might be seen from afar—he was called on to disembarass himself of all the closest ties of his life. In succession death called away from him a dear sister, his loved mother, and his good old preceptor, Abbé Déage. As Bishop he was as indefatigable as he ever had been as Provost, in preaching and hearing confessions. Like all great persons who are greater than the office they assume, as Bishop, he minimized the dignity to discharge faithfully its responsibilities—like His Divine Model, ministering, rather than being ministered unto. The poor were his special care, in fact anyone in need became the object of his unobtrusive solicitude and soothing relief. He observed simplicity and poverty in his manner of living and devoted any spare moment to writing.

A jewelled copy of his "Introduction to a Devout Life" was sent as a gift by the Queen of France to James I. of Scotland, who recommended it to the clergy and lamented loudly that he had in his kingdom no bishop who could write like the Bishop of Geneva. Later, on reading his book on the "Love of God," James expressed a desire to see the author. And the holy author would have been happy to gratify the King's wishes in the hope of reclaiming Mary's Dowry and restoring it to the Blessed Mother, but the jealousy of the Duke of Savoy, who was always fearful of losing his treasure, kept the apostolic-spirited Bishop at home. It would have been some consolation to him in his sacrifice had it been given him to foresee the Confraternity of Our Lady of Compassion, which he set on foot for the conversion of heretics, three centuries later, confirmed and encouraged by Leo XIII., be-

ing given for its special object, the conversion of England.

Almost the work in which he was most interested and the one dearest to his heart was the founding of the Order of the Visitation (1610), in which worthy enterprise he was aided by St. Jane Frances de Chantel. In many particulars his aims were similar to those of Mary Ward, whose Institute of Mary was founded in 1609. The two were to meet with opposition, Francis being forced to yield to the Bishop of Lyons, who, we suspect, was less Catholic than diocesan, more bent on asserting his own authority than accepting the decisions of Rome. In his diocese the Order must submit to strict enclosure, thus reversing the original schemes of the Founder. Francis, powerless outside of his own diocese, must acquiesce. In just one particular, Mary Ward had the advantage of St. Francis de Sales—she was not a bishop! She was not handicapped by diocesan boundaries, her field of labour was the world, and in her struggle she had met with so much opposition that she looked upon it as the price she must pay for the attainment of her ideals. She did not feel called on to yield, but continued the noble warfare until the end of her life. Since that heroic life's close her Institute and many another have been able to realize her wishes, while the daughters of St. Francis de Sales have never been able to profit to the full of his ideas in their regard.

As a pastor of souls, St. Francis was holy and wise, sensible and moderate—one whom it might have given St. Teresa delight to recommend to her nuns. He advised a mother to allow her growing daughter a pretty ribbon, and not to insist that she should dress with exceptional plainness, seeing that the girl was only being made self-conscious under the mother's sterner notions. A complaint was once made that he permitted a penitent to wear earrings. In his sweet simplicity he replied that he did not even realize the woman had ears, and had he observed the offending earrings, he would scarcely have forbidden them; he could not regard Rebecca as less virtuous for wear-

ing the earrings which were presented to her by Eliezer, the deputy of Isaac.

He was particular in his examination of aspirants to the priesthood, and would have only good priests in his diocese. Always giving the example himself, he established stricter rules for the clergy; he held half-yearly synods, visited the various religious houses under his jurisdiction and, when necessary, reformed the discipline; he multiplied communities and to all religious proved himself a true father.

We are accustomed to think of St. Francis de Sales as a man naturally meek and gentle, just as we derogate from the characters of Moses and the Beloved Disciple by regarding them in the same light. Moses gave an exhibition of what he was capable on one spectacular occasion; while John merited from One who knew him well the name of "Son of Thunder." Francis, also, was naturally of a fiery temper and only by constant virtuous endeavour was he able to bring his predominant passion into such subjection as to make gentle meekness his most striking characteristic. But with all his gentleness there was no lacking in vitality, no ineffectiveness and indecision. On the contrary, his was another instance of the sweetness that cometh out of strength—he was remarkable for energy, enthusiasm, and that swiftness of decision and execution that makes heroes. His character was like the Alpine heights in sight of his home—simple, beautiful, free. He was willing to exchange, he said, a hundred serpents for one dove. It was said of him that he was so free from singularity that in this alone was he singular. His words of farewell advice to a nun were: "My dear daughter, desire nothing, refuse nothing." Among his friends he counted St. Vincent de Paul, the saintly founder of the Congregation of the Mission and of the Sisters of Charity. Mgr. Camus, whom he consecrated as Bishop of Belley, was his most devoted friend. Always willing to hear the Saint's words of wisdom, he playfully made his name read, "Sal es."

At the request of the Duke of Savoy, Francis set out to join him on a congratulatory visit

to Louis XIII., in 1622. On his return journey while staying at Lyons, he insisted on being lodged in the house of the gardener of the Visitation Convent. Here he was suddenly seized with apoplexy on December 27th. He received Extreme Unction and prepared himself with all tender confidence in God for the meeting with the Master Whom he had loved so well and served so faithfully. He repeated Scriptural texts of hope and love till the end came on the evening of the feast of the Holy Innocents.

At the time of his canonization by Alexander VII., the date his body was conveyed to Annecy, January 29, was selected as his feast day. In 1877 he was proclaimed Doctor of the Universal Church by Pope Pius IX., and during the recent tercentenary celebrations our Holy Father, Pius XI., named him Patron of Journalists.

A. C. M.

Loretto, Niagara Falls.



Mary Ward in Prison



"To suffer is no burden, lacking sin,"
The dark shut out by floods of light within.

What matter prison walls or worldly frown?
God can set up what evil would pull down.

In meekness Mary Ward possessed the land:
Active or passive she is in His hand.

Against His power the strength of men is
weak,
Truth will prevail, in His own time He'll speak.

Though demons bluster and assume false
power —
God's is all time—He can await the hour.

Thus Mary in her prison feels His might—
The suffering and the burden are but light.

Her heart, her strength, her soul, are His, and
all
He may relinquish or employ at call.

A. C. M.

Loretto, Niagara Falls.

Guinevere

BY MARIE ANTOINETTE DE ROULET.

Alone she sat in the Convent garden,
In her heart a piteous pray'r for pardon—
For the shame of her sin and the wrong she
had done

And the grief she had given the Blameless One;
Then, as she humbly for pardon cried
She heard a voice in the grove outside.
She heard one say, in bitter scorn,
"A curse on the day when she was born!
Who brought on our Lord the King a blight
And wrought such shame on His noblest
Knight."

Her heart stood still and her lips were dry;
A tear-drop flooded her sad blue eye.
But, as she sat with her head bent low,
A sweet voice answered, "Nay, say not so.
"For Arthur the Blameless was stern and cold;
He understood not her softer mold.
What wonder then that the poor queen fell?"
Afar came the sound of the Convent bell;
The sunset lingered in the sky
As Guinevere rose with a sudden cry
And gained the little grove of wood
And sad before the ladies stood:
"Blame not our Lord the King," said she,
"For he was good as man can be.
The fault was mine, and mine indeed—
God help me in my poor soul's need!"

LITTLE LESSONS FROM SCIENCE

BY MARY D. CHAMBERS.

A GENERATION ago, more or less, we used to hear a great deal about the conflict between science and religion. Science is knowledge, we were told, while religion is faith; and they stood in much the same relation as that expressed in the old couplet:

"East is East, and West is West,
And never the twain shall meet."

Scientific studies were then considered somewhat dangerous, and instances could be pointed to of persons who indulged in them and in consequence lost faith in revealed religion. The laws of nature, cruel, selfish, and in direct contradiction to the laws of the spiritual life, the various creation hypotheses, in disagreement with the book of Genesis; and the immensity of the universe, compared to which the individual is less than an atom—these and many more points were thought stumbling-blocks to the Christian believer.

It was rather curious, and decidedly illogical, that close and intimate study of the works of God should result in putting the students farther from God. If He made the world of matter, it must be good. If we study His laws as illustrated in nature we are following His thoughts, thinking them after Him. If, when we study Hamlet, we think Shakespeare's thoughts after him, and when we study physics, chemistry, or biology we think God's thoughts after Him, then these latter studies ought to be deemed the higher. Therefore, should science be thought of as a holy thing, rich in suggestions and examples, pregnant with hidden meanings, conducive to the development of the spiritual life, if only we approach it in the right spirit. Surely He has written lessons for us in His works, and so plain that he may run who reads the message.

To begin at the beginning, every student of the elementary chemistry is interested in

observing the curious parallels in the qualities—we might say in the behavior—of the elements and of the humans that deal with them. Some of the elements love to work, some are confirmed idlers. Some are democratic, and good mixers with their fellows; others are "noble" and aristocratic, they hold themselves aloof from the base. Some form constant, long-enduring associations; others are fickle and unstable in their relations. Certain groups of elements form families, whose members are marked by a strong family likeness. In certain combinations an element and its companions are useful and helpful; the same elements in other combinations are out to do harm, like a gang of mischievous boys. Yet, as the boy's gang of mischief-makers may under wise guidance have their energies turned to good, so may the combinations of elements that cause poisoning, that love to explode and tear and destroy, also have their energy and violence directed towards great fields of usefulness. Surely we can find much that is like ourselves in the chemical elements, formed by the same Maker.

There was once a Saint who loved to claim kinship with all God's creatures. Without irreverence, we love to think how much he would have enjoyed the study of chemistry, and how he would perhaps have added a new verse to his famous Canticle, "Praise the Lord for our sister Oxygen and our brother Carbon; behold how they unite to make a bright light on His altar, thus acting in obedience to His law."

For this is one thing that must strike the student, the perfect conformity to law shown by the elements. An experiment may go wrong, but the elements employed in it always do right. They may refuse to combine, refuse to dissociate, refuse to demonstrate their characteristic qualities, but it is always the work of the student that is at fault, the

elements invariably do under the circumstances exactly the thing that is right for them to do.

A thoughtful student who once observed this phenomenon remarked to the instructor that it seemed as though God had here set for us an example of obedience to His laws, in showing how the elements fulfil His will for them.

"But the elements are made so they are bound to His law," the instructor responded. It is with them a case of fore-ordination, they may not deviate one hair's breadth from what they are made to do—while we have been given free will. We have to choose whether or not we shall obey Him."

To continue with points of resemblance, it has only lately been discovered that when the (metallic) elements are worked excessively hard, they become too tired to do their best. In the great factories they know it does not pay to work a tool unceasingly. Like the man who uses it, the tool needs rest to recuperate. The molecules grow over-fatigued when the work is constant, the tool will quickly become poorer in quality, and sometimes under great stress the solid metal has been known to fly apart, to disintegrate completely. Here is another point of resemblance, we might say of brotherhood, between the worker and his instrument. The commandment that prescribes periodic rest from labor seems to apply to these inanimate forms as well as to ourselves.

In the fascinating experiments in crystallography the student sometimes encounters an adverse condition which causes in the solution failure of crystallize. Everything seems to be right, the molecules are free and unhampered, it is one of the laws of their nature to assume the perfect crystal form—yet they remain inert, in sullen disorder, as though they had lost their way. Now, let one perfect crystal be dropped into the unorganized mass, and its components will be seen eagerly, joyously copying the model, quickly assuming forms like unto it in symmetry and beauty, taking their right places as though through the influence of example and leadership.

Catalytic action is another of the wonders. This is the name given to a super-activity produced among a group of elements by the mere presence of another substance, which itself seems to take no part in the action beyond—so to speak—to stimulate it by its presence. Because of this mysterious influence on others, some substances are known as catalyzing agents. Potassium chlorate refuses to give up its oxygen at certain temperatures until manganese dioxide is added, when the chlorate at once parts with generous volumes of the desired gas. Sulfur dioxide is induced to become the trioxide, bromine to become the bromide, and ammonia to develop into nitric acid, merely by the presence of platinum. We are tempted to say, figuratively, that all that is needed by a group of elements to suffer a change of heart, to be inspired to do some work beyond and above the ordinary, is the mere presence of another of their number, which is not found to do anything except to stand around and look on. For human parallels do we not find in "Pippa Passes" a charming little catalyzing agent? Do we not find in English history one of England's great men of whom it was popularly said that to stand under a shed with him for shelter from the rain was sufficient to inspire to a nobler life? As for the Saints, how many of them there were who effected conversions, inspired to counsels of perfection, by their very presence!

These and other curious and interesting parallels are easy to be found by the most superficial student. Deeper lessons may be discovered as our study goes deeper, lessons with important bearing on the big stumbling blocks noted at the beginning of this paper. Let us take them in their order.

First, the contradiction between the laws of nature and those of the spiritual life. Students of natural science are often troubled by the unceasing war and rapine among animate things. The weakest goes to the wall, they say, under the mightier tooth or claw. The only lessons for us are those of selfishness, and they glibly quote the familiar saying: "Self-preservation is the first law of nature." Yet this is

disproved by biology, which shows the cell of the amoeba propagating by fission, cutting itself in two to give life to another cell. Here, from the very start among living things we find self-sacrifice as deep-rooted, as essential in nature as self-preservation. The two go side by side, implanted in living things from the beginning by their Maker. And the higher we follow the development of life the stronger and better evolved we find the instinct to self-sacrifice. We find

"The picket frozen on duty,

The mother starved for her brood."

We find the pull to sacrifice of self is part of the make-up of every one of us, and we are acting in accordance with His universal law when we yield to it.

Second, the old stumbling-block of the various creation hypotheses. It is often surprising to find one or another of these still taught in the secondary schools, by young and half-fledged instructors who do not appear themselves to know the difference between a guess, a theory, and a truth; for they still teach as though indubitable, hypotheses which have long ago been found erroneous. We have said it is surprising—it would be amusing only for the pity of it. For we find our own Catholic boys and girls often in danger of being misled. Only a short time ago a teaching Sister told how one of her most gifted boys, after two years at "High," came one day to see her, gloomy and depressed, to tell her of difficulties bred in his mind by his science instructor, whose teachings were in absolute contradiction to those of the Church. Fortunately the Sister was able to solve the difficulties, and the boy left her happy in his clearer vision, and provisioned against further attacks on his faith. But how about the boys and girls who do not return to the Sisters for solution of difficulties?

It would take too long here to go into detail regarding the new and marvellous accordances between science and religion concerning the sequence of events following that great "In the beginning" of the Pentateuch. Our big men of science are now in an attitude of wonder that the story in Genesis should so admirably correspond with the most authoritative

teaching of science at present. Only the wilfully blind, or the ignorant, may now deny that the scientists of to-day are well on their way back to complete acceptance of the account of the inspired writer.

As to the Darwinian theory of evolution, this has been so modified by post-Darwinian scientists as to be practically untenable. The latest word is from two anthropologists in the University of Wales, who deny that man is descended from anthropoids or even from the individual so imposingly called "*Pithecanthropus erectus*." Man, they say, has always been man, and as far back into the times before history as scientists can pierce they find man in his present form in an unbroken line of descent. The ape forms which were hastily assumed to be our possible ancestors are thought by these Welsh scientists (Professors H. J. Fleure and T. C. James) to be degenerate off-shoots from the main stem, very much as the ascidians are believed to be degenerate vertebrates.

Third, the stumbling-block—often the most difficult of all to surmount—the fact of the immensity of creation and the smallness of man.

A certain boy once entered the Naval Training School of a certain country, and there studied astronomy. On the wings of this science he made journeys into space immeasurable, where he found stars so distant that the light rays from them, travelling at the rate of about 186,000 miles a second, took four thousand years to reach his eye. Even this marvel dwindled when he learned of stars whose light takes 30,000 years to reach us. He found suns and solar systems so vast that our own solar system would be lost in them. He found that when the telescope pierced to uttermost distances there were revealed distances farther still that imagination—not to mention the telescope—was powerless to cope with.

The boy compared his little self with this stupendous vastness, and found himself not worth thinking of. What was the little life of man, his paltry individuality, compared with the infinity of space? In its immensity, the boy lost God. A God so great, he thought, could not concern Himself with aught so puny as man.

He disclosed to his instructor, who was a Christian believer, the anguish of his soul at the discovery of his own worthlessness. "Yet," said the instructor, "if we believe that the Second Person of the Holy Trinity came down from Heaven to save such atoms as the men of earth, does not this prove that they are far from worthless?"

But the boy was one of those who deny the Trinity, for the most illogical of reasons—because they cannot understand it. Also, in his creed there was no place for the Atonement. Consequently his life remained saddened because of his first glimpse of the infinity of space.

Later, in using the radio, he found that a single word sets up vibrations that go out into the vastness of space farther than the men of science can follow them. He found one of our fine scientists saying that he could not take off his hat in New York without setting up a disturbance in London. He discovered the unity of the universe, a unity so great that these trivial acts had effects so far-reaching, a unity so great as to cause an interdependence of all things such as a Catholic poet describes in the lines:

"All things by immortal power,
Near or far,
Hiddenly
To each other linked are,
That thou canst not stir a flower
Without troubling a star."

(Francis Thompson, "The Mistress of Vision)."

Perhaps, he thought, man after all is of some consequence.

Also, there were the chemists teaching that a single atom of one of the elements, a thing too small to see even with the aid of the ordinary microscope, held potential energy sufficient to destroy the entire world we live in, if these latent powers were released. Immediately he reflected: "Man is composed of many atoms, he is less inconsiderable than I thought. Then, too, if matter holds this force, how infinitely greater may not be the force of spirit, since spirit dominates matter?"

On these things he brooded for some time. He recalled what his instructor had said regarding the Second Person of a Trinity he could not understand. Suddenly, there came into his mind the remembrance of his first lesson in physics, when he learned the three-dimensional property of matter, length, breadth, and thickness. Here was a three-in-one, each co-existent, each distinct, yet each needed to form the unity of a solid. This crude figure threw light on the mystery of the Trinity to the extent that the young man found it easy to accept the teaching of the Church on the Triune God. The redemption of man by the Second Person of this Trinity then assured him that even this poor thing was worth much to his Maker; and the youth found himself converted to Christianity through what might be called elementary lessons in Physics and Chemistry.

Yes, science is thinking God's thoughts after Him. It is seeking in the book of Nature which a poet says

"Thy Father hath written for thee,"

some of the object lessons which, who knows, may be part of the scheme of God's education of man.



THE GREAT REALITY

BY MARIE ANTOINETTE DE ROULET.

She had fallen among thieves who had stripped her of all she possessed. They could not have been actuated by need or greed, for they had no use for what they had taken from her—her faith in mankind, her healthy optimism, her innocent illusions.

She had come from gentle, well-bred people, whose lives were honorable and kindly, and her fellow-workers had torn out the very foundations of her house of life.

She was sitting in the rest-room alone when the Good Samaritan entered. The Good Samaritan had been away when Jessie began to work and had just that morning returned. Noting the younger girl's motionless attitude, her pale, stricken face, the dreary pain in her eyes, she advanced swiftly and laid her hand on Jessie's arm.

"What is the matter, my dear?" she asked, "Who has hurt you?" Jessie was usually reserved with strangers, but she was far from home and the Good Samaritan's face inspired confidence, so she answered unhesitatingly.

"They have told me such horrible things. They seem to believe such evil of—of every one. They said it was 'realism'—'genuine life.' I never knew such things existed. Of course I knew there were some wicked people in the world, but I never met any one really bad, and at home we didn't talk about such things.

"I have thought that the girls talked rather freely. Then I read a book that one of them recommended to me. When she asked my opinion of it I told her that I thought it was disgusting and untrue. I never knew any one like the folks in that book. The girls insisted that everyone was that way at heart, but that most people were too cowardly to admit it. They said that was 'real life.'"

The Good Samaritan smiled a bit sadly:

"And you believed them?" she questioned gently.

"Those girls know Him not; if they knew about the things they speak of? They said I was afraid to face life. It is not worth facing if they are right about it? What is reality?"

The Good Samaritan took Jessie's hand in hers.

"Shall I tell you?" she asked. "The Great Reality is God. When those few sinners who are paraded as typical of the entire human race are dust and ashes, there will still be God, 'Who so loved the world that He sent His Only Begotten Son' 'to be scourged for our iniquities and crucified for our sins.'"

"Those girls know Him not; if they knew Him they could not be so deceived by the powers of evil. They have hurt you, but do not let them trouble your peace of mind. Say with Our Lord on the Cross, 'Father forgive them, for they know not what they do.'"

And the Good Samaritan slipped away, leaving Jessie alone with the Great Reality.



Horizons



If I had never from a mountain height
Looked on the stars at night,
Nor watched the sun from out a molten sea
Leap in full panoply,
I had not found so strait to eyes and feet
The city street.

If I had never through the heavens wide
Seen throned the Crucified,
Nor heard amid the stillness of the night
"I am thy sole delight,"
I had gone forward with a heart more gay
Another way.

—Blanche Mary Kelly, in America.

ONE SUMMER'S PILGRIMAGE

CHAPTER II.—ROME

THREE weeks in the Eternal City! Three weeks in which to see Rome for the first, and in all likelihood, the last time! One does not usually come to the climax of experience so near the beginning of a journey as the second chapter. But this pilgrimage followed no precedent, literary or otherwise. From many points of view, it formed the greatest period in the lives of the pilgrims. It seemed to reward them for all they had borne or foregone in the past, or that awaited them in the future of their earthly career.

It was a thrilling moment when the sun's rays in long, slanting lines revealed to us this centre of Christendom, from the vestibule of the train, as it rounded a curve before entering the station. We were five at this time, having been joined at Naples by Rev. Mother Giovanni of the I.B.V.M. at Via Nomentana, Rome. Her knowledge of the country and familiarity with its customs and language proved to us almost as useful as her company was delightful. We felt at home with her at once, and enjoyed the lesson she gave us on the way in Italian colloquial words and phrases. So did the other occupants of our coach, in their polite, friendly way! It was she who pointed out and explained all objects and places of interest on the way, as we stood by the windows of the car and appreciated the nice, leisurely progress it was making. Among them, she showed us the magnificent pile which crowns one of the mountains of that endless chain that lay in our course. I mean Monte Casino, that famous old Benedictine Abbey, eighty miles south of Rome, the site of which was once occupied by a temple to Apollo. Here it was that St. Benedict, St. Maurus and St. Placidia came, in the year 529 and built a monastery and a church dedicated to St. John the Baptist, and an oratory in honour of St. Martin of Tours. The present church is the fourth to occupy the commanding site. It contains examples of the

finest Florentine mosaics in Europe. The Abbey now belongs to the Government, though a Community of Benedictines conducts a school and seminaries there. It is interesting to know that when Monte Casino was declared a National monument, and when orders were given to transfer the collection of valuable manuscripts to the National Library at Naples, it was Mr. Gladstone, then England's Prime Minister, whose personal intercession prevailed upon the Government to leave them where they were, and to appoint one of the monks as archivist, with a salary from the Government—an arrangement which still continues.

Arrived at the station in Rome, we were met by Rev. Mother Salome of I.B.V.M. on Via Settembre, one whose contributions to the Rainbow have endeared her to all its readers, and whose books have a prominent place in our libraries. She conducted us to the comfortable quarters secured for us, not far from her Convent, and central enough for excursions in and outside of the city. Before long we came to know and love the nuns in both these convents, whom we saw often, but, because of our strenuous itinerary, not as often as we should have liked. It was from the cortile of the Convent on Via Settembre that we got our very first glimpse of the great St. Peter's. We were quite overcome at the sight of that sacred pile which has survived centuries of good and evil fortune, and stands for the one and only stable thing in this unstable world.

How much at home a Catholic feels in this fatherland of his faith! With what emotions he can say "Our Holy Father lives here! What a happiness to be one of his own children!" Father Benson does not exaggerate when he speaks of Rome as a sort of sacrament of the New Jerusalem.

"You meet there," he says, "the four marks of the Church, incarnate, in the streets and churches. The Unity is visible; church after

church precisely the same; with the Blessed Sacrament, like a beating heart, in each. And the Holiness is evident in the faces of the religious and priests and children one meets; as well as the simple people at their prayers everywhere. And the Catholicity is evident. This morning I, an Englishman, knelt with Italians before an Italian altar, and heard a German priest say Mass with a negro server from Africa. And you hear every language of the civilized world in the streets. And as for the Apostolicity, we know that SS. Peter and Paul died here and lie here; that the successor of Peter and the Vicar of Christ is here in the Apostolic See, radiating unity of faith throughout the city and the world."

Before many hours after our first glimpse of St. Peter's we were in the walls of this greatest basilica in the world. Its immensity and its sacredness overawes one completely at first. There is no standard in the mind by which to measure its greatness, to compare the builder's vast conception. One has no parallel to turn to when recalling its history. That a race of beings superior to our own, in every way, drew the plans and raised that marvelous dome, those lofty pillars whose capitals seem beyond the range of normal sight; those figures so generously and boldly modelled, as if the artist drew upon a world of other and vaster dimensions for his ideals, becomes something of an obsession in the mind of the spectator. Some one has said "The angels in the Baptistry are enormous giants; the doves colossal birds of prey."

The Basilica stands on the site of the Circus of Nero, where many Christians were martyred, and where St. Peter was buried after his crucifixion. An oratory was built here as early as A.D. 90, and in 306 a basilica was begun by Constantine the Great, and though half the size of the modern Cathedral, was the grandest church of that time. The great Michael Angelo labored on the present building for seventeen years. He was followed by Giacomini della Porta and Carlo Modona in a work which took hundreds of years to complete, a work which renders anything in the form of a description

or appreciation, whether written or spoken, a baffling task at best.

My readers will pardon me if, instead of making that attempt, I beg them to go and prove for themselves that here is one thing that is too big to be described in ordinary human terms, except in mere outline. But it is both good and profitable to have one's horizon enlarged from time to time; the mind requires stretching just as the muscles do, otherwise one's ideals and sympathies have a tendency to narrow down to personal experience and environment. There is surely no spot in the world where one's faculties are likely to expand so universally as in Rome. Other places, such as Florence, Venice, Lucerne, may lay claim to special features of nature or works of art, which are close or even successful rivals to those of Rome, but She seems to include all these, while surpassing them in her spiritual and historical treasures.

Few pilgrims to the Eternal City have failed to remark that a host of things and places, that before, were little more to them than names, have suddenly leaped into a reality so vivid that neither distance nor time can ever efface the impressions they make. When these impressions are not only vivid, but enormous as well, one is apt to feel under their influence somewhat as Father Benson did when, a youth, he took long walks with his father, whose learned conversation quite overwhelmed him and made him feel "like a small cup held under a large fountain."

One Sunday morning, at one of the many side chapels of St. Peter's—a church in itself—we had the privilege of hearing the Vatican choir sing a Palestrina Mass. It was a rare experience, if somewhat disconcerting to perceive the numbers who attended as mere spectators or listeners. A group directly behind us discussed the singing quite freely, in professional terms. One could have wished that reverence for holy things had been included in their musical training. The procession after the Mass, composed of the altar and choir-boys, the deacons and celebrant, followed by His Eminence Cardinal Merry del Val, made a

brilliant and impressive picture. It will be remembered that the Cardinal is parish priest of St. Peter's.

A visit to the crypt of Sts. Peter and Paul, where the tombs of Pope Benedict XV. and Pope Pius X. are temporarily located—both of them still laden with flowers and ablaze with votive candles—constituted our farewell visit to this world within a world. Our hearts were swayed with many emotions at parting from it; sorrow that we should see it no more, and gratitude, that we had seen it at all, predominating.

Among the other great churches we visited and the shrines before which we were privileged to kneel, I must single out those which had a peculiar interest for us. The first is that of Ste. Maria Maggiore, probably the first church of Our Lady that was publicly consecrated in Rome, and after the Shrine of Loreto, the greatest and most important of Our Lady's sanctuaries in that city, as its name implies. This Basilica possesses the relics of the Holy Manger in which Our Infant Saviour was laid. The traditional story of its foundation is as follows:

"A Roman Patrician named John, who owned the property on the Esquiline hill where the basilica now stands, had married a pious lady, and, having no children, he and his wife resolved to make Our Lady heiress of all their property, and sought in prayer for some intimation of her will as to its disposal. One night both were bidden in their sleep to build a church on that part of the Esquiline hill, which they should find, on the following morning, marked out in snow. This happened on August 5th, A.D. 358. As August is the hottest month of the year in Rome, a fall of snow at that season could only happen by a miracle. John hastened next morning to acquaint Pope Liberius with the purport of Our Lady's expressed wish, and found that the Pope himself received a command from Our Lady to co-operate with the pious couple in the work enjoined them. The Pope, accompanied by the clergy and people, repaired to the Esquiline, and there found the ground white with snow and a plan of the future church clearly traced thereon.

The basilica was forthwith begun and completed in 360. The Church therefore bore for many years the title "Our Lady of the Snow." It is also known as "Our Lady of the Manger." (*Pilgrim Walks in Rome*). "The interior of this basilica is vast, rich and impressive. Two long rows of white marble columns (twenty in each row) support an entablature inlaid with mosaic (fifth century work) and a richly carved ceiling. The first gold brought from America gilds the profusely decorated roof; the dark red, polished porphyry pillars of the high altar gleam in the warm haze of light; the endless marble columns rise in shining ranks; all is gold, marble and colour."

It was here that St. Ignatius said his first Mass at the Altar over the Holy Crib, on Christmas night, 1538; and here that Mary Ward, foundress of the I.B.V.M., often came to pray and received miraculous light in prayer on several occasions. One of Rome's greatest treasures, the Madonna di Luca, or miraculous painting of Our Lady, attributed to St. Luke, is in this church.

The great Basilica of St. Paul's on the Ostian Way, which Constantine had erected with munificence as far back as 324, though it has been several times destroyed and rebuilt, the last edifice having been begun by Leo XII. and completed by Pius IX., is undoubtedly one of the finest, if not the finest basilica in Rome. Many connoisseurs of art prefer it to St. Peter's, and with reason. Father Chandlery, S.J., whose book called "*Pilgrim Walks in Rome*," provides the traveller with a priceless *Vade Mecum*, calls it "a jewel of modern art." He says: "We seem to be gazing at a very forest of gigantic granite columns, each formed out of a single block. The wonder is how they were quarried and how conveyed to their present site. The roof is of carved wood-work, coffered and richly gilt. The walls on all sides glow with colour, being encrusted with costly marbles; and the marble pavement reflects the beauty of the interior on its polished surface. The scene is one of chaste magnificence. Above all the eye is attracted to the immense arch of Galla Placidia over the tomb of the Apostle, with its wonderful Fifth Century mosaics. The two altars of malachite at the ends

of the transepts were presented to Pope Gregory XVI. by Czar Nicholas I. of Russia. Kneeling in front of the tomb of the great Apostle of the Gentiles we may recall the words of St. John Chrysostom: 'Show me the tomb of Alexander; tell me the day of his death. You cannot. Yet the glorious body of Paul may be seen by anyone who will visit the royal city, and the exact day of his death is known to the whole world. The deeds of Alexander are forgotten, even by his own nation; those of Paul are known even by Barbarians, and the tomb of the servant of Christ is more glorious than the palaces of kings.' "

One is surprised to learn that in spite of the wide fame of St. Peter's and its natural predominance over the other churches in Rome, it is not the most important basilica in the city. St. John Lateran's, the Pope's Cathedral, ranks first in dignity among all the churches of the Eternal City, and of the world. Its chapter takes precedence over that of St. Peter's, and every Pope when elected, comes here to be crowned and solemnly enthroned as the successor of St. Peter, though this has been impossible since the Italian occupation of Rome in 1870. The inscription on the facade proclaims it to be "The Mother and Head of all the churches in the city and in the world." In one of the corridors leading to the sacristy is a marble tablet with the Bull of Pope Gregory XI. inscribed on it, recording the foundation of the Basilica by Constantine, and describing it as first and chief of all the churches, "In Urbe et Obre."

The history of this basilica is intensely interesting, involved as it is with the earliest history of the Church in Rome. It has been, of course, many times destroyed and restored, and contains most precious relics and rich furnishings. The High Altar and Tribune, or Sanctuary, is a Papal one, at which the Pope alone may say Mass. Its splendid Gothic canopy was erected by Arnolfo del Cambio for Urban V., about 1366. The altar encloses one of Rome's most precious relics, viz., the wooden, portable altar used by St. Peter in the house of Pudens, and by the first Popes in the catacombs. Above the altar are preserved the heads of SS. Peter

and Paul, enshrined in silver gilt busts. In a recess above the altar is preserved the Sacred Table of the Last Supper, on which Our Divine Lord instituted the Blessed Sacrament. Needless to add that to this sanctuary have come saints without number. The very pavement upon which they knelt is holy.

Impossible as it is to treat of these things with any approach to justice, I cannot leave the subject without an allusion to a little church, rightly regarded as the very cradle of the Western Church. Tradition connects it with St. Peter, and for that reason an extraordinary degree of interest attaches to it. It is called the Church of the Pudenziana, and from it Cardinal Wiseman derived his title in the Sacred College. According to tradition, dating back as far as the fourth century, it was originally the house or senatorial palace of Pudens, where St. Peter lived and exercised his sacred office for several years. It was converted into an oratory by St. Pius I, about the year 145. After several restorations in mediæval times, it was finally modernized by Cardinal Caetani in 1598. Portions, however, of the earlier church exist, with considerable remains of a large brick building of the first century, that forms the substructure of the church. Under the altar is preserved the most remarkable relic, viz., a portion of the wooden, portable altar upon which St. Peter offered the adorable Sacrifice whilst he lived in the house of Pudens. The other part of this precious relic is in the Lateran Basilica. Above the altar is a bas-relief by G. B. della Porta, representing St. Peter kneeling to receive the keys from Our Saviour. In this same left aisle will be noticed some remains of the original tessellated pavement, also the opening of an ancient well or reservoir, in which St. Pudenziana is said to have hidden the remains of some three thousand martyrs. By lowering a lighted taper a great quantity of bones and skulls may be seen. The history of the family of Pudens is graphically given by Father Chandlery, from whom the above account is drawn.

The Church of Santa Susanna, on Via Settembre, very near our stopping place at Via S.

Basilio, is another church with a history well worth reading. It is in the hands of the Paulist Fathers now, and one is sure to meet there a number of English-speaking people who feel at home here and are charmed with the eloquent sermons given in their own tongue by the Fathers in charge. It was our custom while in Rome to drop in there for Benediction after a day of sight-seeing. The beauty and peace of this newly opened sanctuary, its sweet cleanliness and the odor of flowers that welcomed one at the very door, gave it a character all its own, and we loved it. Mrs. Hugh Fraser, in her "Storied Italy" devotes a chapter to the history of this church and the delicately-coloured frescoes upon its walls, which is most interesting.

One experience, which alone would have made our journey worth while, was that of attending a Mass said by Our Holy Father in one of his private chapels, and of receiving Holy Communion from his hands. There must have been between two and three hundred present, but because of the breathless quiet that prevailed, a condition made possible by the carpeted floor and benches, one felt as if one were kneeling there alone. Upon arriving at this chapel after several usherings through adjoining apartments, each one spacious enough for a large church, we were kept about ten minutes watching the attendants in their quaint and gorgeous livery seeing to the last details for the coming Sacrifice. Then a procession began to file through the door at the right and at the end of it came His Holiness, vested for Mass like a simple priest. The white skull cap was the only thing which, at first glance, distinguished him from his assistants. But before he reached the altar, and as the congregation fell upon their knees, he faced us and raised his hand in blessing—a blessing which seemed to descend almost visibly upon us and made our hearts stop beating for some seconds.

Then the Mass began. What followed seems too sacred to give in full detail. We recall that hour as one of spiritual harvest, when we seemed to reach back to the beginning of created things, and forward to their end—experi-

encing in that brief space what transcended them all. Those moments when we followed the successive acts of the Holy Sacrifice, and heard the steady, musical tones of the Celebrant, our eyes fixed upon the white vested figure as it moved to one or other side of the altar or genuflected with a grace so calm and a reverence so rapt—were precious indeed. All other sights and sounds dropped away as if this were the only reality and they but its shadow. Upon returning to our places after receiving the Sacred Host from the Pontiff's hands, all our dear ones, living and dead, seemed nearer to us than ever before, as they clamored for remembrance: "Do not forget us in your joy!" they seemed to say. How we longed to share with them the blessedness which our own hearts were too straitened to support in its fulness! By that mysterious medium, "The Communion of Saints," I am sure we did so, for our happiness possessed that sense of completeness, which, without some aid, external to ourselves, it could not have enjoyed.

Another day came when we joined that long line of pilgrims admitted to public audience, and allowed to kiss the Fisherman's ring, a privilege denied to few who desire it, whether members of the true Church or not. The blessing extended to each one of us, included our families and friends and even spread over the little souvenirs in our hands, destined for those we left behind us.

It pained us to see the fatigue on the face of His Holiness, both during the Mass and during the audience. We heard later that these occasions are proving such a tax upon the Pope's time and strength they would in all likelihood be suspended for two months. Pope Pius is a man of extraordinary ability as well as holiness, and one would be sorry to have his powers, so necessary in his dealings with the problems that confront both Church and State just now, overtaxed in so unessential a matter.

Another day of privilege was that upon which, in company with Rev. Mother Salome, to whom many doors in Rome open easily, we called upon His Eminence, Cardinal Merry del

Val. There in the ante-room, awaiting an audience with the Prelate, sat the only priest in the city of Rome with whom we were acquainted—our own Mgr. Cruise, late of Toronto. It was a pleasant surprise to meet him and talk over home affairs with him. He had just returned from a visit to Canada—a visit destined to be his last, to the great sorrow of a host of friends and relatives here, who esteemed him as a saint and loved him as a father and friend.

Though before us in point of time, as well as in character of his holy office, Mgr. Cruise insisted upon allowing us to precede him into the presence of the Cardinal. I think we shall never forgive ourselves for giving in to him, and keeping him waiting much longer than we thought to do. Upon our second meeting in the ante-room we were too much elated by our good fortune in having had so satisfactory an audience, to realize what the wait must have cost his patience. He has forgiven us now—of this we may be sure, and his kindness and patience are rewarded a hundredfold.

His Eminence received us cordially, and with princely courtesy, asked us to call upon him before our departure from the city. He alluded to his visit some years ago to Toronto, in the happiest terms, expressing regret that the old Bond St. house was no longer occupied by the Loretto Community. He laughingly said: "The people at the big Abbey could never understand my preference for this little Convent."

We carried a letter from Rev. M. J. Ryan, of St. Augustine's Seminary, to his friend, Rev. Father Langdon, Cardinal Gasquet's private secretary, of the English College at Rome. We presented the letter one afternoon, but were sorry to find him out. The porter announced that Cardinal Gasquet would see us—an honour we had hoped for, but having no plausible excuse for intruding upon the busy Prelate's time, had not counted upon. The cordiality of his greeting disarmed any misgivings we had on that head. His manner was kind, even fatherly, towards us. His interesting allusions to Mary Ward, whose life he has written and whose life-sized portrait hung above his

head, as he sat on the antique crimson couch in this typical Roman drawing-room; the reminiscences of his visit to America, especially to South America, some handsomely bound memoirs of which he showed us with pride and pleasure,—made the hour pass quickly. When we rose to go, he invited us to see his chapel—a little gem, designed and furnished with supreme taste in every detail. Most of the furnishings, including the finely-carved doors and stalls, had been picked up, he told us, at odd sales in different parts of Italy, by the Rev. Secretary, whom we were destined not to meet. These, and the unique altar-piece, an image of the Sacred Heart, which was mysteriously illumined from the back, are things we shall always recall in connection with our visit.

The limits of this account forbid more than a mention of that part of the "Pilgrimage" which lay outside the world of churches and shrines. Very regretfully the writer must stop short of those occasions when the ever-ready "cabby" in his vehicle, peculiar to Rome, I think—a kind of low, two or four seated landau—clattered across the narrow, cobbled pavement or plaza, at our slightest signal, or no signal at all, and eagerly offered to take us anywhere, everywhere, at the regular tariff per mile, if we were clever enough to read the meter; and at his own private figure, if we were not. In any case, we went with him and forgave him, as well as his more ambitious rival—the motor-car driver—his occasional extortions, after one of those matchless excursions past Hadrian's Villa to Tivoli, that town whose classical name was Tibur and is one of the very oldest towns in Italy. It is seated among rocks and waterfalls, amidst wild and beautiful scenery, a very paradise for artists and antiquarians. Its pride and ornament consists in the Falls of Anio (Teverone) which glides gently through the town until it reaches the brink of a rock, whence it takes a mad plunge of some three hundred and twenty feet down a steep precipice, then boiling for an instant in its narrow channel rushes headlong through a chasm in the rock into the caverns below. Here we dined at the ancient Inn where so many great ones, Popes and Royalties of Eur-

ope, have dined, as the rows of marble slabs in the hall-way testify. Then to the Villa d'Este, where the cypress trees look as if they were planted at the world's creation, and require the five-hundred fountains playing near them, to keep them young.

Another day we went to the famous Vatican Galleries, whose miles of art treasures, the cream of the earth's collections, made us long for untiring senses and fatigue-less limbs so that we might accord them all the justice of, at least a glance and a word of praise.

Later on we drove to the Janiculum, which we decided must have been the hill to which the Arch-tempter took Our Lord and showed Him the beauty of the world, such a commanding and majestic view it affords of the city amid its seven hills. The dome of St. Peter's constitutes an eloquent reply to the temptation. From there we ascended the more gentle slope of the Pincian Hill and saw flocks of Seminar-ians, in their black, red, brown and white habits, who seemed to hallow the peaceful scene with their presence and to beautify it with patches of colour, like so many bright flower-beds.

At last it was our privilege to form part of a more home-like scene, in a procession on Corpus Christi, at the Sacred Heart Mother House, and to hear the familiar hymns sung by long lines of ecclesiastics; finally to kneel in the dust to receive a benediction from which no state of dustiness was able to exclude us.

At the very last, but far from the least, came those occasions when we were more really at home, in the Convents of the I.B.V.M.—or we tried to feel so, while being treated like distinguished guests.

My readers will observe I have made no comments upon the manners and customs of the people of Rome. The truth is, we came in con-

tact with few but those immediately around us, and they were not, strictly speaking, Romans. One thing, however, which we observed with edification, was the attitude on the part of the young towards the poor, who are much in evidence in Rome, and literally swarm near the churches and Cook's Offices where the unwary stranger is apt to be found. A friend told us it was a common thing to see one among a group of gay, thoughtless young girls, break away from her companions, and quite as a matter of habit, open her purse and bestow an alms upon one of the many beggars on her route, re-joining her group, who make no comment on the act.

True, we encountered some professional beggars, whose persistency in inducing the passer-by to purchase their trinkets amounts to genius. They are mind-readers too, and can detect the shadow of benevolence in your eye, though you hide it beneath a stony mask, and they very often succeed in their design of persuading you that you not only covet, but require, their wares. And you do, if you value your peace of mind.

When the time came—all too soon—for our departure from the city, we were some ten or fifteen minutes on the train, looking out the car-window, when we saw three sisters from Via Nomentana, waving their farewells to us with their aprons. The sight touched but did not sadden us, for had we not thrown our coin in the Trevi Fountain, and was there not truth in the time-honoured belief that those who do so are sure to return to Rome? Should this hope not be fulfilled in the flesh, at least it is sure to be in spirit, many times, before the "pilgrims" repair to that City which is Eternal in deed, as well as in name.

Pilgrim.

Loretto Abbey.



THE IMPRESSIONS OF A NEW GIRL

THE "New Girl" had been an inmate of the Abbey for twenty-four hours, which had seemed like years. She had arrived yesterday, accompanied by her aunt, and as they came up the driveway she noticed that the building bore a remarkable resemblance to the illustration in the catalogue. This argued well for other things. On reaching the door, her aunt pressed the button and a startlingly loud peal reverberated through the house. Footsteps soon approached and the door was opened by a nun, who showed them into one of the parlors.

Our heroine, whom we shall call Jane hereafter, had seen horse-hair furniture and wax flowers under glass before, but not in their proper setting. She immediately acquired some first-hand information on the subject of sitting on horse-hair chairs. They possess a slippery tendency which is likely to prove disastrous to one not accustomed to their peculiarities.

The room is large, with a high ceiling supported by imposing white carved pillars. The walls are adorned with several rather striking pictures, and the whole presents a dignified, stately appearance.

While Jane was gazing about her future abode, her aunt had informed the nun of their business and another nun appeared, and Jane admired the Loretto habit while the three talked together. It seemed to have been designed with some idea of pleasing the eye, which is more than can be said of many religious habits. Jane reflected that one could wear the costume without forfeiting all pride in one's appearance.

From her remarks, Jane concluded that the nun, whose name was Mother Euphrasia, was in charge of the school, and forthwith she became more interested in the conversation.

Mother Euphrasia seemed to be an agreeable, reasonable woman, and above all, to possess a sense of humor. Jane decided with relief

that she would like her, and wondered what Mother Euphrasia was thinking of her.

Her attention was then called to the necessity of prolonging the conversation, in order to put off as long as possible the evil moment of parting. But it had to come, and her aunt left, promising to return on Sunday. At the sight of her retreating back, Jane experienced a desperate desire to call after her, but instead, she turned to follow her guide.

After proceeding along, what seemed interminable miles of corridor and stairs, they entered a large dormitory. Jane followed Mother into a curtained recess which contained a single bed, chair, dresser and washstand. The alcove also boasted of two windows and half a radiator, but Jane did not appreciate these properly until later. Jane was now led to a row of small wardrobes and had one assigned to her. She was left to put on her uniform with a promise from Mother Euphrasia that she would return later.

After donning her uniform and admiring it from every possible angle in the rather insufficient mirror, Jane gazed out of one of the windows upon the home of Salada Tea. This was becoming somewhat monotonous, when Mother Euphrasia appeared with the intention of conducting the new boarder to the study hall, where she would meet the girls.

It did not occur to her conductor that "meeting the girls" would be anything but an enjoyable occasion for Jane. However, this too had to be faced; so gathering her courage, Jane again followed meekly in the wake of her guide, who opened a door and they stepped into a room filled with girls seated at desks. A million eyes seemed to be fixed on Jane, who muttered something and smiled until the muscles of her face ached, in response to the introduction.

She was given a seat at the back of the room, and the girls went on with their work.

Mother Euphrasia sent Jane a "Rainbow," of course, and a copy of "Lives of the Saints." After reading the former for a while with interest, she passed the rest of the period in observing her future school-mates.

Every now and then bells were rung somewhere through the house, and finally a loud one pealed forth the Angelus, whereupon Mother Euphrasia immediately rang her small bell and books were put away. The class rose, put in their chairs and knelt, performing each action in response to a signal from the bell. A line was formed down the centre of the room and the girls filed out. As she passed through the door each one looked back, and some twirled round. A few days later when the Mistress made a few remarks on the subject of curtsying to the presiding nun, it dawned on Jane that the peculiar manoeuvres at the door were intended for curtsies.

Evidently the refectories were situated on the first floor, for the line of girls descended several flights of stairs, pausing at the top of each for the signal to go on. It was evident that silence was the order on these occasions, as the girls spoke in the lowest of whispers.

A different nun had replaced Mother Euphrasia on the way down, who assigned Jane a place at one of the tables. Grace was said, the chairs pulled out, and the girls sat down again in obedience to more signals from the bell.

There was an anxious strain in the air for a moment, and then a confused babel of voices broke the stillness. The nun asked Jane her name, and introduced her to the girls at her table. It appeared that she was to be a Graduate, and that these fortunate girls enjoyed privileges not allowed to the rest of the school. For instance, they were not obliged to walk all the way around the room when forming lines, but might proceed directly from their places to the door. One thing the girls neglected to tell Jane was that the chief function of a Graduate consisted in acting as an example for the other girls.

Jane liked the girls at her table. They were sociable and easy to become acquainted with.

She had a better view of the remainder of the school that she had had before, and she was also favorably impressed with them. Towards the end of the meal, a peculiar contrivance appeared on the floor by each table. It looked like a tin pail with a small dish towel hanging on the side. This was passed around the table and each one washed and dried her silver from it.

After supper the girls went over to the Concert Hall, where someone played the piano while the others danced. Soon a bell rang and they returned to the study-hall. Here Jane read "The Lives of the Saints" until a pitying neighbor lent her a piece of less absorbing literature.

At eight o'clock the Mistress summoned Jane to her desk and gave her permission to go to bed, as she had been travelling and must be tired. With some difficulty she located her alcove and quickly got into bed. Soon the other girls came up and there was an incessant sound of slippers feet passing up and down the aisles of the dormitory, until nine-fifteen o'clock, when the lights were put out.

For hours Jane lay awake, listening to the engines shunt up and down in the distance and the clock strike. A period of restful sleep followed. Suddenly she awoke to find herself looking into the face of a nun who held a holy-water font towards her and said some words which Jane could not make out. The dazed expression on Jane's face must have amused the nun, for she smiled and told her it was time to get up. On consulting her watch she found it was only a quarter of six. The conviction was borne in upon her mind that this would be her rising hour all year. Horrors!

The inevitable bell rang again, several of them, first a buzzer, then a very loud bell and then a small hand-bell which possessed a particularly insistent tone. At six-twenty everyone went down to the study-hall and put on her veil. They lined up for the Chapel, this time in twos. The nuns were already there, and the girls marched in so slowly that Jane almost lost her balance several times.

The Chapel is the most beautiful Jane has

ever seen. The spirit of prayer seems to emanate from the very walls, and although not conspicuous for her piety, she felt its influence. The girls sang some familiar hymns, but to airs unfamiliar to Jane. Later on she found to her intense surprise, that St. Basil's hymn-book, which she had always considered in a class with the Bible, was held in very low esteem at the Abbey. There, the Gregorian Chant prevails, and to mention this hymn-book in certain quarters produces something of the effect of waving a red rag at a bull.

After Mass the girls returned to the dormitories, where Jane was instructed in the gentle art of making beds. Breakfast was next in order, followed by a few minutes' recreation outside. Then Mother Euphrasia sent Jane with another nun to unpack her trunk. A list of the contents was made, and they carried everything upstairs in a clothes-basket. She deposited them in what she thought were their proper places, and again sought the study-hall. Class began at nine o'clock and lasted until eleven-forty, with an intermission at ten-thirty. Jane was relieved to find that the girls were by no means geniuses, as she feared, and that a few appeared to be as ignorant as she.

At eleven-forty-five the Rosary was recited, and dinner was served in the Refectory. (Dining-rooms are called "refectories" in Convents). A short recreation followed and the girls ascended to the dormitories to tidy up. From one to one-thirty they sewed in the study-hall. This was another art which was not numbered among Jane's accomplishments. The presiding nun almost wept at the sight of the darn which Jane proudly exhibited at the end of the period.

Classes were resumed at one-thirty and continued until three-forty-five. The welcome word "lunch" reached Jane's ears, and the girls waited in anxious anticipation for its appearance. When this had been rapidly disposed of they repaired to the dormitories for coats and hats. A walk was next on the program, and some conscientious girl asked Jane to be her partner. This afforded our heroine the opportunity for asking a great many

questions during which she made some important discoveries. One of these was that she could not go out in the city without a genuine excuse, and never alone. It occurred to Jane that since her parents had let her come two thousand miles alone to the abbey, Mother Euphrasia might safely take a chance and allow her to go over to Yonge street, but she was wise enough not to tell her this.

At five o'clock the girls were back in at their studies, the same as the day before. Jane had procured some books, but before settling down to study, she thought for one short moment of the year that must elapse before her return home. What would it bring forth? She wondered.

Mary Murray.

Loretto Abbey.



Listen



There's a soft note in the wind
That lingers long behind,
As the loud breezes rush along;
If you listen you will hear
A message for your ear,
For you alone of all the throng—
Listen! Listen!

As the waters brightly go,
With onward singing flow,
They hymn all their way to the sea;
Apart there is a song
In the joyous psalms among,
And its whisper is only for thee—
Listen! Listen!

The finches in the trees
Of the summer's sunny ease,
Shake warbles from their quiv'ring throat:
The music's for the world,
But to you is sweetly hurled
A very, very special note—
Listen! Listen!

A. C. M.

Loretto, Niagara Falls.

MY PLAUSIBLE ALIBI

Not so very long ago—at least as the nymphs and the fairies reckon time, and it is well known that their method is more accurate and sensible than that of stolid humans—a strange gathering took place on the lawn of “Rose Manor,” on old Irish manor house belonging to my friend Colin O’Neill.

The manor is a long, low building of cream-colored stone, with widely projecting eaves and a red roof which the sunlight intensifies in the days of summer heat. The windows are quaint, diamond-paned eyes which peep forth coquettishly from the shadow of the crimson ramblers clinging to the walls.

The garden is surrounded by a wall of the same stone as the house and here again is a very tangle of rose trees. There are stately oaks here and a streamlet which winds its way across the corner of the enclosure, while the central portion is a wilderness of beauty. No restraint is placed upon the flowers; no artifice destroys the distinctive loveliness bestowed by God upon each one.

But there! We old men are always talking irrelevently, as the youngsters are pleased to inform us, although we on our part, think they have nothing of interest to discuss, irrelevant or otherwise, so taken up are they with their gadding about after new pleasures and new companions, they cannot enjoy the pleasures when found.

What I was going to say is that I must leave the description of Colin’s garden to proceed with my story:

Well, this day I was alone in the garden with a book in my lap, but much more interested in lazily noting the gold and brown of the honey-bees as they buzzed through the air or sipped sweet nectar, and the dainty flitting butterflies, whose gauzy wings vibrated in the sun, than in reading, when I suddenly became aware of a strange gathering in the flowery space before me.

There, within a few yards of me stood a more beautiful fairy than I had ever seen in

any fairy-book. Her wings were of dazzling transparency, and the tints of her silvery gown, caught up with tiny rose-buds, seemed to me the very epitome of loveliness and daintiness. She was the central figure in a group which consisted of other fairies, of stately nymphs and grimacing elves, these last clad in the traditional fashion of Puck and his merry men.

The members of this merry throng were busily recounting tales of rose-buds which they had caressed by their light fingers, and had forthwith burst into bloom to gladden all who saw them; of dew-drops scattered over thirsty lilies during the night, and of sweet messages sent flying through the air. One small elf presented the Queen of this fairy realm with a wand which he said was fashioned from a vagrant ray of the moon, which had gone forth on an adventure and lingered until the last star had vanished.

The flowers joined in the conversation, thanking the fairies for the refreshing dew, and the lovely colours which elfin hands had painted on their gowns.

Then the Fairy Queen spoke and said:

“Dear Elfin Folk, of the realm where the shine of the moon is hidden during the day, to which the Rainbow retreats, and in which the hearts of flowers gather, I have a special message for you all to-day. A small boy lives in the village, who, as so many of the Irish nation are wont to do, even in this age of unbelief, believes in our existence and wishes to join in our revels, as he has no playmates of his own or any earthly amusement, except that of dreaming, which makes him akin to us. I intend to bring him to this garden, which is so lonely for want of children.”

She waved her hand almost immediately and I perceived a boy of about nine years enter the group. He was laughing and merry, with curly hair of burnished golden hue, and grey eyes which in spite of his laughter, had a wistful gaze.

He and the fairies played hide-and-seek in

the shadow of the oak trees and danced on the grass, until, as I was watching with intense interest the outcome of the game, I heard a voice quite near me say:

"Well, would you believe it? He said he was going to read a manuscript of mine on "Social Service in Connection with the Reconstruction of Europe," and straightway fell asleep in the garden. If my article has that quieting effect on the situation it will be a wonderful success, eh?"

Of course I recognized the laugh which followed as Colin's, and recollecting what had occurred, I responded:

"I wasn't sleeping. I was observing the fairies who use your garden as a trysting place."

"The Fairies?" said Colin, "that's a new alibi for laziness. You have been dreaming." So I told him the whole story about the boys, and he replied:

"Why that lad is little Patrick O'More, who lives in the village. You saw him the other day and probably were impressed by his good looks. As for the fairies of your story, I have always said that delving into all the folk-lore you do, would be harmful to you."

I couldn't help ignoring that and observing: "It does look as though your garden should have children in it, all the same."

"Yes," he returned, "I think I shall open it to the children of the village. As for Patrick, his mother and father are dead and I have an idea he would be a credit to the one who educated him."

That was how Patrick came to the Manor House to live, and from there was sent to school, where he acquired all kinds of practical knowledge, but he never forgot the fairies, so that when he reached manhood they rewarded him with the gift of poetry, and his poems and whimsical stories are lauded throughout the Irish world, and the countries beyond Ireland too.

I know you sceptical folk who read this tale will say with Colin that I dreamt about the fairies, but on the road in the neighborhood of "Rose Manor" you may often hear the sound of impish laughter, where no one is to be seen, and the echo of footsteps, when no one is passing. That is when the fairies again hold festival in the garden of "Rose Manor."

Margaret Ross.

Loretto Abbey.

Niagara

Niagara's floods in onward rushing flow
A shrine elect, where solemn Mass they sing
In constant praise and glory of their King:
Here altar with its altar-cloth of snow,
Bright candle flames—the sunlight glisters'
glow—
White clouds, of misty incense, heavenward
swing,
The organ volumes swell—exultant ring,
The trees are altar buds in reverent row.

Find, mystic souls response to every mood;
Hear, fervent hearts a message kind and sure;
Angels who chorus praise with light are shod:
"Give glory to the Lord for He is good,
Forever doth His mercy still endure."
And He Who offers is both Priest and God.

A. C. M.

Loretto, Niagara Falls.

UNVEILING OF THE TABLET

Marking the First Church at Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan

(Part of the address delivered on the Occasion by Rev. William Gagnier, S.J.).

IF it be an honour to our city to have possessed the first Christian Church, erected in these parts or even in the State of Michigan, as early as the year 1668, it is surely an honour to be able to claim as its builder, Father James Marquette, Missionary and Discoverer, to whom history will ever continue the title given him by those who knew and loved him: "The Angel of the Missions."

This first chapel was destroyed by fire, as were several others, such as those we know from the maps of 1721-1789. But the question of the Chapel of 1668 should remind us of one buried near the spot where that Chapel stood, but buried also in obscurity, and to-day I wish to call upon the citizens of this city to wake up and begin to honour in a becoming fashion another great Missionary and a great discoverer. He was of all that galaxy of great missionaries of the 17th century, the only one who died and was buried in our city, Sault Ste. Marie.

Let honor and praise go forth from the citizens of Sault Ste. Marie and in the name of the inhabitants of the State of Michigan to the great Charles Albanel, S.J., saintly Missionary and twice-over discoverer of the overland route from Quebec to the Hudson Bay. Missioner and Discoverer—yes, and his life reads like a romance. Every line of it is interesting.

After centuries the great heroes of pioneer Christianity in our country who toiled and suffered so much for the good cause are little by little coming into their rightful possession of historic recognition. Father Albanel seems destined to exclusion from all memory of men. Let us begin to-day to revive his memory and to do him honor. Born in France, but of English parentage, he laboured among the Hurons and Iroquois at Tadusac. Passing over his early missionary life, we find him, August 22, 1670, wending his way up the Saguenay from Tadu-

sac with two Frenchmen, St. Simon and Couture and six Indians. His diary is found in the "Relations" of 1672. He was on his way to preach the Gospel to the Indians of Hudson Bay. For eighteen years the French had been endeavoring to find an overland route from Quebec to Hudson Bay;—in those days a gigantic task. Three expeditions had already failed. Father Albanel with his two Frenchmen and six Indians travelled 2,400 miles, passed 200 cataracts, crossed mountains and morasses where his life was in his hand every moment. Still he pushed on, his clothes tattered, hands and feet sore, clinging to the shrubbery on the sides of rocks, badly nourished, sleeping where night overtook him, not a soldier to protect him from the hostile Indians and the more hostile English. He reached Hudson Bay and was the first white man that had gazed on those blue waters by travelling overland from the St. Lawrence River.

The Indians received him with joy and asked for instructions and baptism. Not satisfied, he made a second trip in 1674. He was made a prisoner there and taken to England by the English harbored in that Bay. He stayed there two years, then in 1675 we find him in France and sailing again for Canada for more spiritual conquests and may be for a cruel death; but in the year after he was in Ste. Marie du Saut and labored here and died here Jan. 11, 1696.

Even his own people did not recognize his services. Nowhere do we find that France or England or even the Colonial Administration ever said so much as "Thank you." Albanel worked not for worldly glory, but for God's glory. Let us in this city proclaim our recognition and say loudly that we boast of the honor of having held such a man for twenty years and of knowing that his remains most probably are with us yet. Hear me, friends.

Can you any longer leave in obscurity, without any mark of recognition, such a Missionary and Discoverer as Charles Albanel? Should not something be done and quickly? Should you not work together, aided by the proper authorities and by the Michigan Historical Society and Literary Clubs of the City to raise at least a tablet in memory of such a great man, for the glory of your city and for the honor of the State of Michigan?

Nor are Fathers Albanel and Marquette the only great pioneers who deserve special recognition from the city and the state. Fortunately that magnificent obelisk yonder recalls the names of the celebrated Allouez, Druillettes, Dablon and André;—this tablet which we unveil to-day will remind us of the gentle Marquette. We have nothing yet to remind visitors or the rising generations of the martyr, Isaac Jogues and his celebrated companion, the great Charles Raymbault, who were the first missionaries to visit these rapids, and who are the first white men of whom we have indisputable documentary and historical evidence to have looked upon Lake Superior.

Father Isaac Jogues, born at Orleans in France, June 14, 1607, reached Quebec October 7, 1636, being then only 29 years of age. I cannot detail to you his wonderful life of suffering and the horrors of his martyrdom at the hands of the cruel Iroquois. Suffice it to say that after suffering divers excruciating tortures and mutilated in his hands, he went back to France, but only to return again to Canada and drenched in his blood, was on his way to be burnt at Ossernenen on the Mohawk River, in New York State, Auriesville of to-day, when he was killed by a blow from a tomahawk, at the early age of 39, the same age as Father Marquette when he died. Thus was answered the prayer that this holy man had made to Christ—the honor of dying for Him who had died for us. Our historian, Parkman, though not a Catholic, waxes eloquent when writing of Father Jogues. As a matter of special interest to Catholics, but of general historic interest to all, it may be noted that the cause of his beatification is progressing favorably though slowly.

With him came the great and holy Father Raymbault. They had been invited by the Hurons and Ojibways to visit this Ojibway country. They stepped into their birchbark canoes on Sept. 17, 1641, and after 17 days of danger and hardships landed on our shores near the Rapids. Father Jogues addressed the Huron Indians in their language and Father Raymbault the Ojibways, and then they offered presents, as was customary, and promised to return and establish a mission. God ordained otherwise, however, and later Fathers Marquette, Druillette, Dablon and André, Albanel and Allouez came here for that purpose. Father Raymbault, his health failing from over-fatigue and exposure, accompanied Father Jogues to Quebec. They set out over the thousand miles and more of canoeing, facing danger of death from lurking Iroquois, cataracts and wild beasts.

No sooner had Father Raymbault reached Quebec and recovered somewhat, than he set out again for Lake Nipissing, to visit the Algonquin Indians of that region; but misery and suffering had conquered. They brought him exhausted to Quebec and there as Bancroft says: "After languishing till October, 1642, that unselfish missionary, who had burnt with a desire to carry the Gospel to all the savages of the Western World, even to the ocean which separates America from China—ceased to live, and the body of this first apostle of Christ to the tribes of Michigan was buried at the Governor's request, in the grave where rests the body of the famous Champlain, Founder of the City of Quebec." This was in 1642—just a year after he stood near these Rapids, evangelizing the Indians of Baoting.

Citizens of Sault Ste. Marie, I appreciate what has been done to-day. It was a wise act, this placing a tablet to recall the erection of the Christian Chapel and Father Marquette's presence in Sault Ste. Marie. History required it, I agree. But now, can you remain listless and indifferent when both history and the love of your city and state call on you not to let perish the great names of Jogues, Raymbault and Albanel? Would it not be a shame to do so?

If the matter is not taken up quickly or put down on record it will die out. When you and I are gone, who will there be to revive the memory of these great names? Shall it be then that Father Marquette who lived here only a short time will be remembered in St. Ignace where his remains were transported from "Sleeping Bear," near Ludington, Lake Michigan, and Father Albanel, who spent twenty years here and died here, the discoverer of the overland route from the St. Lawrence to Hudson Bay shall always lie forgotten? Shall it be that the great Jogues, Missionary and Martyr, shall be honored in New York State and in Canada and lost in obscurity in Michigan? Shall it be that the saintly Raymbault, the first to preach in the Ojibway language to the Ojibways of Sault Ste. Marie, shall be remembered in the history of Quebec and forgotten in the history of Michigan? Of all the cities in Michigan there is none which should be prouder of its beginnings than Sault Ste. Marie. Let us be careful not to allow our glorious past to be buried forever from future generations.

What feeling, what emotions should fill our hearts on this occasion looking on this tablet which reminds us of the wonderful change in the hearts of the Indians of the Rapids 250 years ago! Once steeped in superstition, revelling in many vices, cruel and proud, we behold them in their little Chapel, humble and kind, ready to pardon their enemies and to sacrifice their lives if necessary for the truths which they have learnt from the mouth of the Missionary. Warriors with eagle plumes in

their head-dress, medicine men, the wise ones of the nation, young braves and maidens, have knelt at the crib of the Child Jesus, or bent before the Cross which recalled His death, and there they have found change of mind and change of heart. There they were baptized and there also the new Christian maiden gave her hand in holy marriage to the new baptized youth. Early in the morning and later on Sundays and Feast days they gather around the altar of God, assisting at the great sacrifice of the Mass. The Evening bell calls them again to prayer in their Chapel and with a last blessing they retire to rest. Dying with the Sacraments of the Church, they are taken again into the little Chapel to receive the prayers of the Church on their behalf and their bodies consigned, in solemn procession and with holy rites to their last resting place, awaiting the great day of Resurrection.

But to conclude: to-day our city can count many large and beautiful edifices erected to the honor of God, works of architecture, works embellished within and without, works of great value as money estimates, and yet surely am I not right when I say that the Angels in heaven and the Blessed and Our Lord Himself looked down with unutterable joy and special affection on the humble Chapel built by the poor Missionaries for the Indian Tribes on these Rapids? It was the first temple to the true God raised in these wild regions of the New World and thanks to you who have originated this undertaking and carried it out to-day—that little Chapel and Father Marquette's name will never be forgotten in Sainte Marie du Saut.



AN INCIDENT

IT was all caused by Davy-boy. Davy-boy was a big collie, with brown eyes that could laugh with you, cry with you, or look up with tender sympathy or wistful appeal in their wise and honest depths. Davy-boy adored with all his doggy heart his mistress, Marie Connor. Marie was a small, vivacious brunette with a rigid loyalty but a peppery temper, in her make-up.

Across the street Nathalie Powell lived. Nathalie was in direct contrast to Marie. She was a blond with the proverbial baby-blue eyes, tall, willowy in form, and with a disposition which might almost be termed "angelic." Left an orphan at an early age with only a foreign government to direct her studies, she naturally hungered for companionship. She found this companionship in Marie and soon made an intimate friend of her.

Theirs was a delightful friendship. Both were ardent in their professions of faith; both cared for the same literature; both were interested in the same hobbies and sports. Thus the two girls grew into womanhood with nothing to mar their mutual affection.

Their classmates had chosen both as representatives of the school in an athletic meet to be held at a nearby city. There had been an argument over the girls who were to be chosen for a baseball team and so, one day, Marie ran across to consult Nathalie on the respective merits of two rival candidates.

As a matter of course, Davy-boy followed the lead of his mistress. After witnessing an affectionate greeting between the two friends, Davy-boy strolled on toward the living-room.

At the door he paused. His gaze was met by that of a diminutive white kitten sitting bolt upright in an easy-chair. Davy-boy's indignation was aroused. The idea of an insignificant member of the feline tribe sitting in one of those easy-chairs!

Thinking of the scratch he had only recently received from a big Persian whose home was only a few doors away, Davy-boy began to nurse the idea that here was an excellent opportunity of paying off an ancient score. The kitten, from a natural aversion to the canine breed in general, arched her back and spat at the dog, in order to show her displeasure at this unwarranted intrusion.

This was too much for Davy-boy's dignity, and with one bound he cleared the space between himself and the cat. But the kitten, anticipating this move, clambered over the back of the chair and made for the door. Then followed a wild chase. Crash! Bang! Over went a reading lamp and the fragments of broken glass lay in a thousand pieces on the floor, as the kitten, closely followed by her pursuer, rushed madly on.

Meanwhile, in Nathalie's dainty boudoir, the two friends were discussing the merits of their respective candidates over a cup of afternoon tea, when in rushed the cat with the dog in close pursuit. Marie's last words were changed to a startled "Oh!" as the cat, desirous of gaining her mistress' protection, cleared the tea-wagon at one bound and reached her goal, not without, however, upsetting the delicate china arranged there.

Davy-boy stood barking in impotent rage as

his victim snuggled close to her mistress. Nathalie burst into tears as she gazed on the fragments of the china.

"Oh," she sobbed, "why couldn't you leave that ugly beast of yours at home? Those Sevres tea-cups were almost the only keepsakes I had of my father's. To me they were almost priceless."

Marie sympathized with her friend for this irreparable loss, but a climax was reached when she broadly hinted that the true cause of the mischief was Nathalie's cat. Bitter words ensued and Marie left the house in high indignation, still believing her beloved Davy-boy innocent.

For two years the former friends did not exchange a friendly word. People began to wonder if the rupture would ever be healed. In their respective class-rooms they observed the mere formalities of every-day life, but the old intimate standing had ceased to exist. Meantime, Nathalie was trying to find solace in the cat, Marie in Davy-boy. But both were finding this sort of companionship irksome.

One day, however, both left to do some shopping. That morning Marie, in spite of her loneliness, seemed to feel something cheerful in the air, and began, to the amazement of her old nurse, to sing a gay little song.

But, when she met Natalie she became downcast, for that individual, after one look at

Davy-boy, trotting along behind, turned her head in disdain.

Neither of the two remember the incident clearly, but just as Natalie stepped out to cross the street a big touring-car swept round the corner. The driver honked his horn as loudly as possible, and Nathalie, startled by the noise, turned, and seeing the monster so close, fainted dead away in the middle of the road.

Marie uttered a shriek! How could the situation be saved? Davy-boy answered the call. Darting out, he seized Nathalie's dress in his strong teeth and began to drag her towards his mistress. Somehow, Davy-boy did not get there in time, for just as Marie caught her friend in her arms, Davy-boy felt a sharp, stinging pain in his hind foot, and then all was blank.

When he became sensible to the world again he opened his eyes to find himself lying on a cool, fresh pallet of straw, with Nathalie, of all persons! arranging a bandage on his foot. Is it necessary to tell the subsequent events? The limping Davy-boy, his mistress and her intimate friend are three of the happiest companions to be found any where, and the white kitten, now a sober-minded, well-mannered cat, has learned the wisdom of letting well-enough alone.

VERONICA STOCKWELL.

Loretto, Brunswick Ave.



JEMIMA

HER name was Jemima. Many little girls would have despised that name, but Jemima rather liked it. It was so nice and changeable. Some called her "Jem"—she liked that best; others called her "Mimah" and that wasn't bad; but her Aunt Susan, a maiden aunt, called her "Jemima," and and lengthened it out too—that name she liked least of all. We'll call her Jem because one has to please a heroine.

Jem was the most cheerful little person from one end of Goodville to the other. Her hair was a carrot red, she had large, expressive eyes, hazel in colour, and a pert little nose. But especially her smile was noticeable. She was a dancing sunbeam, but a sunbeam with a fiery temper. Jem tried to control that temper, but sometimes failed.

After the death of her father and mother, which occurred within a few days of each other—of influenza—the magic smile was, for a time, clouded over. On the day of the burial of her parents, Jem was told that she must live with Aunt Susan, and the following day a coach called for Jemima Catherine McCarthy. Jem had difficulty in recognizing the name and inquired of sympathetic Mrs. Brown "if all that belonged to her." She was assured that it did and then ran to get her little box.

It was a forlorn little figure in black that looked out of the windows of that luxurious coach. She wanted to talk to the coachman—she was a sociable wee body—and she decided she would. She slipped from her seat and climbed up to a level with the "colohed gen'leman's" ear.

"What's she like?" she whispered.

The coachman seemed startled, but regained his composure and replied, "Not wuss'n some folks."

Jem liked the coachman's black, shining face and determined to become acquainted.

"What's your name?"

"Mah name's Sam," replied that gentleman.

"What's your other name?"

"Ain't dat nuff?"

"Haven't you got any other like—McCarthy? That's mine."

"Dat sure am a good name," Sam said. "I'd like to have one like dat."

"You can have half," Jem offered with enthusiasm. "You see, Daddy and Mamma and me all had some and now that they're gone I know they'd like me to share up. You can have Mac—part of McCarthy."

Sam heartily agreed and both felt certain that a perfect bargain had been made. We might say in passing, however, that after a short time Sam was no wealthier in the number of his names, for he soon became "Sam-mac" to Jem.

Meantime they had reached Aunt Susan's home. Aunt Susan had quarreled with Jem's mother before her marriage. Some said that the two had loved the same man and that he chose the younger, but no one really knew for sure. Susan Gerard was a hard woman, her heart embittered by the sorrows of the passing years. She had once been beautiful, but time had changed this too. When Jem arrived, Aunt Susan was waiting at the door for her. She wanted to see what Mary's child looked like, though she would scarcely admit even the interest that comes of curiosity. She saw a weary little figure get down, dressed in black, with red hair and bright eyes. Mary had had auburn hair, not red, but the eyes were not Mary's—they were Howard McCarthy's.

"Good afternoon, Aunt Susan," greeted the subject of her thoughts. Jem had always heard her aunt spoken of by her mother as Aunt Susan. The name struck a dormant chord. Aunt Susan bowed stiffly.

"May I kiss you?" pleaded Jem.

Aunt Susan was annoyed, she wished to treat the child as the child of her mother; now she was forced to bend down and receive a hearty embrace from her niece.

"My, you've got a beautiful coachman," said Jem.

"I didn't know Sam was so handsome," responded Aunt Susan, dryly.

When they entered the house, Jem was given over to a maid who showed her to her room, a small, neat, brightly furnished little apartment. Jem liked her escort and smiled sweetly—but not the old smile—on her. Could the girl believe it? The child was actually imitating the aunt's haughty manner.

"Hope you like your room, Miss."

"Oh, I don't think it's so handsome," answered Jem, loftily.

The maid laughed outright. She liked Jem, and showed her plainly there was one on whom she could count.

"You must be hungry. Want anything to eat?"

"Yes, I believe I do. I'm tremendously hungry," answered Jem.

They went downstairs together and got something that Jem liked in the kitchen. After an hour or so, feeling lonely, she thought she would look up Sam. She was on her way to the stable when she heard a shrill voice call:

"Jemima Catherine!"

Looking back, she beheld her aunt standing on the porch steps, oh, so angry. Jem hurried to her and asked sweetly:

"Did you want something?"

"I just want this," and her voice was harsh and determined, "Please stay away from those stables and while you are here don't pry into other people's business."

Jem's eyes filled with tears. She made no reply to her aunt, but turned and walked into the house. For weeks after the coldness increased between the two. Jem hid her sufferings during the day, but many a night she cried herself to sleep. Her one confidant was Sam, who understood and tried to console her.

One day her aunt stopped her and said,

not unkindly, "Jemima Catherine, I wish you to accompany me to the stores in town this afternoon. I do not care for those black dresses, I'll try to get you something decent."

Jem smiled cheerfully. Her little feet seemed to run away from her, so glad were they of the opportunity to please the grim relation. It was a radiant little girl that set out that afternoon in the pony cart.

"May I drive, Aunt Susan?" she coaxed. "Daddy taught me how."

"I don't want to be killed just yet," was the icy retort.

Jem felt rebuked, but soon regained her cheerfulness. She was so sure that Aunt Susan was relenting.

"What kind of dresses am I going to get? Pretty colored ones, the kind mother liked me to have?" she questioned.

"Your mother's tastes and mine never did agree," Miss Gerard hissed. "Don't ever mention her name to me again."

Jem flushed hotly. The strong Irish temper wanted to break bounds and—it did.

"My mother was an angel, not a mean old thing like you. You hate everything that is good and sweet, and that gives anyone or anything pleasure," flamed Jem. "You make me and everyone else hate you. I'll talk about my mother and father whenever I please. You won't stop me."

Aunt Susan flushed and tried very hard to hide her anger. Jem saw this and decided to provoke her further; she wanted an outburst like her own.

"I don't want to drive the old pony-cart anyway," she cried, "because I'll be tempted to run into a ditch, just to see you get a good scare."

Aunt Susan was really very angry. She hated scenes, but she could not allow this mite—Mary's child—to get the better of her. She turned the horse about to return home.

"It is no use going to town now," she remarked quietly.

Jem's anger dropped considerably. She felt she had spoiled everything. On reflection, however, she decided she had done right to de-

fend her mother and father, but she wasn't so sure she had managed matters just perfectly. They reached home without speaking another word. When they entered the house, Aunt Susan said, a very little bit gently:

"We may go to-morrow if you are feeling better."

Jem tried to speak, but a lump stuck in her throat. She ran upstairs to her room and her pillow heard another tale of woe. Supper was a stiff affair. Both avoided the events of the afternoon, but it surprised Jem that her aunt showed no resentment. She went to bed shortly after supper and tossed restlessly about for a long time. That night a little figure dressed in white made her way downstairs to where grim, stern Aunt Susan sat beside a window. The small feet faltered as they drew nearer and the caroty head dropped lower and lower. Two little arms stole round Aunt Susan's neck.

"I'm awfully sorry I acted so—so—oh, you know, Aunt Susan, what I mean. I lost control of my temper and I won't ever do it again."

"I once knew another little girl, long ago," Aunt Susan said, more to herself than to Jem, "a pretty little girl with auburn curls and bright eyes, that used to lose her temper, and so—I lost her."

Then she seemed to realize Jem's presence and started.

"Run to bed, Jemima," she said as she pushed her gently from her. "We all make mistakes."

Jem ran, and when she reached her room she whispered, "I just know some day she will like me and then I'll be happy."

Next day when the pony-cart started again, Jem was as radiant as she had been at her

starting out the previous day. So youth forgets.

The ponies set out at a smart trot and Jem sat and enjoyed the country sights. As they entered the town and were rounding a curve a big limousine came bearing down on them. A collision occurred—the ponies were hurt, the cart was smashed, and worst of all, Aunt Susan lay quite still on the road. Jem took in the situation in an instant, jumped into the vacated wrecking car and sat herself in the driver's place.

"I'm going to get Father Durand and Doctor Cole," and the car started off. Daddy had taught her to drive and she did not see why she should be delayed by giving directions to strange men. In a very short time she returned with priest and doctor to find Aunt Susan not so badly hurt as she had feared, but very much shaken up.

"Jem dear," she called feebly, "my dear little girl, come and stay near me."

Jem remained with her aunt until they entered the hospital, where it was decided to keep the aunt for at least a few days. When she returned home, she and Jem had a heart to heart talk in which each promised to make up for the past. Jem heard the story of a little girl who grew up very pretty, but everything was marred by an ugly temper. This temper had been the cause of untold misery to herself and to her younger sister whom, she now knew, she had wrongly judged.

"But I shall try to make up to her child, Jem, always from this minute," said Aunt Susan.

"And I shall be younger sister and loving niece rolled into one," responded Jem.

ELIZABETH McLAUGHLIN.

Loretto Acedemy, Niagara Falls.



ALUMNAE NOTES

LORETTO ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION

Patroness	REV. MOTHER PULCHERIA.
Hon. President	REV. M.M. CHRISTINA.
President	MRS. JAMES W. MALLON.
First Vice-President	MRS. W. T. J. LEE.
Second Vice-President	MRS. V. A. McDONOUGH.
Treasurer	MISS IRENE FINN.
Recording Secretary	MISS FLORENCE DALEY.
Corresponding Secretary	MISS MABEL ABREY.
Convener of House Committee	MRS. W. B. HORKINS.
Convener of Entertainment	MISS HELEN SEITZ.
Convener of Membership	MRS. ROBT. RANKIN.
Convener of Press	MISS TERESA LALOR.

On Tuesday, January 8th, the Alumnae enjoyed a rare treat when the feature of their quarterly meeting, held at the Abbey, was a duo-piano recital given by Mr. Ernest Seitz and his gifted young pupil, Loretto's own Evelyn Lee. Their first number, Paderewski's Concerto, rendered in a most masterly and finished manner, was given on this occasion for the first time in Toronto, and displayed to a remarkable degree the marvelous technique of the artists. As an encore a suite of Arensky's was given, wherein the beauty of tone and exquisite phrasing of the work was brought out to an extent that held the audience literally spell-bound. After the Musicale, tea was served in the drawing-room, the tea-hostesses being Mrs. A. Roesler and Mrs. T. Halligan, assisted by Mrs. Marshall, Misses Aileen and Kathleen Kelly, Miss Josephine Defoe, Miss Gertrude Sullivan, Miss Edna McCarron and Miss Irene Finn.

* * * * *

The failure of the Home Bank, which has caused such widespread distress, has had, indirectly at least, one good result for our friends as well as those of St. Joseph's College Alumnae being on deposit in that ill-fated institution, our president, Mrs. James W. Mallon had the happy inspiration that the two alumnae should combine forces for the purpose of raising money for our respective scholarship funds. The suggestion was favorably received, and after various meetings of the combined executives, and many discussions as to ways and means, a Hope Chest was decided upon as the

vehicle that was to carry our financial ambitions to the pinnacle of success.

A very lovely walnut chest has been secured, and is being rapidly filled with articles useful and beautiful, and one and all dear to the feminine heart.

This veritable treasure chest is to be drawn for at the King Edward Hotel on February 14th, when the combined Alumnae are holding a Valentine bridge and euchre for the same purpose.

* * * * *

The Alumnae extends sincere condolences to: Mrs. F. A. Brady on the death of her husband; Mrs. H. Moore on the death of her mother; Mrs. Daly on the death of her son.

It is with sincere regret that we record the death of Miss Jennie Chisholm, an old pupil of the Abbey, and a most loyal, faithful member of the Alumnae. May she rest in peace!

* * * * *

The Alumnae offers hearty congratulations and felicitations to: Miss Kathleen Gough upon her marriage to Dr. Henry of Ottawa; to Miss Eva Barker upon her marriage to Mr. Thomas Gullivan of Toronto; to Miss Mary Finan upon her marriage to Mr. Joseph de Courey; to Mrs. Fred. Boland (Veronica Brown), upon the birth of a son; and to Mrs. William Horkins (Alice McClelland), upon the birth of a son.

The good wishes of the Alumnae are extended to Miss Kathleen Harkins upon the announcement of her engagement to Mr. Broderick S. Weir; and to Miss Nora Teahan upon her engagement to Mr. John Keenan, Jr.

* * * * *

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Clark, formerly Mary O'Byrne, have gone to take up their residence in California. We trust that the sunshine of the South will not melt the ties that bind them to Our Lady of the Snows, and we know, of course, that Mary's love for her Alma Mater will withstand all the tests that change and time can bring.

* * * * *

The Alumnae acknowledges with pleasure and thanks the opening hymn, "Invocation to

Our Lady," composed in honour of their Silver Jubilee, and sung for the first time at the last meeting, directed and accompanied by the President, Mrs. James W. Mallon. Copies of the hymn, with a picture of the Abbey on the cover, were distributed among the members and pupils, and the first production was highly creditable. The hymn bears the highest musical and ecclesiastical credentials.

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We understand that two former pupils, Mammie Meek, now Mrs. Leo Fauteux, and Eva Barker, now Mrs. Thos. Gallivan, have come to live in the city, and that they have received an invitation to join the Alumnae. It was a disappointment not to meet them at the last meeting, but Loretto is anxious that they should become members, assuring them a warm welcome.



LORETTO NOTES

The mild weather which characterized the early winter months may have been welcome to the poor and to the many to whom the question of winter fuel is a problem; on whose account we should rejoice, and do so. But it defeated many burning plans, and kept the rink in fluid idleness how many long weeks!! It is showing a better disposition just now, but what an amount of precious time it has wasted! (as our class-mistresses are wont to exclaim after a run of free days). A general feeling prevails that we should have double skating periods on the program now, especially we who got skates in our Christmas stockings. ♪

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All honour and congratulation to Loretto, Sedley! Its latest chapter fills us with joy.

The formal opening and blessing of the new school and residence at Sedley, Saskatchewan, makes a page of history too important to be compressed into a mere "note." It was a religious, civic, and educational triumph, and all, even those remotely connected with it, deserve the warmest praise. It was an honour to have His Grace, the Archbishop of Regina, present, to be the objects of his large benevolences,

in word and deed. His presence and that of the two good friends from Toronto, our own Father O'Sullivan, and Father Murray, must have warmed all the Sedley hearts, whatever the thermometer chose to register that day. The West must be a wonderful place if the thoroughness of this celebration, from the "flag-hung street to the sumptuous banquet in the Town Hall," may be taken as indicative. But we are told there is a certain Pastor there, who has a special talent for wonder-working, and that he does this with a simplicity and ease that spells nothing short of genius. At least that is what his friends say and think. May he live long to see all his wonder-working plans come through, and then may Heaven reward him with wonders all its own!

* * * * *

The first musical recital of the scholastic year was given by Harold West, a pupil of Ernest Seitz. We have noted before in these columns the sure and satisfying steps of improvement from year to year in this youthful artist; but it was hard to believe that within a few months he could have made such long strides on the road to Parnassus. Fluency, brilliance, delightful melody playing made this Recital an achievement of which he may be justly proud, as it is one upon which his friends base the prediction of his future career.

* * * * *

The masterly performance of an interesting and varied programme was enjoyed by teachers and pupils of Loretto Abbey, on Dec. 6th, when Ernest Seitz, the renowned Canadian virtuoso, gave his annual Recital. Mr. Seitz's generosity in playing for us the same numbers which he gave a week later at his public appearance at Toronto Conservatory, is an honour for which we are deeply grateful. He shows a fine sense of loyalty in giving such pleasure and advantage to his many friends here, who have watched with intense interest the progress of his exceptional artistic gift. Local critics have unanimously proclaimed this last Recital to be a veritable triumph. Of special note was the number "St. Frances Walking on the Sea," by Liszt.

One of the features of the Christmas Concert was a play, "The Hour Glass," given, the critics say, with ability and sprightliness, by the Elocution Class. Another feature was a presentation to Rev. Mother Puleheria—who had just returned from her long sojourn at the western Loretto Houses—of a table full of attractive gifts for the poor—in the form of well-made articles of clothing—the product of needle and thread or of knitting-needles. The device of doubling the power of a gift was ingenious and deserves, in turn, a double appreciation and thanks. The Christmas Tree and concert by the very junior pupils was, as usual, an unmitigated delight all round. Ida May's original interludes, unstudied and unconscious as they were, easily carried off the palm, proving that the more natural you are the better actor you make.

* * * * *

The habit of turning to Blessed Soeur Therèse, the "Little Flower," in big as well as in little concerns, cannot be overdone, as was proved by the arrival of a much desired piano-la, on the very day of her Feast, the fact of its being Sunday proving no obstacle to her solicitude, for those who love music, but have no long periods of time to bestow in producing it.

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The enterprise and benevolence which has made our Movie Plant such a success deserves hearty commendation. The last reel, a specially fine one—though instructive—was based on the story of David and Goliath and was a "reel" triumph.

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The musical program at the first meeting of the Alumnae on Jan. 8th, was furnished by our former pupil, Evelyn Lee, and her illustrious teacher, Ernest Seitz. The Paderewski Concerto was heard for the first time in Toronto, and the beauty of the composition as well as the brilliancy of the performance of both teacher and pupil aroused the audience to real enthusiasm. The Arenski Suite was given as an encore. Both these numbers will be given again at Evelyn Lee's Recital on February 6th, at Toronto Conservatory.

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On January 30th Evelyn Lee favored us

with the solo numbers she will present at her Recital in Toronto Conservatory Hall on Feb. 6th. Her performance more than fulfilled our anticipations. It was artistic in every way. Her programme was as follows: Schumann's *Nachtstuck* op. 12 and *Romanze* op. 28, No. 2, and *Carnaval* op. 9; Godard, French Minuet; Palmgren, *Valse Mignonne*; Grainger, *Old Irish Air*; Chopin, *Barcarolle*, *Valse in E Minor*.

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A letter has been received from Rev. Mother Loyola, of St. Mary's Convent, York, England, who has been laid up for nearly two years in consequence of a fall. The letter has been read with much interest by all who appreciate, not only the honour bestowed, but the effort it must have cost her to write, in her invalid state. Her words of kindly praise for the last number of the Rainbow fills us with encouragement and gratitude.

* * * * *

An ambitious paper called "The Meteor" has been published, we hear, by the pupils of Loretto, Hamilton. No copy has reached the Rainbow office so far, but we congratulate the editors on their enterprise and sincerely hope that their new field for literary exercise will bring forth a galaxy of new writers. "The Rainbow" hears of "The Meteor's" permission to "copy from its pages," with mixed sentiments!

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Margaret Ross has been invited to read her essay on "The Good and Bad in Modern Dress" before a meeting of the Executive of the I.F.C.A. The essay has received first prize in the Ontario Contest. We congratulate her.

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It gave us a thrill of joy to see a story in the February Catholic World under the name, "Betty MacGrath," and another, to read the excellent story itself, and the promise of future fame between the lines. We have written to the Catholic World for permission "to copy," so that a larger circle of the author's old friends may rejoice with us. We are in doubt who to congratulate, the one who wrote or the editor who accepted this story. To be on the safe side, we divide honours, but the larger share goes to Betty.

CATHOLIC STUDENTS' MISSION CRUSADE NOTES

An increase of missionary fervor resulted from the interesting lecture delivered by Rev. Martin Johnson, President of the Crusade, to the members of Loretto Abbey Unit on Thursday, November 30th. The speaker chose as the subject of his address, "The part the Canadian Crusade is destined to play in the History of the Great Movement." The manner in which he presented it was as interesting as the subject itself. He compared the Catholic Church to a vast stage upon which various dramas, all furthering the honour and glory of God, are presented. One of these is the missionary drama, and it is in this that the Crusade is destined to take an important part, if—and the happy elimination of that "if"—is to be accomplished by personal sacrifices, by the sharing of one's money with the crusade, by the invaluable assistance of prayer, and lastly, by the supreme gift of self. Mr. Johnson alluded in a graphic manner to the sufferings endured by missionary priests, brothers and nuns, and proved that the interest of those at home, expressed by prayer and monetary assistance, besides increasing the scope of missionary enterprise, lightens the burdens of these heroic souls, by making them sensible of the fact that their labours are appreciated.

He then proceeded to explain why it is desirable that the Canadian students should adhere to the original idea of an organization distinct from that of the United States.

While admitting that the American Crusade was doing enormous work, he was inclined to believe himself, and had been advised by the executive of the American body, that it was wiser to keep the Canadian branch as a separate entity.

The chief reason for this decision was that the American Body is not competent to assume control of the Canadian one where, for one thing, a bi-lingual question exists peculiar to this country. No Unit, in Mr. Johnson's opinion, had done more to further the mission by

means of donations, prayers and interest than the Loretto Unit.

In his final appeal to the zeal of the students, the Reverend speaker stated that a dark cloud was hovering over the nations of the east, and that the breaking of the storm was imminent. This storm typifies the struggle between Catholic and non-Catholic missionaries for the possession of souls; and if when the storm has ended, in place of the darkness of paganism or the shadows of error, God's Truth reigns supreme, in the Rainbow which symbolizes this spiritual peace, the bright colours of the Canadian Students' Crusade will be conspicuous, while the rays of God's light will blaze forth from the motto: "The Kingdom of the World for Its Lord and King."

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A meeting of the Executive of the C.C.S.M.C. was held at Loretto Abbey on December 6th. Many important questions were brought up, discussed and voted upon, among them, the forming of an Advisory Board, and the holding of a monster convention next summer.

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Warm congratulations are due to the Loretto Day School for its zeal in enlisting new Units. We read of ten affiliations achieved by their efforts and the promise of five more. Their record in the minute book does them high credit.

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On Sunday, Jan. 27th, the Loretto Abbey Unit of the Crusade held its regular session, during which the President's circular letter and financial report were read and discussed, also plans for increasing spiritual and material offerings for the great cause were formulated. We are pressing St. Valentine into the service this year as we did on his last feast-day.

Margaret Ross,

Secretary of Loretto Abbey
Unit of C.C.S.M.C.

LETTER FROM THE HOLYLAND

N.D. de Sion, Jerusalem, May, 1923.

My Dear M.M.L.,—

During the months of March and April we received at least a thousand visitors, all the tourists of the Mediterranean Cruises, pass here before going to Egypt. They have only two days, so you may imagine the rush. It is impossible to get a good idea of the Holy City in that short time, at least a stay of two weeks is necessary.

I am glad my last letter interested you, but I hope you will send me a copy of the Rainbow if a portion of it was published. It is a long time since I have received it and I miss it very much—it was always a pleasure to read it and brought back memories of “auld lang syne.”

I am so happy to have been able to pass a Holy Week in Jerusalem. We, of course, had all the ceremonies in our chapel; they were very impressive, especially that of Good Friday, for the beginning of the Passion took place in our chapel, and down in the crypt we have the stones over which Our Lord passed when He began His way to Calvary. On Monday I went to Calvary for Holy Communion and Mass. As there was Mass being offered at the altar of “Stabat Mater” and that of the Crucifixion at the same time I was able to hear five. It is sad to think that on Calvary itself the Latins (Catholics) can never offer up the Holy Sacrifice; it looked so cold and deserted with only a Greek Pope always on guard to see that no one passes the line of separation. There were a great many people there and all received Holy Communion very piously.

On Holy Thursday we had Pontifical High Mass—the Fathers from Sion and the boys from the Ratisbonne College come to join us in the celebration of great feast-days. Consequently our basilica is filled with children, boys and girls. The repository was arranged at the end

of the chapel and, in turn, we spent the night in adoration. About ten o'clock I went up on the terrace. It was a beautiful moonlight night and it was so easy to imagine what took place on Holy Thursday nearly two thousand years ago, when Our Lord was taken prisoner in the Garden of Gethsemane—the Mount of Olives looming up in the distance, Gethsemane at its foot with its olive trees—the valley and torrent of Kedron—the vast esplanade of the Mosque of Omar to which the eye ever returns, spreading out at our feet and above it rising solitary, its luminous green cupola. The Mosque of Omar was built over the remains of the Temple which will never be rebuilt!—I almost expected to see, winding along the path, the group of soldiers with their torches and leading Our Lord on his way to Caiphas.

On Good Friday the Passion was sung by three of our Fathers; it made a deep impression on me to hear the “Crucifige” on the same spot where it was once called out by the Jews; and then, a little later, came the singing of the “Pater dimitte illis,” by the Daughters of Sion, who every morning ask the King of the Jews to pardon his poor, deluded people, wandering for so many centuries over the face of the earth, without a Nation.

In the afternoon several of the Sisters, and I among the number, assisted at the public Way of the Cross, but before speaking about that I must tell you that Good Friday was also the great festival day of the Moslems, the “Nebi Moussa.” They claim they have the tomb of Moses on the Dead Sea, and every year on a Friday in April, they go in procession to this tomb and remain there eight days, camping out and celebrating the great Prophet according to the Moslem idea. The procession which is organized in the Mosque of Omar, goes over the town, and then, after passing our house, they go down, out St. Stephen's gate on the road to Jerico. It takes them six hours to get there,

and all the time they dance and howl, beat drums, waving hundreds of banners of all colours. All the Moslems of the neighboring villages join them. They dance with naked swords in their hands, accompanied by drums and cymbals, howling and screeching all the time. The turning dervishes execute their dances. One man gets on the shoulder of another and then a ring forms around them, and with sticks brandishing in the air, they all sing some song, the refrain of which always ends up with "Mahomet or Allah! They are followed by a certain number of mounted police and the Indian soldiers to keep them in order. They get worked up to such a pitch that it wouldn't matter very much to them if they cut a few throats.

This is a digression to explain that the Way of the Cross was to have taken place at two, but at one the procession was just passing our street, which is about five feet wide. You can imagine what it was like when about two hundred people were gathered before the Moslem school for the Stations of the Cross and at the same time, the "Nebi Moussa" was passing. At two o'clock the Stations were begun. The prayers were said in French, as the French pilgrims were present. Now if you like you can follow the Via Dolorosa with me.

The first station is made in the Court-yard of the Moslem School. Here, according to tradition, stood the tribunal of Pontius Pilate where Christ was condemned to death, it is about fifty feet from our front door.

The second station is made under the arch that goes over the street, the half of which is in our chapel. The court-yard before the Pretorium was just behind the arches, and here the Cross was laid on Christ's shoulders. We have the old stones of the court-yard and the old Herodian road which led out of the smaller arch, in our crypt. The altars have been made out of these stones. This, then, is the beginning of the sorrowful way followed by Our Lord. Coming out of our arch, He went down the street which meets the road coming from the Damascus gate. Lying by the side of the wall, as we turn to the left, is a broken column mark-

ing the Third Station, where Jesus falls for the first time.

A few steps bring us to the Fourth Station, where He met His Blessed Mother. On this spot the Catholic Armenians have built a beautiful church, in the crypt of which, on the level of the old street, several mosaics were found, belonging evidently to an old church that must have been built here centuries ago. A square surrounded by a gold frame in mosaics has the marks of two little feet placed side by side. This stone marks the place where the Blessed Virgin met her Divine Son. Farther to the south is a medieval house, built of stones of various colours with a small bay-window. This is the house of Dives, the rich man of the parable.

Taking the first street, turning to the right, we come to the Fifth Station. A small oratory marks the spot where Simon the Cyrenean helps Jesus to carry His Cross. Half way up the street, where an arch crosses this steep and narrow street leading to Calvary is the Sixth Station. Here Veronica, standing on the threshold of her door, advanced, anxious to see Jesus pass, and with compassion she wiped His Divine Face. In the corner of the little chapel, you can see through the shadows, lighted only by a few lamps, a group representing Our Lord carrying His cross, and before Him, Veronica, holding in her arms the veil upon which His Divine Face has just left its impression. The statues are polychrome and of no value, but seen in the darkness of this little corner, they make a deep impression on the beholder.

Sixty steps higher up we arrive at a very narrow transversal street lined on each side with small, open shops—the bazaar or market. Here, at the time of Christ, the Gate of Judgment opened on to a wide, rocky plain from which rose the steep sides of Mt. Calvary. Passing over the threshold of this gate, Jesus fell the second time. The little Chapel of the Sixth Station is at an angle of this cross-road. It contains a superb monolith column more than 21 feet high, the capital of which has disappeared. At a short distance from the chapel, we go up a few steps into another narrow street.

Here Jesus met the daughters of Jerusalem weeping over His fate. A black cross in the wall of the Greek Monastery of St. Caralombes marks the Eighth Station. In order to arrive at the Ninth Station, which is quite near, we are obliged to retrace our steps on account of the buildings which obstruct the passage, and go up this narrow transversal street of the bazaars until we arrive at a wide flight of steps. Going up 28 steps, we follow a narrow, winding path and arrive in front of the Copt Church (schismatic), in the doorway of which there is the shaft of a column which marks the Ninth Station, where Our Lord fell for the third time.

Again, on account of the buildings, we are obliged to return to and continue along the same street; when it turns to the right, we pass on the left the church of the Redeemer, given to the German Protestants by the Ex-Kaiser in 1898. This church is erected on the site of an old Latin Church of St. Mary, built by the Crusaders; the north door is composed of materials from the previous building. Passing through a small doorway, at the end of the street, we find ourselves in the court of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, where we make the four last Stations. The edifice built over the Holy Sepulchre by Constantine in 336 A.D., was destroyed by fire during the Persian invasion. The Moslems destroyed the next that was erected by Abbot Modestus. A great part of the present church belongs to that built by the Crusaders in the 12th century, though many alterations and additions have been made.

The Court dates back to the Crusaders, and the remains of columns show that once a porch stood here. Around the sides are entrances to various chapels belonging to the Armenian, Coptic and Greek churches. Almost in front of the door of the Church is the grave of Philip d'Aubigny, an English crusader who died in 1236. The facade of the church has finely-sculptured lintels, while the columns adjoining the doors are of marble with Byzantine capitals and antique bases. The Greeks have walled up one of the doors to make place for a flight of steps leading up to Calvary. Upon entering

the door, we see to the left a square recess, covered with carpets and cushions, where the Moslem custodians sit. This right of guardianship dates back to the time of Saladin. In front of us, surrounded by colossal candelabra and overhung with lamps, is the Stone of Unction (anointing). It marks the place where the body of Christ was laid when it was embalmed before being laid in the Sepulchre. About ten yards to the left, is a circular stone surrounded by railings, showing the spot where the Three Marys stood during the Crucifixion. Going to the right we continue the three last Stations.

To go up into the Chapel of Calvary, there are two stairways of twenty marble steps, quite worn away by the thousands of pilgrims who go up there yearly. Calvary is covered over by a chapel measuring 45 ft. by 14 ft. It is richly ornamented with paintings and old mosaics and is divided by two large columns into two chapels. The south one belongs to the Latins; that of the north, and consequently Calvary itself, to the Greek Orthodox. By a series of intrigues they have managed to get possession of it. The Tenth as well as the Eleventh Station is made before the Latin Altar. A large painting over the altar represents the scene of the Crucifixion. Passing over the line which separates the two sides, the Greeks allow the Latins to make the Twelfth Station on their part, but of course there is always a Greek Pope on guard. Under the centre of the altar is a hole in the marble through which you can touch the rock upon which the Cross of Our Lord was placed. At each side of the altar, a disk of black marble shows the presumed places of the crosses of the two thieves. On taking up a long metallic slab, at the right, you see the rent in the rock produced by the earthquake. In the chapel of Adam, just under Calvary, this rent can be seen very well. According to tradition, Adam's skull was buried here, and when Our Lord was crucified a drop of His blood fell on it.

Between the Latin and Greek altars is a small one of the "Stabat Mater" belonging to the Latins; the Thirteenth Station is made here. To make the Fourteenth Station, we go down the steep marble steps to the Holy Sepulchre

situated in a rotunda in the middle of the Basilica. This rotunda is about sixty-five feet in diameter and is surrounded by eighteen massive pillars above which are superposed two galleries, each of eighteen arcades. The whole is covered by an immense cupola. The tomb of Christ in the centre is contained in a quadrangular building, divided into two parts: the Angel's Chapel and the Tomb itself. We first enter the Angel's Chapel, so called because it was on this spot that the Angel announced the Resurrection to the Holy Women. In the centre of the Chapel is a pedestal containing a piece of the stone which sealed the sepulchre and which the Angel rolled away on Resurrection morning. In the walls on either side are oval holes through which the "Sacred Fire" is thrust, on the Greek Holy Saturday. The Greek Popes make the ignorant peasants believe that fire descends from heaven, with which they light the candles they thrust out of these holes. The people become wild with joy. They place the flame against their flesh to show it can do them no harm, and then they try to carry it back with them to their homes.

Passing through a very low door, we enter the sepulchre. This room is very narrow. It is brilliantly lighted by forty-three lamps of gold and silver, which are kept burning by the Latins, Greeks, Armenians and Copts. Directly opposite is the dark chapel of the Syrians, with no decoration, a decided advantage over the other chapels, especially those of the Greeks, which have too much. The natural rock is so covered with marble and precious metals that it is almost impossible to realize what the place was like two thousand years ago. In this Syrian Chapel is a low doorway leading into a rocky chamber which contains five old Jewish, shaft tombs; three are bricked in and two are left open; the two latter said to be those of Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus. One of the great objections as to the site of Calvary is that the New Testament states that Christ was crucified outside the city, whereas the present church is within the walls. The presence of these tombs shows that this part of the city was originally outside the walls of the

city, as the Jews never allowed any burial to take place within the walls.

Going around the Rotunda, we find on the north of the sepulchre, a kind of ante-chamber which is the Latin chapel of St. Magdalen; a star in the centre marks the place where Jesus met her in the garden after the Resurrection.

Ascending three steps, we enter the Chapel of the Apparition where Our Lord is supposed to have met His Mother after rising from the dead. To the right of the altar is the column of the Flagellation, kept behind an iron screen and only shown on Wednesday of Holy Week or on other great occasions. As we leave this chapel we enter the Franciscan Sacristy where we see the sword and spurs of the Crusader Godfrey de Bouillon, as well as his cross and chain. They are used in the ceremony of investing the Knights of the Holy Sepulchre.

After leaving the Sacristy we go down a dark aisle which formed an open court in the Crusader's time. It leads to a very dark chamber called the Prison of Christ. It was here He was kept while the preparations for the crucifixion was going on. There are two round holes in the rock, said to be stocks into which the feet of Our Lord were placed. A few steps to the left, we enter another dark corridor, on the left of which there are three small chapels. The first is the Greek chapel of St. Longinus, the second is the Armenian Chapel of the "Parting of the Garments," and the third is the Greek Chapel of the "Derision." The latter contains under the altar, the stone upon which Christ sat while the soldiers mocked Him and crowned Him with thorns. Between the second and third chapel is a flight of steps leading down to the Armenian chapel of St. Helena. Here are two altars, one dedicated to the penitent thief and the other to St. Helena. Over the altar is a bronze statue of the Saint which was given to the Church by the Archduke Maximilian of Austria, afterwards Emperor of Mexico, who was shot in 1867. Near the altar is a niche in a low wall overlooking the steps leading to the chapel of the "Invention of the True Cross"; here St. Helena watched the search being made for the true cross. The exact spot

is marked by a marble slab. Returning to the corridor above and turning to the left, a few steps brings us to the nave of the Church of the Crusaders, now the Greek chapel, the largest and most richly decorated. It is literally covered with gold ornaments, hundreds of lamps with gold chains hanging down from the ceiling, all in very poor taste. The altar, of course, is hidden, after the Greek fashion, by a screen decorated with panels containing silver figures. Here, as always in Greek pictures, the clothing is made of gold or silver, the parts representing flesh are always painted. They say the Second Commandment forbids the making of graven images. Clothing is not regarded as an image and therefore may be carved or "graven," but not so the body. It would be well if they followed some of the commandments as well as they do this one.

In the centre of the pavement of the main part of the chapel is a large cup containing an oblong ball. This is said to be the centre of the world, and is venerated by thousands of ignorant peasants. Returning to the corridor by the same door through which we entered, we come to a platform situated in front of the building which contains the Holy Sepulchre. This is used by the Franciscans, as a choir when Mass is said or sung in the Chapel of the Sepulchre. On great feast-days when the Patriarch officiates, a portable silver altar is placed in front of this building, and his throne is placed to the left of it.

We have come to the end of our pilgrimage on the Sorrowful Way and around the most venerable sanctuary in the world. I hope it has

interested you. I enclose a drawing I made marking in different colours the chapels which, as you will see, belong to the different rites. You will see that the Greeks have the greatest number, and very unjustly, for the right first belongs to the Franciscans and consequently to the Latins. Of course many people who come here are disappointed because they look at the exterior of things. It is certain that all in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre and the Holy City is intelligible and clear to the believing and fervent pilgrims only. Almost at every step we meet with some great souvenir and all that we see brings us back to the one great event, and that is what Our Lord suffered under Pilate. There is no place here for the critic nor for the unbeliever. Jerusalem has nothing to offer to a curiosity without fervour. "It is the city, at one and the same time, faithful, holy and heretic, the City of Peace and Intolerance, the place where all passes, where the regard embraces all,—and in the centre—the Saviour of mankind crucified."

. I finish this letter on Pentecost Sunday. This morning at five o'clock all the bells of the city rang out joyously and last night the cross on the Holy Sepulchre was illuminated. How one feels that it was really here that the Holy Ghost descended upon the Apostles, nearly two thousand years ago, but how sad that Christians cannot even celebrate a Mass in that most august of Rooms! Will it ever come back into Christian hands again? That is the secret of God!

Yours affectionately, as ever,
SR. MARIE LORETTE DE SION.



OUR BUNCH

OUR Bunch is made up of me and Jack Smith 'n' Rodney Upton 'n' Tom Daly 'n' Skinny Martin. We almost had the new feller in our block too, but he didn't seem awful anxious to belong, so we wouldn't have him. You see, it's this way:

Rod's brother Bill started to college in the city this year and according to Rod he had to be 'initiated, which means that everyone plays a good joke on the new fellers, and the bigger the joke the better they are 'initiated. Well, we thought that must be a splendid idea, so we decided to have 'initiation in our gang. We all thought up some swell jokes, but the trouble was, when the talked it over, nobody wanted to be the one to be 'initiated. We were at our wits' end and didn't know what to do, when a strange kid comes walking down the street past the vacant lot where we hold our meetings.

"Who's that?" asked Jack.

"Oh, that's the new guy moving in on our street," answered Skinny, "let's use him—he hasn't any chums around here—mebbe he'd like to join, most likely he'd just love to; we oughta be friendly, you know."

"Yes, we must be nice to him," says I, "he bein' a stranger 'n everything. We better let him join our gang and we'll have to 'nitate him."

"Where'll we do it?" Skinny wanted to know.

"Gee, Skinny, you always do think of the most pessimistic things," said Smithy.

"I don't know what pessimiscus is, but I'll bet you do it worse'n I do, and anyway where are we going to do it?"

We all turned to Rod, he oughta know where them city fellers did it to Bill.

"Well," put in Rod, "I s'pose there's a reg'lar building made for it, but what can we do? We haven't no place."

This certainly was a n'awful state of affairs to be in. Here was our spiffy idea all

spoilt. Rod looked at me sorta helpless like and I glared at Skinny—how could he think of such perfectly awful things! Then Jack said, kinda timid like:

"Mother's going to be in the city on Wednesday. She'll be gone all day. Would you —? could you—? Do you think our place would be all right?"

Skinny and I brightened up at that, and I was all for it. But Rod looked as if we weren't taking the matter serious enough, so I began to think, after all what's a house to a reg'lar building?"

Tom still didn't say anything, so Smithy began to get sore:

"Well, were you thinkin' we'd better rent the Town Hall?" he said, sarcastic like.

"Gee! I wish we could," said Skinny, "wouldn't it be swell! Like when the Mayor of the city was waitin' for a train in town and called to see our Mayor. Gee! that would be great."

"Come down from the clouds," says I. "Fer me, I think since we haven't any better, we oughta use Jack's house. Yes, let's use it. After all it's our first 'nitation, and we can think up something sweller fer next time."

Rod still didn't seem to be awful anxious, but at last he said he thought we'd have to.

Then we had to tell the new guy to come, and we picked Skinny to do that, 'cause he knew him to see him. Then the gang broke up for a game of baseball, but nobody played very good that night and we had to go to supper right away anyhow, but we all promised to talk it over the next day.

Skinny was all excited when we met again. He said the new boy's name was Fergus O'Sullivan, and he had a peach of a muscle and could knock a ball almost the length of the block and could stand on his hands and besides he was awful musical; he could play the mouth-organ great. Skinny said that he never

heard the piece that he played before, but Fergus said that that wasn't his fault. But he could easy see that Fergus and his mouth-organ, not forgetting the muscle, would be mighty useful in our bunch. Skinny had told Fergus to call at Jack's house on Wednesday at three-thirty as the Club was holdin' 'nitiation, an' he was to say "Buckeye Brone," which is our password; that's another of Rod's peachy ideas. Skinny, of course, wanted to know what that word meant anyway, but we all looked at him with greatest scorn, imitatin' Rod, and paid no attention to the question. But Skinny said if that's how we felt about it, he'd tip Fergus off, an' then he'd bet there wouldn't be no 'nitiation, so we all saw that it was sorta mean to act like that when poor Skinny didn't know any better.

On Wednesday Jack's mother went away, as Smithy had said she was goin' to, but he hadn't told us she was goin' to take the keys, and we thought for a minute we wouldn't be able to have it after all; but Tom found a window that wasn't locked and we all piled in.

Of course Skinny had to almost spoil everything again by wondering what Fergus would think when we couldn't let him in any of the doors; but Tom thought it would be a great idea to begin 'nitiatin' him almost before he got there,—it would be so unexpected like. Then we wanted to know what was his big idea, and he said:

"Watch me." Then he went an' filled a big wash-tub full of water 'n he made us help tug it under the window-sill in the parlor. Just as we got it all fixed up, Smithy whispers, "Ah, there he comes!"

Sure enough Fergus was coming up the walk. We had put a sign on the door sayin' "All new members, enter by east parlour window."

So he climbed up, and just as he was all balanced on the sill we all gave a wild 'whoop!' an' he fell in with an awful splash!

The water flew in all directions, an' he was splashing round soakin' wet, an' we all laughed 'n laughed. When he managed to stand up, we all said: "Come on, there's more yet," but he said "Bah!" and climbed out of the window as dignified as anything.

"Well, now what 're we goin' to do?" said Smithy.

"I guess we fellers better go, so you can clean up," said Rod, lookin' round at the paper 'n floors 'n magazine stand 'n everything which was all soaked. "You can explain it all to your mother." And we all got out of the window.

But somehow I don't think Smithy could of explained things very well, 'cause he hasn't been seen out playin' ever since.

Helen Dawson.

Loretto, Brunswick.



A PARTY AT THE SIGN OF THE SHOE

At "The Shoe of the Old Woman" on Story-book street, great preparations were in progress for a party to be held that night, a real party with ice-cream 'n' everything! All the children hurried about—a little touch here, a dab there and everything seemed nearly perfect. Just one thing more to make it so. Yes, that was better. No, there was something else misplaced; and so it went on until every one was, or had to be, pleased with the general result.

At last the hour arrived. The cuckoo told seven. Each little tot stood spotlessly robed, for no matter how often the Old Woman whipped her children soundly and sent them to bed, she always kept them fresh and dainty in dress.

Jack and Jill came first.

"O dear me!" sighed Jill, "I was afraid we wouldn't be able to come. We were carrying a pail up the hill for water, when, suddenly,

down we bumped. Jack hurt his head quite badly and I am bruised, but Mother fixed us up all right and here we are.

Just as she finished speaking, Tom, the Piper's son, rang the door-bell. When he came in everyone teased him about his pig, and poor Tom was so mortified he almost fled. Jill, however, comforted him with the assurance that he, most likely, would have pork at the party.

Finally, when everyone had arrived, they were ushered into the living-room. All was dark, not a little, but very dark and very "spooky."

"Oh! I am afraid!" cried Miss Muffet. "Spiders are not half as bad as this."

"Worse things are yet to come," laughed My Son John, by way of encouragement.

And they did come. Many and thrilling were the adventures and games enjoyed, and each child was perfectly ready to answer the summons to supper.

Little Tommy Tucker with his beautiful soprano voice sang a song, but as Mary afterwards remarked, he did not sing it for "bread and butter," but for ice-cream.

"It is very cunning the way your lamb follows you about, isn't it, Mary?" asked someone. "Oh, yes," replied Mary, "and I just love him. Why one day he came right into school with me, but, of course, he didn't learn anything."

"I think he's a dear," half muttered Mary, Quite Contrary. "He comes into my garden every day to see me."

"Speaking of animals," spoke up Bo-Peep, "I lost my lambs the other day, and I felt so sad. Not until yesterday, as I was walking through the common, did I find them, safe and sound."

"I fell asleep the other day," yawned Little Boy Blue, "and my sheep got away from me. Why wouldn't they? But they didn't go far. Boys know how to handle sheep better than girls, that's why mine weren't lost, like yours, Bo-BEEP."

This, as well as many another interesting

conversation, was being carried on when suddenly someone exclaimed:

"Why, Jack Horner's chair is empty! Where can he be?"

This young gentleman was soon found, however, "pulling plums from the Christmas pie," but as he was very young, his ill-manners were excused.

Now everyone was again ready to enjoy more strenuous and noisy games.

They had scarcely begun when, to the surprise of everyone, Puss-in-Boots stood at the door.

"Why, Puss, I thought you wern't coming," said the Old Woman.

"I feared I should not be able to, but unforeseen circumstances (ahem) permitted me to be present," replied Puss proudly, twirling his tiny moustache.

"Humph! that's what comes of being popular," remarked My Son John.

However, Puss, after awhile, dropped his condescending air and became quite natural.

The rest of the evening passed very enjoyably. To end it all Mother Goose brought her chariot, drawn by Wondrous white geese, to take all the little folks home.

"O, what a wonderful time we have had!" exclaimed Miss Muffet.

"I second the motion," said Boy Blue.

And I guess it was carried unanimously.

Muriel Smith.

Loretto, Niagara Falls.



A SAGE REMARK.

At a Christmas dinner in Washington a statesman was called upon after the meal to make a speech. He rose and began:

"You have been giving your attention so far to a turkey stuffed with sage. You are now about to give your attention to a sage stuffed with turkey!"

REVIEW OF BOOKS

The three following books are published by Benziger Bros., New York, 36-38 Barclay St. They can be secured by writing directly there, or by applying to any Catholic bookseller, at prices quoted below:

For Better For Worse, by Martin J. Scott, S.J. 8vo. cloth, net \$1.75. A forceful and powerful novel. It contains one of the problems which modern industrialism with its ever increasing demands upon time, and the consequent strain upon human interest and energy, offers such frequent examples. Divorce is too often the solution, which suggests itself when business cares absorb a man or woman to the exclusion of family interests. The family becomes the victim and a disrupted home is the natural consequence. One of the best features in this fine novel is the information imparted on matters concerning marriage and divorce. The reader discovers therein that the doctrines of Holy Church, which in certain crises seem hard and unreasonable, are rich in a wisdom which, while maintaining its own integrity, contributes to the best interests of her children. We can think of no book which is likely to prove so valuable a help to those whose office it is to direct souls.

* * *

Lord Bountiful, A Juvenile, by Father Francis J. Finn, S.J., 12mo. cloth, net \$1.00; postage 10c. Father Finn's name is considered by most readers sufficient endorsement for a juvenile book. One who fell under the peculiar spell of his early works: Percy Wynn, Tom Playfair and their immediate successors, will be pardoned for confessing to a certain measure of disappointment in "Lord Bountiful." There is an unnaturalness about the situations and a weakness in the plot which makes it suffer by comparison. This is the usual fate of all books which have had brilliant antecedents. Yet there is much that is good in the book and it contains a strong lesson for the young in the person of "Marie," a girl

whose impressionable disposition and easily-flattered character leads her to the verge of serious betrayal by a well-practised villain. Some wonderful feats of strength and resourcefulness are attributed to the boy hero who helps Lord Bountiful, a detective in disguise, to round up a gang of dangerous characters. The story ends with the return of the paterfamilias, believed to have been killed in the war. Constant reference in the book to Blessed Soeur Therèse will not fail to appeal to her many clients.

* * *

In God's Country, a collection of Catholic stories from at home and abroad, by Neil Boynton, S.J.; net \$2.00, postage 15c. There is a dramatic touch about these little stories which challenge the reader's interest at once; and a realism in their treatment which persuades him that many of the instances are drawn from life. Those dealing with Purgatory and Paradise have a peculiarly strong note of realism, though the plane of action is located in the realm of the spirit, rather than that of fact or fancy. A note of mysticism runs like a thread through most these stories, many of which are practical illustrations of Catholic doctrine and discipline. The section whose title is "In Xavier Lands," is full of atmosphere and the incidents there set down are in the author's best vein. They alone would make the series worth while. We commend the book's wholesomeness, and could wish that we had more of the kind on our library shelves.

* * *

P. J. Kennedy & Sons, 44 Barclay Street, New York City, sends us a copy of **'Teens and Twenties,** the art of cultivating character, good manners and cheerfulness, by Mary D. Chambers. The book is attractively bound in cloth with ornamented wrapper, each copy in a box. 12mo. net \$1.50.

A very unusual and delightful book this, in many ways. It shows insight and sympathy seldom found in works of the kind, while its policy is constructive throughout and filled with healthy optimism. Mrs. Chamber's style is easy and natural. One is carried along with

the flow of her language and attracted by her directness of manner, so that half the book is read before one realizes it. "It is very beguiling, isn't it?" said a friend who picked it up for one glance and kept it for a hundred, on the day of its arrival. "Yes," she was answered, "and how few really good things are so!" There are nuggets of advice and delightful epigrams scattered all through these fascinating talks, and one adopts them readily as the ingredients of the philosophy contained in the book. Here are some of them: "There's a light in every shadow," "Conquer the dull job, don't let it conquer you," "Next to religion and a sense of humour, it is chiefly hobbies that help us along the pilgrimage of life."

We agree with the critic, who says: "This is the most remarkable book of its type ever published."

* * * * *

"**False Gods**," a novel, by Will Searlet, octavo cloth, net \$2.00; postage 15c. Just received from Benziger Bros., 36-38 Barclay St., New York.

The writer to whom we are indebted for this book has previously made valuable contributions to Literature, notably in his masterly articles on Education. He is a member of a well-known Religious Order, who, on this, his entrance into the field of fiction, has assumed the non-de-plume of "Will Searlet."

In welcome contrast to the present-day run of spineless love stories is this gripping romance. Brilliantly written, swiftly moving, with a plot of vital interest, it is a powerful novel of life and love—the weaknesses of a young man and subsequent disasters—the unwavering, though sorely-tried love of his fiancée.

The future had looked bright to Harry Cantwell, young idealist, as he stood on the threshold of a career in his chosen field of endeavor—the newspaper. He had felt within him a power to meet the world squarely and win its coveted rewards . . . and charming Monica Clare. And his confidence was justifiable. . . But he had not reckoned with the havoc that newspaper work plays with men and character; he had not reckoned with the

baneful influence of such associates as Benjamin Wade Ballington, man of the world, with his fine-sounding theories and his airy philosophy of life. And it was to these very forces that Harry fell victim. It was inevitable. His ideals came crashing to earth about his ears, to leave him standing there among the wreckage, his religion denied, the choice of his heart rejected. . . .

To tell of that dramatic incident which disclosed Ballington's real character and how it vitally affected Harry; to tell of Monica's undying love and the part it played in restoring Harry's former ideals, would only be to attempt that which the author has done with such decisive strokes and in such masterly fashion.

The Daily Dinner Ditty

Pass me, O pass me, that small pail,
And I'll not ask for more;
Why stands it stupidly at rest
Upon the lowly floor?

O pass me only that wee towel,
And I shall cease my strife,
I crave its kind, absorbing power
To dry my dripping knife.

I only ask a simple thing,
All else I do forswear;
My silver's thirsty for the suds
That circulate in there.

O why my urgent suit deny,
With cold and cruel grin?
Do prohibition laws forbid
A soap and water tin?

Pass me the shapely, shiny tin
And I'll in patience bide;
My napkin-ring looks lonesomely
With nothing wrapped inside.

Alas! I might as well cry for
The cold, elusive moon! . . .
. . . Be still—your hour is here at last!
Be still, Knife, Fork and Spoon!

At long, long last 'tis come, 'tis come!
And not a whit too soon;
My spirits rise with glad surprise,—
Like Ida May's balloon.

THE CALL OF DUTY

WAR had been declared against Britain! The country was in a state of nervous tension. Every one was spreading the dreadful news. It was the chief topic of conversation in every gathering. Britain sent out a call to her Colonies at once, and Canada, her chief Colony, was doing her bit. Mothers were bidding good-bye to their sons, and girls to their sweethearts, little realizing how long the struggle would last.

The Maynard mansion, situated in the aristocratic section of the City of Winnipeg, had never before in its history known such confusion. Mrs. Maynard, a tall, stately, middle-aged woman who did not like anything which upset her domestic arrangements, could not understand why in the world the whole city should be going "practically insane" over a petty affair in England, which did not in any way pertain to this country." This was her attitude towards the great struggle. Judge Maynard, a good-natured man, with just enough philosophy to see his wife's errors, rather welcomed the news as something of a boon, for though he had no sons of his own, he was not indifferent to those among his numerous friends who were blessed with them. Seated in his favourite arm-chair, he was reading to his wife the accounts of the outbreak—while she interjected such words as "nonsense!" "ridiculous!"—to which he paid no attention.

"Daddy, have you heard that Frank is leaving to-night on the ten-fifteen for England?" said Betty, the only daughter of the house, in a sad tone. She alluded to Frank Harris, her fiancé. Her father, surprised, turned his head towards the speaker, and astonishment was depicted on his face. He knew what this would mean to his daughter, as she and Frank had planned to be married the coming December. Frank, as a loyal Canadian citizen, considered it his duty to fight for his country first. Betty did not want to appear selfish, but at the same time it was pretty hard for her. At the moment she did not stop to think

how hard it was for Frank's widowed mother.

The ten-fifteen puffed out of the station, laden with Canadian boys who laughed, sang and whistled in order to make those left behind more cheerful. Frank Harris' face was among the multitude of smiling faces that leaned out of the car windows, but it was not without a tear in his eye that he bade good-bye to Betty while promising to write to her whenever an opportunity offered—every week if possible.

Then followed long days of anxiety, awaiting the announcement that the steamer which carried the first of our boys had arrived safely, since there was great danger from torpedoes.

Betty had herself promptly enrolled as a member of the "Winnipeg Red Cross" and every Thursday without fail she was at the Library knitting socks, making bandages and dispatching parcels for our boys. Much to the astonishment of all who were acquainted with her, Mrs. Maynard became one of the most enthusiastic of the workers at these Thursday gatherings.

The first letter arrived in three weeks' time, saying that Frank had arrived safely in England and that his Contingent was being hurriedly rushed to France.

Betty, of course, was quite proud of her soldier boy and was prompt in answering his letters. At Christmas, boxes packed with many luxuries and some necessities were shipped to the boys, in order to impart to them a little of the Christmas cheer they were missing at home. A special package, packed by Betty's own hands, found its way to Frank, but to her surprise and distress, she received no letter of thanks. She had daily read the newspapers and was by no means ignorant of the dreadful things that were taking place, but small consolation was afforded her from that quarter.

One month—two months—until the time gradually lengthened out to ten months—and Betty, now a prey to nervous anxiety, could bear it no longer. Constantly she had visited Frank's mother at her little bungalow, not far

distant, and had, of course, seen to her various needs during her son's absence. Mrs. Harris had had no word since Christmas and was naturally very much disheartened.

At last Betty had an idea. Any kind of a car was practically simple to drive, and she had had some experience with cars. She would go overseas as an ambulance driver, and thus do something for her country, since her fiancé had evidently fallen doing his bit.

Mr. and Mrs. Maynard would not even consider such an undertaking, but Betty, who had quite made up her mind, could not be persuaded to change it and remain at home. Early in November, therefore, our heroine arrived in England, eager to reach the front. Dad and mother Maynard had been brought to consider it an honour to have their little daughter in the employ of the British Army, and the fact was certainly not overlooked in the City of Winnipeg.

Two years of strenuous work on Betty's part, went by and she knew now all the horrors of war, yet day after day she did her work as enthusiastically as she had done at first. Back in her innermost mind she beheld a picture of Frank lying wounded in No Man's Land, with the roar of canon and the whiz of bullets all around him. Vainly she had questioned numerous soldiers. Frank's fate was unknown. One boy had known him, but had lost track of him in an advance. Bits of news picked up here and there, like that, was all that rewarded her search.

The British were planning to march to a spot about twenty miles distant the next day, and Betty was ordered to be on duty, as there would most assuredly be a number wounded. Next morning before dawn she was awaiting the signal to move. At seven a.m. sharp all were equipped and everything was ready for the advance. Slowly they made their way across the barren and waste land. One could see for miles ahead, but all was quiet. But in two hours' time shrapnel whizzed through the air and the constant firing of the giant machine guns was enough to break one's ear-drums.

Many of the boys were wounded, so Betty

had her hands full. On the homeward drive they came upon a forlorn little hut, well camouflaged by boughs, which stood out against the horizon and resembled a pile of rubbish. As they neared it, a piece of shrapnel pierced Betty's arm and she fainted away, while her ambulance going in every direction soon attracted the attention of the soldiers in the rear. After some time they succeeded in stopping the engine, and they carried the wounded driver into the solitary hut. There, to their astonishment, they perceived two other occupants. They were soldiers, so badly wounded that they made a most gruesome picture. Within the space of an hour, Betty and the two soldiers were carried back to the hospital where they received proper attention.

During her convalescence Betty heard much about the two soldiers who had been brought in with her. She had not seen them up to this, but was curious to do so, and the nurse took her up to them one day to pay a visit. She had not dared to hope to see what her eyes here beheld, but there was no room for doubt, in spite of the emaciated face that looked up to hers from the pillow upon which it lay. She had come home in the same ambulance and had not known it. It was hard to believe. As for Frank, he thought he was dreaming the old dream over again, the dream that had beguiled him even in that hateful prison and given him enough hope to live on, from day to day. He and his pal had escaped with much difficulty to the hut, after being wounded three or four times, but were on the verge of despair when help arrived in the form of Betty's ambulance.

The good news was immediately cabled to his mother and Betty's anxious parents, and the happy couple sailed for home. Peace had been signed a week after their meeting, so they were not alone on their homeward trip. The steamer was laden with Canadian boys.

Great was the rejoicing in the Maynard Mansion on the eve of their return. One week later the church bells rang out with unusual joy and the wedding of Betty and Frank was solemnized.

Loretto Abbey.

Marjorie Dods.

UNIQUE DOCUMENT BY GREATEST LIVING CONVERT

The following is the Thesis by Mr. G. K. Chesterton, discussed at the Sectional Meeting of the Catholic Truth Society in the recent National Congress, Birmingham, England.

1. Anti-Catholic history is false, not only in the light of our Faith, but in the light of the historical science to which that history has appealed.

e.g. We do not profess to prove that the Gospels are inspired, but the attempt to prove that they were late forgeries or fiction has been abandoned.

2. Anti-Catholic history is most false and dangerous when it is not avowedly anti-Catholic.

e.g. Protestant pamphlets are less and less read, but newspapers and popular works of reference probably more read; and they perpetuate the bad history of 50 years ago.

3. Anti-Catholic history fails because history is a story and here it can never give the beginning of a story.

e.g. It has to begin with the Spanish Inquisition in existence and excess; it cannot tell how it came to be there without telling a heroic story of European struggle against Islam or Oriental pessimism. Nearly all our traditions, good or bad, were born Catholic; and the truth about their birth is concealed.

4. Anti-Catholic history is generally superficial; it depends on certain particular catch-words, cases and names, while Catholic history can handle the whole texture of the truth.

e.g. Anybody who has heard the word "Galileo" can say "Galileo" even if he pronounces it wrong. But nobody who has read any ordinary indifferent mass of detail about the middle ages or the Renaissance can continue to believe that the Church discouraged science.

5. Anti-Catholic history is also helped largely by legend, which may be natural and even healthy, but it is not scientific.

e.g. It is legend to talk of Elizabethan age as the unique triumph of emancipated England, on the strength of a real romance of sea-faring even more characteristic of Catholic Spain, and of one supreme poet who was almost certainly a Catholic.

6. Anti-Catholic history constantly confesses an old error in launching a new one.

e.g. Fifty years ago a man like Mr. George Moore would deny that there was any evidence for a historical Jesus, and call him a Corn-Myth or a Sun-God. The moment a skeptic thinks another way of evading the Resurrection—a way that allows him to treat Jesus as a historical character—he instantly treats him as a historical character.

7. Anti-Catholic history is narrow and unimaginative, because it always conceives all men as looking forward to what did happen, instead of to the hundred things which might have happened or which most of them wish to happen.

e.g. Anybody who may have differed from any Pope about anything (St. Francis, for instance) is made a morning star of the Reformation; though in fact the Fraticelli, who went further than St. Francis, were obviously going further and further away from the Reformation.

8. Anti-Catholic history abounds in very casual remarks so false that they can only be contradicted by long and complicated statements.

e.g. Chamber's Encyclopedia speaks of "The Rosary, that somewhat mechanical devotion which was employed by Dominic among the Albigenes." A Catholic might write

pages about that; but he would at least have to say (a) The Rosary, like the Lord's Prayer, is as mechanical as you make it; (b) used with intensity, it is freer than the Lord's Prayer, consisting of individual meditations or infinite mysteries; (c) nobody would be such a fool as to use a merely mechanical thing to convert the Albigenses.

9. Anti-Catholic history, in so far as it is Protestant, was a provincial misunderstanding of the high culture and even the intellectual liberty of Catholicism.

e.g. Protestants execrated the Jesuits for trying 200 years ago to do in an orderly way what Protestants' problem novels and problem plays are now doing in an anarchical way; to show some sympathy in hard cases.

10. Anti-Catholic history, in so far as it is atheist or agnostic, has been a series of sweeping but very depressing scientific theories or generalizations, each applied rigorously to everything and each abandoned abruptly in favor of the next.

e.g. Among these were the commercial and utilitarian theories of Bentham or of Buckle, the theories that referred everything to race, especially to the triumph of a Teutonic race, the economic theory of history of Marx and other materialists. There is probably another coming into fashion by this time.

11. Anti-Catholic history, after bringing and dropping a thousand charges, after contradicting itself a thousand times, on the subject of the Catholic Church, has never yet guessed the simplest fact about the church, that it stands for the whole truth against every kind of error.

e.g. The church is always treated as necessarily the ritualist or the ascetic party in any dispute; though the Church has condemned countless forms of ritual and excesses of asceticism.

e.g. Anti-Catholic history is obscurantist; it is afraid of the truth.

e.g. We can easily verify this statement by challenging any of the newspapers to the free discussion of any of these theses.

AN INTERESTING CHAPTER IN EARLY IRISH HISTORY RECALLED BY COLLEGE LECTURER

There has been a revival of interest in ancient Irish manuscripts. Many eminent scholars are devoting attention to those works. Among the latest who have given the public the benefit of their researches is Rev. H. J. Lawlor, Professor of Ecclesiastical History in Trinity College, Dublin. Tracing the beginnings of Christian learning and art in Ireland, he dealt in a public lecture with the version of the Sacred Scriptures made by St. Jerome, the greatest scholar in the West. It dated from the year 400. St. Jerome translated the Bible from the originals in Greek and Hebrew into Latin.

The work took about 400 years to spread all over western Europe as it had to be copied by hand. One such manuscript at least was in

Ireland in the sixth century. St. Columba borrowed it from St. Finian of Dromin and copied it. St. Finian demanded back not only the book, but the copy St. Columba had made, and the King of Tara decided the ownership with the sentence:

"To every cow belongs its calf, so to every book belongs its copy."

But St. Columba did not accept this decision and went to Scotland in 563. The Cathach was left in the care of the O'Donnells. Centuries later it was placed in a beautiful shrine, and in time it was forgotten what the shrine contained. In the last century it came into the hands of Sir William Betham, who opened it and found in the casket the Bible, which is now in the Royal Irish Academy. It was a pure Vul-

gate with not a bit of old Latin in it. St. Finian was probably the first person to bring it to Ireland and St. Columba the first to make a copy of it here. The Book of Durrow, containing the Four Gospels, was beautifully illuminated about the year 700 from an original text, by St. Columba.

In an address presented by the members of the Royal Irish Academy to Mr. T. M. Healy, Governor-General of the Free State, the members said:

"The organization of research in these varied fields is of serious consequence to the future of the country and we hope to continue our labours in the national service in the days to come. At an early period the Academy took the important step of forming a museum for the preservation of national antiquities, which has been steadily growing and the collection today is admittedly one of the most important in Europe.

"Its great wealth in pre-historic antiquities of gold and bronze and in antiquities of the Christian period surpass that of nearly all other national museums."

Replying to the address the Governor-General said that the achievements of the Academy in Science, Art and Letters were a glory to the country.



Our Catherine Ann

When we've studied until we must stop,
And our brains whirl around like a top,
We skip down a stair with mysterious air
To see Catherine Ann Lollypop.

She's a sweet little dear, you must know
Right down to her neat wooden toe,
And we love her so dearly, we've eaten her
nearly

Before we allow her to go.

But she likes to be eaten for trade,
That's the why and the wherefore she's made;
For the profit says she, goes to C.S.M.C.,
The initials of Students' Crusade.

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The happy thought in gifts
is sure to occur to you if
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ed to make it doubly safe.
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high-class product, and it
costs no more than ordinary
milk.

* * * * *

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" " 0153

MY PHONERY



The hours I've spent on you, O Phone,
In bootless quest,
In fruitless moan,
For friends who could or would not heed
The burning import of my need
I weep to think!

I call "Hillcrest 5-9-9-5"
That large and busy
Human hive—
"The line is busy," three times three—
Says Central's ticker;— then, O me!
My spirits sink.

And if with valiant soul I cling
To that arm-wearing
Trumpet thing,
And, Moses-like, faint not the while
Some voice (betraying not its guile)
Will say: "I'll see"—

Then while it "sees," of course I wait
An hour or more,
With growing hate
Of all mankind, but specially such
As try my patience overmuch
And say: "They'll see!"

The hours I've spent in thinking out
O Phone! a plan
To rule you out,
Would add a decade to my years
Besides, an avalanche of tears
Would spare.

My hopes are anchored on the thought
That phones are neither
Sold nor bought;
But one is left in quiet right
Of one's own soul—morn, noon and night,
At Home, up There!

THE BLESSED SACRAMENT COM- PARED TO AN EMPEROR INCOGNITO

An officer walking out in civilian's dress met a priest carrying the Blessed Sacrament to the sick. Without hesitation he knelt down until the priest had passed. When he joined his brother officers at mess that same evening, he found they had been told of his having done so. One of them said to him: "It is not at all a becoming thing for an officer of his Majesty's army to be seen kneeling down in the public street." The other defended himself thus: "Answer me one question," he said. "If you were to meet His Majesty the Emperor in the dress of an ordinary gentleman, should you not salute him with the respect which is his due?" "Most certainly I should," the officer replied; "he is the Emperor and remains the Emperor whatever clothes he chooses to wear." The other then continued: "Exactly so; that is precisely what I did. I met Almighty God, disguised under the appearance of bread. Should I not have been a dastardly coward if I had not paid Him the honor due to His Divine Majesty, for fear of bringing on myself the ridicule of a few persons?" No one could answer this argument. Such a conquest of human respect is greater bravery than storming a fort or dying at the cannon's mouth.



Renounce thy apparent self, and thou shalt find thy divine self. If thou wouldst know the depth and power of religion, thou must withdraw into thy inner being, and live where God may be felt and known and loved. If thy faith is but a story which thou hast heard and remembered, it is a vain thing, not a life-sustaining and life-transforming influence. If thou believest in Christ cherish him in thy heart, minister to him with pure thoughts and gentle services. If the temple of thy soul is filled with light, its radiance and warmth will spread to other souls.



Earth's noblest thing—a woman perfected.

VOL. XXXI.

TORONTO, APRIL, 1924

No. 2

Per Mariam

Be thou my prayer—by morn, by night,
And all day long!

My soul shall, lark-like, wing her flight
On, up into the perfect light,
With thee her song.

To muse upon thy joys, my Queen,
In sweet repose;

Be wiser still, for me, I ween,
To pore on sorrows deep and keen—
Thy peerless woes.

Those lovely lips have held their breath
At maddened strife;

Those eyes have wept rejected faith,
And bravely looked upon the Death
That gave us life.

That heart, now restful evermore
In God's own peace,

Was once thrust through and wounded sore:
A wordless anguish at its core,
And no surcease.

Then let thy beauty hold me fast
In blissful chain;

The spell shall never break, but last

Till earth's fond dreams be overpast
And naught remain

But love unblinded, joy all true—
Unsating feast,

Yet teach me here to sorrow too—
To rue the sins which thou didst rue,
Nor mine the least.

And teach me, dearest Mother, teach
My heart to prize

The science worldlings cannot reach—
The "folly" martyrs, virgins preach,
That maketh wise;

To love the Cross for His dear sake
Who on it died:

To love it well, and daily take
My grace-fraught portion, and off shake
All care beside.

Be thus my prayer, by morn, by night
And all day long;

That so my spirit wing her flight
On, up into the perfect light,
With thee her song.

Edmund of Heart of Mary. C.P.

BERNARDINI LUINI

ARTISTS manifest the greatness and beauty of their talents by widely diverse means. Some have the steady gleam of the fixed star; their works, faultless in form and colour, having received a due meed of praise from the beginning. Others flash across the sky of fame, like meteors, only too quickly to be submerged in the sea of oblivion, yet leaving a more true sense of beauty in the world, by the startling, if ephemeral appeal of their art. Still others are apt to dwell in a kind of haze, caused, either by some obscurity in the vision given them, or a defect in their ability to translate it into form and colour, a defect which often succeeds in concealing half their genius. Lastly, there are the artists who, perfect in inspiration and true artistic feeling, are wanting in certain technicalities of their art, or lack the applause and support of noble and wealthy patrons, yet labour for the sheer joy in their work and the opportunity afforded them of expressing their ideals.

As the passing years soften the tints of their pictures, they also enhance the reputation of this last type of artist, of which Bernadino Luini offers an eminent example. Far from the influence and applause of Rome and Florence and Venice, he was born in the sequestered village of Luino amid the plains of Lombardy, between the years 1470 and 1460, and in Lombardy he wrought his masterpieces. It is not even certain that Luina was his own name, indeed little authentic information exists with regard to his life. But the elusive charm, the spirituality, the magnificent colour and the devout spirit of his paintings, form a more reliable index to his character than any biography could. Biographies are too apt to be filled with the prejudiced judgments of contemporaries or rivals, while an autobiography is likely to be coloured by the bias of one's ideals, rather than one's achievements.

Some of Luini's earlier frescoes may still be seen in St. Peter's church in the little town of his birth, but Milan is the treasure-hold of his masterpieces. It was there that he attended the Academy of Da Vinci for a short time and absorbed much of the latter's technique, although it is probable he was never personally acquainted with him. Luini is one of the few artists who may be said to have been self-taught. He had no master who moulded his style, but by his keen observation he was able to adapt the spirit of Bramantino, the Milanese, and Foppa of Pavia, as also Da Vinci, to his own requirements.

Luini's art is such that it inspires one with a personal interest in the painter. No one could visit the Brera without realizing his genius. His finest cabinet picture, "The Madonna of the Rose Hedge," is hung in this gallery. Its composition is charming, and the bower of roses in which the Blessed Virgin and Child sit, is painted with rare skill and attractive colouring.

Luini's faith and devotion are apparent in all his work; his sweetness and fervour replace the mysticism and semi-paganism of Da Vinci. He was not a philosopher or man of deep intellectual discernment, but he possessed a sweet disposition and entertained simple and lofty ideals. In many respects his art is extremely primitive, but therein lies one of its greatest charms, for it implies the eternal appeal of the natural.

His saints and angels are usually glorified types of the peasant folk with whom he came in contact. An excellent example of this phase of his work is "The Burial of St. Catherine," a fresco, originally painted for the Casa Pelucca, but now reposing in the Brera, Milan. Another magnificent type of his group painting is "The Coronation of Our Lord" painted for the Confraternity of the Holy Crown, and now

in the Ambrosian Library, Milan. The figure of the Redeemer is one of his best works, but Luini, by yielding somewhat to the influence of the medallion and miniature painters, paid too much attention to detail, and his groups are therefore rather imperfectly composed.

Luini's most noted work was the decoration of the Church of St. Maurice for Giovanni Bentivoglio. The chapel of St. Maurice is a shrine to the memory of Luini's genius. The Flagellation Scene in this chapel is of remarkable beauty. His renown is due chiefly to the frescoes, in which he attained the quiet, religious quality which characterizes his work.

A copy of the "Head of the Blessed Virgin," a detail from the famous group in the Ambrosian Gallery, forms the frontispiece of this issue of "The Rainbow." The picture has

received special notice of late because it has been pronounced the Holy Father's favorite Madonna, and because it is sincerely admired by many art lovers, who lament the fact that it is not widely known.

We get the last authoritative glimpse of Luini's life in 1553, when he visited Legnano. The exact date of his death is unknown—but that is immaterial, for his spiritual characteristics are still a source of inspiration to those who knew him through the medium of his art, and whether the idea of Luini the artist or Luini the disciple of Christ, is conveyed through his pictures, the effect is altogether admirable.

Margaret Ross.

Loretto Abbey, Toronto.



Simplicity



She was the Mother of God most high,
And she spent her glorious days
In little, humble, household tasks—
A woman's quiet ways.

Earth's great ones passed her by; her ways
And theirs led far apart,—
And yet the secrets of the King
Were hidden in her heart.

O! had the seers and sages known
The End of all their quest,
The Author of the stars lay there:
A Child upon her breast.

She knew that He was God of all,—
And she His Mother mild
Went quietly about her work
For Joseph and the Child.

M. F. CRONIN.

Loretto, Brunswick.

Her

THE CANVAS RESTORED

BY ANNE SUTHERLAND, GUELPH.

The same dreary, old canvas for the Master Artist to uncover at the Winter's end—poor inspiration for the brush of genius: a dingy, dreary, brown landscape, daubed with ragged patches of snow, sad contrast to the muddy, mucky background;—trees—great, gaunt, uncouth shapes, sprawling their leafless branches about like restless fingers; smudges of tangled shrubbery by a still river; sparrows on the road and a shivering robin or two, and over all a vast canopy of pale, tearful looking sky. Hopelessly dull and drab and uninteresting, aching-ly monotonous to the beauty-lover!

Old people come to gaze on the canvas, shudder and sigh and turn away; some of them weary of a long inspection of landscapes, leave the gallery never to return. Youth saunters past, too absorbed in his interests for more than a casual glance, but the very monotony of the canvas arrests his eye and forces a closer study; something sinister in its tone catches at his heart and frightens his buoyancy to silence. A child hanging to its mother's hand, sees the canvas and whimpers.

That is before the Miracle.

Then the Master Artist comes, lifts the grimy, white curtain from the canvas, studies the picture tenderly, smiles on it, sees there a vision and signs that men see it not; takes up His brushes and begins work.

Ah, the slow-unfolding miracle for which men lie in wait, but which they never see! Who can tell when the first brushful of delicate

paint falls on that dingy landscape? It is the fairy foot-steps of Spring in the world, and though we fancy a silken rustle outside the window is her gossamer garment, or though Pan's music comes lilting faintly into our hearts over the sober, brown hill-tops, none may record the actual coming of the Miracle, nor cry aloud, "Look! Now is the dawn of the year, the Springtime!"

But the Artist works on, absorbed in his work. A few who love to watch Him work, gather round the niche, and lose themselves in admiration of the beauty revealed:

A flood of gentle green, balm to the aching eye, over the dingy uplands and shadowed valleys; soft masses of velvety green to cover the nakedness of the sprawling branches; emerald high-lights on the rippled silver waters, where the trees lean forward from the bank to peer in; dainty splashes of gold in the grasses; pastel tints for the may-flowers and the hepaticas; a blood-drop of crimson for the robin's breast; and over all a wide sweep of clear, clean, blue sky, spotless and vivid as the heart of a turquoise, and frothy at the edges with the white of sun-lit clouds.

Deftly the brush darts here and there, and amid all the glory and splendour of the scene—the Master's Hand, wise, tender, immeasurably skilful, veiled in a radiance, blinding to all eyes but those of the saints and angels!

That is the Miracle of the changed Canvas; the Renaissance of Art; the coming of Spring to the world.

JOHNNY

BY BETTY McGRATH.

The following story is reprinted from the Catholic World Magazine through the courtesy of the Editor. The writer is a graduate of the University of Toronto through the affiliated colleges of St. Michael's and Loretto Abbey. We congratulate her upon her first appearance in print and advise her friends to watch the Catholic World for further evidences of a talent, whose first signs were registered in the pages of The Rainbow.—Editor.

JOHNNY CARROLL had but a small amount of education—not more than any youth of eighteen might have, living in poor circumstances, in a hard climate, in a country where there is no compulsory education. As a child he went to school spasmodically, chiefly to convince the master that he owned boots and stockings. As he grew older and the necessity of upholding the dignity of his family, by wearing hand-knitted stockings and odorous raw-hide boots, became less pressing, the spasms became less frequent, and at fourteen they ceased altogether.

Yet Johnny did not dislike school. He was what a psychologically minded teacher in one of our city high schools might term “an interesting type.” He had a retentive memory and was ever greedy to hear new things. He had not the faintest idea of the relative importance of various kinds of knowledge. In fact, he had a disconcerting habit of brushing aside important things and accepting the most commonplace piece of information with something of astonishment.

On one occasion the master tried to give his class some idea of the peoples of the earth.

“All boys and girls,” he said, “are not like you. The world is a very large place, and the people in it are divided into nations. Every nation has its own customs, its own laws, its own language. If you were to go across the sea to France or Germany, you would not be able to understand a word of what was being

said around you. In big schools in cities, boys and girls learn to speak foreign lan—Johnny Carroll!”

“Yes, Sir!”

“Do you know what I’m saying?”

“Yes, Sir. You said everybody don’t talk like us—same as dogs and horses don’t talk like us.”

“Young man, I said nothing of the sort! I said—” But Johnny’s mind was far away. He had settled the matter for himself and had pigeonholed it in one of his back brain cells for future use. The master talked on and began to tell about the nations of the earth.

“In South Africa and in some parts of the Pacific Islands men and women have black faces and bodies. They are the savage peoples of—”

“Are they always black?” asked Johnny softly.

“Why, yes!”

“What do they do to make themselves black?” he asked, his eyes brightening. He was thinking of the torture his mother subjected him to every Sunday morning with soap and towel (for the rest of the week the business of washing was mercifully left to himself).

“They’re born that way. Nothing would ever make them white.”

“Oh!” said Johnny, disappointed, and immediately lost interest.

When Johnny had only been in school a short time—quite two years before the incident we have just recounted—the master, who had not as yet learned to know him, was astonished to find him dispute the fact that six threes were eighteen on the ground that if nine twos were eighteen, six threes must of necessity be something else. He gave the boy eighteen pebbles, and watched him solve the difficulty.

Johnny arranged his pebbles as directed,

in nine groups of two; then, rearranging the groups, he tried to steal up on six threes, and would not have been surprised to find that it made seventeen or nineteen. When, in spite of everything, it insisted on remaining eighteen, he resigned himself with a little sigh to the indisputable fact.

He looked up at the master.

"Isn't it funny?" he said.

Multiplication suddenly became very easy to Johnny. The rest of the class sang their tables every day to the air of "*Marche Triomphale*" as they marched round the school with their hands clasped behind their backs—this was for the purpose of correcting the pernicious effects of five hours' sitting on backless benches. The monotonous intonation resembled a keen or a dirge rather than a song of triumph, and sometimes it rose to the majesty of a psalm:

Nine ónes are nine

Nine tooáate een

Nine threésttwenty seven

Nine foúrsthirty six—

and so on, beginning every day with twice one and ending with twelve times twelve.

Johnny marched too, but he had his own thoughts to himself, and they were about more interesting subjects than multiplication tables.

The expression "Isn't it funny?" became an indispensable phrase.

Once, when he fell out of a boat and narrowly escaped drowning, he told his mother all about it, and on her asking him how he felt when he thought he was drowning, he said, "I don't know. It was funny." And once, when he lay on the grass looking up at the sky where great banks of clouds were drifting, he turned to his sister Maggie, sitting beside him, and tried to express his thoughts. "Isn't it funny?" he said.

"Isn't what funny?"

"O, all that," he answered, taking in the universe in a sweeping gesture.

Maggie didn't see anything funny about it, so she was safely silent.

There were times when the Wonder of Life

caught him up and tossed him on high banks of billowy clouds. These moods were of supreme happiness. He gasped mentally, just as he gasped when, on warm summer days, he took a plunge in the cold waters of the little part of the Atlantic that was within his horizon. For the moment he broke away from the bondage of poor surroundings and lack of education, and arriving intuitively at some of the great truths of life. When the moment of ecstasy was over, there followed a day or so of depression; then life slipped along evenly and happily in its accustomed groove, perhaps for weeks at a time, before anything would turn up to surprise him again.

At eighteen he had learned much that was funny, and with each new discovery the greater grew his reverence for the things that are part of human life. As his knowledge came to him purely through his sensations, Johnny was not conscious of the forces that were working in his soul, shaping him and preparing him—for what?

* * *

The Carroll family lived in a little white house with a cottage roof, under the brow of a gigantic hill in Peach Harbour, a small fishing village on the southern coast of Newfoundland. Let it not be thought that peach trees flourished there. As a matter of fact, the nearest peach grove was perhaps a thousand miles distant—somewhere in Canada or the United States. It is even probable that the inhabitants of Peach Harbour had never heard of the fruit of that name.

In the old days, before the Treaty of Utrecht, when the settlement belonged to the French, it had received the name Port des Pêches. When the French left the Island, keeping only the two small possessions, St. Pierre and Miquelon—sole souvenirs of their former sway over nearly half the North American continent—most of the old names still held, but in time became Anglicized and vulgarized. Ile au Bois on the northern coast became Oily Boy; Petit Harbour became Petty Harbour, Port des Pêches became Port Peach and later Peach Harbour.

Stephen Carroll, Johnny's father, was a fisherman. The fact that he lived in Peach Harbour insured that. In the summer he worked from three in the morning till five in the evening—untiringly, grindingly. He had his own boat, manned by Johnny and another youth. In the winter he cut timber for fuel, mended his nets, hunted and trapped, ate heartily, and slept ten hours every night.

Four years before the time of the story he had been badly lamed in an accident. In the woods one morning the steel teeth of a fox trap had clamped to on his instep and injured the tendons of his foot. He had crawled home with the trap still gripping his instep, and since then had not been able to use the foot. Though he still fished in summer, he could no longer go into the woods in winter, cutting timber or trapping. It was at that time that Johnny gave up education as a pastime and took up his father's work.

The rest of the family consisted of Johnny's mother, his sister Maggie, and his two little brothers, Peter and Stevie.

On the day of Johnny's great adventure he awoke alert, fresh, keen as the breeze that blew a powdery cloud of fine snow into the room through the loosened window casement. He stretched pleasurably and enjoyed the touch of the rough plank placed at the end of the bed to keep out stray drafts. He looked at his hands, brown to the wrists, and was surprised at their size. His hands and feet had taken to growing a lot in the last year. Then he leaned over lazily and threw a boot at Stevie, who slept noisily in a cot six inches too short for him, end to end with the other bed, and shook Peter, who sprawled comfortably beside him.

"Wake up, Pete! It's daylight. We're going to the woods to-day!"

To give his words effect, Johnny pulled the quilts off both beds. The piercing cold of the room was not conducive to drowsiness, and so a second later he was obliged to jump out himself to escape the onslaught of the two wrathful youngsters. He climbed into all his clothes at once, as if he were getting into a

sack, poured icy water into a tin basin, and splashed his face vigorously.

He had no premonition that anything extraordinary was going to befall him that day.

* * *

It was a clear day and bitterly cold. The snow lay blue-white and crisp to walk on. Johnny and the two younger boys made a hearty breakfast of great thick slices of bread and butter and several cups of black tea sweetened with molasses. Then they prepared to go into the woods.

As they had but one ax, Stevie was sent to borrow one from a neighbor. When the child came back he looked cold, and Johnny, because his blood was warm with energy and his flesh tingled, took off his jersey and gave it to the younger boy.

Shortly after eight o'clock the three left the house. Stevie and Peter frolicked like young puppies, and in their side trackings easily covered two miles to Johnny's one.

The sun shone palely, but the snow was dazzling to look upon. Fir trees, grim and dark, lined the narrow road, and sometimes, meeting overhead, made even the sunshine somber. A mile up the road the three parted. The two younger boys turned towards a path leading into the woods.

"Look here"—this was Johnny's parting advice — "you two stop fooling and get to work! You got to get a couple of turns of boughs home before dinner."

The youngsters went off, carrying their axe. They asked nothing better than a day in the woods. Their duty was to find the clearing where Johnny had been chopping a few days previously, cut off the smaller branches from the timber that had been felled, bind them together, and drag them home.

As Johnny swung along, kicking the snow into powdery tufts ahead of him, his axe on his shoulder, he blended strangely with the stillness and solitude of the landscape. The loneliness that is ever a quality of an intensely frosty atmosphere was enhanced by the solitary presence of the boy. Johnny carried him-

self well, looked taller than he was by reason of his slinness, and possessed the long, loose stride that can tirelessly cover mile after mile over the roughest ground. His head was well set on his shoulders and was finely shaped. His forehead was broad and fair beneath his shock of light brown hair. The lower part of his face was tanned by exposure to the weather. Above Johnny's two grey eyes was a pair of black brows, singularly straight.

Plodding along over the hard-packed snow, he whistled now and then, and occasionally burst into tuneless song after the "Come-All-Ye" fashion. He sang the same verse over and over, for Tradition had omitted to hand down the rest of it. It had a peculiar fascination for Johnny.

"When first I seen her
The leaves were greener,
The small birds twittered
From tree to tree.
I was not delirious
But cold and serious;
Now what is the difference
Between you and me?"

Two hours' walking brought him to the scene of his labors. He did not delay to rest, but swinging the axe lightly over his shoulders, he picked out a tree, and a minute later the woods rang with echoes from the flashing steel.

* * *

At home, in the little white house under the granite hill, Stephen Carroll was mending his nets. Maggie sat on a three-legged stool at his feet, deftly sending the wooden netting needle back and forth through the mesh. It flashed through her fingers with the precision and exactitude with which a bolt slips into its place, or with which we imagine an early bird must dispatch the earlier but hapless worm. Ellie, Stephen's wife, was busy about her household duties. She was a tall woman with grey eyes and straight brows, very like Johnny's. There was an air of quietness around her — not the passive quietness of inertia, but the alert quietness of an audience at a good play.

To-day, as on most winter days, Ellie had

little to do. The house was small and needed no more than a couple of hours' attention in the morning; and so by 10.30 she was ready to sit down beside a wooden mat-frame near the window. Silently she worked, filling in the design with strips of colored materials. Maggie talked irrelevantly, and occasionally drew a gruff response from her father.

"They do be saying, Father, that this was the worst winter for thirty years."

"Um'm."

"And down in the village yesterday I met old Dicky Delane, and he told me we'd get no warm weather till June."

"M'm."

"Just think of that now, and this not the middle of April!"

"What does Dicky Delane know about the weather? He hasn't been out in a boat this twenty year. He wouldn't know a squall till 'twas on him. Don't be talking nonsense, my girl."

"It's not nonsense! I asked Dicky how he knew, and he laughed and said he knew all right. He'd lived in Peace Harbour man and boy for eighty years, and he had a way of finding out about the weather."

"Um'm."

"Yes, and he told me how to do it, too. He takes the first twelve days after the Fall equinox, and finds out from them what each month will be like. Last Fall, he said, the second day after the equinox was hard and cold and windy, and so he knew that in February we'd have dreadful frost and blizzards. And sure enough, I never saw such a month in my life before. And—"

"Now look here, Maggie girl! Fitter for you to be mending the nets or talkin' to the young fellows than to be listening to old Dicky's romancing. The frost will break in a day or two, and in a week we'll never know there was a winter."

"Well, Father, 'twon't be for want of wishing the winter away. I pray every night that I'll wake up in the morning and hear the ice on the river cracking, and the water rushing down over the hills in a free thaw."

Suddenly Ellie, who had not been heeding the conversation, looked up from her work. It had become strangely dark in the little room. From the window she saw a dark bank of cloud to the northwest, spreading with alarming rapidity over the horizon. She turned anxious eyes to her husband.

"Stephen, we're going to have weather," she said. "I hope the boys are home before the storm comes."

Stephen turned from his net.

"O John's all right, and the young ones are not far off."

Even as he spoke, the darkness came into the room, as it were, and enfolded them. Ellie, standing by the window, was silhouetted against the light. The sunlight came through the rents in the clouds in slanted, visible rays, and tinted the air a sickly yellow. Stephen went to the window.

In a few minutes the bank of clouds had spread itself over the whole sky. It was no longer black, but, as if the color had become diluted with its increasing size, it had turned an ominous gray. A mistiness, too, had veiled the sky and made it seem almost within reach of an arm thrust upward.

Both knew what that portended.

"Snow!" said Ellie significantly. "O, I wish Stevie and Peter were home!"

Stephen put his hand on her shoulder.

"They're all right. Of course they are. This can't be a big storm; we'd have seen sun dogs or some signs of it; but this morning and yesterday everything spoke fair for a week of fine weather."

Yet he was anxious. He had known storms—terrible ones—that had come on almost suddenly, without half an hour's warning.

A few minutes later, in the hushed silence, a low moan was heard.

"Wind," whispered Ellie, shuddering.

The moan grew louder, and then, as quickly as it had come, died away. Suddenly a fleck of snow struck the window pane, then another and another. The moan rose again and was lost in a plaintive wail that was taken up again and carried nearer—this time ending in a long-

drawn whistle. The snow came thicker and faster; the noise of the wind became louder. At first it had seemed far away, and then, as if rushing from the tops of the granite hills, it swept down on the little house and lapped around it, softly, gently, at first. Then, getting bolder, it whispered through the crevices and whistled down the chimney, flung the falling snow in a blinding cloud against the windowpane.

Inside, cozy firelight danced on the shining rows of cups and plates ranged on the dresser; flickeringly the luster and delf and commoner earthenware reflected the gleam, for the room itself had become dark. On the floor, where Stephen had dropped it in his haste, lay the half-mended net. Maggie still sat on the low stool; she was listening to the growing fury of the storm.

Two figures stared at each other in mute anxiety.

"The young ones!" he muttered hoarsely. "I must look for them."

He put out his hand for a cap, seized a coat, and prepared to go.

Maggie sprang to his elbow, her face white. "I'm going with you!"

But Stephen brushed her aside. She would only be a trouble to him. Ellie looked at the white, set face, and though her voice said "No, Maggie child, you've got lots to do; the boys are all right"; her eyes saw two little boys buffeted by the wind, blinded by the snow, lost and frightened. And beyond that, again, she saw the white mound raised where they had fallen, exhausted.

As Stephen struggled with the lacings of a pair of heavy oiled boots and made ready to go, Ellie stood staring with unseeing eyes into the drift.

Five minutes later he was gone, and not even a footprint showed where he had turned up the road. Ellie still stood by the window and refused to sit down when Maggie gently urged her to it.

* * *

For an hour and a half Johnny chopped steadily. He laid aside his axe occasionally

to puff for a few minutes at an old clay pipe, and now and then he stopped to admire his handiwork.

Just at the time when Ellie saw the black cloud from the windows of the little house, Johnny looked up, too, and saw the storm coming. Inwardly cursing his luck, he prepared to leave. This meant that the timber he had cut would be snowed under, and his morning's work would go for nothing. He had not covered half a mile when the storm burst upon him.

It was a peculiar storm, and raged over the whole Island, and yet it passed as quickly as it had come; by midnight no vestige of it remained except a white waste of drifted snow, heaving waters, and the damage that had been done.

For a long time Johnny plodded through it. The wind whistled round him, and the snow came down in a great, white, whirling sheet. He became overheated. Drifts piled up ahead of him, and he ploughed through them. Every minute the fury of the storm increased, but every minute brought Johnny nearer home. He was a good walker and knew how to behave in a snowstorm.

Struggling along through the storm, the boy was conscious of a thrill of gladness that went through his whole being. The element of strife was here! He, the only living being for some miles, was contesting against nature in one of her tantrums. Untiringly he trudged on and on, ever conscious of his happiness. At half past one he reached his home and flung back the door wide.

He stood in the doorway for a minute, blinking because he was blind with the glare of the snow, his face crimson, unaccustomed color whipped into it by the frost. Like a carved frame around the glowing face his cap, eased in snow, stood out in relief. His eyebrows and eyelashes were white. His mother met him with a little cry.

"Your father went to look for Peter and Stevie!"

Johnny stepped inside quickly; clouds of

drift were blowing past him into the room. He latched the door behind him.

"Good Heavens! Aren't they home yet? And he lame! God, he'll be lost! I'll go again."

"No, Johnny, no! Wait till you have something to eat."

"I won't be long; they can't be far. I left them half a mile from here; let me go!"

He turned, and as he opened the door a gust of wind swept through the little house, making the curtains flop despairingly on their rods, and the very crockery tremble.

Once outside, Johnny bent his head to the blast, squared his shoulders, and set off up the road. Inside, Ellie breathed on the windowpane, rubbed away a little of the frost with her forefinger, and watched him go. The snow whirled round him, and the wind swept him along. Ellie turned from the window with a sigh.

Johnny's great adventure had begun.

* * *

The following morning there appeared in one of the daily papers in St. John's an account of the great storm. Here is an extract:

"The remarkable thing about yesterday's storm was that it came without warning. A wire received from Peach Harbour at midnight states that a search party has been organized to look for John Carroll, an eighteen-year-old youth, who was overtaken by the blizzard. According to report, young Carroll left his home at 2 p.m. yesterday to look for his father and two younger brothers, who had been caught in the storm. Shortly after his departure the father, Stephen Carroll, and the two boys arrived home in a state of great exhaustion. The youngsters had been out since early morning and had lost their way in the storm. The father, who had gone to look for them, was on the point of returning when he caught a glimpse of a red cap which the younger boy was wearing. No reports have as yet been received from the search party . . ."

* * *

Through the blinding drift Johnny fought his way back over the road he had come. The

only part of him visible was his face. As he fought, gasping for breath, blinking when stinging particles of snow flung themselves into his eyes and clung to his lashes, he was conscious of the same glow pervading his whole being as he had begun to feel on his way home.

This was glorious!

He put out both hands as if to push away what was opposing him and, lowering his head, set his shoulder against the storm. The tall firs on either side were lashed furiously by the wind. They helped to guide him, for he could see nothing. Step by step he fought his way, until he came to the path turning into the woods where he had parted with Stevie and Peter earlier in the day. Here, in a spot sheltered by a particularly lofty spruce tree, he imagined he saw a footprint. It must be his father's!

He emitted a piercing whistle with two fingers in his mouth, but the wind jocosely took up the refrain and shrieked triumphantly through the evergreens. There was no response. He waited a minute and then plunged down the path. On he went, and on, and on—interminably. Suddenly he felt his energy leaving him; the splendor was going out of the adventure. He began to feel tired. He thought for a moment of the dinner he should have taken, and of the coziness of the little house; of the happiness of lying at full length on the roughly-constructed settee in the kitchen, and with loving forefinger pressing down the contents of his pipe, and seeing the blue pipe smoke ascend in curling spirals when the oil lamps were lit; of reading the newspaper aloud to the family and commenting wisely on the condition of the times.

Suddenly he heard a dull thud within his head, and experienced a feeling of nausea. He had wandered off the path and had struck against a tree. Half stunned, he reeled back and tried to find the path; but blinded as he was with snow, hungry, tired, and stunned by the blow, he turned in the wrong direction, and in a few minutes was hopelessly lost.

For an hour he groped around among the trees, sinking into the drifts, extricating him-

self as best he could, crawling, walking, sliding, according as he met heavy drift or hard snow or ice. On he went, perseveringly, patiently. Feverishly he thought of the two younger boys. Where were they? They could never get home alone! He tried to call, but his voice rasped in his throat. A whistle died away feebly; and around him the Universe seemed on the point of collapsing.

White night enveloped him. To keep his eyes open was dull pain. Little flecks of hard snow stung his eyelids like needle pricks. The wind howled and wailed in hopeless pursuit of something that ever fled from it, and then, in mad fury, hurled itself shrieking against the trees and died away in a low moan. Johnny could not see the sky. Above his head, as all around him and under his feet, all was white—a whiteness that was not the whiteness of light, but a dead whiteness that imprisoned and suffocated him.

At the end of an hour he came to the path again. Momentarily he felt glad, but his mind immediately relapsed into the stupor he had felt since he had collided with the tree. Sometimes he broke through it and fought against that which enfolded him and clung to him and hemmed him in. Sometimes there was a lull in the storm, as if some All-Persuasive Voice had hushed it with "Peace, be still!" But these moments were worse than the fighting moments. It seemed to Johnny that white faces took form out of the air around him and peered at him—closely, more closely, till in desperation he shut his eyes and pushed them away from him.

Then the wind and the fight again.

On he struggled, on and on; plodding, plodding. He was not conscious of moving his limbs. He was not conscious of any sensation. His movements were mechanical. His mind at the back of his stupor was alert, watchful, but weariness fell on him like a veil and made him see things as through a glass, darkly.

Soon walking, even mechanically, became difficult, for Johnny became conscious of a heaviness in his limbs. His toes and part of his feet seemed not to exist. In his heels he

experienced a hard sensation, as if they were made of stone instead of flesh. Uneasily he tried to move them inside his boots. The exertion was too great. In a short time that sensation also ceased. Gradually the numbness crept up to his knees.

The path led him across a frozen pond—a strange thing. Something extraordinary must have happened since morning, thought Johnny, to put the pond here. He wondered how that might have happened.

Once—several centuries ago it seemed—he had read an old tattered copy of "Alice in Wonderland," which the schoolmaster had lent him. Now he found himself remembering how Alice had, on one occasion, wept until she had made a pond big enough to swim in. Perhaps something of the sort had happened here. The thought was funny. He tried to smile, but found it difficult, as his face felt strangely stiff.

As he crossed the pond, walking very heavily and slowly, he experienced the same sensation in his hands as was in his feet. He could not feel, yet he was not lacking in all sensation. It seemed as if the bones of his fingers were still there, but the cushions of flesh which should protect them were gone. For the first time he became frightened. With difficulty he pulled off first one mitten, then the other, and looked at his hands. His fingers had turned deathly white and a slight coating of frost glistened on them. He dropped his mittens on the ice behind him and went on. They made two dark patches, absurdly small in the vast expanse of white.

Suddenly he became aware of a light before him, and he knew that the snow had ceased to fall.

Ah, here was home at last!

Confusedly he wondered why he had been out in the storm. He couldn't remember. The part of his mind that had been alert was becoming cloudy. A sense of drowsiness was stealing over him. He kept the light in view and stumbled towards it. It seemed to him that he was but a few paces from it when it disappeared.

Johnny did not know that the light was in the house of the station master, five miles from his own home, and that it had been hidden by a bend in the path.

Five minutes later he fell across a doorstep and prayed for admittance. With his numbed hands he tried to turn the knob of a door, but without success. Wearily he dragged himself round to the back of the house. Fumblingly he felt for a door, and when he could not find it—for no door was there—he was not even conscious of surprise. No door—there. Only in front. He accepted the fact without questioning it. But he must get in! He must! He must!

A childish unreasoning terror clutched him for a moment and left him trembling. To the front of the house he went again, crawling now, because there was so little feeling in his limbs that he was not quite sure of where they were taking him. He pressed his body against the door in a panic. He must get in! He must! Why didn't they wait up for him? Didn't they know he was out in the storm?

"Mother! Father! It's me, Johnny! Can't you hear me?" He tried to shout, but the words were only a whisper.

Once again he crawled around, this time to the side where there was a low window.

He must get in! He must! For a moment hot rage possessed him that he should be kept out. It gave him strength; he pressed his shoulder to the window, and it gave way with a crash of splintered glass.

Laboriously he climbed through. His anger helped him again. Once his feet caught, but extricated themselves somehow. At last he was inside! The exertion had spent his rage, and he sank on the floor to rest.

The drowsiness increased, but he did not try to close his eyes. They still ached after his experience in the blizzard. And he was frightened. When he became accustomed to the room, he could make out rough benches set against the wall, and in the middle of the room a small slow-combustion stove. Johnny wondered at this, and tried to remember where the dresser, laden with blue and gold ringed

crockery should be. The window, too, was in the wrong place. The table and mat-frame were missing. He tried to think, but the problem was too complex for him.

There was no fire in the stove, but by the rays of the moon coming through the broken window, Johnny could see chopped kindling, kerosene oil, and matches, as if placed there in readiness for the first comer. He crawled towards them with difficulty. He found it very hard to move his limbs now. He made several unsuccessful attempts to strike a match, and in the end held it between his teeth and rubbed the side of the box against it till it blazed up. But fumbling with it, he dropped it, and it went out. The next match he managed to light burned feebly and went out before he could do anything with it. The same thing happened many times before he tried another plan. This was to spill the oil on the kindling and set it alight. In attempting to light the oil he spilled it on the floor as well as on the wood. Then, somehow, for no apparent reason, the importance of having a fire no longer loomed large in his mind. He looked at the oil-soaked kindling, but made no attempt to light another match.

And now Johnny was very drowsy. A delicious comfort stole over his whole body. He crawled to the broken window and looked out.

The storm was over; a full moon filled the sky with splendor; as far as the eye could reach, the earth was covered with snow, and in the distance the trees bowed under its weight. A silvery gleam showed the frozen pond that he had crossed. The snow had drifted off it and was piled in huge mounds at the edge of the woods. Beyond all, the waters of the Atlantic heaved and gleamed in the moonlight.

As he looked, Johnny felt a sense of luxurious comfort. He sank back on the floor with a contented sigh. He remembered now why he

had been out in the storm, and wondered if Peter and Stevie were safely in bed.

Then he thought of his mother, and called her again softly. And this time she came. She knelt beside him and folded him in her arms as she had so often done when he was a tiny child.

"Don't go 'way!" he murmured.

For answer she brushed his hair back from his forehead and kissed him. And as her lips touched him, all fear and loneliness vanished. In a flash he realized all that he meant to her. He was hers, and just a child again. His pulse beat quickly with pure happiness. As if in answer to something she had said, he spoke, "Why, Mother, I didn't know that before."

She held him closer, and the drowsiness enveloped him. No fear now, only supreme contentment.

And so she held him till he slept.

* * *

The events of the storm were heralded over the Island by the telegraphs. Newspapers in black type announced the tragedy at Peach Harbour, and quoted "Greater love hath no man—" with smug satisfaction.

"The deceased," said one, "was found in a lonely station house which has not been used for some weeks owing to the snow blockade on the railway line. Another three minutes' walk would have saved his life, for the house was not a hundred yards away from the station master's dwelling. Mrs. Carroll, the mother of the deceased, has borne up very bravely so far. It is thought that she is still suffering from the effects of shock, as she insists that she was with her son when he died. It is possible that in the long night of anxious waiting she dozed a little and imagined she was present at her son's death.

"The ———— offers sincerest sympathy to the bereaved family."





HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP O'DONNELL, OF VICTORIA
*Late President of Catholic Extension and
Good Friend of "The Rainbow"*

EARTH, AIR, WATER AND FIRE

By M. D. CHAMBERS.

THE scientists of long ago thought there were only four elements: Earth, Air, Water, and Fire. From these four, either singly or in combination, they believed everything in the world was made. Though this was one of their wrong guesses, and they have for a long time known better, we may nevertheless find it interesting to discuss these four things, all of them so common, all of them so wonderful. There will be time to mention only a few of their wonders, little samples to show you that it will be worth while for you to go on to their study, some time in the future.

Earth.

The earth still holds many secrets which no one has found out. More of her valuable mines are yet hidden than have been discovered, and how these mines came to be formed will be a question for scientists for ages to come. Only quite recently one scientist discovered that certain rich deposits of iron ore were laid down by our friends the bacteria, working through long years, and patiently. These little workmen are able to put their hands to a great many different kind of tasks.

It is not long since the wonderful new element, radium was discovered where earth had been hiding it. More wonderful even than the element is the fact that as soon as it was discovered and examined, the scientists were able to put it right in the place where it belonged, in a table where they had arranged all the known elements according to their weight. Because there are still empty gaps in this table, our men of science believe the earth holds in her keeping some more elements which so far have not been discovered.

There is one valuable element, which, though discovered for a long time, earth still keeps away from us, though she lets us have enough of it to make us wish for more. This is aluminium. About one-fifth of every spade-

ful of common clay is composed of this metal, so that the ordinary clay of which children make mud-pies, is really a rich ore of aluminium. But clay keeps it in fast and firm combination with other elements, and no chemist has yet discovered a way to set it free, except at very high cost. When this is discovered, "aluminium" will be less expensive, and we shall have more "aluminum." Chemists use the first word for the pure element, and the last for the metal when it is made into sauce-pans.

There is air in the earth. Did you ever water a dry and thirsty garden bed, or a flower-pot, and see bubbles come forth? These were filled with the air in the earth, now replaced by water. As soon as the air was displaced and the water oozed downward, more air entered, for the air goes everywhere. "Ground air" is the name given to the air in the earth. It is impure, mixed with all sorts of gases from the ground, and one reason we have concrete-lined cellars is to keep the ground air, as much as possible, from rising into our houses, for it circulates as the air above ground does.

There is water in the earth. This is called "ground water," and in some places it is found near the surface at only two feet or less below the level of the soil; in other places, it is as far down as fifteen feet. House-builders have learned that it is not a good plan to build in a region where there is a high water table, as they call the level of the ground water, for this means a damp house. Like the air, the water also circulates through the ground, going on its hidden way in a curiously mysterious manner.

Some persons think there is fire away down in the earth. It has been found that the deeper down the mines and other excavations are dug, the warmer it grows, and at a depth of between two and three thousand feet it is quite hot and uncomfortable. This depth, com-

pared with the diameter of the earth, is no more than a dent in the skin of an orange compared with the size of the orange. No one knows anything about the fire in the earth, or whether there is or is not under its surface an immense, hot furnace. It is thought that our hot springs are heated by the fires under the ground, and that it is these fires which cause the volcanoes to throw out great masses of hot or melted rocks and of steam and smoke. But nobody knows. Earth still holds secrets nobody has found out.

Air.

We live at the bottom of an ocean of air. It extends fifty miles and more above our heads, enclosing the earth in the great mantle we call its atmosphere. The weight of these miles and miles of air pressing on our bodies is greater than most of us know. We carry about fifteen pounds on every square inch of us.

As we mount into it, the air grows lighter and thinner, so that when very high ascents are made, like those of some of the airmen's lofty flights, the air becomes so thin and attenuated that there is not enough of it to breathe. This keeps aeronauts from ascending more than one-fourth the extent of the atmosphere—estimating this at forty or fifty miles, though it is really thought to be very much more. Also, it obliges them to carry up containers full of oxygen to breathe when there is not enough of this to fill their lungs at even the ten or twelve miles up, which is all they can achieve.

The air we ordinarily breathe is composed of about four parts of nitrogen and one of oxygen. There is a little carbon dioxide, a little ammonia gas, and awhile ago very small amounts of four new elements were discovered. These do not concern us much, both because there is so little of them, and because they have never been known to do any kind of work, useful or otherwise. Chemists speak of nitrogen as an idler among the elements, yet nitrogen may be made to work when it is caught, while nobody, so far, has been able to make

any one of these four newly-discovered elements do anything.

There is water in the air. It is in vapor form, and its amount varies from day to day. You can find out how much there was this morning in to-night's paper, under the heading "Humidity" in the weather report. The warmer the air, the more water it is able to hold. Have you observed the dew that forms on the outside of a glass of iced water in summer? I knew a small boy who thought the glass was perspiring from the heat, as he was himself, and he thought it entirely natural that the glass should perspire more in warm weather than in cold. He was greatly surprised to learn that it is not perspiration, it is the moisture in the air condensing on the cold surface of the glass, as the moisture of his breath condensed on the window pane in cold weather.

Perhaps you have heard complaints of wet cellar floors in summer, when it seems as though the moisture oozed up through the cement. The fact is that it falls from the air instead of rising through the concrete, and this is because the windows have been opened during the warm hours when the air holds the most moisture. The moisture condenses on the cool cellar floor into visible wetness—as the same moisture condenses on the outside of the glass of iced water. In summer, cellar windows should be opened only in the cool hours of the night or early morning.

It may be well to go a little farther into the effect of the water vapor in the air. It is because water conducts heat quickly and easily that we find the heat of summer more distressing when there is a great deal of humidity in the air; and similarly, we find the cold of winter to be more severe when the air is damp. Our steam-heated houses in winter would seem warmer if the air were properly moist, and they would be more healthful to live in; while in summer the heat would be easier to endure if the air were dry. Likewise, in moist climates both heat and cold are harder to bear; and in dry climates more of either one can be endured without discomfort.

(Continued an page 98).

To Margaret Anglin



I.

She played Ophelia and she looked
A dream of loveliness. So sweet
And frail, her simple mind distraught,
A flower on which fierce passions beat,
And sorrow's blight fell with too great a might.
Ah! Sweet, methought thou wert a perfect
sight!

A gypsy girl with tangled locks
And sensuous grace and glances bright,
Whose eyes gleamed with a subtle fire;
Coquettish, maddening, witching sprite,
Mercedes charmed each quivering sense,
sweet heart,

When thou portrayed her with thy magic art.

A virgin, innocent and pure,
The sweetest Roman ere drew breath,
Spotless and holy, guiltless maid,
Virginia doomed to awful death,
Thou wert them all. Thou didst not act,
Mignonne,

I loved thyself in each and every one.

Mary F. Nixon de Roulet.

II.

My lady speaks again; her poignant tone
And grief despairing move one to the heart;
Restraint with passion blends in perfect art;
Great Lady Dedlock stands supreme, alone.
A sudden hurricane of missiles thrown,
Revenge and fire and pungent Gallic salt,
Enraged, yet shrewd, the maid Hortense is
shown—

The blithe virago played without a fault.

A lesser artist could not play the maid,
Nor could she hope to play the other part—
Great Lady Dedlock—as we saw her played
Living before us, travail in her soul.
If in each role none could surpass your art
No one but you could play the dual role!

Marie Antoinette de Roulet.

NOTE: These verses are written by mother and daughter—a quarter of a century apart—the first when Miss Anglin starred in the James O'Neil as Ophelia, Virginia and Mercedes, in Hamlet, Virginius and The Count of Monte Carlo; the second, when, at the height of her splendid career, she plays Hortense and Lady Dedlock in her own version of Dickens' "Bleak House."

NATURE'S CELEBRATION OF CHRISTMAS DAY IN PRETORIA—1923

BY M. J. D., LORETTO CONVENT, PRETORIA.

I.

TOWARDS the end of December, two terrific hail-storms broke over the City of Pretoria. The second surpassed in violence and destruction all others in the memory of anyone living. It rose in sudden fury at sunset, on Christmas Day, just as families had gathered in their homes to enjoy social festivities, and we were sitting down to our little tea-party.

It was such an extraordinary freak of nature, or more correctly, such a forcible reminder of the Almighty Power, that could, in an instant, shatter to naught, the puny works of man's greatest endeavours, that I must try to give you some idea of its awe-inspiring grandeur. One could hardly believe it, if one had not actually witnessed the scene, as I did, though I failed to hear the fearful crashing and noisy uproar in its full distinctness. Those who did, declared it was enough to wake the dull, cold ears of death, and reminded one of the "Trump of Doom."

A soft and welcome rain had been falling for some hours, that pleasantly cooled the mid-summer heat, promising much enjoyment to the social gatherings of the day. Suddenly a whole army of black, threatening clouds surged in and overspread the entire sky. A mighty wind arose, and with it came a torrential down-pour of heavy rain and enormous hail-stones, that in a few moments were as large as tennis-balls, some larger—the paper said that some measured ten inches in circumference. These came down with a tremendous crash, and pounded on the iron roofs with deafening and most frightening noise, as the roar of a mighty cataract, tumbling down from the heavens, at the same time breaking thousands of panes of glass, that came flying in all directions, allowing the huge stones to tumble into the houses,

sending fugitives in all quarters to seek refuge from the danger zone. Outside all was dangerous, and pedestrians were sure to be injured by the falling hail-stones, if not struck by the lightning. Fortunately, few were in the streets, and these quickly disappeared.

In a few minutes from the starting of the storm a torrent was running through every street—the city is built on hills. In one place the river burst its banks, forming a new river, that divided the city in two parts. It was impossible to cross, the mere attempt was unthinkable. Yet more noise was added to the general racket, when the angry sea of black clouds, that overcast the setting sun, burst forth in peal after peal of thunder claps that seemed loud enough to shake the very foundations of the earth. The scene was illuminated by the most vivid flashes of lightning that spread over the entire sky, one flash succeeding another without cessation. Some flashes were red, and some flashes, I noticed, shot across the sky like water from a garden hose.

All this had a most wonderful effect, reflected in and out amongst the black clouds, the white, glistening ground, and seen, as it were, through the falling veil of white, shining, solid balls of transparent ice that chased each other down and were so blown about by the high wind, that even their great fall did not shatter them, but sent them bounding and re-bounding in wild fury till they reached the ground.

In one place a big tree was set ablaze by lightning and the fire brigades were called out, with much danger to the men, to prevent the fire spreading. Soon people in gay attire were rushing from tiled-roofed houses seeking refuge with their iron-roofed neighbours, with whom they likely remained till morning; but friend Morpheus deserted Pretoria this blessed Christmas night.

It was all a most wondrous sight, which in spite of the alarm it aroused, I greatly enjoyed. Picture to yourself, huge balls of ice falling in torrents from a great altitude, bounding about, as if in sport, knocking each other in every direction in vigorous energy. No one could say who won the game, or who stopped first, for all seemed to cease together, as suddenly as did the start of the great game. Think of the tremendous noise, the crashing roar of the hail falling on the iron roofs, and the thunder claps keeping up a concert; the little rivers dashing in all directions, making channels for themselves; the blazing tree in the midst, the black clouds, the glistening white ground, like a snow scene—something unknown here; then the whole lit up and enlivened by the flickering, flashing, flaring, incessant lightning that glorified the entire scene. It was a sight never to be forgotten, and we could safely gaze upon it through the windows that are sheltered under the verandah.

The storm lasted in its fury, only for one half hour; but what fearful destruction was accomplished in that short time! The theory now is that the violence was caused by the conjunction of two storms, that arose at opposite points, and crashed together at Pretoria.

Up to this, the loss is estimated at over two hundred thousand pounds. In the districts of Arcadia and Sunnyside no single house has escaped uninjured. The modern houses have all tiled roofs. These were smashed and shattered to fragments, and so gave entrance, as well as the broken windows, to the hail that destroyed much property and endangered all within. The old iron-roofed houses—such as ours—stood the fusillade bravely, and nowhere gave way. Here, the hail entered only through the broken windows of the lantern, but the gutters and down-pipes became choked with hail and were useless. As it melted, the water flooded the entire Novitiate storey, coming through the ceilings, down the walls, then resting in a lake on the "Perfecto" floors. These have a right to their name, and are water-tight, so down-stairs was saved, except what came through the lantern.

In many buildings electric fittings of all descriptions were injured or totally destroyed; whole bunches of wires wrenched from their holdings; lights and phones failing. The power station was incapacitated, the fire station greatly damaged; the new establishment of the Christian Brothers, just finished, in a sorry plight; the Monastery and the Sisters of Mercy's new Convent suffered as all the fine buildings did. Even the great Mint opposite us has its roof shattered and presents a most fantastic appearance, with temporary patchwork in the midst of its grandeur. During the storm when the lights failed the darkness gave way to lightning. Next day our doctor was at the phone to say that his whole roof was open and rain coming on. He begged a tarpaulin from the railway, or something to shelter him for the night. His is a beautiful new house that he has just built for himself, and it is now quite shattered. We are told that some of the houses, if not at once seen to, will collapse, and of course are already uninhabitable. So much for the houses! Desolation on all sides!

There was promise of a more than plentiful fruit crop, just coming to maturity. All is now destroyed—crops, trees, plants and all vegetation injured. Next morning our lawn gave us an idea of the plight of the city and suburbs. The hail that usually melts directly upon falling, was still in drifts of ice. The branches and leaves were beaten from the trees and pounded to fragments on the ground, which was covered with a green carpet ornamented with crystal gems, instead of copper-colored clay and struggling grass, well nigh burnt up by the mid-summer sun. Skeleton trees stood up gaunt and bare; the vines stripped of their beautiful foliage as well as their fruit. Ours were heavily laden with almost ripe grapes; not one remains. The outside walls of this house and the windows are dashed with brown—as from a painter's brush—like a speckled hen—the work of the rebounding balls, as with great force they struck the ground.

No insurance covers this kind of loss, so God help the people these hard times, after

many crop failures, droughts and floods, one after another through the early months of the past year! In some districts, too, there was devastation by locusts—a perfect plague of them.

Next morning, the 26th, a national holiday, saw all builders, glaziers, electricians, and other tradesmen busy at work, to take their chance of a good haul, while fortune smiled upon them. To secure their aid at once was the best fortune of the unfortunates who suffered and afterwards had to pay heavily for the same. Now, these men will be in great demand, and all may “raise their hats” to the tradesmen, the most important people of the day. Many workmen are likely to arrive from a distance and make hay while the sun shines. Now there will be a rush for iron roofs, and the tiles that have been so fashionable will lose caste. Most likely the despised old iron ones will raise their price as well as their heads, and preserve many more wary heads from a second experience of being roofless. We are grateful that all our roofs, old and new, are iron—because we could not afford the stylish tiles, consequently they remain intact.

In the midst of this salutary chastisement of an ever beneficent Providence, two great blessings call loudly for thanksgiving. The first is, the general preservation of life, for little human injury has been sustained; we have heard of only three lives lost. One, sad to say, was a former pupil of ours, on his way to his home, where the family awaited him for Christmas dinner. His car overturned right into the river and he was drowned. A poor native was also drowned. A lady whose house was badly damaged, was carried out, overcome, and in a few hours died of shock. A few were picked up unconscious in the streets, but revived. This preservation is almost miraculous, because both the hail and the lightning are supremely dangerous, and deaths caused by the latter are read of in the papers after every storm. All through the summer we have lightning nearly every night, often the dangerous fork, that is unsafe to be under, but people can never be sufficiently warned.

The second blessing seems to have fallen on ourselves alone. The house has suffered no damage except fifty panes of glass in the windows, only three in the lantern, though it stands up a perfect target for the fury of the elements. Renewing the glass cost a nice little sum, but nothing to what our neighbours will have to spend. Again, the building at Hillcrest is up to the roof; another few weeks would have left the new roof ready for complete destruction. What is built has sustained no injury.

Have we not reason to bless the Lord and to trust Him, that this house of Bethania in the Promised Land, will rise to His glory, for He, the Builder, buildeth this House, so we build not in vain.

II.

The Festive Days of Christmas did not pass without another very different phenomenon in Pretoria. A great swarm of locusts paid us a passing visit. This is only the second time during the past fifty years that a spectacle like this has been witnessed here.

On the eve of the Epiphany, at about 4 p.m., as our nuns were assembling for recreation, they were attracted by a loud, humming noise as if a host of aeroplanes was approaching. They ran out to the lawn to watch. But no flying machines! A very different sight caught their wondering eyes. The humming had heralded an innumerable multitude of living creatures. Instantly there seemed to spread over the horizon, a mighty host, racing at wild speed; no one knows whence they came, nor where they will elect to settle. It was a veritable swarm of locusts, thousands deep and wide. It filled the whole sky, keeping perhaps thirty feet above the ground. But so lovely and clear was the air that the blue sky could be seen right up through and beyond the twittering mass. These insects are about the size of very small birds. They have brown bodies and very beautiful white or faintly-tinted wings. A swarm is usually seen like a passing brown cloud. Not so this time! It appeared like transparent, glorified little snow-flakes,

falling in a heavy shower. At such a rate were the wee creatures flying, that nothing could be seen, except the beautiful sparkling wings, flashing colours, and in lightning-like motion. Much of the entrancing beauty of the scene was owing to the sun, that was then shining in all the glory of noon-day splendor, rather nearing the still more magnificent glory of setting.

As the swarm crossed it seemed to add a new glory to the sun, while its own beauty was ten times enhanced by the intense blue of the cloudless sky, a sky compared to which, the most lovely Italian sky would pale. Each wee creature of this mighty host seemed determined not to be overtaken by its follower or beaten in the race. "First start, first arrive" seemed to be the motto. Right through the densest part of the mass could be seen the intense blue of the sky, while wings flashed and the twittering kept up. No words can describe the spectacle! Had the sky been cloudy, and the sun resting behind them, the swarm would have been no more noticeable than swiftly passing, brown clouds.

On and on the gorgeous panorama kept passing! Occasionally birds would fly in, get entangled, and in wild fury struggle to extricate themselves, but sadly failed and were carried on in the whirling maze. The beauty of the birds was much enhanced in their golden cage and their bright colours showed off to perfection the beauty of their little entrappers.

Time was passing! Not as swiftly as the swarm though; that appeared to be interminable. The mass was thickening. Spread out it could not, for it had the monopoly of the horizon. Eyes were aching, but could not resist the sight. All this time bells were ringing to acquaint the inhabitants of the phenomenon, lest some should be allowed to remain napping this very hot, mid-summer day. After an hour and a half of this mad race the swarm seemed to slow down and fade away.

Those who know how to measure such moving masses state that the swarm, from van to rear, was six miles long, and as, we observed, took an hour and a half to pass over Pretoria;

but, what man can state the number of our entertaining wee visitors? Multitudes that no man can number. We were glad to give welcome to these little strangers, but better pleased that they came not to stay, and we gave them a hearty "God-speed" on their way. We have heard since, that a small company became detached and settled on Union Buildings and gardens, covering the whole area with a brown, living carpet; but it seemed not to their taste, and soon the little truants raced after their comrades.

All are grateful that it was but a passing show. Had it settled on Pretoria, destruction and devastation to all vegetable life, which the storm may have spared, would have resulted. Perhaps, soon we shall hear of its destination, for these small vultures make themselves very much at home till not as much as a blade of grass, a leaf on a tree, rising crops or any greenery is left. Then, having ruined the poor farmers, they seek fresh pastures. There were visitations up the country, in the Transvaal, during the early months of last year, as well as droughts, floods and hail storms, causing great distress and devastating vast tracts of land.

At last the farmers are waking up to the necessity of discovering means for destroying or frightening away these locusts which have been propagating since the days of their Egyptian birth. Anyone seeing the vast armament we beheld would doubt very much the success of their efforts; but those who strive are to be commended and will make fortunes if success attends them.

I suggest, very privately, of course, that a fusilade of rockets should greet their arrival and keep up until they have had enough of it. If it be true that fire frightens all animals, it should have some effect. And what about cannonading? If the creatures have ears, they might be alarmed. But likely those who are more intimately acquainted with these little pests, would smile at my suggestions. I yield them the laugh, but would be glad that the farmers should know of our good will to assist them to ward off future visitations.

THE IDEA OF COMEDY

DOWN through the centuries have come such multifarious expressions of well-nigh every phase of thought which the human brain can conceive, that we 20th century explorers in intellectual fields are baffled from the outset.

The conviction prevalent to-day is that the harvests have all been reaped, and if even Chaucer called himself a gleaner, the added centuries since his time can scarce have left an ear to gather!

One resource, however, remains to the myriad writers who still persevere in their avocation, and that is to "make a posie of other men's thoughts" and bind them with their own links, as Montaigne professed to do over three centuries ago.

Such a "posie" is here presented, chosen from ideas of comedy expressed mainly by Meredith and Courtney, with a linking application to Moliere "en passant," and to Shakespeare "en restant."

"The Idea of Comedy and the Uses of the Comic Spirit," formed the subject of a lecture delivered by George Meredith at the London Institution, Feb. 1, 1877. This was first published in essay form in "The New Quarterly Review" for April, 1877, and eventually in the book form, called by W. L. Courtney, "an authoritative work which no one would omit considering in this reference," that is, to comedy. Courtney maintains that in this essay "the whole idea and stamp of what comedy means is founded on the polite and distinguished plays of Molière, and also of Congreve, types of that kind of work which is only possible in a highly civilized society of men and women of taste and breeding, met for the exchange of verbal wit and fashionable intrigue."

It will surely interest us, then, to examine closely just what Meredith's idea of comedy

was, and our study can hardly fail to result in extenuating this idea beyond the limit which Courtney assigns to it.

One difficulty in handling this essay results from its scattered style, for in the enumeration of types of comedy neither chronological nor national divisions are followed. The difficulty may be obviated, however, by reading the essay to the end and synthesising according to our pleasure.

The opening pages deal with laughter, an almost indispensable concomitant to comedy. "C'est une étrange entreprise que celle de faire rire les honnêtes gens," the author quotes from Molière; and incidentally, the introduction to agelasts, misogynelasts and hypergelasts proves curiously interesting from a philological point of view. It may possibly take the Greek explicative misogynelos, to connect these foreign looking words with plain English "laughter" subjected to mutation by the suggestive prefixes.

The production of laughter Meredith considers essential to Comedy, but he takes care to emphasize that his reference is to "thoughtful laughter," which expression Courtney calls "a good phrase," and further defines as "an inner experience—a sort of internal chuckle—which does not display external manifestations. It is the enjoyment of the intellect when situations, or characters, or, sometimes, phrases strike one as happy exhibitions of humour."

The power to touch and kindle the mind through this medium, Meredith considers must be a natal gift. Further ideas which he develops are, that "comedy is the fountain of sound sense; not the less perfectly sound on account of the sparkle"; that "philosophic and comic poets are of a cousinship in the eye they cast on life"; that "life is not a comedy, but something strangely mixed; nor is comedy a vile mask," as some would have it; that "it

may be accepted as a version of the ordinary worldly understanding of our social life, at least, in accord with the current dicta concerning it"; that "justly treated, it throws no infamous reflection upon life"; that "the idealistic conception of comedy gives breadth and opportunities of daring to comic genius and helps to solve the difficulties it creates"; that "folly is the natural prey of the comic"; that "comedy, or the comic element, is the specific for the poison of delusion while Folly is passing from the state of vapour to substantial form"; that "the sense of the comic is much blunted by habits of punning and of using humouristic phrase"; that "the stroke of the great humourist is world wide, with lights of tragedy in his laughter"; that "comedy is an interpretation of the general mind, and is for that reason of necessity kept in restraint"; here Meredith gives the French superior credit for the stress they lay on "*mesure et gout*," and in this respect acknowledges them our teachers.

One of his closing remarks refers to the narrow field of the comic poet who "is not concerned with beginnings or endings or surroundings, but with what you are now weaving."

Meredith's exalted idea of comedy is displayed in the effects he attributes to its influence. One excellent test of the civilization of a country he takes to be the flourishing of comedy and the comic idea; and the test of true comedy, he maintains, is that it shall awaken thoughtful laughter.

True comedy, he insinuates, excludes the personal element and deals with the foibles of mankind in general, over whom a Spirit may be discerned, and wherever they wax out of proportion, "this spirit overhead will look humanely malign and cast an oblique light on them, followed by volleys of silvery laughter. That is the comic spirit." "A perception of this comic spirit," he says, "gives high fellowship. You become a citizen of the selecter world, the highest we know of in connection with our old world, which is not supermundane. Look there for your unchallengeable upper class!

The advantages of belonging to this upper class he makes manifest, and the attractions he increases by citing the delightful writers who lure us into its charmed precincts. Giving precedence to antiquity, we are interested in following Meredith's views on the great writers of comedy.

Menander has the undisputed first place, and owing to the difficulty of obtaining knowledge of his personality and works, the credit of handing him down to posterity is largely attributed to Terrence. Courtney gives further proof of his popularity by asserting that he became the idol, the superlatively favourite writer of antiquity and that even St. Paul quoted him in the First Corinthians, ch. 15, v. 33, where is found the text: "Evil communications corrupt good manners." Other moral maxims attributed to him are: "The property of friends is common," and the much quoted, "Whom the gods love die young."

Around the name of Aristophanes there rests not the same obscurity, and Meredith assigns him his important place in the development of comedy. He first adopts him as a criterion in his criticism of varied comedies, then pays him this special tribute: "He is an aggregate of many men, all of a certain greatness. We may build up a conception of his powers if we mount Rabelais upon Hudibras, lift him with the songfulness of Shelley, give him a vein of Heinrich Heine, and cover him with the mantle of the Anti-Jacobin, adding (that there may be some Irish in him) a dash of Grattan, before he is in motion."

With full acknowledgment of the humour found in Aristophanes' *Frogs* and *Clouds* and *Birds*, Meredith does not hesitate to say that the laughter resulting from such humour "is not illuminating; it is not the laughter of the mind."

The reference made to modern authors includes a casual mention of Italian, Spanish and German comedies, French centralized in Molière and English elevated to the unapproachable in Shakespeare. Molière certainly receives the lion's share of the essay and we must acknowledge that he deserves the royal prerogative.

To state Meredith's appreciation of Molière would mean to cover the whole ground of the essay, for in its scattered style there are sprinklings of the French dramatist all through the book. It must suffice to say that he does full justice to Molière, that he brings out all the delicate shades of humour at which the intellectual scarcely laugh and whose smile even borders on a sigh. Molière's immortal personages are brought together in one consideration, Alceste preponderating and then descending the scale come Tartuffe and Harpagon and Orgon, Célimène and Dorine and the Précieuses and the Femmes Savantes, each character treated with such exquisite discrimination that it stands out a type of Molière's creations and an extended evidence of Meredith's just valuation of such dramatic skill.

The English dramatists mentioned by Meredith are chiefly confined to Congreve and Shakespeare. Byron receives a mention of having "splendid powers of humour, but no comic sense; of excelling in poetic satire, fusing at times to hard irony." Meredith, however, takes great care to differentiate between the satirist and the writer of true comedy.

Jonson and Massinger receive passing notice and the statement that "the comic of Jonson is a scholar's excogitation of the comic; that of Massinger a moralist's."

Many pages are devoted to Congreve, who he says "excels all his English rivals in his literary force and a succinctness of style peculiar to him. He had correct judgment, a correct ear, a readiness of illustration within a narrow range. He hits the mean of a fine style and a natural in dialogue. He is at once precise and voluble. He is a classic and is worthy of treading a measure with Molière."

Meredith may have thought it unnecessary to indulge in prolonged praises of Shakespeare. Whatever his reason, apart from chance references here and there, he devoted scarcely more than a page to him whom he has likened to Aristophanes. "an unapproachable." His only direct tribute is: "Shakespeare is a well-spring of characters which are saturated with the comic spirit; with more of what we call the blood-life

than is to be found anywhere out of Shakespeare; and they are of this world, but they are of the world enlarged to our embrace by imagination, and by great poetic imagination. They are, as it were, creatures of the woods and wilds, not in walled towns, not grouped and toned to pursue a comic exhibition of the narrower world of society. Jacques, Falstaff and his regiment, the varied troops of clowns, Malvolio, Sir Hugh Evans and Fluellan—marvellous Welshman!—Benedick and Beatrice, Dogberry and the rest, are subjects of a special study in the poetically comic."

To judge of Shakespeare's merits from Meredith's idea of comedy, we must, then, apply the latter's principles to his comedies and see in how far the parallelism may be traced. If we begin with the much emphasized power to touch and kindle the mind through the medium of thoughtful laughter, we find Shakespeare amply fulfilling the requirement; not in all his comedies, it is true, for in "The Comedy of Errors" and "A Midsummer Night's Dream" at least, the farcical element prevails; but in the higher tone of comedy the laughter merges into serious reflections of psychological interest, and wherever the destiny of a soul hangs in the balance, the humorous side of the situation could never prevail with those who see and respect the seriousness of life.

"The Merry Wives of Windsor" would seem to claim kinship with the farcical plays, had we not met Falstaff previously in his proper sphere. Finding him in an atmosphere wholly unfavourable to him, we see the pathetic rather than the humorous aspect of the situation.

In these comedy scenes enacted in the shadow of tragedy, Shakespeare upholds other principles of Meredith, for instance that "life is not a comedy, but sometimes strangely mixed," and that "the stroke of the great humorist is world wide, with lights of tragedy in his laughter."

Meredith's next requirements, sound sense and philosophic trend, do not find response in Shakespeare, who lives in an imaginative realm

WHITE GLORY

MARY LOU MARTIN sat, a pink-cheeked slip of a girl, on the Martin back-door-step. It was a bright, breezy morning in August, a morning conducive to high spirits, for a prolonged heavy rain had freshened the whole heat-flagged world, and Mary Lou sang as she deftly split the fat pea-pods and spilled the shiny green pellets into an equally shiny pan. Something in her face shone too; the morning-glories on the fence seemed to brighten to more vivid pinkness as they watched her, and a sparrow, hopping near, nodded approval of her song.

Within the house, Mary Lou's mother could be heard stepping briskly about in the execution of the morning's tasks. The industrious clip-clip of the lawn-mower betokened Mr. Martin's presence at the front of the house, and down the street Mary Lou could see little brother Benny's fat, sturdy form, marching at the head of a small, but doughty, band of warriors, making discordant militant music on battered horns and dish-pans.

Mary Lou stopped singing suddenly and gave vent to a sigh. Her twenty years loomed prodigious by the side of Benny's care-free seven. Sheltered years they had been, Mary Lou realized, with a throb of gratitude for the father who had struggled through the years of ill-health and financial embarrassment, holding desperately to his arduous and poorly-paid post as book-keeper for the city Gas Company, a pathetic example of the man who knows and accepts his own lacks and limitations; and for her mother, one of that brave army of Canadian women, wives of such men, whose last year's hats, retrimmed, pay the dentist's bill, and whose tired eyes keep "smiling through" with a persistent courage in the face of great adversities.

Mary Lou brushed a soft strand of hair

from her forehead and leaned, chin on hand, her eyes growing dreamy with their glances down the bygone years of her childhood. Certain incidents stood out clearly to her consciousness—the baby habit of tying a loved grandfather's lame leg to the dining-room table in the course of his last meal with them until the next visit; mother's grave reproof when, in answer to Grandfather's time-worn query as to whether Mary Lou preferred dates or pink gum-drops as a bribe to untie the leg, the little girl admitted an intense desire for "Bofe, please"; the long hours of joyous companionship with Jim, the twin brother, when they played under the happy agreement of "Girls' play" one day, and "Cowboys or Indian scout" the day succeeding; Mary Lou baiting fishhooks with wriggling worms for the adored brother, and he, with masculine condescension to her weakness, consenting to plaster the broken doll's head; the drab loneliness of the year when Jim abandoned "Girls' plays" and took to swimming with boys in the millstream and drawing away a little shamefacedly from Mary Lou's moist kisses, and then—that poignant hour when Jim's thin, dripping-wet body was carried home and Mary Lou knew he would never come whistling down the street again nor pull her reddish braid and call her "Ginger." Then there was those brief, ecstatic hours and heart-felt disappointments to which Mary Lou referred a little sadly as "Growing Up."

"Growing Up" meant learning to take things calmly instead of hugging mother to pieces with joy over a new dress or sobbing passionately for hours over the sufferings of Beth in "Little Women." It meant also many sad little discoveries of sin and sorrow in the world, and that every separate soul had some burden to bear and for many the burden was

too heavy. It meant finding out that blissful fairy-tale lovers never escaped from the covers of the book they lived in, and that love in real life was nine parts sacrifice, even though mother and her circle of middle-aged, quiet, kindly friends seemed to rejoice in that love and what the years had brought with them. To Mary Lou it meant hurt pride over rejected bits of dainty, ordinary verse, the shattering of many childhood ambitions, great loneliness that even mother could not penetrate, and the world a bewildering place of lost hopes and broken dreams.

But then Denny came. And Denny's eyes were tender and Denny's heart was true. And Denny held up the mirror of his honesty and his sane, contented outlook on Life, and showed Mary Lou that many of the broken dreams were only shattered bubbles, multi-coloured and fragile, lighting the air one moment and going out the next to leave the world no poorer for their absence, since God's sun still shone and the bubble-pipe was close at hand.

Denny was a penniless young graduate of medicine with naught in all the world but a shingle to hang out and a dauntless Irish heart, and—since the gods were kind and luck was with Erin, Mary Lou! Then Mary Lou proceeded to transfer the enthusiasm with which, hitherto, she had rejoiced in and wept over being alive, to loving Doctor Denny. She thought often with a little rush of tenderness of how she should try to make up to him for the mother he had never known and the home lost to him in childhood. It was sweet to plan thus, and the peas suffered neglect while Mary Lou's cheeks flushed pinker and a little glad light grew and grew in her eyes and spread over her whole face in a lovely, luminous glory. Then Mary Lou's mother called and the voice broke in sharply on her meditations, so that she gave a nervous little jump and pan and peas slipped to the ground. Half-ashamed of her absent mood, she stooped quickly and as she did so, her foot slipped on a moist pod and she fell with a stunning force against the step.

PART II.

Mary Lou did wake from those torturesome dreams by and by, awakened to find her mother's bright, brave eyes upon her, smiling still, although her cheeks were wet with tears. Father was there too, and his shoulders stooped more tiredly than ever and the lines on his thin, gentle face were deeper. And Denny—Denny with those tell-tale eyes of his blurred with anguish. Mary Lou struggled up against the pillows and summoned a pitiful, twisted little smile. The movement brought no actual pain; her limbs were free to move.

"I'm all right, folks," she cried. "Mother, Father, I'm all right. Don't look so stricken. Denny, what is the matter?"

There was a tense hush in the little room. Mr. Martin turned suddenly away and almost knocked into a starched white person at the door who came forward, brisk and capable, to the bedside.

"So that's it," she summed up, rapidly. "Then the sooner she knows it, the better. All right, Dr. Dennison, I'll take the responsibility on my own shoulders."

Before Denny could move, she picked up a hand-mirror from Mary Lou's dressing-table and thrust it into the girl's hands.

"Don't take it too hard, my dear," she said, not unkindly. "Myself, I think it's rather pretty."

Little Mary Lou Martin just gazed and gazed. She did not drop the mirror nor scream, nor faint. She just looked at those lovely blue eyes and the cheeks that were getting back their pink flush, the red lips and then, in vivid, startling contrast, the aureole of soft hair, beautifully waving,—lustreless, snowy white! And then with a little sigh, she looked at Denny.

"I guess I can stand it, Denny," she said a little piteously, "But—it's hard on you to have an old lady for a bride."

But if Mary Lou was brave at the moment of her sad discovery the days of real testing came later on, when, fully-recovered and strong, she slipped back into the old rou-

tine with its little added zest of wedding-preparations. And little Mary Lou was only twenty and the test was very hard, so that when Denny put tender arms around her in the twilight and told her he loved every separate, gleaming strand, Mary Lou just sighed and looked unhappy, and when her girl friends said it was becoming; and those kindly, middle-aged women with whom her mother occasionally quilted, or hob-nobbed over crochet patterns loudly and emphatically mourned the wrinkles and the dim eyes that accompanied their own white hair, she looked hurt and incredulous and slipped away to choke back the tears.

Never, never, in all her sensitive young life, had Mary Lou been so alone—so utterly lonely in her sorrow. Never did she so despise herself for her inability to bridge the gulf that seemed to separate her from her tender mother. Hour after hour she lay awake in the darkness when the little house was quiet, haunted by the fear that Denny was pretending his apparent indifference to the change in her.

"It is," she would say, clenching her slender hands beneath the coverlets, "it is their kind of love—nine parts sacrifice. But Denny used to say, 'It is like dusty bronze—her hair, with the shimmer showing through the dust.'"

Deliberately she built herself a little house of tragedy and then bruised her very soul in her efforts to escape its confinement. She did not see that Fate, as if sneering at her small misery, was compassing her life about with a tragedy that should make her vain little sorrow as naught. For Denny Dennison was going blind.

Mary Lou's mother saw that the tender grey eyes were netted around with the fine wrinkles of overstrain. Mary Lou's father knew that a haunting dread sometimes shadowed the tenderness they held for Mary Lou. One evening, when Denny sat on the Martin verandah step, with Mary Lou, a little moody, by his side, and the young violinist across the street throbbed out his musical passion in "Lead

Kindly Light," Mary Lou's father saw a spasm of sudden terror twitch Denny's lips. But little Mary Lou never guessed until the day her father and mother told her as gently as possible that Denny was to undergo an operation at the Hospital that would decide whether his sight could be saved or not. Mary Lou received the announcement quietly, went up to her room and came down with her severe little black hat covering the hated white hair, and went with her parents to the hospital. Benny went too, with his fat little hand cuddling in his sister's, puzzled as to this strange turn of events, but doggedly devoted to his sister.

There was no possible chance of word from the doctors for hours. Mr. and Mrs. Martin waited unobtrusively, looking unusually deferential to the hospital attendants who hurried by; but Mary Lou sought out an empty room and sat down by the window to think. It required a stupendous effort to sort out the tangle of impossible things that had become facts in this chaos of her life.

But sitting quietly there with her lovely eyes sombre in thought, the truth flashed upon her. She turned white to the lips, her whole body rigid with awe at her thought.

"Yes, I have learned," said Mary Lou, tensely, "I was ashamed of my disfigurement, and to please me God has hidden it from Denny."

She dropped to her knees suddenly. "Oh God! Oh God!" she prayed in the intensity of her feeling, "Let him see and I will never be ashamed again!"

Moments passed and a thin wail from across the corridor betokened the entrance into the world of another small soul. Mary Lou sobbed when she heard it, sobbed when incongruous laughter floated up to her from a group of gossiping women in the street below. In the convalescents' ward a phonograph began playing and a woman's voice sang the hymn,

"Mother, see my tears, see my tears are falling,
Thou hast also sorrow known"—

A voice spoke her name. It sounded, to her sensitive ears, accusing. Yet a kindly pressure beneath her arm aided her faltering progress down the long hall. She stumbled to Denny's bedside and showed him those anguished eyes.

"Denny, Denny," she sobbed brokenly, "I did not know that love—great love—always

requires sacrifice, and must have it to prove its greatness."

And Denny Dennyson, freed for the moment from his bandages, lifted eyes of a great and understanding tenderness.

"Mary Lou, sweetheart," he said, and his hand touched her hair, "That White Glory brought me back—from the Dark. All is well."



A Springtime Quest

BY ANNE SUTHERLAND, GUELPH.

Little hid heart of me, why are you beating so?

What's in a Springtime to wake such a thrill?

Look how the Master is tenderly touching

With His fresh tints the drear dun of the hill.

See how His footsteps are rousing the spring-
blossoms;—

Flushed with sweet slumber they rise to
adore their king;

Fresh river-winds give the sign to the willow
trees,

All the slim branches bend humbly before
their King!

Little gay feet of me, where are you tripping
to?

Shunning the paths 'tis safe habit to tread?

Greenwoods are beckoning, waters are bub-
bling,

Blossoms reborn again, long have been dead.

Look how the robins are drunk with the
heady air,

Carolling loudly, proud songs of their nest-
ing time;

Lovely young earth like a maid in her purity,
Stretches luxuriant out of her resting time!

Speak, little soul of me, why do I tremble so,
White in my reverence, awed into fright?

Ah, you looked up to the One Who created it,
All this vast beauty, so tender and right;

In His deep eyes there was love for you, care
for you,

From His kind hands fell the blossoms you
sing,

And lo! while you watched, you forgot in
your worshipping

The sweet gift He gave, for the Giver of Spring.

ONE SUMMER'S PILGRIMAGE

CHAPTER III.—FLORENCE AND MILAN

THOUGH the pilgrims left large portions of their hearts in Rome, and though Florence is Rome's traditional enemy and rival, they were far from endorsing Marion Crawford's too partial sentiments when he said: "I am far too good a Roman not to hate Florence." Had he survived the last stirring chapter in the history of this country and the world, he would no doubt have softened that dictum, as his distinguished sister, who seems to have shared his feelings in this instance, would surely have done.

The beauty of Florence—one which is all her own, both natural and cultural, with her treasures of art, numerous and great enough to have established the fame of the whole of Italy, called out the warmest admiration and affection of the travellers.

The individuality of Italian cities is most striking. In many, the differences are so marked that comparison is impossible. The centuries during which each city of importance was a kingdom in itself—not only independent of, but maintaining an attitude of fierce hostility towards the neighboring kingdoms—are responsible. But while such an attitude kept the country in a state of incessant warfare, it was a strong factor in producing that spirit of rivalry so favorable to the development of art and science. A city which can claim to be the birthplace or the chief patron of such men as Dante, Michael Angelo, Galileo, Fra Angelico, Luca della Robbia, Cimabué, Lippo Lippi, Alfieri, Savonarola, Ghirlandajo, and a host of others who have

won—not their own country's acclaim alone, but that of the entire world—may be pardoned for some of the proud and haughty attitude ascribed to it by its enemies.

Our apartment in the hotel of the classic city was a delightful one. It was hardly a story above the street and had windows opening upon a wide view of the Arno, which was distant only by a few yards. Here we rested and dined, and then went out to locate the nearest church. To our joy, we found it after a walk of five minutes. It was the Church of All Saints, conducted by the Franciscan Friars. The sanctuary was laden with votive candles surrounding a statue of St. Anthony—a favorable augury to begin with. A dear old Brother seeing that we were strangers, beckoned us to follow him to the sacristy, while he summoned an English-speaking Friar—a Father Anthony Maloney! (his name another good omen) who showed us every courtesy and kindness in his power. He conducted us himself to the great Duomo, which, of course, it is the duty of all pilgrims to see before anything else.

It is unnecessary to say that we were deeply impressed with this masterpiece of art, with its bewildering facade, filled with statues and ornamented with exquisite bas-reliefs; with the great bronze doors giving entrance to the Baptistery, whose elaborate design and marvellous workmanship, the creations of Ghiberti, are among the world's art wonders, and are worth a pilgrimage in themselves; with the Campanile, a tower 292 feet high, the work of

Giotto. It is coated with many-colored marbles and adorned with statues and reliefs by Donatello, Andrea Pisano and other great ones.

On the steps of the Duomo, as in Rome, one encounters the enterprising vendors of curios and works of art. But here, the merit of their wares makes its own appeal and calls for less eloquence on the part of the vendors. To be unmoved at the sight of a bronze medallion of Dante, in the very spot upon which he must have walked, would seem a discourtesy which nothing short of bankruptcy could excuse. The same holds good with most of their offerings. "Is your sentiment sincere for these great ones?" they imply, "then you'll think twice before a refusal."

During our stay in Florence, we were accorded many privileges through the kindness of our friend, Father Anthony. He invited us to serve his Mass, at his private altar, an office we were glad and proud to perform; he lent us his own guide-book of the city and arranged our itinerary out of his superior wisdom; and most precious of all favours, he allowed us to venerate the greatest relic in the possession of the Order: the habit of St. Francis of Assisi, with that portion burned out by the fire miraculously enkindled in his heart, at the moment when he received the stigmata, on Mt. Alverno. The extreme veneration in which this relic is held is evidenced by the richness of its shrine, and its wonderful preservation during all these centuries. St. Francis founded his Order in the thirteenth century, it will be remembered.

One night at a late hour, as if to make us conscious of our romantic surroundings, the strains of music, floating up from the river, aroused us from sleep, while an operatic tenor was heard singing love songs to his lady. The

episode reminded us that we were, in a sense, sojourners in another age as well as another land.

Every drive out of the city proper, entails the climbing of a prominent hill or mountain, a feat which the motor-car performs with ease and swiftness. One is generally inclined to excuse the swiftness, in order to enjoy the views of the city and surrounding country. These views are always beautiful and sometimes dramatically so, as in the case of the drive to Fiesole.

Mussolini had just arrived in the city, the day we dedicated to Fiesole. The distracted air of the hotel waiters and officials would have forewarned us of this, even had an English edition of a local paper failed to do so. We did not see the great Dictator, though the congested streets at certain points gave a clue to his movements—and though at least one of our party, had conceived an admiration of him verging on worship. The crowds were highly excited, but orderly, and black shirts—the insignia of the Fascisti—were everywhere in evidence. Troops and companies of school children marching out in order and in uniform, carrying flags, and looking as if the destiny of Italy lay wholly in their hands, passed our stopping place. The children offered themselves as a body-guard to Mussolini for the day, and were given right of way at every turn, even on the bridges, where some of the crowd had mounted the railings of the bridge in order to keep their positions as spectators. Our chauffeur drove us deliberately into the thick of it all, or circled round the dense masses of people, both in going to and returning from Fiesole. In this way, our car formed an item in the procession once or twice, whether we desired it or not. Out of similar episodes is history made.

The Hospice of San Girolamo at Fiesole is in charge of the Little Companions of Mary, commonly called "Blue Nuns," because of the color of their costumes. The house is quite hidden from view, at the summit of the hill—on one side by a high wall, with a closed gate or doorway; at the other by trees and high box-hedges, whose delightful odor regales the senses on the way to the door. It commands one of the most strikingly lovely views of Florence that could be imagined. I remember wondering how these nurses could acquire the spirit of detachment necessary for discharging their duties, with such a ravishing scene spread out thus beneath their eyes. One would be tempted here to look below, rather than above, for one's final reward, unless there is such a thing as becoming insensible to these beauties. Is there a feature of a landscape so calculated to give one a thrill of something very like ecstasy as a group of cypress trees? I wonder. Here we were surrounded by majestic ones that stood like sentinels below and in front of the Hospice. This place, we were told, was a favorite haunt of the Princess Mary and her husband, who occupied a villa nearby, during part of their honey-moon last year. The Superior gave our little party a most courteous welcome. She entertained us and promised, at our request, to keep a spot free, in this earthly paradise, where we may retire for that rest and quiet required to fit us for our work again, or to prepare us for the great final act.

Among the three renowned art centres in Florence—the Uffizi Gallery, The Pitti Palace and the Royal Museum of St. Marks—the last named was the most interesting to the travelers. This may be because of its unique, historical setting. The old Dominican Monastery of St. Mark's which adjoins the splendid

church of that name, is a treasure house of art. It is now in the hands of the Government. There one may see the great paintings with which Fra Angelico and his pupils decorated the walls of the cloister, refectory, chapter-rooms and cells, dating back to 1437-1445. The Refectory contains the famous fresco of the "Last Supper" by Ghirlandajo. Besides the series of wonderful frescoes there is a library—a picturesque, high-vaulted apartment—containing a marvellous collection of illuminated Missals, Psalm-books, and Cantoriums, all the work of the so-called "idle monks."

That this wealth of artistic work, which one is tempted to look upon as inspired almost, should have passed from the hands of the rightful owners, to that of a government which, until very lately, has maintained an attitude of determined hostility towards the Order, whose genius and industry produced it, stirs one's sense of justice deeply. But if the confiscation affords a better opportunity to the entire world to see and acknowledge the fact that a life of prayer and seclusion is far from being one of idleness or usefulness, then good may come of what appears to be an unmitigated evil.

The Uffizi Gallery, founded by the Medici family, and the Pitti Palace on the opposite side of the river, connected with it by a covered bridge, one of the many which span the Arno, contain many of the very richest of the world's art treasures. The latter may be said to have preserved too many evidences of an age in which sinful luxury and sensuality formed a ruling characteristic of social life, but the Uffizi Gallery has an inner sanctuary of art which Hawthorne has aptly called "The richest room in all the world a heart that draws all hearts to it." It contains the famous Venus

de Medicis, The Dancing Fawn, The Apollino, The Wrestlers and other marvels of ancient sculpture; while in painting, Raphael, Michael Angelo, Titian, Corregio and other masters are represented by some of their best work.

One would require months, if not years, to do justice to these collections, though copies of a vast number of them have been circulating through the world for so long that, at least their subjects are more or less familiar, how far soever they are from giving a just idea of the originals.

One day, after a morning of showers which threatened to keep us within doors and wreck our plans for the day, we ventured the drive to San Miniato, and saw the wonderful Mortuary Church at the crest of the hill. It is an unusual looking building, with its Byzantine arches and its dome and facade covered with mosaics. Here again a view of the city is obtained, that for sheer majesty and beauty was not surpassed even at Fiesole. The cemetery behind the church, like many in this part of the world, is a paved space, surrounded by high walls, upon which are built a series of niches or shelves, one above the other, to the top of the wall. Into these shelves are placed the coffins containing human remains. The spaces are not bought, but leased for a certain number of years, at the end of which time the remains are removed, and the spaces re-leased. Memorial wreaths and wall vases filled with flowers adorn most of these compartments, as in our cemeteries.

The driveway up this hill is lined on both sides with handsome villas in their matchless setting of trees, lawns and marble statuary, among them the observatory and Villa of Galileo. Further on is the monument to Michael Angelo. The last is a wide, paved platform with a marble railing, surmounting

the terraced hill, and crowned by a fine statue of the artist. Behind it is a building dedicated to music and art. On this platform or piazzale, and on the hilly road leading thereto, one gets not only another dramatic view of the city, but also a peep into the Boboli Gardens, the very last word, your friends tell you, in natural and acquired beauty. The glimpse afforded is almost enough to confirm their statement.

Further on still, in the same direction, is the famous Carthusian Monastery, built in the 14th century. The visit here, on another day, was intensely interesting. It is on a hill, like all the important places in Florence. Here the Cistercian monks, now few in number, keep the primitive rule of rigid silence and solitude, living in cells built like very small separate houses, each monk having his own garden, which he cultivates and in which he takes his exercise. An old Brother, not bound by strict observance of these rules, gave us a welcome and showed us everything he could. Among them was an antique well, designed by Michael Angelo; also the room in which Pope Pius VII. and Pope Pius IX. were imprisoned during the period of Napoleon's occupation of Rome, likewise the tombs of many great and holy men of Florence, several chapels with richly-carved stalls, valuable paintings and handsome inlaid floors. Before leaving, the Brother whose smile—as innocent and as guileless as a child's, his mouth as toothless as a baby's, or nearly so—conducted us to the little store-room in the basement, where tiny bottles of liqueur, bars of chocolate and other confections, all made by the monks, are dispensed. Probably these help to pay for the meagre fare, to which these holy men are pledged. Judging by the ivory colour of their faces, it is very meagre indeed!

It gave the pilgrims a pang of regret to

part from Florence, a pang which was intensified by the long, uncomfortable journey by rail to Milan, where they arrived at 10 o'clock p.m., tired out and supperless. There was a dining coach on the train, if you felt brave enough to walk through an interminable line of coaches crowded and heated to suffocation; to squeeze past lines of people who filled the narrow vestibules; and after all your prowess, to face a menu of unusual and far from inviting viands, not too nicely served.

Fortune favored us, however, the next day, which was Sunday, for Milan was en fête for the city's Patron, St. John Baptist. A friendly woman, staying with us at the Hotel du Nord, offered to conduct us to the Cathedral in time for the chief Mass of the day. Our way led through the principal business thoroughfares—the least typical Italian streets we had met. Those leading to the Cathedral were filling so quickly that six and eight walked abreast on the pavements, and the processions in the middle of the street—one of which, marching in an opposite direction, was evidently a counter demonstration of some kind—forced the cars to stop running and the autos to go round another way.

Just as we were becoming a little fagged out by the exercise and heat, we came to a turn in the street, and at the head of it, a perfect vision of loveliness confronted us, all the lovelier because of the surroundings—the conventional business houses and hotels. At this sight we promptly forgot our fatigue and everything else but the surprise and beauty of this vision. How white and ethereal it looked! And what a hopeful inspiration it gave amid its uninspiring surroundings!

But the ever-increasing crowd gave us no time to get more than a glimpse of the ex-

terior of the great Duomo. We had to defer a more satisfactory inspection until the Mass was over.

The first words that caught the eye upon entering were a sermon in themselves:

"All pleasant things are momentary; all painful things are momentary; important only are the things eternal." Are these some of the treasured words of the great Cardinal whose name is so bound up in the spiritual fortunes of Milan—Charles Borromeo? We hoped so, though he did not live to see the Cathedral in its present glory.

Once inside this miracle of art, this third largest church in the world—(St. Peter's and that of Seville alone, surpassing it)—the impulse of those behind us directed our movements. We secured chairs and placed them as near the sanctuary as we could, and in spite of the people streaming in from every door, managed to see the imposing pageant as it filed into the sanctuary and to follow every step of the Mass. It was a privilege in itself to hear one of the world's renowned choirs perform the musical parts of the splendid ceremony, in a manner above all praise. One gorgeously attired member of this choir intoned certain parts of the ritual, peculiar not only to the day, but to this particular Cathedral, from a draped balcony over the Sanctuary. His trumpet-like voice thrilled his hearers, suggesting strongly the "voice of one crying in the wilderness," the one whose feast he was celebrating. We did not recognize the words, but they could have meant but one thing: "Prepare ye the way of the Lord!"

His Holiness, Pope Pius XI., was intimately connected with the Ambrosian Library at Milan before he was called to the Chair of Peter, a fact which gives the city a new interest with his friends and spiritual subjects.

But while Milan is one of the largest and certainly the wealthiest cities in Italy, it is not among the most interesting, being a great manufacturing centre and having taken on modern, industrial ways of late years. One is led to believe that Freemasonry is more at home there than it should be in a Catholic country—a fact to which that counter-proces-

sion on St. John Baptist Day may have been due. It is consoling to think, however, that the Milanese as a people are not likely to lose their “vision” while that miracle of religious and Catholic art, the Duomo, is enthroned in their midst.

Pilgrim.

Loretto Abbey, Toronto.



Impr



Beneath the snow

The roses lie;

They bloom and blow,

And then—they die?

Oh, no—they hide

A little low

Till Eastertide.

With warmth and glow,

Calls. They respond,

The lovelier so,

For season spent

Beneath the snow.

Loretto, Niagara Falls.

A.C.M.

PAGES FROM OUR IDEA BOOKS

IN looking over back "Rainbows," we find the College number of 1917 contains some pages from the Idea Books of our predecessors in this class. At the beginning there is a short note explaining the object and pleasure of keeping them. "There is something so companionable about these little books. One could barely call them composition books—that is too formal and suggestive of work; nor yet diaries, but somewhere in between they have their place: an experience: an incident, a funny story, or a beautiful sunset, each calls forth the expression, 'Oh, there is something for my Idea Book.'"

The class of to-day has taken up the Idea Book again, with more or less enthusiasm. We are hopeful that the few pages we are forwarding may be read by some, at least, of the class of six years ago, and be a happy assurance to them that the old order has not too much changed.

1. Ideas.

What are ideas after all? Some petty thoughts, some lofty inspirations? Let me tell you what ideas, real ideas, are to me.

Long, long ago, when fairies lived on the earth, when Prince Charming and Princess Beautiful and cruel stepmothers, were all realities, no human being of commonplace speech or mode of living, troubled the happy and unusual life of the fairies, elves and witches. Then life was all happiness, all perfection. Thus, at least, thought the fair magicians.

But, you know, fairies were really commonplace. This fact was known only to the students of fairyland, who had been promised a reward by the king for finding a flaw in the fairies' mode of living. The King, understand, would not have been the king had he been an ordinary fairy; so, of course, he had to add

something to the novelty of the fairies' life, if only to show he was worthy of his position. Many and many were the suggestions given, but none were accepted by the sovereign.

Finally into the land there came a beautiful stranger, with the light of genius in his eye, kindness and good-humored mischief in his every glance, and a power of attraction so great that, in jealous terror lest his Princess should succumb to it, Prince Charming had her locked up in the royal prison. Gradually, but none the less surely, this stranger found entrance into every fairy heart—or head, should we say? Not that he claimed or even desired notoriety,—oh, no, but he simply could not stay in the background. Even Prince Charming unbent, jealous and fearful though he was.

Now really, the one flaw in the fairies' mode of living was that they had no ideas, no inspirations. Need I tell you then the name of this new beloved stranger? He was called Idea. Into this unsuspecting, self-sufficient, conceited fairyland he came, his very presence radiating inspiration. And this was long, long ago, even to the fairies. In fact some of them think it was always as it is now—that fairies always were full to overflowing with bright ideas, good ideas, and humorous ideas. But indeed, they were not the bright, happy little folk we have always thought them, not as they are now, although we humans have usurped their material kingdom.

Now, we have come to the meaning of my simple parable, which is very clear. Let my mind be as this fairyland into which God's inspirations come and are welcomed as the beautiful stranger was into the land of irresponsible long ago. Then, when any idea, any inspiration comes to me it will be as though the Supreme Idealist had stolen softly there,

and on that dull intellectual fairyland has shed the lovely light of His presence. Then, may every idea, every thought this little book records, be one-hundredth part worthy of Him from Whom all good ideas come!

2. The Group.

Out on our convent grounds, season in and out—summer, winter, spring and fall,—stands a group of three pure white figures. On one side is a woman in a loose flowing robe, her veiled head bent, her eyes fixed with love and devotion on the little curly-headed Boy at her side. His right hand is in hers, while His left is held reverently and yet protectively, by a man whose countenance is alight with a lofty sense of worship. Jesus, Mary, and Joseph—what an example of perfect family life!

Why should not our souls, our characters, be as impervious to surroundings—the cold of the winter of scorn, the warmth of love's summer and happiness, and the sorrows of life's spring and fall as these are? Should not our characters be as strong as the marble from which these inspiring statue figures are made? our ideals as spotless as the pure white figures, glistening in Niagara's sun? True, it is easy to be thus when nature favors us, when the summer sun of approval sheds its warm, life-giving rays on our spirits, and rouses them to their utmost. But, when the cold, cold snow of disfavor falls, when all seems hopeless, when there is nothing but hardness and bitterness, can we stand erect? Can our morals, our ideals, still be as white and clear as those marble statues? They would be so surely if we knew how wonderful, how beautiful it is to be thus; even as those statues when King Winter casts his hoary spell over Niagara. How lovely they are, these white figures, with the snow at their feet and their beautiful eyes gazing in kindness over all!

Genevieve Bibby.

3. Niagara in Winter.

I wonder if, in all the world, there is another spot as beautiful as Niagara in winter! With the coming of the colder days, Niagara prepares for its transformation. When Winter's breath sweeps across the Falls and down the great gorge, it is laden with tiny spray-drops, of which it makes abundant use in all its designs of winter beauty.

Hour after hour, day after day, the process goes on. Now the wind sweeps this way, now that. The entire locality of the Falls receives its winter dress; and over the rocks below and on the trees and hedges along the cliffs, there is revealed a creation of frost work that is unequalled by any spectacle in the world.

Through it all, the turbulent waters flow on in open defiance of the great King Winter. Is there nothing to stop that mad onrush over the mighty cataract? Is there no power that can cause these waters to slacken their course? No Hand but His Who stilled the stormy waters of the Sea of Galilee can signal rest to Niagara's restless floods!

When the sun showers its rays of light on the earth cloaked thus in her wondrous wrap of ermine, the frost-work sparkles like millions of diamonds. Every hush and tree is in glittering white—a landscape unrivalled by any in fairyland. Do we admire this marvelous picture? He who says not more than a passing "pretty," or "beautiful," in exclaiming at this great natural wonder of the world is truly blind to the really beautiful.

Niagara Falls, to be seen at their best, must, like Melrose Abbey, be visited by moonlight,—and best of all by moonlight in winter. As daylight fades and the dusk of evening falls—always there are new beauties revealing themselves, until the culmination of everything beautiful is reached when the mellow rays of the moon stream down upon this majestic body of waters, making it look like shot-silver. If you are fortunate to time your visit for a lunar-bow exhibition, you will see the Falls at the height of all their loveliness.

Rose Malouf.

AN ONLY SON

A MAN may live down the errors of his youth, a criminal may wipe out the stamp of prison cell, even a politician may become a respected citizen, but an only son is forever cursed. From the momentous occasion when he voices his first protest to the world in the midst of the happy years of toddling childhood, yes, even when he has become a doddering, toothless, grey-haired patriarch, he is never permitted to forget that he is the despicable outcast of society, an only son. Rivals, enemies, even the most cherished friends, maliciously remind him of the disgraceful fact on every possible occasion. Where 'ere he wanders, whether to north or south, towards the setting sun or the brightening dawn, the blighting curse follows ready to claim him for its own.

Kind Providence help him if his home-town is small! Its very smallness narrows the soul of its inhabitants and with its back-fence telegraphy, hard indeed, is the way of the only son. If he be native born the sins of his forefathers back to the time of the Ark are recalled and connected with the every boyish prank. If by chance his parents are new-comers, after their furniture and household goods have been discussed, the gossips drop their voices, glance apprehensively around, peer into the neighboring alleys, and cautiously whisper the terrible, crushing truth, "they have an only son."

In his infancy adoring aunts or kindly matrons shake their heads and sorrowfully murmur, "It is such a pity he is an only son." Through the years of childhood, sage housewives worry his mother with learned, if contradictory advice, as the following: "Don't let him swallow pine-cushions. Buttons are bad for his digestion. Above all, don't spoil him. Be strict. Let him cry, you'll spoil him."

So the poor mother, smothered with this

wise but unmasked counsel, grasps the fact that only sons never amount to anything and are always spoiled. When the poor unfortunate ventures forth to the back-yard he is draped in bolts of cloth. He may not wade in the brook, for Mrs. White's Jimmy was lost that way. He may not go bare-footed, for he might step on a nail and get blood-poison like Joey Bishop. He may not climb trees; Johnnie Curtis broke his neck climbing. He may not have a gun, Charlie Ward shot his finger off. Candy is bad for the stomach. And so his early years pass in a world of "may nots" and "mustn'ts."

At last he reaches the school age. If he cries for mother the first day, he is spoiled; if he does not, then he is a hard-hearted little ruffian.

An only son, William Smith, entered school for the first time at the advanced age of five and a half. After a strenuous half hour with the Principal, he was consigned to the first grade. While he sat on the front bench, his big, brown eyes watching the clock creep round to the dismissal hour, his golden curls, shoulder length, velvet suit, and "Buster Brown" collar, were a target for the eyes of the class. The teacher happened to smile on him. "Teacher's pet," sniffed the girls; "Sissy, Mother's darling," whispered the boys behind grinning hands. That velvet suit lasted a week, the collar almost five minutes after dismissal. How boys hate "sissies" who have no elder brother to protect them! Willie did learn to protect himself. If the reports of indignant matrons had a grain of truth in them, the angel-faced little imp must have become a fighting demon. As his education progressed, William learned to swear, dreadful, soul-curdling oaths. Mothers, anxious to ward off the contagion, would not allow good little boys to play with him. By a strange process of compensation, William

rolled the good little boys in the dirt and muddied their clean clothes. He was an only son, but he tried to live it down.

After the only son had proven his right to belong to the "gang," all the boyish escapades were saddled on him. Mothers' own darling boys would never have thought of raiding apple orchards or stealing water-melons. That terribly spoiled imp threatened to thrash them if they did not come. It was he who thought of smoking, he who proposed to carry away the planks from the bridges, he who smuggled the stray dog into the school. In short, if the only son happened to be within a mile of an occurrence, he caused it. Why, he fought Willie Black because Willie wanted to break his toys with a hatchet. The way he "sassess" his "Ma" is something dreadful. "If James, there, ever said 'I don't want to' to me, I'd thrash him within an inch of his life," wisely comments the contented mother of seven children. James, by the way, frequently says "I won't" with the utmost impunity.

If at graduation, the only son should rank low in class, the village critics whisper, "I told you so. No good will come of that lad." If he should be first, the critics indignantly murmur, "There is that boy; now, my Johnnie is twice as bright as he, but he has always been the teacher's pet; everything he does is ideal." It is a shame there should be such favoritism in a school. "He will come to a bad end yet," the censor adds hopefully. If the only son should frustrate their kind prophecies and succeed, he has had a political pull or has drawn the wool over his employer's eyes. If by some chance he escapes the penitentiary, it isn't because the good people didn't want to send him there. Even in death he cannot escape the curse. His tombstone always bears the legend, "Here lies William Smith, the only son of William and Anna Smith." I wonder if the punishment meted out to the lost only sons in the land beyond, though the learned tell us there is no punishment, won't consist in calling them "only sons."

A.L.W.

To A Tulip



Rosy Tulip, warm and clean,
Half-hid in your cloak of green,
How I love your little face
And your stately, sturdy grace!
If your glowing lips could speak,
If the blood pulsed in your cheek,
What a gallant credo then
You could give to timid men!

Oh, she holds her head so high!
(Yet those lips are very shy).
She is like a little maid,
Cheery, trusting, unafraid,
Casting living tints of rose
On the garden world she knows,
And, if glad hours shade to gray,
Hiding them in rose away.

Little Tulip, when you fall,
Weary by the crimson wall,
Think not, in your dying pain,
You perhaps have lived in vain,—
Grey, sad hearths, when winter blows,
Suddenly shall change to rose,
Baby lips in bud shall be
Ghosts of tulip smiles to me!

ANNE SUTHERLAND.

"The walk of Prose is a walk of business, along a road, with an end to reach, and without leisure to do more than take a glance at the prospect. Poetry's, on the other hand, is a walk of pleasure, among fields and groves, where she may often loiter and gaze her fill, and even stoop now and then to cull a flower."

ALUMNAE NOTES

LORETTO ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION

Patroness	REV. MOTHER PULCHERIA.
Hon. President	REV. M.M. CHRISTINA.
President	MRS. JAMES W. MALLON.
First Vice-President	MRS. W. T. J. LEE.
Second Vice-President	MRS. V. A. McDONOUGH.
Treasurer	MISS IRENE FINN.
Recording Secretary	MISS FLORENCE DALEY.
Corresponding Secretary	MISS MABEL ABREY.
Convener of House Committee	MRS. W. B. HORKINS.
Convener of Entertainment	MISS HELEN SEITZ.
Convener of Membership	MRS. ROBT. RANKIN.
Convener of Press	MISS TERESA LALOR.

The Bridge and Euchre held by the combined alumnae associations of St. Joseph's and Loretto, at the King Edward, on February 14th, in aid of their respective scholarship funds, proved an unqualified success.

The guests, numbering six hundred, were received by the Presidents, Mrs. Bertram Monkhouse and Mrs. James W. Mallon. The tables were gay with pretty valentine favors and pencils. The conveners, to whom the associations owe a debt of gratitude for their painstaking labors, were Mrs. W. T. J. Lee and Mrs. Thomas McCarron, assisted by a committee, composed of Mrs. James E. Day, Mrs. Harry Roesler, Mrs. Robert Rankin, Mrs. Fred. O'Connor, Mrs. T. Navin, Miss Anne Hick, Mrs. J. P. Hynes, Miss M. Morrow, Miss Mabel Abrey.

The much-talked-of Hope Chest was displayed and admired and drawn for, on this occasion. Miss E. Pearson, of Lansdowne Ave., was the fortunate winner.

* * * * *

Madame Belanger and Mrs. McKenna, of Ottawa, who are presidents, respectively of the French and English Alumnae of D'Youville Convent, were in town in February, attending the meeting of the Ontario Chapter of the I.F.C.A. A luncheon was tendered them by the

combined executives of Loretto and St. Joseph's Alumnae.

* * * * *

Loretto is represented, as she always is in every philanthropic enterprise, in the campaign for funds for St. Michael's Hospital. Honorary President, Mrs. J. P. Hynes, who is President of the Hospital's Auxiliary, is acting as captain of one of the teams, as is also Miss Florence Boland, another of our Alumnae.

* * * * *

The Alumnae is looking forward to the next meeting on Tuesday, April 18th, when we are to have the pleasure of an address from Baroness Huecke, upon the attitude of Russian women towards religion, and Mrs. Frederick Woods will contribute a vocal solo.

* * * * *

The Alumnae extends sincere condolence to Mrs. Joseph Doane upon the death of her husband; to Mrs. W. S. Milne upon the death of her husband; to the Loretto Community upon the death of Mother Mary of the Angels; to Mrs. Agnes Roesler upon the death of her brother; to Mrs. H. T. Kelly and the Misses Hynes upon the death of their sister, Sister Mary Attracta of St. Joseph's Community; to Miss Anna Coreoran upon the death of her sister; to Miss Marie McDonnell upon the death of her brother.

* * * * *

Congratulations and felicitations are extended by the Alumnae to Miss Gertrude Kelly upon the announcement of her engagement to Mr. Ross McKenzie.

* * * * *

Bon voyage to Miss Elizabeth Roesler and the Misses Gertrude and Anne Kelly, who sail this month to spend the summer in Europe.

NOTE OF REGRET

His Lordship, the new Bishop of Victoria, has stolen from "The Rainbow" one of its best friends, through whose indulgent interest, its existence, as a local publication, has been possible.

In the summer of 1917, this friend, Rev. Thomas O'Donnell—a former Chaplain of Loretto Abbey, suggested that the magazine, then in hands of the Buffalo Union and Times' Press, should be transferred to The Register Extension Press, Toronto.

"The Niagara Rainbow," as it was then called, was in its 23rd year at the time—old enough to know its own mind, one would judge; and though it had every reason to be pleased with its first publishers, it made the transfer gladly, not only because of its desire to oblige Father O'Donnell, but because it believed in patronizing local and home institutions. It has never regretted the change. On the contrary, it has met with nearly seven years of unvarying kindness and consideration on the part of everyone connected with the Office, an attitude with which this Reverend friend must have had much to do.

The softening influence of Time may modify the sense of loss here recorded, or the reflection that the change has redounded to the honour of its Patron and to the Church at large, may reconcile it wholly thereto. In the meantime The Rainbow records first its regrets, and then its appreciation and gratitude for past favours. Lastly, it wishes to call down blessings in abundance upon the new Bishop of Victoria, His Lordship, Bishop O'Donnell.

LORETTO NOTES

Early in January, a hall full of Abbey residents—pupils and teachers—were transported to the land of China, through the necromancy of Rev. J. M. Fraser. He employed a magic lantern as a medium and the success of his art was wonderful. The lecture accompanying and explaining the views made them doubly interesting and vivid. It was an experience amounting to an adventure, to explore the Mission Fields in this way, with a Guide so devoted to their interests. The evening was therefore one of enjoyment and profit both educationally and morally.

* * * * *

In the same month, through the kindness of Mr. Leigh Murray, another excursion was made, this time to another eastern country—Japan. We explored this little, but important kingdom with great interest; saw the earthquake devastation, and resolved that we would seek no more intimate acquaintance with that phenomenon than the screen provided, being resigned to live in a less beautiful, but a safer part of the world, a resolution for which we are indebted to Mr. Murray, and for which we thank him heartily.

* * * * *

March 4. Profession and Reception ceremonies marked this day. Four candidates were received and six were professed. Monsignor Kidd, President of St. Augustine's Seminary, officiated, assisted by Rev. E. Walsh, C.S.S.R.; Rev. J. McCauley, of Innismore, said the Mass, and Rev. A. McCaffery, S.J., preached an eloquent and appropriate sermon, taking for his text: "You have not chosen Me, but I have chosen you." Touching upon the question of religious vocations generally, the Rev. Father said: "In the majority of cases, religious vocations are the outcome of good, Catholic training. In homes where attendance at Sunday Mass is

not insisted upon, or where approval is given to Saturday afternoons spent at the movies, it is hardly likely that religious vocations will be fostered."

There were present in the Sanctuary Rev. Fathers Coyle, Heydon and Carey, of Toronto, and Rev. Father O'Brien, of Peterboro. The candidates were: Miss H. Fisher, Guelph, Sister M. Hildegard; Miss K. Miller, Chicago, Sister M. St. David; Miss G. Vaillancourt, Welland, Sister M. St. Agnes; and Miss M. Highland, Cayuga, Sister M. Augusta. The novices professed were: Miss G. Walsh, Dayton, Sister M. Annunciata; Miss M. White, Chicago, Sister M. Oliver; Miss G. McQuade, Stratford, Miss J. Jaques, Chicago, Sister M. Florentia; Miss A. Brew, Chicago, Sister M. Alfreda, and Miss M. Dignard, Port Nicholl, Sister M. Firmin.

* * * * *

March 17th. The Mission Crusade held a cream-puff sale on the morning of this day, netting half the monthly instalment sum for the St. Francis Xavier Seminary. In the evening a concert, winding up in a play presented by the Second School Dramatic group, afforded glory to the Saint of the day, pleasure to all and did credit to the players.

* * * * *

March 23rd. A play was given on the Abbey stage to-day, which was composed for Lourdes and St. Martin's schools by Rev. J. B. Dollard. The title was "His Heart's Desire," and it contained bits of Irish folk-lore, dances, and a moral well brought out by the young actors. Both the idea and the treatment were unique and clever. The play was presented in three parts, giving an interesting combination of present day realities and romantic legendry, with which the lives of the Irish race are so inseparably interwoven. It is a clever piece of writing and the youthful actors did their parts well, from

the Fairy Queen who had in her gift the "desires" of three of the "hearts"—to the tiny train-bearer, little Miss Haffey, Dr. Haffey's daughter. The latter, a four-year-old, bore a level head, as well as Her Majesty's train. Congratulations to Dr. Dollard and thanks to the manager and cast.

* * * * *

April 5th. Rev. Joseph Bampton, S.J., of London, Eng., gave a talk on feminine vanities, filled with touches from real life, both graphic and amusing. It was an appeal for sanity in conduct and dress, presented in a form which could not fail to impress the most callous 'feminine' present.

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April 15th was the occasion of a lecture by Rev. Dr. O'Reilly on Blessed Soeur Therese. It was illustrated by many beautiful colour-slides. A more vivid and inspiring presentation of the subject could hardly be imagined. The audience seemed to live through, rather than follow the recital of episodes, so that it was a practical instruction more than a lecture. Dr. O'Reilly has the sincere thanks of all who were privileged to hear him. His lecture cannot fail to leave a lasting impression upon his audience.



The Hunt Reserved

(Good Friday).

Here they have hidden You,
Our Crucified—
Far from Your Altar Throne.—
Alone, apart;
The space You filled but yester-eve
Is Calvary now:
Is this the Limbo of
Your stricken Heart?

C.A.C.

Loretto Abbey.

CATHOLIC STUDENTS' MISSION CRUSADE NOTES

Students' Crusade to Join in World Mission Congress

Cincinnati, April 11.—An invitation to take part in the world mission congress to be held in Rome next year has been extended to the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade by Archbishop Marcetti, secretary of the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda, according to an announcement just made by Rev. Frank A. Thill, national secretary-treasurer of the Crusade.

The invitation was forwarded to Crusade headquarters in Cincinnati through Mr. N. F. Lisewski, C.S.C., President of the Crusade unit at Holy Cross College, Rome, who is acting as special representative of the American organization in the matter. The Archbishop is quoted by Mr. Lisewski as saying that "the Crusade can and ought to have an exhibition."

The exhibition in connection with the mission congress will be set up in barracks now being constructed in the gardens of the Vatican. At the March meeting of the general committee in charge of the exhibits, places were assigned to the various religious orders and mission agencies which will take part. The Crusade exhibit was assigned a place in the section marked for general mission activities.

The Crusade's exhibit will be unique inasmuch as the organization has no mission field of its own, but limits its work to general education of American students in matters pertaining to the missions of both the home and foreign fields.

Missionary Spirit Aroused.

This is the import of a letter addressed to the Canadian Catholic Students' Mission Crusade by one of our venerable Archbishops. We quote his communication in full: "Two years

ago a convention of eight thousand students was held in Omaha for the purpose of arousing a missionary spirit. Three special trains were required to carry students from all the provinces of Canada to that Convention. But they were all Protestant Students. It is surely time for Catholic Students in Canada to become interested in the conversion of the non-Christian World."

To every student in Canada these words must convey a powerful and personal message. To every student in College, Convent or High School must the question suggest itself, "Am I interested in the conversion of the non-Christian world?" Surely the answer will be a loud-ringing "Yes." Every true Catholic Student is interested in the cause of the Missions, but these eight thousand students assembled in a convention—they were organized—they realized that in unity there is strength. Again must be answered these questions, "Are we, Catholic Students, organized? Do we belong to the Canadian Catholic Students' Mission Crusade? Has our School a Mission Unit?" Perhaps the reply will be a plaintive "No."

Yet to-day, there exists a Students' Crusade Movement—an organization which hopes to establish a Mission Unit in every institution of learning in Canada; to enroll every student as a Crusader under the motto of "The Kingdom of the World for its King and Lord." Will you, Student Reader, harken to our invitation to unite, and write for information regarding this noble work to

C.C.S.M.C.,

St. Augustine's Seminary,

Kingston Rd., Toronto, Ont.

Note From St. Anthony's School Unit.

March 28th was a much-longed-for Missionary Day at St. Anthony's School, Toronto. For a full fortnight a dozen young Crusaders had no spare minutes in their day. They had a castle to capture and their ammunition was not powder and shot, but the knowledge of Home and Foreign Missions. The eve of the great day saw a miniature castle rise, as by magic, in their class-room. At three p.m. on the day of the battle, the drawbridge was lowered, a breach was made in the ramparts, the walls were scaled, the corridors taken and Sir Ignorance killed. The Crusaders' flag was hoisted over the castle with cheers of "God wills it!" by the victorious army of the Sacred Heart under the valiant leadership of Thomas McGoey.

Those who gained the castle were created "Junior Knights" and presented with the two-edged sword of zeal and knowledge.

Another great event of the day was the organization of "The Seven A.M." Crusaders' Club, by Rev. Father McGrath, to whose interest and zeal many of these splendid achievements are mainly due. The members of this Club go to daily Mass and Holy Communion at 7 o'clock a.m., and pray for the increase of vocations to the priesthood, sisterhood and brotherhood. The Club now numbers 50, and already three hundred Masses and Holy Communions have been offered for the above intention.

On Thursday, April 10th a small army from St. Anthony's set out to find Jane St., for they had a strong desire to establish a Crusade Unit at St. James' School. Although this school is in its infancy, its quick response to the Crusade movement showed that its zeal was not so. Congratulations, St. James'! We'll watch you grow!

What more fitting task during Holy Week could the Crusaders undertake to show their devotion to their King than to increase His army? The motto: "The Kingdom of the World for its King and Lord," enkindled their hearts as they left St. Anthony's enroute for "Holy Family" on Tuesday, April 15th. Many are the volunteers for active service. We have no doubt that "Holy Family" will be a most enthusiastic Unit.



The Rainbow

Forget-me-nots, the blue
Of the bending skies;
Velvet pansy bloom
Soft indigo supplies;
Buds of name and hue
Violet tints assume;
Midmost gleams in the bow,
A glory to foliage near,
Maidenhair from the edge,
Close to the water's flow;
High in the radiant tier,
Up from the glittering hedge,
Daffodils, fairy gold;
Harmonious with bittersweet—
Sun's orange tints in flame,
Caught where the clouds enfold
Near vespertine retreat;
The rose in aureate sheen,
Supreme in the glorious row,
Fitting throne for the queen.
These flowers their hues repeat;
For company they invite
Good blooms of tone the same;
And so—
They thus in bliss unite,
From hedge and hills and bowers,
To make Niagara's Bow,
The Heaven of Flowers.

A.C.M.

Loretto, Niagara Falls.

Earth, Air, Water and Fire

Continued from page 70

Other wonders of the air have been discovered since men have learned to fly. They tell us about strong and dangerous currents in the air, something like those in the sea; they tell us of upward slopes and downward rushes, whirlpools and pitfalls for fliers. To sail in the air, to be in it as skilful a navigator as the sea-gull is, or the birds that annually make long voyages from wintry lands to summer climates—this is something no man has yet learned, and this is why adventurous spirits find so great a charm in essaying the conquest of the air.

Water.

Our world is a watery world. Look at the map of the hemispheres, and see the immensity of the great oceans that spread over the earth, leaving only very much smaller patches of dry land here and there to live on. No wonder that men have to "go down to the sea in ships" when they were crowded off the dry land.

Our world is a watery world. Biologists tell us that the first living, moving creatures came from the water. This is why the marine biological stations are in places like Woods Hole in Massachusetts, where there is plenty of water for the study of the small creatures that begin life in the water.

Our world is a watery world. The bodies of plants and animals are composed mainly of water. Fresh fruits like apples and pears, etc., are three parts water, so if you eat a pound of fruit, twelve ounces of it will be just a drink of water. The green, leafy vegetables, also the fruit-vegetables like tomatoes and cucumbers, and the succulent roots, have even more water than apples and pears. Fish and meat are more than fifty-fifty water. Our very bones have in them a great deal of water, and the hardest of all the bony substances, the enamel of the teeth, is one-tenth water. Our bodies hold seventy pounds of water for every hundred pounds we weigh, so if a girl's weight is 120 lbs., 84 pounds of this is water and only

36 pounds is solid matter. A certain poet once wrote:

"The sea flows in my veins,"

and his words were scientifically pretty near the truth, for our blood is for the most part salt water.

One of the lesser wonders in daily life which scientists have opened to us is that there is more water in a pound of cabbage than there is in a pound (a pint) of milk. This has been proved over and over again, by driving off all the water from a pound of cabbage and from a pint of milk, and weighing what is left.

Water is sometimes called the universal solvent, because it will dissolve so many things. It is the air dissolved in water that supplies the fish with oxygen when they breathe it through their gills. Water dissolves so many chemical elements and compounds and gases that perfectly pure water, containing nothing but hydrogen and oxygen, is almost a chemical impossibility. In some of the old folk tales, when anyone got into the power of a witch, he would try to prevail upon the witch to say she would grant him just one wish, and then if he asked her for something she could not give, her power over him would be broken. Next time you meet a witch, ask her for a half tumblerful of chemically pure water, and her power over you will be gone.

Water constantly goes its rounds in our world, and its paths have been marked. It falls from the sky in rain, and the rain fills the rivers and saturates the ground. The rivers pour into the sea, and the water in the ground is sucked up by trees and plants. An acre of clover evaporates more than 500 tons of water in a season, and an acre of corn evaporates twice as much. When the air is so saturated with the water evaporated from sea and rivers, trees and plants, that it cannot hold any more, the water falls again in the form of rain—which completes our circle, and brings us back to where we started.

The great trees and forests are particularly good evaporators of water, and they help to preserve that moisture of climate which is so good for plant life. We say that no trees

grow in our deserts because they are deserts, but the reason they are deserts is that they have no trees.

Fire.

Thousands of thousands of years ago there were no such things as homes and fires and fireplaces, and many generations of men and women of those far-back times before history was written—times of which so little is known and so much is only guessed—are thought to have lived and died without knowing there was such a thing as fire.

Scientists have made guess after guess to account for the way in which men first became acquainted with fire. Perhaps a piece of crystal acted as a burning-glass, perhaps the heat of the sun caused some combination of elements to burst into flame as a match does, perhaps the first fire known to man was produced by a lightning flash, striking and burning dead wood, or other inflammable material. Nobody knows, and it is likely this will remain one of the things nobody ever will know.

It is, however, certain, that after a time the men of long ago learned something about fire, how it kept them warm and comfortable, how pleasant it was to sit around in companionship, what a safeguard it formed from wild beasts, and how wonderfully delicious was the taste of food that was put over it or under it or into it. All these facts they knew—perhaps others too—long before they knew how to kindle a fire if it went out. Therefore, to keep the fire alive became of the utmost importance, since if it died out this precious thing might be lost to them. Live coals were probably taken from one friendly tribe to another near by, from one neighboring family to another—and to watch the fire, to feed it and keep it always burning, became one of the greatest services that an individual could render to the tribe or family.

In those long ago times it seems that men and women alike went out together to hunt and fish and forage for food. Together they fought their enemies whether beast or human, shoulder to shoulder they worked and travelled and explored. But with the discovery of that pre-

cious thing, fire, there came a division of labor, and the woman seems to have been chosen to stay at home in the cave to tend fire and keep it bright, while the man went out to hunt and fish, to kill their enemies, to bring home food and furs to the one who so faithfully cared for that most valuable thing they both possessed, the fire.

The fire, and the fireplace, were the beginning of the home. To give the woman the care of the fire was the beginning of man's practice, continued all the ages and down to the present day, of giving woman the care of all the greatest values of the world. The really worth-while things are given over to her, put in her care, she is trusted with them and on her care of them depends the well-being of the family and of the whole social order. Let us go over the great values woman has charge of.

She has always had charge of disposing of the earnings of man. Whether in the long ago he brought home a fat deer as the result of his day's work, and she prepared it for food and clothing—or whether in our own days he brings home a fat pay envelope for her to exchange for food and clothing—the fact holds that men have always done most of the earning, and women have put their earnings to use. Money, in our own days, is one of the great values of the world, and woman is the chief money-spender. Here is value number one.

Woman is the one who makes a home out of the house man has built, and a home is one of the very great things, one of the high values of the world. The whole nation depends on the homes of the nation. A home is more important even than a school, and to make a home is peculiarly the work of women—no man can do it so effectively, if even he is able to attempt it.

But the most valuable of all valuable things in the world are the children, and children have always been given over to women to care for and train, and nurture and love.

So you see, from the old days of caring for the fire, woman has had in her charge all the most important values of the world.

Review of Books

The following books are published by Benziger Bros., New York, 36-38 Barclay St. They may be procured by writing directly there or applying to any Catholic bookseller:

Our Nuns. Their Varied and Vital Service for God and Country, by Daniel Lord, S.J. 12mo. cloth, net \$1.75, postage 15c.

This is one of the most felicitous books of the day, in respect of both subject and treatment. A list of the facts contained in it would alone suffice to arouse admiration and excite wonder on the part of the many to whom religious institutions are more or less of a mystery; but the writer's charm of style, his sympathy and enthusiasm make of it, a human document of deep import. The writing of such a record was a knightly deed no less than a literary achievement. A reply more convincing or more eloquent to the calumnies so widely broadcasted on the part of the ignorant and the vicious, can scarcely be imagined. One would like to see this work in the window of every bookstore. The K.C.'s, so prompt to take up similar good works, should use their influence to have it on every club-room table, on every railroad bookstall, if only to offset the lurid and even scandalous forgeries about nuns with which the public is periodically regaled. Let the ordinary reading public get but a glimpse of this wonderful record, drawn from a few of the thousands of similar institutions scattered through the world; let them measure the extent of the sacrifice entailed in the various activities to which these bodies of devoted women have pledged their energies; the miracles performed by their devotedness and zeal—exercised, in many instances, to a degree of heroism, unparalleled in other walks of life—and if there be any fairness of judgment left in them, their calumnies will not only cease, but will give way to praise and wonder.

"Our Nuns" is not concerned with any par-

ticular Order or Institute. The writer has made a study of at least twenty-four Institutions in his own city, both charitable and educational. The result is, not an account filled with statistics, but a delightfully human and interesting document. The wonder is, that no one has thought of writing such a book before. But perhaps the need of it has never been so urgent as now, when an ignorant press is pouring out volumes of unsifted and unreliable matter on the subject. We bespeak a phenomenal sale for this book.

Her Little Way; Blessed Therese of the Child Jesus, "The Sister of the Missionaries," by Rev. John P. Clarke, 12mo., illustrated, picture cover, net \$1.00; postage, 10c.

The foreword of the author, as well as the preface from the pen of Michael Williams, so ready always to do honour to Blessed Therese, to whom under God he owes his conversion, both assure the reader that this little work is neither the story of "The Little Flower's" life nor an analysis of her spirit. "It simply seeks," the author says; "to widen the sphere of her influence. Simply, briefly, sympathetically it takes its place among the many writings that, in nearly all languages, all over the world, are conveying the message of the young Carmelite nun." "This little book," says Michael Williams, "is part of her mission; it is not a mere book; it is a living work, and as such will be welcomed by the many who have received inspiration from her precious life record. A copy of that likeness, which among all that have come to the eyes of the public, seems to have caught the sweet countenance of her soul, no less than the lines of her face, happily forms the frontispiece in this little volume. Each chapter discusses some phase of the young nun's character, and quoting her own words in frequent instances, discloses the childlike spirit which led her to such heights of sanctity, and which makes her message so peculiarly appropriate to these too sophisticated times. The author devotes the proceeds accruing from this little book to the

Society of St. Peter the Apostle for the formation of a native clergy in missionary countries.

Letters on Marriage, with an introduction by Rev. Henry S. Spalding, S.J., 12mo. cloth, net \$1.25; postage, 10c.

There is something unique in a book which consists of a hundred and thirty letters, genuine ones, received from that number of men and women, in compliance with a request for views on this all-important question, on the part of *Queen's Work* magazine. The interest in a live document of this kind is sure to be keen, and no page thereof can possibly be dull. One's sympathies are called out by the pathetic statements in one letter, only to be recalled, perhaps, in its successor, which views the same case from another angle. But some of the reasons advanced as to the difficulties involved in following the precept of the Church against mixed marriages, are supported by such a host of testimonials that they claim a serious consideration. It becomes the duty, then, of those who invited the correspondence, to investigate and apply a remedy. This book will interest parents and pastors as well as young people, as it is written with a sincerity and frankness hardly possible except where the names and locations are suppressed as in these letters.

An Old Song in New Meters, by M.G.A., a member of the I.B.V.M. at Loretto Convent, Hamilton, Ont., comes from the Press of Longmans Green & Co., 210 Victoria St., Toronto.

This little book, a collection of brief reflections on a theme which is exhaustless, because of its divine character, has a charm which is all its own. The writer had no intention of presenting these essays to the public, when from time to time she delivered them to her pupils as helps towards the better knowledge and appreciation of the exalted subject. They are, perhaps, all the better for that, yet slight and merely suggestive as they are, no "Mariology" will be quite complete without them. The author enriches and illustrates her theme

with reference to the writings on Our Lady from St. Bernard, St. Thomas, St. Ambrose, St. Thomas of Villanova, Cardinal Newman, Mgr. Benson, John La Farge, and the poet Aubrey de Vere. The result is a kind of mosaic of quotations, each one employed to form and to embellish the image she presents to her readers. Directors of Sodalties will find "An Old Song in New Meters" suggestive and helpful, and all lovers of Our Lady are sure to draw edification from its pages.

Anna Nugent, Isabel Clarke's latest novel. Benziger Bros., 36-38 Barclay St., N.Y. 8vo., cloth, net \$2.00, postage 15c.

The heroine in this novel is a very young girl, who may be termed the embodiment of the Chinese dictum illustrated in the toy: "See no evil, hear no evil, speak no evil." If one must aim beyond the mark in order to reach it, then she is an ideal heroine. But one wonders if such blindness is compatible with the clearness of vision generally accorded to good, common sense! Quite beside the mark it is to wonder whether the admirers of Miss Clarke's books will like this last one of hers or no. Of course they will. It contains the ingredients which a general—perhaps a too general liking, ensures. There are in it the elements of wealth, worldly ambition, love, jealousy, failure, intrigue and a heroine who sails serenely above them all. Out of a net of unhappy circumstances, an unlikely but happy conclusion is evolved. Michael is the hero's name—a man who, though in love with Anna Nugent and more or less determined to win her, is afflicted with an extraordinary misgiving when the time comes to try his fortunes. But then a novel is a novel. One seldom expects a reflection of life, true or even likely, in all details. It is better to overshoot than to fall below ideals of behaviour, considering how low some present-day ideals have fallen. One excellent lesson the story conveys: that riches have wings, and it doesn't do to imagine they are going to settle down for good, even in their favorite haunts. The author of "Anna

Nugent" solves cleverly the dilemma of a family whose riches have taken flight. Other dilemmas reach a solution equally clever and agreeable to all concerned. Yet in spite of the fact that Gay, Anna's governess, is the cleverest of the group, all her plottings except one come to grief, and everyone is glad, including the reader. They wouldn't have wept very bitterly had she shared the fate of her schemes, though the story would have suffered thereby. Send for this novel and read it. It will be interesting to see if you agree with this reviewer.

Dan's Best Enemy, by Robert E. Holland, S.J., Benziger Bros., 36-38 Barclay St., New York. The author is to be congratulated on his knowledge of the genus "boy"—not only the boy as he is, but as he could be, if trained along the lines indicated in this story. "Dan," the hero, is a schoolboy, not a pirate nor an adventurer, therefore a host of school-boys and even girls, are sure to feel at home with him at the start. The episodes in this are all, with perhaps one exception, common to most boys, whether hockey, basket-ball or base-ball be the game-elect of their own particular school; while "Bert Canavan, Jamesy Cutter and the hero, "Reardon Rah!" offer types with which they are familiar. The success of this story with them, is thus secure. The games and adventures, even the moral exercise involved in struggles between conscience and conduct—principles and practice, are stirringly

told and "adorn the tale" while "pointing the moral" in a satisfactory manner. "Danny's Best Enemy" proves that the treatment recommended in the Gospels, towards our enemies, is all of three things: good policy, good sense, and the virtue that makes noble characters as well as good Christians. We bespeak for the book a place in every home and school library.

Our Lady Book, by Rev. F. X. Lasance, another Benziger publication—a book of reflections on the Blessed Virgin, with selections of prayers, making a complete prayer-book. Imitation leather, limp, round corners, red edges, net \$1.85; finer bindings up to \$4.75.

In binding, letter-press and paper, this book leaves nothing to be desired. But these are mere accessories to a very precious little volume of reflections and prayers, designed as a help towards a better knowledge of and a warmer devotion to Our Lady. The sources from which the reflections and examples are drawn are the highest and best attainable. This part alone makes a valuable treasury of quotations on the subject. Besides an extensive collection of devotions addressed to the Blessed Virgin, the book possesses all the usual elements of a prayer-book: Masses, litanies, confession and communion, prayers, etc. For such as are anxious to spread this devotion, in sodalities or among friends, the book will be a valuable help both to themselves and others.



The Idea of Comedy

Continued from page 78

where life unfolds itself in ideal situations. From the pleasing unreality of "Love's Labour's Lost," with its almost boyish exhilaration over extravagant scenes, to the daring unreality of his romances which shine in sunset splendour, glorified by wondrous emotional colourings, Shakespeare's world is the world of fancy. His pastoral scenes are idyllic and we easily succumb to the incantation of the heart that he exercises over us, and soon care as little as he does for their inconsistencies, as we feel ourselves lured away from sound sense and philosophy by their irresistible influence.

This bewitching world, however, which Shakespeare creates, gives him scope to find "the breadth and opportunities of daring" which Meredith assigns to the idealistic conception of comedy, and helps to solve the difficulties it creates. The improbable situations which he calls forth, so center around his important characters, that they bring them out in full relief. He conceives his idea of a Portia, a Beatrice, a Rosamonde, and all the playful fancies in the world would not mar the impressions left by these winsome women.

In his romances new depths of character are revealed, leading up to Imogen, who surpasses all his other women in intensity of love and strong personality. Unreal as may be the world in which these women live, the dramas in which they appear, fully justify Schelling's statement that "The largeness of Shakespeare lies in his fidelity to the actualities of human life and conduct in all its phases; and sweeps such as his take us both aloft into regions that we can see, however they may remain unattainable, and into the depths, the pretty nooks and crannies in which hide the littleness, the baseness and even the bestiality of men."

His jealousy is true, his deceit is true, his trickery and meanness and petty vanities and pomposities are true; so are his constancy and gentleness and high purpose and noble quali-

ties and in the strength of these and the great universal truths which they exemplify, the unreality of their setting is ignored.

Meredith's principle, that comedy may be accepted as a version of the ordinary worldly understanding of our social life, scarcely finds response in Shakespeare's comedies. Apart from the royal personages mentioned, little is known of the social status of his characters or the prevailing tone of the society in which they flourish. Outside their own particular atmosphere they have no social significance and do not seem to exert any widespread influence.

The tenet that comedy throws no infamous reflection on life is certainly sustained by Shakespeare. Very few of his characters are irremediably bad, while the repentant are numerous, in fact they would be surprisingly so in suddenness of their repentance, did we not remember the exigency of a happy ending to his comedies. Exception might here be taken to the grossness of many scenes and suggestions far too numerous dispersed throughout Shakespeare's comedies, but to his credit let it be said that he nowhere implies that they are a picture of life. It must also be remembered that Elizabethan culture and ideas of propriety were of a vastly different texture from Georgian refinement and decorum.

Meredith's idea of the importance of folly was readily shared by Shakespeare, and his inimitable clowns and purely comic characters stand ready to appropriate to themselves this element indispensable to the success of true comedy.

To the next statement, respecting the blunting of the comic sense by punning, Shakespeare must needs utter a very sincere "mea culpa," for the insidious habit prevails throughout his entire range of comedy; occasionally with happy effect, but often tiresomely repeated and greatly lacking in any particular brilliancy.

Meredith's idea, that comedy is an interpretation of the general mind and must necessarily be kept in restraint, we have already seen to be more successfully carried out by the French than by the English, and in this point Molière is Shakespeare's master.

The subject is worth consideration, however, and poses the question: Do we prefer Molière's classic restraint to Shakespeare's romantic freedom? It is a matter of temperament, of nationality, of the age in which we live, the end in view which we ascribe to comedy.

Molière undoubtedly considered the correction of the foibles of his age through the medium of comedy, or at least the satirising of them to some wholesome end. His style, therefore, borders on the didactic, and his lessons are apt to strike home to hypocrites and misers and coquettes and précieuses. In the whole range of Shakespeare's comedies we find not a trace of this authoritative tendency, unless perhaps, in the merciless shafts he aims at jealous men. We can scarcely imagine any hardened old sinner becoming converted through the instrumentality of Falstaff; he would, rather, pursue the tenor of his way, drink an extra glass and borrow another pound. As for those whose tendency is to war in words, they simply sharpen their wits on the experience of Benedick and Beatrice—especially Beatrice—and enjoy their polemic tendencies more than ever!

Shakespeare's comic aim is undoubtedly to please, to entertain, so he casts restraint to the winds, lures us away from the exigencies of city laws, and even of parental authority, and offers us the untrammelled forest, the most unreal situations, in the delight of which we also are captured.

Meredith's idea of the comedy writer's unconcern about beginnings or endings, is exemplified in most of Shakespeare's comedies. The weaving of the present plot alone concerns him and to bring all interests to a conclusion in the fifth act, he uses the most wonderful imaginative expedients. Marriages, deaths, revelations of mistaken identity, reconciliations, crowd into the last scenes and we hardly dare lift the curtain on Portia's future, for instance, or the possible conjugal felicity of Benedick and Beatrice.

In his romances Shakespeare can afford to round out life experiences, for the tension is at an end, the wild excitement is calmed, the tried

and faithful prove their steadfastness, and leave no fear for the future.

These are the main points of agreement or disagreement between Shakespeare and Meredith, helping us to realize that the great dramatist was really a law unto himself. His guiding principle must have been to please his audience and in this he succeeded not alone in his own day, but through the centuries with their promise of immortality!

It is interesting to conclude our theme with a closer observation of Courtney's essay on the same subject as Meredith's, *The Idea of Comedy*.

Instead of formulating principles as Meredith does, Courtney rather reflects on the principles that may be deduced from the great writers. His first definition is more picturesque than enlightening; he calls it "the flower that grows on the edge of the precipice, which we gather with a fearful joy; the butterfly which alights on the barricades, the bright gleam of sunshine irradiating the dark clouds which seem to menace a coming storm."

Summing up the different kinds of comedies in his pleasing, clear-cut style, he enumerates those of intrigue, of fixed characters, of manners, and finally the comedy which remained for Molière to perfect, the comedy of character.

The consideration of Molière he leaves for the second part of his essay, devoting meanwhile the rest of the first part to Shakespeare, whom he handles as fully as Meredith does Molière. The same grouping of characters occurs, the same bringing into one vivid consideration all the author's comedies interfused with this own reflections, deliberately presented and with a graceful charm of style, easy to follow and always leaving a happy impression.

Courtney stresses the important feature of Meredith's essay that "Comedy involves thoughtful laughter," and illustrates from some of Shakespeare's humorous scenes, especially in the *Merchant of Venice*, behind which "rises the sinister figure of Shylock"; and "the wit combats between Benedick and Beatrice" overshadowed by the imperious words: "Kill Claudio," and all the tragic instances that follow in their train.

After giving a just estimate of Shakespeare's comedies with their charms and defects, Courtney concludes that his "conception of comedy falls short of the real range and value of the comic spirit," and the reason he assigns for this lack of a great essential is that they do not offer a criticism of life, and the world as pictured by the true writer of comedy is the real world. What is wanting in Shakespeare's comedy, he finds in the comedy of manners, giving first consideration to the Restoration dramatists who "were occupied with the life of their times," and then turning to Molière, the ideal writer of comedies, who so perfectly realises the condition of his tasks. Here, he says, "we have got to high comedy, a rare and special product, a comedy of character, of which Molière alone is able to present us with the highest examples."

To Molière he attributes the creation of the ideal type of comedy, "which trembles on the edge of tragedy and pathos, like all the real things of life where tears follow hard on laughter." He calls this great achievement of Molière's "a notable advance on Shakespeare's comedies," continuing that "if we want to see why it was a great discovery, we need only observe how later comedians follow in Molière's footsteps."

We are tempted to add to this flattering tribute to Molière, that while it seems possible and desirable to follow in his footsteps, the impossibility of keeping apace with the giant strides of Shakespeare is plainly evident. To follow him from afar must satisfy the most ambitious, but we have to console us for the world's incapacity to produce a second Shakespeare, the knowledge that it is a great achievement to appreciate thoroughly this king of dramatists.

We have Meredith's word for it that "a perception of the comic spirit," such as Shakespeare exhibits, "gives high fellowship. You become a citizen of the selecter world, the highest we know of in connection with our world, which is not supermundane. Look there for your unchallengeable upper class!"—intellectually, of course, and possessed of the power to trace in these inimitable dramas the great universal truths that broaden our sympathy towards our fellow-men and give us ever deeper insight into the meaning of life.

M.D.B.

"It is the ruin of all the young talent of the day, that reading and writing are simultaneous. We do not educate ourselves for literary enterprise . . . We all sacrifice the palm-tree to obtain the temporary draught of wine! We slay the camel that would bear us through the desert, because we will not endure a momentary thirst."

"Enthusiasm is that secret and harmonious spirit which hovers over the production of genius, throwing the reader of a book, or the spectator of a statue, into the very ideal presence whence these works have really originated. . . A great work always leaves us in a state of musing."

"The true purpose of education is to unfold the seed of immortality already sown within us; to develop, to their fullest extent, the capacities of every kind with which the God Who made us has endowed us."



Too Old To Be New

An old lady poked her head out of the window of a rail coach, as it slowed up at the station. She looked up at the sky, then down at the platform, and finally called out in a high-pitched, querulous voice: "Is it raining Porter? I say, is it raining Porter?"

"No, Ma'am, it's raining water!"

* * *

Original Quotations.

Mrs. Gamp, with some hazy recollections of the New Testament floating in her mind, invented the admirable aphorism: "Rich folks may ride on camels, but it ain't so easy for 'em to see out of a needle's eye."

A lady soliloquizing on the afflictions of life and the serenity of her own temper, exclaimed: "How true it is what Solomon says, 'A contented spirit is like a perpetual dropping on a rainy day!'"

A certain minister, winding up a week's mission, is reported to have said: "And if any spark of grace has been kindled by my words, oh, we pray Thee, water that spark."

An old woman in praising the merits of her favorite curate, said to his rector: "I do say that Mr. Popham is quite an angel in sheep's clothing."

* * *

"How do you know that Chaucer dictated to a stenographer?"

"Why, just look at the spelling!"

* * *

Harsh Initiation.

Two girls were discussing a recent frat initiation:

"I hear Bluebelle joined while I was away," said one.

"That's right," the other assented.

"And what kind of initiation did they give her?"

"Well, they were severe with Bluebelle," was the answer.

"Severe?"

"Went pretty far with their hazing. They made Bluebelle help her mother with the dishes for six successive evenings."

"Dear Sir," wrote the School Health Inspector, to Willy's father, "I beg to inform you that your son William shows signs of astigmatism which ought to be attended to at once. Yours faithfully."

Willy's father replied: "Dear Sir, I don't quite understand what it is Willy has been up to now, but I have walloped him well to-night; you can do it again to-morrow morning. Yours faithfully."

* * *

The teacher wishing to impress on her pupils' minds the vast population of China, said: "Think, children, two Chinamen die every time you draw a breath."

A minute later her attention was drawn to Jimmy James, who stood puffing vigorously, with face reddened and cheeks distended. "What is the matter, Jimmie?" asked the teacher. "What are you doing?"

"Nothin', Miss; just killin' Chinamen."

* * *

Help Wanted.

Sandy and his lass had been sitting together about half an hour in silence.

"Maggie," he said at length, "Wasna I here on the Sawbeth nicht?"

"Aye, Sandy, I daur say you were."

"And wasna I here on Monday nicht?"

"Aye, so ye were."

"An' wasna I here on Tuesday nicht, an' Wednesday nicht, an' Thursday nicht, an' Friday nicht?" An' this is Saturday nicht, an' I'm here again?"

"Well, I'm sure ye're very welcome."

Sandy (desperately) — "Maggie, woman! D'ye no begin to suspect something?"

* * *

A psychiatric board was testing the mentality of a negro soldier.

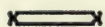
"Do you ever hear voices without being able to tell who is speaking or where the sound comes from?"

"Yes, sub," answered the negro.

"And when does this occur?"

"When I'se talkin' over de telephone."

Unknowing



Unknowing, we tread the sod
 Above our future grave;
 Unnoted, the day goes by
 Marked out for us to die,
 Remembered only of God,
 (Unknowing, should we be grave?)
 Unknowing, we laud the song
 The lark will sing on high,
 Unheeding where we lie,
 Unknowing, we tend the flower
 To flaunt above our rest;
 Unknowing, we scarcely touch
 What should concern us much.
 Unknowing! May we fear lest
 Unwitting we do wrong?
 All this is merely jest.
 Unknowing, but Him we trust,
 Knowing that He is just;
 He gives us of His best:
 His be the day and the hour,
 What matter the bird and the sod!
 Safe in our Father's home,
 Joy unalloyed will come
 In knowing God as God.

A.C.M.

Loretto, Niagara Falls.

"It is no proof of a man's understanding to be able to confirm whatever he pleases; but to be able to discern that what is true is true, and that what is false is false; this is the mark of character and intelligence."

"Morality without religion is only a kind of dead reckoning—an endeavor to find our place on a cloudy sea by measuring the distance we have run, but without any observation of the heavenly bodies."

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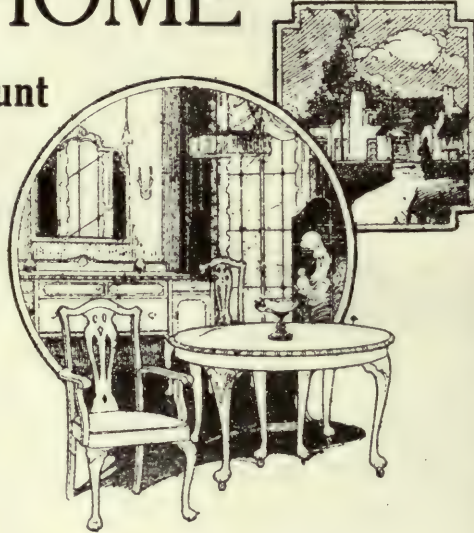
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MADONNA



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VOL. XXXI.

TORONTO, JULY, 1924

No. 3

Mary Ward



She lives in every loyal heart
That makes her cause its own,
That cause for which she gladly died,
The cross she bore alone.

Hers the prophetic eye that saw
The vision fair and bright—
A consecrated band to guide
The children's steps aright.

Her fearless love, her strength, her name,
All that she had she gave,
To reap from an ungrateful world
Contempt—an unknown grave.

She died, but from the seed she sowed
Sprang up the sheaves of gold,
Increasing, spreading through the land
A hundred thousand fold.

To multitudes who eat her bread
Her name remains unknown,
But loving, labouring, guiding still,
She lives among her own.

Martha F. Cronin.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF COVENTRY PATMORE

THE title of the poem most commonly associated with the name of Coventry Patmore is suggestive of sentimental banalities. Its subject matter also—for "The Angel in the House" is avowedly an epic of nuptial love,—its introduction of domestic simplicities, its conformity to the conventional standards of the time, rank it, in indiscriminating minds with all that it has become the fashion to dismiss as mid-Victorian. The metre, too, is at first misleading—an iambic tetrameter stanza with alternate rhyme capable of appealing at once to an untutored taste. Such easy reading, it is thought, can scarcely be poetry of a very high order, much less the vehicle of any profound or comprehensive philosophy of life.

Those, however, who have come to know Patmore through "The Unknown Eros," will recognize in him a mystic poet who has essayed the starry citadels and a master of rhythm who has contributed to English letters a new and noble form of the ode. On this portion of his work alone some critics would base his claim to originality. But this rare and ecstatic verse cannot be considered apart from "The Angel in the House." The system of thought is one, the verse form is one, the feeling involved is one, however transmuted.

On the simplicities of life Patmore "built the ladder which rose from the Deanery in Sarum Close to the summits of Christian mysticism" to quote the words of Mr. Osbert Burdett. That ladder is Love based on the marriage bond. Marriage he regarded as the rehearsal of a divine communion. In the first

part of his poetic work, as in the earlier stages of experience, the union of the soul with God is interpreted by means of marriage; in the second, marriage is explained by the higher union. In "The Angel of the House" he announces:

"This little root of nuptial love
Which springs so simply from the sod,
The root is, as my song shall prove,
Of all our love to man and God."

In "The Rod, the Root and the Flower," a series of highly condensed essays, occurs this significant aphorism:

"The great secrets of life lie too far within,
not too far beyond, our mental focus to be seen. Philosophy consists in limiting the focus, not in extending it," and it was in the common experience of love which exists under our very eyes, as it were, that he found the secret which was for him the key to all the relations of life, as well as the source of his own inspiration. In this his originality consists:

"In green and undiscovered ground,
Yet near where many others sing,
I have the very well-head found
Whence gushes the Pierian spring."

He counsels his hearers to focus attention on the simple, domestic relations:

"Fathom well the depths of life
In loves of Husband and of Wife,
Child, Mother, Father; simple keys
To what cold Faith calls mysteries."

Patmore was not the first to base a philosophy of life upon Love. Plato and Dante, by

both of whom he was greatly influenced, had done so. But that of Plato, since it rests upon the experience of friendship only, cannot become a sufficient philosophy for men in general. Dante's philosophy of Love, wherein the unattainable woman is idealized as Divine Revelation, has a similar limitation. Both ignore the family, the necessary unit of human society. Patmore, on the contrary, takes into consideration that, man being composed of body and spirit, any general theory of love must satisfy the senses as well as the soul. The very basis of his theory is in the family. Of the three, therefore, it is supported by the greatest amount of self-evidence.

The fact that the Love philosophies of Plato and Dante are more independent of matter does not prove that they are better adapted to sustain the soul on the lofty heights of spirituality. Patmore in "The Angel in the House" contrasts other theories of love with his own (Vaughan's):

"I saw three Cupids (so I dreamed),
 Who made three kites, on which were
 drawn,
 'Plato,' 'Anacreon' and 'Vaughan.'
 The boy who held by Plato tried
 His airy venture first; all sail
 It heav'nward rush'd till scarce descried,
 Then pitched and dropt for want of tail.
 Anacreon's love with shouts of mirth
 That pride of spirit thus should fall,
 To his kite link'd a lump of earth,
 And lo, it would not soar at all.
 Last my disciple freighted his
 With a long streamer made of flowers,
 The children of the sod, and this
 Rose in the sun and flew for hours."

In the Patmorean philosophy there is room also for the contemplative life, which can be best led apart from household ties. Though,

for most of mankind, woman is the way, without whom "God is a tower without a stair," yet that way is not necessary to all and would even be a hindrance to those who can attain to the end, which is divine union, without it. But the relation of the soul with God as expressed in "The Unknown Eros," is of the same nature as marriage, the difference being one of degree rather than of kind.

"Christ's marriage with the Church is more,
 My children, than a metaphor."

And so are the mystic espousals of God and the individual soul. In asserting this, Patmore is only "digging again the wells the Philistines had filled." Of this we have abundant evidence in Holy Writ as well as in the interpretation given by such doctors as St. Bernard to the "Canticle of Canticles" and in the revelations of many saints, notably Catherine of Sienna, to whom, in her sixth year, Our Lord appeared as her heavenly Bridegroom.

To some the revelation is made directly, as it was to the beata Osanna of Mantua, who in her sixth year heard a great voice which said, "Life and Death consist in loving God," and was led by an angel to behold the whole universe bound together by Love, from the God of Love Himself and the Mother of the Incarnate Word, down to the beasts of land and sea, the plants and inanimate things"—a view of the world strangely borne out by Patmore's philosophy and corroborated by science.

To most men, however, the revelation is made through the super-rational experience of Human Love, a vivid realization of the significance of beauty, as in the case of the youthful Dante. Plato explains this mystical fact by reference to a previous existence. Patmore sees in it a ray of the illimitable white light of Heaven falling on one object which

refracts it in hues more attractive to mortal sight:

"Of infinite Heaven the rays,
Piercing some eyelit in our cavern black,
Ended their viewless track
On thee to smite solely, as on a diamond stalactite,
And in mid-darkness lit a rainbow's blaze,
Wherein the absolute Reason, Power, and Love
That erst could move
Mainly in me but toil and weariness,
Renounced their deadening might,
Renounced their undistinguishable stress
Of withering white,
And did with gladdest hues my spirit caress,
Nothing of Heaven in thee showing infinite,
Save the delight."

In the beautiful ode "Spousa Dei," with incomparable insight, he interprets this phenomenon, with its confession of the ideal with the real, and the hopeless sigh that accompanies all human love:

"Who is this Fair
That each hath seen,
The darkest once in this bewailèd dell,
Be he not destined for the glooms of Hell?
Whom by a frantic flight of courtesy,
Born of despair
Of better lodging for his spirit fair,
He adores as Margaret, Maude or Cicely?
.
Are all, then, mad, or is it prophecy?
.
What if this Lady be thy soul and He
Who claims to enjoy her sacred beauty be,
Not thou, but God; and thy sick fire
A female vanity,
.
A reflex heat
Flashed on thy cheek

From his immense desire,
Which waits to crown, beyond thy brain's
conceit,
Thy nameless, secret, hopeless longing sweet
Not bye-and-bye, but now,
Unless deny Him thou!"

The explanation of this doctrine lies in his understanding of the Homo as a duality in entity which the two sexes emphasize: "The external man and woman," Patmore writes, "are each the projected simulacrum of the latent half of the other, and they do but love themselves in loving their opposed likenesses." "Woman was created apart," says St. Thomas, "in order that the distinction of the sexes (in the homo) might be better marked and in order that the man and the woman herself (who is also a potential homo or entire humanity) might be induced to attend to that which is their worthiest contemplation," namely, adds Patmore, "the reflection in themselves of the nature of God."

This duality, so striking in the two sexes of the human species, he conceived to be at the root of all being animate and inanimate, reaching down to the clod on the one hand and rising to the empyrean on the other. In the qualities of the common magnet he saw an amazing manifestation of it. We cannot forbear to quote the passage:

"Obvious fact, insoluble mystery, existing owing to contact with a greater power of the same kind, two opposed forces manifest in numerically one substance, rejection of its similar and desire for its likeness, power of propagating that living and alluring opposition in an otherwise neutral body, and, as it were, 'under the ribs of death,' and, in exact proportion to its own force, positive producing and exalting negative or negative positive—what is all this but the echo of the senseless

rock to the very voice of far-off love, and the effect of the kiss of God transmitted through the hierarchies of heaven and earth to the lips of the least of beings? Man (*homo*) is a great magnet half-way between the greatest and the least; the sexes are the positive and negative poles, their attraction the whole force of life and their union all its fire and felicity. From man we can rise to an almost concrete idea of God who made man to His own image. "In the body of man we find this duality—two brains, two nervous systems, distinguished in their function, a heart with a double and contrasted action, with many other dualities and reciprocities together with a unity arising from co-operation which makes the body as clear an echo of the Trinity as the soul is."

Patmore has the Greek horror of the infinite and insists on the bond as the very condition of joy as well as of righteousness since he thus becomes the semblance of his Creator, for "Ah," he exclaims in "*Legem Tuam Dillexi*," an ode in which he commends the three vows of religion—a whole ascetical treatise in little on the meaning and value of the monastic life,

"How full of bonds and simpleness
Is God!
How narrow is He,
And how the wide waste field of possibility
Is only trod
Straight to His homestead in the human
heart!
Who woos his will
To wedlock with his own, and does distil
To that drop's span
The atta of all rose-fields of all love."

Patmore's system is refreshingly definite amid the present chaos of thought. He has no patience with abstract philosophies. To him man is the Darling of God, therefore all

worthy knowledge must concern man. All knowledge worthy of the name he declares to be nuptial knowledge—the knowledge of the unity of creation through the duality running through it from end to end.

Love, which in other poets is vague and intangible, portrayed in its effects rather than in itself, with Patmore is as definite as the Greek Eros or Aphrodite. "My love," he declares, "not only dares the most searching light of philosophy, but requires it."

Patmore was a poet of a single idea from which radiate all his views on religion, society, politics and art. In politics he favoured aristocracy in opposition to democracy, firmly believing that men were naturally unequal, and that the masses, representing the feminine element of society, were happier when ruled by reason embodied in an aristocracy, the masculine element. Nobility, not justice, was the end of the State, as he conceived it. In art, too, he based his principles of criticism on a recognition of the dual elements—the rational and the sensitive: "The feminine factor in the mind of the great poet is something greater than woman—it is goddess." "Genius is that divine or creative sex which contains and is the other two," just as the third Person of the Trinity is the embrace or synthesis of the other two Persons. Thus "genius is the rare power of seeing self-evident things."

These brief references to Patmore's reflections on society and art have been made merely to show how wide is the application of his primary idea and how thought-provoking are his aphorisms.

Coventry Patmore believed that his mission was to sing "of forgotten things to far-off times to come." In these days when the institution of marriage is being attacked in its very foundation, and when chaos

reigns in the world of thought, a singer who has a clear and comprehensive philosophy based on that very institution might be expected to excite some interest among constructive minds, though the more vociferous element of revolt will, no doubt, for a time prevail. But when the orgy of unrest has subsided through exhaustion, it would not be surprising if, by the inexorable law of supply and demand, Coven-

try Patmore should become the prophet of a new generation. Meanwhile, by casting the net of his philosophy into the sea of Love, some soul who has laboured all the night and taken nothing may catch.

Not the quick, shining harvest of the sea,
For food, his wish,
but Christ Our Lord Himself.

M.L.E.



CONVOCATION WEEK

UNIVERSITY CONVOCATION.

For once nature was beneficent. All morning a struggle had been waged between the sun and the clouds, but the former had conquered and the afternoon added increase of beauty to the splendid sight of over four hundred graduates who in academic garb crossed the main campus. Crowds watched eagerly as the procession slowly wended its way into Convocation Hall. The organ pealed forth its joyous welcome to us on this our day of days. After the graduates, the faculty and notables on whom honourary degrees were to be conferred entered in all the pomp and majesty of their robes of learning and distinction.

The ceremonies commenced with the conferring of honourary degrees on seven men prominent in the fields of politics, education, science and medicine, and continuing through the long list of Ph.D.'s, M.A.'s and B.A.'s, closed with the address of the Chancellor and the unveiling of a memorial commemorating the heroism of the gallant Varsity lad, Alan Crawford. The lawn party held in the Dean's garden gave a social ending to University Convocation and we shall withdraw, leaving these

numerous, happy recipients of degrees to the hearty congratulations of friends and proud parents.

M. Campbell, 2T4.

LORETTO ABBEY COLLEGE GRADUATION

Loretto Abbey College, on Brunswick Avenue, was the scene of a picturesque ceremony on Friday night, June 6, when the final graduating exercises were held. An attractive part of the occasion was the opening rose garland procession, when twelve young lady graduates passed between two ranks of undergraduates bearing chains of roses and proceeded to the stage of the auditorium. The conferring of Loretto College graduation medals on the young ladies who were formally graduated at the University Convocation in the afternoon was the principal event, but the programme of the evening included pleasing musical numbers and addresses.

The main address of the evening was delivered by Rev. R. McBrady, C.S.B., who approaching his subject largely from a historical point of view, explained how the Catholic and Christian influence had been exercised more in the realm of social advancement than in Em-

pire building. Concluding his address, Father McBrady considered the civilization of ancient Greece as compared with Christian civilization. Greek culture, he said, had been based largely on an intellectual enjoyment of perfection. He advised the graduates to cultivate a Greek mind, if they pleased, but to add to this a Catholic heart and conscience, kindness, moderation and good judgment.

The valedictory address was delivered by Miss Marion Sullivan, who dwelt upon the ideals and friendships formed at college. Two musical numbers were rendered with pleasing effect by the chorus. Vocal selections were given by Miss Margaret Marks, and violin se-

lections by Miss Margaret Curtis, both highly appreciated by the large attendance.

One announcement of importance was that Miss Marie Campbell, a graduate, had won the Dockeray prize for fourth year pass English in St. Michael's College. Miss Cicely Wood, graduate of 2T3, received an M.A. degree at the convocation in the afternoon.

The young ladies who received the Loretto College graduation medals were: Misses Eleanor Garden, B.A.; Kathleen O'Neil, B.A.; Elsie Irvine, B.A.; Marie Campbell, B.A.; Geraldine Coffey, B.A.; Lois McBrady, B.A.; Genevieve Mulvihill, B.A.; Agnes Pineau, B.A.; Madeline Roach, B.A.; Marion Sullivan, B.A.; Eileen Dunnigan, B.A.. —Toronto Globe.



❖ Valedictory ❖

THE day which crowns a college career with the long-desired laurel of success must ever be regarded by those immediately concerned as a great and happy and momentous one. The thoughts of the participants, in successive years, differ very little. No wonder, then, that the one whose privilege it is to express the feelings of her class on this occasion should be compelled to say, if she wishes to be sincere, what has been said many times before and what might seem either trite or exaggerated, or both, to those who had forgotten the emotion. Yet, if we may be pardoned for misquoting Juvenal, "Maxima debetur baccalaureo indulgentia," and especially is indulgence due to the newly-made baccalaureus. Relying on this sympathy and indulgence, we do not hesitate to say what this occasion must inevitably call forth.

Convocation Day, 1924, has come at last. There will never be a day in all our lives quite like it. Coming after a series of ordered efforts directed toward this end, it has taught us that the real joys of life are those which come to us "graced with the pearl of God's consent." For, despite the pleasure derived from the pursuit of knowledge, it must be admitted that man is by nature "labore fugiens," and a certain amount of strict self-discipline is needed to attain even the modest eminence of a bachelor's degree.

It is, in truth, a momentous day in the lives of most of us—a watershed dividing the streams of receiving from those of giving. Hitherto we have been the objects of the benevolence of parents, teachers and country; now it would seem fitting that we should render some account of what we have received.

On this day the varied experiences of the past four years are seen in something of their true perspective and are evaluated. As a part of a great university we have lived within the wide circle of knowledge which it professes, thus breathing a clearer atmosphere of thought and seeing the relations of things better than in the isolation of a single college or a single course of study.

Nor have these years been wholly devoted to academic work. A participation in the various literary, athletic and social interests of the university at large has been a very considerable factor in our preparation for the world in which our lives are to be passed. The friendships cemented by four years' intimate companionship within our own college; the habits of thought and ideals of conduct fostered under the influences of both college and university; the close association with a Faculty devoted to our interests, are now, perhaps for the first time, realized and appreciated. These, however, can be regarded as permanent possessions not to be lost through distance or lapse of time. But some things have vanished forever: a thousand little, nameless incidents of our college life giving rise to sweet and sacred emotions that we long to recapture; charms that vanish when the old combination is destroyed, but which made "the tender grace of a day that is dead" and now bring a tinge of sadness into our brightest dreams of the future.

To-night Loretto College claims our fealty in a special manner, when she confers upon us the appreciated distinction which marks her approval of the collegian judged from other aspects than the purely academic. The position of our College is, in certain respects, almost unique in the circle of the University. Having a separate existence and a corporate

life of its own, it can more easily demand conformity to certain standards of culture not embraced by the curriculum.

As the true patriot interprets his country in the light of his own hearth, so does every loyal alumnus interpret the University to himself through his own college, and so far as he is loyal to that will he be loyal to the greater institution to which he belongs. Thus do we pledge our loyalty to the ideals of Loretto College, adopting as our own her motto, "Cruci dum spiro fido," for only through the Cross may we hope to "keep our lives without default pitched to the true and heavenly tone," and realizing at the same time "unless above himself he can erect himself how poor a thing is man."

Marion Sullivan, 2T4.



Love and Beauty

Out of the depths of the rainbow's calm it
flew

To haunt the world and many a pale-eyed star,
Its love, a little, shining, white-winged thing,
A captive was and called it from afar.

All day it trailed the trackless paths of light,
Unsullied vistas, yield it up its love!
The golden mists of evening touch'd its wings
And still the bird, forlorn, flew far above.

Ah, bird of ideal beauty! think'st thy mate
In some lone sunset cloud should make its nest?
Come down, come down to this low-lying state,
I hold the bird of Venus in my breast.

Elsa Kastner, 2T5.

LITERATURE AS A MIRROR OF LIFE

IF literature is really the mirror for the life of man, then it should have its first reflection in the creation of man. The most ancient historical records of the passing stages of life are found in Holy Scripture. The Book of Genesis—"The Gospel of the Old Covenant,"—gives the history of primitive man and likewise the records of man's aspirations and ideals; his weaknesses and failures and final destiny. Noble aspirations even when followed by failure, show an effort to imitate something lofty, something noble, while the failure goes to prove the limitations of a created being striving to fulfil the destiny appointed to him by his Creator. This destiny forms the standard by which we may judge all human endeavor to attain to the beautiful, the good and the true.

All art is true only in so far as it conforms to truth, goodness and beauty, and since literature is one of the arts, then it should reflect the qualities of man's aspirations by conforming to the image in his soul. By this harmonious blending the aim for all literary achievement is fixed, for God alone is Truth, Goodness and Beauty.

A work of art is worthy of praise just in so far as the artist shows forth the splendor of the beautiful, and in proportion as he departs from it, is he deserving of blame. Everything beautiful in this world is only a symbol of the Divine Beauty as conceived in the human mind, and the work of the artist is, to form a union between the real and the imaginative, between the possible and the necessary, and by the play of his genius and the earnestness of his thought he must sustain his flight

into realms of truth and fiction; but his work is all in vain if the spirit of it does not remain to influence the ages. Literature must be something more than a mere flight of imagination, or a number of inconsistent opinions; it must have something besides mere "form." It must be a mirror of the feelings, thoughts and events of actual life; it must express not objective truth, but subjective truth; not things, but thoughts; science has to do with things, but literature must be personal and have a personal character. Now, for this reason, the Bible has a high place in literature and is regarded by all Christian nations as a masterpiece of literary excellence. It treats of but one subject—man, and his relations to his Creator. It is a book for all people and for all ages. It is full of love, hope and desire with the spirit of Christ flowing through its passages. The words are full of life; simple and clearly expressed with a depth of meaning in them all. Like the gushings of a human heart, they need no adornment. The songs of David and the prophecies of Isaiah have never been surpassed for poetic composition and are fountains of inspiration for poets of all ages, even to the present.

Usually, strong feelings are roused by great events, so we may look for the best literature with this thought in mind. Nations of historical pre-eminence should have a glorious literary era, for the deep feelings of life must be awakened if the human mind is to rise to great heights of culture or the faculties to be developed. Schlegel says for this reason the Greeks held for so long a period the highest intellectual pinnacle.

Greek literature is intimately woven with the whole public life of the Greeks—their public spectacles, games and festivals, for these were the life of the people,—their traditions, their legends, their whole arrangement of life—their customs and political institutions. In Greece, states were made or unmade by the power of eloquence. The verses of Homer and the songs of Orpheus rang with stirring sounds of Greek life and Greek aspirations, with fanciful-fables and reasonable imaginings; all alive with historical traditions. The Siege of Troy and the adventures of Priam, whether real or fanciful, are the fruitful sources of the *Illiad* and of the *Odyssey*. Literature cannot be separated from life or from the working out of the destiny of man. In ancient times, ordinary events were recorded in poetic form, as this was the method of preserving national traditions and history. Traveling singers wandered from court to court in Greece, retailing in glowing words the Siege of Troy and the valor of the gods. The *Illiad* was the national song and likewise was the religion of the nation. It expressed the spirit of the people in their worship of the gods and devotion to their heroes. Homer's verses moulded the minds of the people and poured their floods of culture into the national life. They were the basic principle for life, politics and religion. Solon showed how he appreciated the power of literature over a people when he preserved and treasured Homer's verses to use them as his strongest weapon against Persian invasion; a mightier defence than the keenest blades of Greece. The nation stood united in their love for their heroes and their gods.

As we see, literature preserves a nation in excellence and truth; so may it destroy a nation by idle pomp of words and subvert the entire edifice of sacred tradition. The so-

phists, later, undermined the magnificent edifice of Greek learning erected by Homer, Aeschylus and Sophocles and disrupted the nation by exaggerated expressions devoid of correct reasoning or even good sense. Neither a flourish of words nor a jungle of lines is literature; an appeal to the senses without any elevation of mind lasts just as long as the sound in the air. Literature is for the ages and must be based on truth, and we estimate its value by its spirit and purpose; by its thought, not by its form.

Life and literature are not two distinct words. Literature is essential to the well-being of nations; and life and man himself are the objects of literature. Man's literature is the language that he speaks and literary taste expresses what one is. Greek culture was expressed in Greek literature and Greek literature was the means of cultivating the Greeks. Homer spoke the language of the people to reach the hearts of the people. Every true author must do the same. Words fall on deaf ears if they are above or below the listener. We cannot hope for a single literature for all humanity for what one likes is not what another may appreciate; but literature should always have for its motive, the advancement of the aim of the Creator in the creation of man. The sentiments common to all noble-minded, God-seeking men are the best soil in which the mind may nourish itself. Actual life has to appear in literature even though it may be less noble in aspect than past events. An author must give to things common and to every-day occurrences, a brilliancy of appeal by extracting from them a higher meaning, a deeper purpose, and a more refined feeling than ordinary minds suspected them of concealing or dreamed them to be capable of exciting. Nature and human beings,

then, are truly the proper subjects for the efforts of the intellect, and when an author undertakes to write about the invisible world he is attempting a task which is likely to end in failure, unless he be an inspired writer.

There are scarcely any theories with regard to the proper subjects for literary endeavor, but all writers agree that the traditions of a nation are best set forth in poetry, and the proper business of poetry is to represent only that which is at all times and in all places, significant and beautiful. Every true poet carries into the past his own age, and, in a certain sense, himself. He must make us live again in the glories of the past. The beautiful and the real can never be old or new because they are the same through time. The noblest feelings of a people find a monument for the ages in their matchless strains of poetry. Temples may fall, but aspirations set forth in poetry ensure lasting renown. Homer, Livy and Tacitus are read to-day and convey the message of their nation to the ages. Conquerors and rulers are forgotten. Solon and Alexander are remembered more for their intellectual culture than for their military glory. Shakespeare is studied to-day, while the kings of his day are forgotten by the great majority or remembered only by name. By tracing the destiny of a nation through its national traditions, the real character of literature is found. The form of literary interpretation is merely a convenient garment for the noble chronicles of time. It is not the end or aim.

The Christian theory of man is the doctrine of the divine image in the human soul and implies religion. The history of life is the history of religion, as every thoughtful mind may find from its own feelings and experiences. These facts are proved in the sacred traditions of nations, either pagan or Christian, in various

ways. They are the history of primitive nations and the mirror of the life of man, so the end and aim of literature is to assist man in carrying out his final destiny. If this mirror of life does not faithfully reflect the divine image, it is because man is effacing the image of his Creator from his heart, for man is capable of reflecting truth only in so far as he is nourishing the divine image in his heart. Once the standard of truth is lowered then the mind of man often associates the sublime and true with the mean and perverse. The degeneracy of man falsifies the primitive world of divine truth and makes for man, false images. Even heathenism has a foundation in truth and careful inquiry will discover the threads of truth holding together the fabric on which the perverted notions rest, while truth itself seems buried among a mass of contradictory symbols. Through it all, the religion and the thought of the people may be traced. History shows that religion has always been the keynote of all traditional writings among Greek, Roman, Persian and Judean nations, likewise among all primitive nations, so why should it be barred admittance to our modern literature?

Politics is always a great factor in man's life, so, literature as the mirror of life should reflect man's political views. Some claim that literature should be of such a type that it may be read by every one regardless of what he believes or how he votes. If literature fulfil its aim—to bear a message to man—this is impossible, for what is a message to one is meaningless to another. Some others like to separate, as far as possible, religion and politics; perhaps for the same reason they try to separate religion from literature. When religion is an every-day affair, as literature and politics are, how can it be separated? In pagan times worship was frequent throughout the day. The

pagan god received his offering at regular intervals and with due reverence. In modern times worship, for most people, is a weekly offering and passed over in haste to make room for politics and so-called literature. Thus the separation is effected and, unfortunately, religion is not allowed to come before the public. That masterpiece of philosophical poetry—Dante's "Divine Comedy,"—is filled with references to his political enemies and he unhesitatingly empties their leaders into the darkest pits of Hell. Solon used Homer's Illiad for his political purposes, and, even in the New Testament we find political aspirations among the Apostles. History relates that, when the Romans desired to destroy the Jewish nation, they first burned their temple. Certainly, life and the nation, religion and literature, are all united inseparably and the standard by which the principles of each and all should be judged is the morality of the New Testament. It is not possible to separate public life and public opinion from religion, for religion is the life of a nation, and only when a nation is losing its religion does the literature have nothing in it tending toward divine worship. So we may say that the life of a nation is decaying when it has a literature without religion and stresses things that do not fulfil the ultimate end of human endeavor. Shall we lower the standard of literature or strive to elevate men's minds to the Vision of the Good, the True and the Beautiful? We must not lower the standard even at the cost of literature proving unsuccessful. Christ does not change His laws even if men find them difficult to keep. In pagan times there was no literary standard and we judge that to be the best which has come down to us; that which has withstood the test of time. The same with their life, there was no moral code among the people. Their desires and

aims made up their literature and that which brought success was what was good to them. Nature was in itself all sufficient and they aspired to nothing but the natural. They had no correct idea of the supernatural because God had not been revealed to them. But Christian minds should not conceive pagan ideals, so, when such are broadcasted in a Christian land they are undoubtedly the remnants of pagan eras astray in Christian garb. It falls to the lot of the noble-minded to uphold the literature of a nation, and when they lower the standard to suit the members they are proving false to their trust.

The spirit of Christian literature has for a body the national life, for literature has to have a material body and the human mind has to have room to expand and give expression upon problems of life and active concerns. Religion is no hindrance to this expression; in reality it is the proper soil to produce a due appreciation of what is grand and beautiful, while life is the span allotted to each in which to cultivate his likeness to the Creator and work out his destiny. Literature should be a recognition of this truth and therefore should not adopt a contrary principle or misconceive the motive of its existence. Literature does not exist for itself or for the aggrandizement of the author.

Roman literature is a fruit developed from the seed of a misconceived idea, spreading its influence into the actual life of the nation; crippling that loftiness of ideal which is so essential to high mental development. From birth to death Rome claimed the energies of her people. All worked together unto Rome and no one worked toward the destiny of man, so, for centuries, Roman life lacked reality and its literature became an imitative, not a creative, art. Life must unfold like a flower, en-

livened by its own vigor for only internal excellence is decisive and lasting. If the life embodies a false idea, however excellent the literary style may be, there is no meaning conveyed to the ages. Roman literature became a measured copy of Greek lines from which sprang no Greek spirit to immortalize Rome, and, Rome herself gave forth no lofty utterance, for she had no freedom of thought. The inspiration for Greek life, religion and nationality sprang from the soul-stirring utterances of Homer. The Aeneid created for Rome no national poems, no universal spirit as the Illiad has done for Greece. It, at best, is only imitation, for how could Rome write what she did not feel! how could she know what she did not live? No utterance gushed from her heart to carry her people into the enchanted lands of thought and to open up to them the real beauties of life. Her soul of belief was dead. Nothing was true but Rome; nothing beautiful but power.

Long years afterwards in the "Divine Comedy" Dante, who has caught the spirit of the new life, the spirit of independence and originality, leaves his beloved Virgil standing with arms folded and head bowed at the entrance to "Paradise," unable to be a guide any farther. How could Virgil's spirit scale the heights to which his mind had never soared? Dante's spirit had pierced the clouds and roam-

ed with freedom in the realms where crowns of laurel are replaced by haloes of glory and life is lived in truth and reality.

Various passages in the Bible show the truth of man's destiny in regard to his Creator, revealing the wonderful ways of Divine Providence in conducting the human race. Everything is subordinate to Religion; everything ministers to the Law. Since this is true of all primitive nations,—Greek, Roman, Persian and India,—why should men of the present day presume to diverge from the principles whose efficacy is borne out by the testimony of time and to make for themselves new tests and standards in regard to life and its aim?

Nations may rise and fall; heroes may be glorified, but the mind of man enlightened by faith must travel upward before he can see the meaning and destiny of life. Life must conform to the Good, the True and the Beautiful, and literature, the mirror of life, must not diverge from the end and aim of the Creator. Literature has not for its end, religion, but it, at least, ought to assume the divine principle in man, the image of God in the human soul and should aim, not to efface the divine character. This is the foundation for all true literature and should be the practical principle to influence all writers.

M. Borgia, I.B.V.M.



MANNERS AND THE POET

MR. RADCLIFFE, Editor of The Manchester Guardian, in addressing the International Education Association which met here last year, drew attention to the fact that a large part of the pleasure we find in English literature is due to its depicting beautiful manners. In reflecting on this idea it has occurred to the present writer that a manual of deportment might be compiled for all classes and conditions of men and women, and for all places and occasions from the plays of Shakespeare. Its scope might be indicated by appropriate titles of chapters as in the ubiquitous and omniscient treatises now extant. For example, the fitting behaviour "For a Banished Duke in a Forest"; "For the Same on An Enchanted Island"; "Mode of Address of the Former to a Hungry Young Gentleman Rushing Into His Presence Unannounced"; "Of the Latter to the Usurper of His Dukedom Who Has Been Shipwrecked"; "Of a Shepherd to Two Maidens of High Degree on Meeting Them in a Forest"; "Form for a Countess to Refuse a Sentimental Duke Who Persists in Paying Her His Addresses"; "Behaviour for An English Knight When Intoxicated and Supposed to Be in Illyria" (for if one must get intoxicated, one should surely do the thing decently, as Sir Lucius O'Trigger would say); "For Two Young Ladies on Meeting the Lover of One of Them in a Forest"; "Speech for a Young Gentleman in Adversity to His Old and Faithful Servant"; "Mode of Address for the Duke's Messenger When Presenting His Master's Compliments." But at this point the exquisite image of Viola confronting the Spirit of Burlesque, drove him from the scene

in confusion, for how could he remain within earshot of

"Make me a willow cabin at your gate
And call upon my soul within the house
Make loyal cantons of despised love
And sing them loud even in the dead of night,
Halloo your name to the reverberate hills,
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out 'Olivia!'"

And if he still lingered in the environs, the sprightly grace of Rosalind and Celia, which he would fain have profaned, would have shriveled him completely.

His precipitate flight brings us back to the more general subject of manners, and their connection with literature. One of the chief objects of our reading is undoubtedly to transport ourselves to a region where thoughts are nobler and lovelier and life more graceful than in the world around us. We delight in gestures and speech and ceremonies that "smack of something greater than themselves" as much as we do in deeds which are great *in* themselves. Democracy may be an excellent corrective for an aristocracy that has belied its name, but it is rather devastating in respect to manners. The ideal of equality, while it depresses the high, who can only be noble in the disguise of plain manners, cannot elevate the low, for nobility has no longer any visible beauty that they should desire it. With the passing of the noble orders the motto "Noblesse oblige" too must pass.

But fortunately courtesy is not wholly, or even mainly, dependent on political conditions. In the poets, as in society, generally speaking,

the charm of beautiful manners exists in proportion to the influence of good women. We find it in Christian rather than in pagan times; in the Romans of Chivalry, in the Troubadour poets and in the Vita Nuova, not in Sappho, Alcaeus, Horace or Catullus; in Shakespeare, not in Sophocles, Euripides, Aristophanes or Plautus; in the Divine Comedy, not in the Iliad.

Shakespeare, in spite of deplorable lapses, is a very well-spring of charming manners. Sir Walter Scott also, but without Shakespeare's variety and lightness of touch; Tennyson, both in the Arthurian epic and in his poems of modern life. In Kipling, as was to be expected, this grace is almost entirely wanting.

For most poets beautiful manners are the embroidery to their theme; for Coventry Patmore they are the very woof of it. He believed and sought to show "to for-off times to come" that

"Home

And private love did ne'er so smile
As in the ancient English isle,"

and Love he calls "the nursling of civility," its maintenance in the closer relations of life depending in large measure on the courtesies:

"Love's perfect blossom only blows
Where noble manners veil defect;

Angels may be familiar, those

Who err each other must respect."

He remarks with fine perception "how light the touches are that kiss the music from the chords of life" and demands that wisdom be glad as well as good. Goodness cannot attract without beauty, which is the rightful lustre of goodness. This idea he expresses in the brilliant epigram:

"Beauty deludes; oh shaft well shot
To strike the marks true opposite;
That ugly good is scorn'd proves not
That beauty lies, but lack of it."

Goodness or true wisdom must not only be, but seem, and we do her wrong to deck her falsely in the rags and ugliness of rude manners. While he deplores the lack in

"New-made saints, their feelings iced,
Their joy in man and nature gone,
Who sing "Oh easy yoke of Christ!"
And find 'tis hard to get it on."

at the same time he distinguishes between the decorum of

"Worldlings, in whose fair outside
Nor courtesy nor justice fails,
Thanks to cross-pulling vices tied,
Like Samson's foxes by the tails,"

and the harmonious lives of those rare souls whose "sweet subdual of the world," so complete as to be entirely natural, teaches us the truth,

"That God's grace is the only grace,
And all grace is the grace of God."

It is the outward grace of such souls that alone endears Heaven to man and makes the heart exclaim, "Ah, that's the thing that I would be!" It is too commonly thought that "the devil has all the best tunes," and no wonder, if goodness will not wear her proper garments of beauty and joy.

Love being the poet's theme, the beauty and necessity of noble and gracious manners, the ceremonial proper to Love, in its inner sanctuary, the home, are most frequently the subject of his song.

A thoroughly refined English home has a peculiar charm,

"For something that abode endued
With temple-like repose, an air
Of life's kind purposes pursued
with order'd freedom sweet and fair."

Those who dwelt within its precincts,

"Humbly, though they had few peers,
Kept their own laws which seem'd to be
The fair sum of six thousand years'
Traditions of civility."

In the mistress of it is shown the influence
of courtesy on half-formed youth:

"Her life all honour, observed, with awe
Which cross experience could not mar
The fiction of the Christian law
That all men honourable are,
And so her smile at once conferred
High flattery and benign reproof,
And I, a rude boy, strangely stirred,
Grew courteous in my own behoof."

Love is sovereign in the home, and that
majesty which doth hedge about a king should
be preserved by a sweet ceremony.

"Let Love make home a gracious Court,
There let the world's rude, hasty ways
Be fashion'd to a loftier port,
And learn to bow and stand at gaze;
And let the sweet respective sphere
Of personal worship there obtain
Circumference for moving clear
None treading on another's train.

.
This makes that pleasures do not cloy,
And dignifies our mortal strife
With calmness and considerate joy,
Befitting our immortal life."

He is insistent on these "love ceremonies"
or household courtesies:

"'Tis found and needs it must be so
That life from Love's allegiance flags,
When love forgets his majesty
In sloth's unceremonious rags."

How often "the halo leaves the sacred head"
for those who are lax in this respect! We

must "stand off to see" lest, for us, "beauty's
apparition put on invisibility."

Those dearest to us should of all persons be
treated with courtesy:

"Keep your undrest familiar style
For strangers, but respect your friend."

And "lastly," he admonishes, to preserve love
and joy in the home,

"No personal reverence doff;
Life's all externals unto those
Who pluck the blushing petals off,
To find the secret of the rose."

Such are his negative precepts. But the
peculiar grace of fair manners when embodied
in a lovely woman is more commonly the theme
of his song:

"One of those lovely things she was
In whose least actions there can be
Nothing so transient but it has
An air of immortality,"

and he is subdued by "the awful charm of
grace and innocence."

A woman's "fine and modest taste" in
dress does not escape his observation:

"I found them with exactest grace,
And fresh as spring, for spring attired."

The famous rhapsody on clothes which oc-
curs in "The Angel in the House," is some-
what too long to quote, though the temptation
is strong. A few lines will show that he was
not an admirer of beauty unadorned more than
when pranked in all the panoply of silk and
jewels:

"Boon nature to the woman bows;
She walks in earth's whole glory clad,
And chiefest far herself of shows
All others help her, and are glad;

.

For her the seas their pearls reveal;
 Art and strange lands her pomp supply
 With purple, chrome, and cochineal,
 Ochre, and lapis lazuli."

A certain punctilious sovereign called promptitude "the courtesy of kings." He spoke better than he knew, for it has been largely left to those royal personages, and with their passing, if pass they must, it is in danger of becoming an extinct grace. Promptitude is a note in Patmore's harmony:

"They true to this and every hour,
 As if attended on by time,
 Enter'd the church while yet the tower
 Was noisy with the finish'd chime."

His next words show the effect of a reverential exterior:

"And when she knelt she seem'd to be
 An angel teaching me to pray."

The reflections aroused by observing a lady at a ball suggest her perfect grace and the charm it exercises:

"My memory of heaven awakes;
 She's not of earth, although her light,
 As lantern'd by her body, makes
 A piece of it past burning bright.
 So innocently proud and fair
 She is that Wisdom sings for glee
 And Folly dies, breathing one air
 With such a bright-cheek'd chastity!"

A slight, almost inadvertent, over-stepping of "that space that makes attraction felt" is almost unconsciously reproved:

"I pressed her hand, by will or chance
 I know not, but I saw the rays
 Withdrawn, which did till then enhance
 Her fairness with its thanks for praise."

All ungentleness in woman was repulsive to him. He was willing to pardon in her "all her own faults, but none of man's."

"Be man's hard virtues highly wrought,
 But let my gentle mistress be
 In every look, word, deed and thought
 Nothing but sweet and womanly."

He demands honour for woman on the part of man. He needs not fear exaggeration, for "a woman, like the Koh-i-noor, mounts to the price that's put on her"—a profound truth to which the history of the Christian era bears witness. On the other hand, the only blame meted out to woman is for holding herself less dearly than becomes her worth. The very gentleness and chivalry of his reproach show how grave he considers this fault, how disastrous to the high perfection which man might have attained:

"..... thro' thine erring humbleness
 And disregard of thy degree,
 Mainly, has man been so much less
 Than fits his fellowship with thee.
 High thoughts had shaped the foolish brow,
 The coward had grasp'd the hero's sword,
 The vilest had been great, hadst thou,
 Just to thyself been worth's reward
 But lofty honours undersold
 Seller and buyer both disgrace,
 And favours that make folly bold
 Banish the light from virtue's face."

M. Estelle.





Raphael Merry del Val

Cardinal Protector of the Institute of the B.V.M., as he appeared in 1897 on his visit to Canada as Ablegate of His Holiness Leo XIII. Monsignor Merry del Val was then Papal Chamberlain. A few years afterwards he was created Cardinal and Papal Secretary of State. His Eminence is now the Arch-priest of St. Peter's. It is now twenty-seven years since his visit to our shores, but his is still a name to conjure with in Canada.

MYSTIC PAINTERS OF THE ITALIAN RENAISSANCE

By Thomas O'Hagan, Ph.D., Litt.D., LL.D.

A writer has said that mysticism is to painting what ecstasy is to psychology. The writer advises us that it is in the lives of the saints rather than in the lives of the painters that proof of the interesting affinity between Religion and Art must be sought.

In tracing the development of the different schools of painting, in Italy, not the least interesting phase of this development is that which deals with the mystic element, as it influenced the work of the painter, at different periods of the Italian Renaissance.

Ruskin divides the three great art periods of the Renaissance, as regards painting, into the Christian Aesthetic Art of 1300; the Christian Mathematic Art of 1400; and the Christian Romantic Art of 1500.

But what we are chiefly concerned with in this paper is the rise and influence of the Mystic School of painters, as represented in the great art development of the Italian Renaissance.

To the mountains of Umbria let us then turn, if we would know of the beginnings of the Mystic School of painting. It did not have a birth within the walls of either Rome or Florence. Where St. Francis breathed the peace of God, and shepherded both bird and beast, with the high courtesy of heaven, there mysticism took root, and touched, in dream, the brush and pencil of the Venetian and Tuscan painters, who found theme and inspiration at his tomb.

Truly then did the elements of mysticism, dispersed henceforth like so many wild flowers on the surroundings hills, in the modest villages of Tuscany, in the little towns scat-

tered along the sides of the Apennines, from Fiesole to Spoleto, but especially in the Convents, which were the real sanctuaries of Christian painting, take root and blossom. We shall find its influence spread from Venice to Naples by Gentile da Fabriano, who was born in the duchy of Urbino in 1360; and from Florence to Rome by Perugino, who was born in the same duchy nearly a century later.

We have said that Gentile da Fabriano carried the influence of the Mystic School of Umbria to Venice. The three Bellinis, Jacopo, Gentile and Giovanni, in succession, reveal, in their work, this influence. Then from Perugia comes a master painter who establishes a school of painting, into which mysticism enters in full vigor and which culminates in the work of Raphael. Perugino occupies in his relation to his disciple Raphael, the same position that Verrochio does to Leonardo da Vinci.

Nor should we forget here to mention the name of another pupil of Perugino's—Pinturicchio, who painted in conjunction with Raphael at Siena, and, like the latter, was invited to Rome to paint in the Sistine Chapel.

But the great missionary of the Umbrian or Mystic School was unquestionably Perugino. He extended its influence all through Italy; and especially infused his vigor into the Siennese School. Pope Sixtus IV. invited him to Rome, to paint three large compositions in the Sistine Chapel.

It was in Florence that naturalism first gained influence, and this required to be counter-balanced by the spiritualism of the Umbrian School. By the way, it will be noticed that in all the work of Perugino and his disciples,

there is a constant element which might be designated as seraphic.

But not only did Gentile da Fabriano of the Umbrian School influence the Venetian painters, but also such painters of the Florentine School as Fra Angelico and his disciple, Benozzo Gozzoli. The gentle Dominican monk from Fiesole who dipped his pen in the sunlight of heaven, when he painted angels, and knelt in prayer and adoration before the conceptions of his soul, belongs essentially to the Mystic School of painters.

Ruskin says that Cimabue had women to paint from pure as snow and bright as sunshine—the Blessed Virgin, St. Cecilia and St. Agnes. Beato Angelico had a vision of angels, more beautiful than ever appeared to Jacob of old. That compunction of the heart, and aspiration towards God, ecstatic rapture, and a foretaste of celestial bliss—these afforded Fra Angelico vision and exaltation, when he glorified the canvas, with the dreams of his soul.

It is worth noting that it was the mystic painters that in nearly every instance were summoned to Rome to paint for the Popes—a Julius II., a Eugenius IV., and a Sixtus IV.; and their work remains in the Eternal City

as the glory of the Umbrian School of painting.

When we say the Umbrian School we mean all those painters who derived their art spirit from the founders of the Mystic School—into whose work entered the spirit of the Cloister and that vision of faith which beautifies life and touches art in any form with immortality.

Of Raphael Sanzio, "The Prince of Painters," who early came under the influence of the Mystic School, through his teacher, Perugino, it is his glory as an exponent of that school, that he never permitted paganism to share in the triumphs of his brush or pencil. Raphael's early pictures are perhaps more attractive for the passive mind; while his latter are more pleasing to the active imagination. In his early pictures, too, the classical taste predominates; while in his latter work modern taste prevails.

The little brown-hooded Friar of Assisi, whose saintship delights both heaven and earth, has bequeathed to the world, not alone in charity and poverty, a gospel of health for the healing of the nations—from his tomb, too, has irradiated the mystic light that gives all art its true meaning.



THE POETRY STUDY CLUB

A few enthusiastic lovers of poetry founded a Poetry Study Club last February for the purpose of becoming acquainted with the Modern Medieval Revival. At an appointed hour every Saturday evening the cosy corners of the Common Room were occupied by these choice spirits. A homely chat over the tea-cups usually closed the little meetings.

Our first evening deserves special mention for the interesting and illuminating talk given by Mother Estelle on "The Catholic Spirit in Modern English Literature." To visit G.K., Thompson, and Patmore in the sphere of the Muses became our mutual decision for the programme of the year. Having set out along the path we reached intimacy with G.K., our first acquaintance, without much difficulty, for the shades do not closely conceal him. We found his personality under several guises. In "Orthodoxy" the Catholic Apology of the twentieth century and "The Ball and the Cross," he was G.K. the philosopher, in "The Man Who Was Thursday" and "The Flying Inn" the novelist, and in "The Ballad of the White Horse," the poet. In the latter, which typifies the conflict of the pagan and Christian ideals for dominance in the world, we received the foundation for the deeper thought developed in the works of Thompson and Patmore.

Francis Thompson welcomed us upon the heights. This time our journey through the shades was slower and harder, but inspired with ardent yearning, we finally reached the wonderful reward, as from the dust of sordid earth we arrived at the region Elenore. Here with almost incredulous gaze, stricken by its

mysterious power, we beheld the Eternal Fire which consumes heaven and earth. Beginning with the immortal "Hound of Heaven" and going on through his great odes, "To the Setting Sun" and "Orient Ode," and culminating in the highest level of inspiration in "The Mistress of Vision," the wondrous union of heaven and earth, of God and the Soul, is revealed in its experiences. He says:

"Life's a veil the real has;
All the shadows of our scene
Are but the shows of things that pass
On the other side of the screen."

In due time we reached the summit where the marriage of poetry and philosophy were celebrated in Coventry Patmore, and he raised our gaze, dazzled at the Heavenly Light, into the realm of Reality. While Thompson sustained us among the heavenly bodies, catching immortal glimpses, Patmore revealed the mirror of Heaven in our natural life on earth. His theme in its simplest form is expressed in "The Angel in the House":

"This little germ of nuptial love,
Which springs so simply from the sod,
The root is as my song shall prove,
Of all our love to man and God."

In its fullest expression the theme is developed in "Sponsa Dei," an ode from the "Unknown Eros":

"Are all, then mad, or is it prophecy?"
"What if this Lady, be thy soul, and He
Who claims to enjoy her sacred beauty be
Not thou, but God!"

With Patmore the extraordinary is revealed
in the ordinary, so that:

"The meanest flower on earth doth bring
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

Having received so much pleasure from our
mutual acquaintances in the sphere of the
Muses, we realize the truth of Wordsworth's
words:

"Dreams, books are each a world, and books
we know,

Are a substantial world, both pure and good;
Round these with tendrils strong as flesh and
blood,

Our pastime and our happiness will grow."

Colette Hannon, 2T5.



A Moonlight Reverie



The melancholy moon, embow'ed in light,
Sits brooding in his vast Elysian fields,
The stars, the phantom stars,
Are wand'ring their abodes of pathless calm,
'Tis night, 'tis night.

Oh, there's a lonely lady roams yon plain
With radiant fillets in her cool, dark hair,
Her eyes, her joy-filled eyes
Are soft with the soft silence of the stars.
Her heart is full of pain.

Ah, Plato, what grand loneliness of mood
O'er whelm'd his soul that moonlit summer
night!

A voice, her wild, sweet voice
Adrift thro' the dark, enthralled his heart
And made it ever more on Beauty brood.

And Dante, exile-worn 'neath southern skies
Oft heard those realms immersed in night yield
up

A cry, her deep, sad cry,
And grieving, dreamed of Beatrice dead,
Of Hate and Love that never dies.

Poor, lost, benighted bird without a nest!
O Arnold! touch'd by thy stern, stifled sobs
Her breast, yon Lady's breast
Thy weary spirit coax'd aloft the strife,
And tendered it a home—and rest.

Dear lady of the moonlight, fling aside
The flood-gates of my heart, vouchsafe to me
One sound, one fleeting sound
From thy chaste lips! . . . The stars are phan-
tom stars

And wander thro' abodes of pathless calm,
The moon through melancholy fields does glide,
'Tis night, 'tis only night.

Elsa Kastner, 2T5.

HUGO AND DE VIGNY

THE subject of this essay is a comparison between Victor Hugo and Alfred de Vigny.

A superficial glance at the works of these two men would seem to show that there can be no comparison between them. Hugo, the leader of the romantic movement in poetry, in the drama, and in the novel, who has written beautiful lyric poems on all subjects under the sun, can surely not be compared with Vigny, the pessimistic poet whose works are all inspired by and tinged with the "culte du moi."

But a more thoughtful observer will see that there is not such a great gap between the two writers as would at first appear. Hugo's work shows more variety of ideas and production, but he is not inspired with that "high seriousness" that has been called the mark of genius, and that is plainly discernible in the works of Vigny.

In order to understand the character and works of these men we must know something of their early life. Victor Hugo (1802-85) was the son of a "chef de bataillon" and from his boyhood felt the inspiration of poetry within him. He spent some time in Spain, and his later works show the influence of this sojourn. Hugo had political ambitions which were never fully satisfied. He was in early life a royalist, but later became a republican, and in 1851 was exiled on suspicion of a plot to re-establish the Empire.

Alfred de Vigny (1797-1863) abandoned his studies at an early age and joined the army, in which he served for fourteen years. He gave the rest of his life to literature. He seemed to have all the qualities that make for

success in the literary life, but unfortunately he was overshadowed by a feeling of gloom that never left him. His later years were embittered by lack of recognition and his inability to make friends, and all his works are permeated with a spirit of melancholy.

Victor Hugo has written a few novels which are masterpieces of literary art, though their subject matter and his treatment of it are often highly objectionable. Probably the most famous of these novels is "Notre Dame de Paris," a story of the picturesque life of the fifteenth century that centres in and about the famous cathedral of Notre Dame. This novel, in its characters and its events, is a fine example of Hugo's love of contrast, of placing the sublime beside the grotesque, of mingling pathos and terror, and confounding all his characters in the tangled web of fate.

Vigny has written no novel that can be compared with "Notre Dame de Paris." In fact his only important prose work, except his dramas, is "Cinq-Mars," a "roman historique" in which the author remains true to the customs of the time of which he writes, but changes facts and characters to suit his fancy. The chief merit of the work lies in its style and in its descriptions and character-drawing.

In the drama, as in the novel, Hugo shows much more fertility than Vigny. Hugo's dramas are many and famous, but perhaps the best-known are "Hernani" and "Ruy Blas."

"Hernani" is the story of a young Spanish outlaw who is in love with a woman of noble family. The drama abounds in the contrasts so dear to the heart of Hugo,—Hernani's assumed low position in life as compared with

Dona Sol's rank; Hernani's youth as opposed to the age of Don Ruy Gomez. The psychology of the play is impossible, the characters act as no real men and women would ever act. But that does not prevent us from seeing the lyric beauty that shows in every line of the play, especially in the various lengthy monologues. Hernani has been described as a beautiful poem and a grotesque picture.

The production of Hernani gave rise to a conflict between the Classicists and the Romanticists that has since been known as the "Battle of Hernani." The whole drama was in direct opposition to the rules laid down by the Classicists, but its beauty was so striking that before the evening was over even they were applauding. It was by this play that Hugo earned his title of leader of the Romanticists.

"Ruy Blas" is another outcome of Hugo's love of contrast. Ruy Blas is a lackey who falls in love with his queen, takes the position of a nobleman, gains all kinds of honours, is at length exposed and kills himself from remorse or shame. The queen, who would seem to be happy and have all that she desires, betrays her misery in the complaint,

"Aujourd'hui je suis reine; autrefois j'étais libre."

Ruy Blas himself expresses the contrast between his character and that of Dan Sallusté in the Huguesque statement:

"J'ai l'habit d'un laquais, et vous en avez l'âme."

One might be led to wonder in reading these dramas whether Hugo is intentionally grotesque or whether by some strange chance it happens that his characters undergo such experiences. But Hugo has removed all doubt on this subject by his "Preface to Cromwell." "Cromwell" is a play that was not successful and has long since faded into oblivion, but the

"Preface" will always live. In it Hugo sets forth his idea of what the drama should represent. He says that everything in nature should be in art. But everything in nature is not beautiful—quite the reverse. There is much more of the grotesque in nature than of the beautiful. "Le beau n'a qu'un type; le laid en a mille." Therefore if we represent nature in all its aspects in the drama, we will have more variety and interest. "Le caractère du drama est le réel; le réel résulte de la combinaison toute naturelle de deux types, le sublime et le grotesque, qui se croisent dans le drame, comme ils se croisent dans la vie et dans la création." And well does Victor Hugo live up to this theory in his dramas.

Vigny's dramatic production, though small, is important from an intellectual standpoint. His translation of "Othello" shows his interest in English literature but, apart from that, "Chatterton" is his masterpiece. It is in reality less a drama than the portrayal of the character of a sensitive poet who cannot endure the rebuffs of an unsympathetic fortune and who is at length driven to suicide. The drama lacks action and even interest, and is in reality an analysis of Vigny's own feelings and sufferings. The sentiment expressed in the drama is fine but not at all suited to the stage.

It is in lyric poetry that both Hugo and Vigny show their real greatness. Here, too, they are very different and yet both are great. Hugo shows a wonderful range of feeling and expression. He has written poems on almost every imaginable subject. His style shows a great development from his earlier poems to his later ones. In the Odes (1822), his first poems, he has rather an academic manner and still clings to the inversions and periphrases of the eighteenth-century poetry. From 1825 on he completely abandons these characteristics

and a certain vagueness and abstractness give way to concreteness and directness. His language becomes picturesque and his imagery brilliant and profuse. In his later poems his style is developed still farther, and while he still retains command of all the resources of his art, his expressions become less dignified, more familiar, and at times more trivial. His ideas, too, become more radical, almost revolutionary, and a pronounced mysticism is discernible.

Hugo has written many patriotic poems that are inspired by his deep and almost passionate love for France, as his poems on exile express his sincere sympathy for those who are compelled to leave their country.

In his Napoleonic poems Hugo shows the development of his style and of his character. In "Bonaparte" (1822) he writes in the academic manner, and shows all the hostility of an ardent young loyalist for a republican. In "Lui" (1828) the academic manner is less noticeable and his admiration for Napoleon, "empereur puissant," is apparent. In his later Napoleonic poems are shown his brilliant imagery and eloquence, and in "L'Expiation" directness and familiarity of manner and an admiration for Napoleon mingled with a feeling of satisfaction at the misfortune that overtook him.

Of Hugo's narrative poems, "Les Djinns" is the most striking. It is an account of a tempest that begins with a gentle breeze, rises gradually until it howls with fury and then slowly dies down until all is calm once more. The metre of the poem is such that the lines change in length and the words in sound as the storm becomes more violent, and the similarity between the poem and the storm depicted therein is remarkable.

Hugo's nature poems are so many and so

beautiful that it is difficult to pick out one among them. Perhaps the best known is "Ce qu'on entend sur le montagne," in which the poet discusses the age-old problem of nature and humanity, or as he says:

"Je me demandai pourquoi l'on est ici,
Et pourquoi le Seigneur, qui seul lit à son
livre,
Mêle éternellement dans un fatal hymen,
Le chant de la nature au cri du genre hu-
main."

"Le Rouet d'Omphale" is one of the greatest and also one of the most typical of Hugo's poems. To one unversed in mythology it seems only a beautiful picture, but a classical scholar will perceive the meaning of the contrast drawn between the valiant Hercules, represented by the "monstres tout sanglants," in the background and the Hercules who has been lowered to a woman's task, represented by the spinning-wheel.

This poem is typical of Hugo not only in the contrast it presents, but in its richness of colour and exaggeration of expression, particularly in the lines:

"Cependant odieux, effroyables, énormes,
Dans le fond du palais, vingt fantômes dif-
formes,
Vingt monstres tout sanglants, qu'on ne voit
qu'à demi,
Errent en foule autour du rouet endormi."

Hugo's love poems show the same characteristics as his other works, passionate feeling and a tendency towards exaggeration. This is well expressed in the following four lines:

"Reçois, mon bien céleste,
O ma beauté,
Mon coeur, dont rien ne reste,
L'amour ôté!"

His meditative lyrics show real philosophy and a delicate fancy that is truly charming. Of these one of the most exquisite is the little poem "La Tombe dit à la Rose," which is well known to every lover of French poetry.

After reading Hugo's Napoleonic poems or his "Rouet d'Omphole," one is surprised and delighted to come upon quite another phase of his writings—his child poems. Here is shown real depth of feeling and an understanding and appreciation of children, and the joys they bring to a home that is seldom found in men. What could be sweeter, more touching than the poem "Lorsque l'enfant paraît," which closes with the poignant prayer:

"Seigneur! préservez-moi, préservez ceux que
j'aime,
Frères, parents, amis, et mes ennemis même
Dans le mal triomphants,
De jamais voir, Seigneur, l'été sans fleurs ver-
meilles,
Le cage sans oiseaux, la ruche sans abeilles,
La maison sans enfants!"

Thus we see Victor Hugo in all his moods, ever ready to express his thoughts, and doing so with an eloquence such as is seldom heard. It has been said of him that he was both superficial and deep. This statement is to a certain extent justified, for although his feelings are really sincere, he is never carried away by them. His poetry does not pour forth from his heart instinctively, as did Lamartine's. Hugo is always conscious of artistic purpose, and in this respect may be characterized as an artist rather than a poet.

Vigny's poetry is vastly different from that of Hugo's. He has written only a comparatively few poems, and these do not show the variety of subject and treatment seen in Hugo.

Vigny's works are all permeated with the gloomy pessimism that overshadowed his life.

His theory was that everything in life is evil and our noblest feelings and faculties are only instruments of our suffering. Hence he derived the necessity for stoicism, and his attitude toward life was one of haughty resignation.

"Moïse," perhaps the greatest of Vigny's poems, is a description of the last moments of Moses, who is weary of the isolation which the poet considers the necessary conditions of greatness. The "culte du moi," Vigny's prevailing passion, is plainly seen in this poem. The sufferings and loneliness of the great law-giver are readily recognized as the feelings of the poet himself, and from the depths of his own heart is wrung the cry,

"Que vous ai-je donc fait pour être votre élu?"

"Eloa" is a mystic story of a sister of the angels sprung from a tear of Christ, who seeks happiness in heaven, on earth, and in the companionship of Satan, and is finally "plus triste que jamais." Here again is seen Vigny's belief in the evil of life and his contention that there is no real happiness to be found anywhere.

Vigny has pity not only for himself, but for any human being who is suffering. In the old legend of Roland he sees, not the glory of Roland's stand against the pagan hosts, but the tragedy of his death. This he commemorates in his poem "Le Cor," whose concluding line is typical of Vigny's melancholy,

"Dieu! que le son du cor est triste au fond
des bois!"

The paucity of Vigny's poems must not be considered as arising from lack of thought, for he reflected a great deal, probably more than Hugo. It may be explained by his lack of ideas, for his mind seemed always to brood, to entertain only the one feeling of melancholy and bitterness. He wrote a few poems, always on the same thought, and at last came to the

conclusion that he expressed in "La Mort du Loup," one of the most touching of his poems, "Seul le silence est grand; tout le reste est faiblesse."

Vigny's style is simple, sober and delicate. His thought is definite and expressed in suitable language and his poems are artistically worked out.

These are the two great French poets of the nineteenth century, and their characters present a contrast that would delight the heart of Hugo himself—Vigny, thoughtful, pessimistic, unappreciated, resigned, wishing always to "s'endormir du sommeil de la terre." Hugo famous, eloquent, perhaps a little superficial, but always hopeful, always looking forward: "J'espère en toi, marcheur qui viens dans les ténèbres, Avenir!"

The multitude are matter-of-fact. They live in commonplace concerns and interests. Their problems are, how to get more plentiful and better food and drink, more comfortable and beautiful clothing, more commodious dwellings, for themselves and their children. When they seek relaxation from their labors for material things, they gossip of the daily happenings, or they play games or dance or go to the theatre or club, or they travel or they read story books, or accounts in the newspapers of elections, mur-

ders, peculations, marriages, divorces, failures and successes in business; or they simply sit in a kind of lethargy. They fall asleep and awake to tread again the beaten path. While such is their life, it is not possible that they should take interest or find pleasure in religion, poetry, philosophy, or art. To ask them to read books whose life-breath is pure thought and beauty is as though one asked them to read things written in a language they do not understand and have no desire to learn. A taste for the best books, as a taste for whatever is best, is acquired; and it can be acquired only by long study and practice. It is a result of free and disinterested self-activity, of efforts to attain what rarely brings other reward than the consciousness of having loved and striven for the best. But the many have little appreciation of what does not flatter or soothe the senses. Their world, like the world of children and animals, is good enough for them; meat and drink, dance and song, are worth more, in their eyes, than all the thoughts of all the literatures. A love tale is better than a great poem, and the story of a bandit makes Plutarch seem tiresome. This is what they think and feel, and what, so long as they remain what they are, they will continue to think and feel. We do not urge a child to read Plato—why should we find fault with the many for not loving the best books?—Bishop Spalding.



SKETCHES FROM THE LIFE OF MARY WARD

FOUNDRESS OF THE INSTITUTE B.V.M.

By M.M. Salome, I.B.V.M., Rome.

I WANT to tell you the story of a great Foundress of the 17th century, an English woman who was born in England and died there; who loved her country next best to her faith, loved her in spite of persecution, for England was persecuting her Catholic children even to death. Mary Ward belonged to this persecuted body. She was the child of a family doubly noble because of its ancestry and its devoted love of the Faith, for which it suffered in goods, honour and life.

The first twenty years of Mary's life were passed in Yorkshire, surrounded by all that was lovely and attractive, shielded from every breath of sin and heresy, watched over by parents and relations, who were confessors. She was born at Mulwith, one of the three manor houses belonging to her father, the others being Givendale and Newby, all within the county; the last, and that rebuilt, alone remains.

Marmaduke Ward was a father to be proud of and Mary loved him with deepest affection. In her autobiography she tells us how handsome he was, and how active in all knightly exercises; how he loved the poor and had them served in great numbers at his door, never allowing any to be sent empty away. Mary's mother was Ursula Wright, who as a young widow of fourteen married Marmaduke Ward and was happy enough to have for her first child a little one whom she called Joan. This child, whom we know as Mary, a name she took in confirmation, out of love for Our Lady, was born on Jan. 23, 1585. Some touching stories are told of her childhood.

When an infant just beginning to walk, Mary made a false step and was about to fall dangerously. The mother in terror cried out, "O Jesus, bless my child!" The baby turned round and said, smiling, "Jesus." Then she closed her little mouth and said no more for months to come. This little incident is recorded in the "Painted Life," a wonderful series of fifty pictures painted in early times, probably by more than one artist. In this picture Mary, a dainty infant, stands in the middle of a large room, holding on to a big arm chair. Coming towards her with arms outstretched is her mother, tall and gracious. Two serving maids fold baby garments at a table near. There are holy pictures on the walls, a perilous thing in those days with York so near and the Earl of Huntingdon presiding. Another story Mary tells herself.

When between four and five years of age she was playing one day in her father's room with a little companion, who suddenly swore. Knowing that her father hated swearers, Mary solemnly repeated the words several times by way of admonition. Marmaduke was busy writing, but the oath falling from the lips of his own little daughter struck him with horror. He strode up to her and without seeking any explanation, "corrected me himself for the first and last time." After this vicarious suffering "my father heard me speak," and greatly relieved he must have been to understand Mary's part in the drama.

Mary in her autobiography lays great stress on the way her home was regulated.

Besides her father's charity, which, she says, exceeded all she had ever since heard of, his watchfulness over his children to keep them spotless was wonderful—books, servants, companions, were to be unexceptional or the mistress of the house was to get rid of them no matter how otherwise valuable they might be. "And when by occasion we were to live away for any little time with such of our kindred as were schismatics, I shall never forget the exhortations he would give us touching the necessity for salvation of Catholic religion, and his instant desires that all his should live and die children of God's Church."

Those were difficult times and good Catholic parents had to train their children to be confessors with martyrdom in view. For Elizabeth was reigning, the penal laws were in force, which meant fines, confiscation, imprisonment, torture, exile, death on the gallows. The Earl of Huntingdon of evil fame was President of the North from 1572 to 1599. He had promised Elizabeth to make all Papists go to church if she would give him a free hand; and, on the proposal being accepted, he "raged as a furious lion against the Faith."

No wonder Marmaduke Ward was obliged to leave the neighbourhood of York and go further away, to comparative safety. Why he did not take his little daughter with him is not so evident and she herself gives no definite reason. But the North country, whither Marmaduke was going, was bleaker than Yorkshire and Mary was delicate. There were besides at least three other children, all younger, less able, possibly, to be separated from their parents and more than enough to establish in the mansions even of relatives.

Whatever was the good father's idea, we can see the hand of God in the choice of Mary's new home. She was taken to Ploughland, to her grandmother Wright's house, where God

was served as in a monastery. Both grandparents were confessors of the Faith. Mrs. Wright had been for fourteen years a prisoner as a recusant, for a part of the time sharing quarters with malefactors who had committed murder and theft. When the little granddaughter came to live with her, she had been home again for some years. On arrival at Ploughland Mary was not quite five years old, intelligent, well-instructed and very much alive to all that went on around her. She watched her grandmother and noted many things—to write them down later. "So great a prayer she was as that I do not remember in that whole five years that I ever saw her sleep, nor did I ever awake when I perceived her not at prayer." And Mary, young as she was, felt the influence of that wonderful life passing beside her night and day. She learnt to recite the greater Day Hours and the Litany of Our Blessed Lady and the whole rosary, devotions she kept up all her life. An early biographer says of her: "From her youth she honoured the holiest mother of God with such devotion that in her heart nothing was dearer, in her mouth nothing sweeter than Mary."

Other things, too, Mary learnt from her grandmother. As may be supposed from her painful experience, the prisoners of the faith were the dearest objects of Mrs. Wright's charity. Mary tells us what part she herself took in these gifts. The poultry-yard was a delight to the child; she had some chickens there she fostered as her very own, "coaxing" them with assiduity. One day she heard her grandmother say that certain fowl were to be sent to the prisoners. Among the victims were her own pets. Mary was grieved at the news because she loved the birds, but making the best of the business, she offered them freely to her grandmother as if she had heard noth-

ing of their sentence. The grandmother was delighted with the child's apparent generosity—"and I said it only to gain her esteem," writes Mary, looking back on those early days. Much the same thing occurred over some few pieces of money Mrs. Wright gave the child for her own little purse. She offered them for the prisoners and afterwards made it a practice to give alms out of her own small resources. Still even here Mary deprives herself of all merit, her desire to please her grandmother being her uppermost intention, which considering all, is not to be wondered at, seeing the poor sufferers could only be a dim imagination to the child, while her grandmother was a very present reality.

Mary had a loving little heart, and there were snares around even in this model household. A young relation, whose name Mary never mentions, was also an inmate of the house. The child was not much older than Mary, but evidently had not been so carefully brought up. "She loved me much and I bore her a still greater affection," Mary confesses, and together they seem to have contrived to get into some mild mischief. Those were the days of Faith, when superstition fell off it like a black shadow on to the minds of the ill-instructed. The two children set about fasting one St. Agnes' Eve, "to see in their dreams at night the person they were to marry." The companion seems to have sustained her fast to the end, but Mary having gone through a good part of the day, broke down, "being then very hungry." Poor child! she was soon to be worried enough with real suitors without having them haunt her dreams. Other little superstitious tricks she played to find out lost goods, and in her remorse later, Mary fears there was some sin in these acts. "When my grandmother commanded me to pray, I sat in

the place, but spent my time in sports . . . If these years I remembered any one act that were good, I would truthfully set it down, for I am to tell all," she adds. She was judging her childish conduct in the bright light of later sanctity, seeing defects as one sees specks on the polished surface of a mirror. Others saw the mirror with its polished surface only. Little Mary Ward had all the winning sweetness and grace of a much-privileged, happy child. "Her features were exquisite, her look angelic, and her modesty sweet and graceful," says her biographer.

Mary's whole surroundings at this time were delightful, notwithstanding the terror of the times. There was Mrs. Wright, the saintly confessor, praying always, dispensing alms of money and food, watching over her large household with the solicitude of the valiant woman of scripture; teaching her grandchild her prayers, providing for her studies—Little Mary learnt Latin—"singing hymns" interrupted by her eager little granddaughter offering her money for the prisoners. We see them both—the grey-haired lady and the baby-faced child saying the greater Day Hours in the oratory together in the garden or reciting the rosary, mystery after mystery; the child perhaps managing a furtive game between. There was the master of the house, as saintly as his wife, sometimes taking part in the devotions, sometimes praying in solitude.

And so five happy years went by and Mary was nine years old. It was then her grandmother died, and she was fetched home. We have a few little characteristic incidents related of this time of her life, not by Mary, who passes over the next five years without a word, but by one of her earliest biographers (Winnifred Wigmore). The first story tells two ways—Mary was a real child with a child's

whims and at the same time a chosen little soul, hearing whispers of divine love and responding to them faithfully.

Night-time—Mary has been got ready for bed—undressed and washed and put into her “night linen.” But instead of going to her bed-room like a good, staid child, she insisted on one of the maids carrying her on her shoulders, with the result that she fell her own and the maid’s height, lighting on her head with so much force that she was completely stunned and quite unable to speak. The terrified servant laid her in bed, trembling for the result. Little Mary lay still, but she was quite conscious and thinking hard. If only she could say the holy Name she would willingly die, she said to herself. She tried hard to form the syllables and at last succeeded in pronouncing “Jesus.” Immediately her whole being was so filled with sweetness and love that all her life long the remembrance remained and Jesus became her true life and love, as we shall see later. In the meantime our Lord answered her call and “restored her to her former health without the least harm.”

The next story is soul-stirring. The whole Ward family seems to have gathered together again at Mulwith. There were: Mary, nearly ten; Barbara, a year younger; John, a little fellow of eight, dearest of all and most like Mary; Elizabeth, a child of seven, and George, a baby, one year old. Mary writes this story herself to show what confidence she had in our Lady even when small.

A terrible fire burst out in the mansion of Mulwith on the feast of the Purification. People rushed to the rescue from all parts, ten-

ants and inmates vied with each other to extinguish the flames. Marmaduke was everywhere directing and helping. But the conflagration gained ground and all saw that the house was doomed. Were the children safe? was the father’s first thought. To his dismay he found three were missing. He returned again to the house and searching high and low for the little ones, found them quite unmoved in a room on a lower floor, saying the rosary together. He took them by the hand and, screening them from the flames, hurried them out into the open, thus saving their lives at the risk of his own. Mary explains her strange placidity. She knew there was danger; she heard the hurrying and shouting; she saw the flames and would have feared the worst. But it was the feast of Our Lady, and this being so, she expected Our Lady to save the house and keep them all from harm. And in this stout confidence she stuck to her rosary and prayed with expectant love—“in which prayer we had all three been burnt but that our Lord provided, by the intercession of His Blessed Mother, as I verily believe, that my father (whose love for his children was boundless . . . himself entered the house again.” Our Lady could but take under her special care a child so full of trust as to brave all the nerve-shattering sights and sounds of a house on fire because it was her own feast and harm could not befall on such a day. As Mary’s life lengthened her devotion to Mary strengthened. She was destined to found a Religious Congregation dedicated to His blessed Mother and to bring to Mary’s feet thousands of maidens from among all nations and peoples.



SCOTT AND WORDSWORTH AS NARRATIVE POETS

In spite of the Renaissance and its grammarians, the Elizabethan poets sang sweetly by ear, and not by rule, and in spite of the Age of Classicism with its sonorous Johnsonian prose, there is a distinctly wild native flavor to the works of the Lambs and the Addisons. There is a spirit, a genius, that dwells in our language and is not to be dislodged, just as in the Olden Days there were genii that dwelt in, and were peculiar to, the hills and the valleys, the seas, the streams and the green woods. Christianity had amalgamated the various races of Britain into one nation. The Old Faith had left its imprint on the character and mind of the people, and after several centuries of foreign influence, both classic and modern, it was to Mediaevalism that the poets turned for their inspiration.

The phase of the Romantic Revival which I am to deal with here is the narrative ability of the early poets of this school, William Wordsworth and Walter Scott. The latter has revived for us the quaint pageantry of the Middle Ages. The former was a Romantic poet in a different and far deeper sense of the word. Wordsworth revived the simple yet virile phraseology of early English, the Anglo-Saxon element which is the backbone of the language. He not only did away with artificial language, but also with the artificial subjects of interest borrowed from the German sentimentalists and the coldly reasoning French "philosophers." Both men threw off the forms of poetry used by their English predecessors. They could not express their feelings in the stiff couplet, and the ode which

Goldsmith says petrifies you at the first stanza. Such are the general characteristics of these two poets' work. It remains to be seen how these qualities affect their narrative poems.

The poems "Michael" and "Marmion" are essentially different.

The story of Michael is related without passion, though not without feeling. Wordsworth seems to have sympathized more with his landscape than with his people. The peculiarity of the story lies in the fact that it has no plot. The poet lets the plot of the story take care of itself. He is concerned only with depicting a natural rural scene into which Michael and his family are fitted. He describes the beauty of the scenery most minutely and at length, but when it comes to the tragedy of Luke's life, the really touching part of the tale, he dismisses the subject in two short lines which you might easily miss in reading the poem. Thus it is easily seen that the poet had no calling to paint characters. He could or did not enter into men's minds. We know nothing whatever of Luke's disposition, very little of the mother's, and only as much of the father's as one, when living in a neighborhood, might tell of a man to whom he had never spoken.

Scott's art is dramatic. He depends largely on action to hold the interest of his readers. His use of word-colouring is like the scenery of a play. He uses it to picture beautiful landscapes and describe quaint customs.

Scott's work shows the influence of other masters. He had a great admiration for Goethe, in whose works he may have found kindling for the romantic tendency of his themes. But he shows no power of psychological observation

like the German poet. Scott's diction smacks of Shakespeare. Such words and phrases as "darkling," "dank" and "sudden and portentous birth" are curiously reminiscent of the great English master. Scott's adaptation of the swing of his metre to the sense of what he says, would put you in mind of Dryden,

"Their front now deepening, now extending,
Their flank widening, wheeling, bending,
Now drawing back, and now descending."

But if Scott invaded other men's territories, he did so as a conqueror and not as a petty trespasser. What he stole he made his own and his work is a piece of art, not of patchwork.

Scott has many of the true marks of Romanticism. He does not let his diction cramp his thought, nor the inconsistencies of his plot obstruct the progress of his story. His sentences may be ill-balanced or not strictly grammatical, yet they have their own charm. There may be flaws in the thread which connects his events, but in this case Scott covers the deficiencies with such astonishing incidents that the reader does not detect any incongruity.

Scott was not a psychologist. If he had entered into the moods of his characters, if he had shown the motives that prompted their actions, then the reader would be pitched, now into awful gloom, now into a state of feverish excitement. You are merely an onlooker in the fate of Constance, the distress of Clara,

or the selfishness or patriotism of Marmion. The reader never so far forgets himself as to imagine he is one of Scott's people, as he might place himself in the position of Werther or Hamlet. This very fact makes the story more enjoyable. The quick succession of pictures and the gay and rapid motion of the verse itself, tend to carry one along without giving time to inquire into the motives of anyone, nor to analyze their minds.

Wordsworth's and Scott's narrative methods differ simply because the two poets were endowed with different gifts. Scott's imagination peopled his native hills with historic figures, and his stories seem real for the very reason that the poet has thrown over them a local colouring. On the other hand, Wordsworth has failed as a story-teller. *Michael* is a poem of great merit, but the merit is lyric, not narrative. The lyrical reflections and natural descriptions of Wordsworth awe and enrapture us like the very beauty and grandeur of nature herself. Where do you find sweeter music than in the wording of simple passages like this:

"Near the tumultuous brook of Greenhead
Ghyll
In that deep valley, Michael had designed
To build a Sheepfold."

D.C.



Un Souvenir

Dans la jeunesse
Quand le coeur est plein d'allégresse,
Les choses qui semblent sérieuses,
Dans la vieillesse
Quand le coeur est plein de tristesse
Semblent joyeuses!

Dorothy B.

THE DEBATEABLE TERRITORY IN ENGLISH LITERATURE

TIt is a curious fact that the generous impulse of the Elizabethans towards lyric poetry died away in a few short years. The Age of Shakespeare was followed by a barren period, and for the better part of a century no name but that of Milton shines out in the history of English literature.

Literary endeavour revived in the eighteenth century, but assumed a totally new aspect. Dryden, following the lead of the French poets, wrote an essay on Poetry and the Drama. Now, although he expressed admiration for the fathers of English literature, whom he commended for their methods of dramatizing and use of blank verse, yet he did not follow their example. He wrote his works in set forms of verse which were popular with the French, such as couplets, and elaborate odes.

Dryden had many followers. His odes were admired, imitated and improved upon by Collins and Gray. The heroic couplet, which he had introduced into English, was polished by Pope.

The supposed beauty of the classical couplet was to present to the reader a great thought in one pithy sentence,—to clear away the dross, as it were, and to leave the gold in one small but precious nugget. Pope, who perfected the couplet, strove to express his thoughts in few, but well-chosen, words. With him, words could not have a cloudy nor an ambiguous meaning, but had to be exact in their sense, like a mathematical quantity.

You might think that this school set up by Dryden, and carried on by his classical followers, was a guide and a protection to young poets. It was not so. Instead of helping them,

it clipped the wings of their poetic fancy, for so much attention had to be paid to form that the sense suffered. Johnson said of the thoughts expressed by Pope in his "Essay on Man": "Never was such penury of thought and vulgarity of sentiment so happily concealed."

The classic period had good results in regard to prose. Dryden's Essays were the first samples of sound prose style. He produced logical sentences such as were unknown to his predecessors of florid taste. Later on, Steele and Addison continued his good work, and by their efforts brought forth elegantly polished productions. No doubt Swift was the greatest master of prose among the classicists. Like Pope, he always used words in their exact sense. He hated neologisms. He made his prose forceful by the purity and simplicity of his diction.

The Transition Period, of which we are to speak, had more to do with poetry than with prose. During the Age of Classicism there were many poets who showed tendencies towards Romanticism. The world was changing. The new influence coming in is seen in Thompson's works and in such poems of Gray's as "The Bard" and "The Fatal Sisters." Such poets as these must have been severely frowned upon by the great literary dictator, Johnson, whose opposition to innovations hindered more than one young poet from writing as he would.

There is one youthful transition poet, who in his verse either ignored or defied the standards of literary taste. This was Thomas Chatterton, and it is interesting to trace out the new influence in his poems. He was the pos-

thumous son of a Bristol school-master, and he was born in 1752, before the transition period proper.

As a little child, Chatterton was considered dull. But his talents showed themselves when his mother taught him to know his letters from an old illuminated French manuscript. From this time on he studied and read, late into the night as well as in his spare time during the day. He lived near the old Gothic Church of St. Mary Redcliffe. People who have visited the church say that it is easy to imagine how this precious child, full of odd fancies as he was, would be led back in spirit to the Middle Ages at the sight of the curious old architecture. Finding a chest of parchment in the church, young Chatterton conceived the idea of writing poems on this parchment and pretending they were old manuscripts which he had found in the chest. He showed his completed fabrications to his youthful companions, who were greatly impressed by them. Chatterton enjoyed his joke, and encouraged by success, wrote more poems which he attributed to a certain mediaeval monk called Rowley. He sent one of his poems to Horace Walpole, who at first received it as genuine, but subsequently discovered the fraud. Walpole then chose to ignore Chatterton, because he was indignant at being the victim of the deception. Walpole forgot that he had practised as many deceptions in his own youthful career. Yet what was pardonable in a gentleman of family was unpardonable in a boy just released from a charity school. Chatterton next went to London, to try his fortune as an author. His way was hard, for his kind of poetry had no market, and he got little employment in the way of writing political pamphlets. He struggled against starvation for a few years. Then in the agony of his despair the misguided boy put an end to his own life

in 1770, while he was yet only eighteen years of age.

It does not follow that Chatterton's works were without merit on account of his deceptions. During those years of literary conventionalities, any poet who could appreciate the freshness and charm of the old Romantic themes, deserves credit for his good taste alone. It is astounding that a mere boy discovered the excellence of this kind of poetry, and was able to imitate it. He may have realized that his poems would have been without value had he signed them with his own name. This would excuse his fraud to some extent. Instead of his genius being praised, his deception was blamed, and so ended his career.

After Chatterton's death, men still imitated Dryden. About this time Goldsmith, a poet who was romantic by nature but who stood in awe of Johnson, produced his "Deserted Village." Written in the heroic couplet, this poem has all the marks of the classical period: stilted diction, figurative language, conventional epithets, moralizing, and the idealizing of common objects. In spite of all this, Goldsmith's true nature will crop up here and there. He remarks upon the little incidents of human life which are only seen by a sympathetic observer.

The Transition Period really dates from 1780 to 1790. During this period appeared the works of four great men—Cowper, Crabbe, Burns and Blake. They do not form a school of poetry. On the contrary, these men are so different from one another that it requires no little reflection to discover why they are classed together.

In the history of English literature, Burns is classed with the Transition poets. He uses in many instances the set forms of phraseology of the classical followers of Dryden, at the same time that his themes are romantic. When

he expresses himself in his own Scottish dialect, he is no longer an English poet, but the national bard of his own people. Scotch literature had never been enthralled by classicism. Burns is the last and greatest of a line of Scotch poets, and his work is the culmination of the Romantic Movement in modern Scotch poetry.

Cowper meant to follow the classical traditions. He used the heroic couplet and the classical diction. He did indeed write poems where the couplet is not used, as "On the Loss of the Royal George," and "The Castaway." These poems are not classicist, but classical productions. You will not find any of Pope's padded lines in the following:

"A land-breeze shook the shrouds,
And she was overset;
Down went the Royal George,
With all her crew complete."

Cowper has new strains in his poetry of which he is himself unconscious. His themes are not cold abstractions; they concern himself, and are often his own passing moods. You can read his life history in his verses,—his sensitive nature, his hatred of oppression, the loneliness that lay around his heart, and his religious mania. His lines are free from passion, because he had no hope in his life: "No light propitious shone." His heart is full of sympathy for other unfortunates like himself, in whose stories he finds consolation, for, as he says, he "still delights to trace " his "semblance in another's case."

As Cowper sees other men's woes by comparing them to his own, so when he looks upon the world, he uses his own eyes, not other men's spectacles. The scenery in his poems was what he saw on his daily walks, not what he had read about; his characters are his friends, not classical apparitions without personalities.

The Religion in his verse does not consist of arguments of which Dryden was so fond, but he describes the feelings and beliefs which actuated his own life, pathetic if you will in their effect upon himself, but nevertheless his own.

Sympathy is the key-note of Cowper's poetry. It is this humanity in him which brings into his work every tendency of thought characteristic of the new age. When a man has love in his heart he has a sympathetic interest in everything around him. Cowper loved God, hence the religious atmosphere which envelops his poetry. The love he bore to the hills and woodlands of his daily walks has made these individual spots of rural England to live in our minds as fresh and green as the landscapes which are familiar and dear to us by personal experience. There is yet another characteristic of the new school of thought in Cowper's poetry, a feature which is the more striking because it was not confined to English literature. The French Revolution, which came a few years later, was brought about by a great desire for liberty. This influence could not remain unfelt by the English people, susceptible as they were to every intellectual appeal. Sometimes this love of liberty was defiant and rebellious. It was not so with Cowper. He only hated to see human woe and misery. He says in one place:

"Is India free? And does she wear her plumed
And jewelled turban with a smile of peace?
Or do we grind her still?"

Crabbe resembles Cowper in many respects. Like Cowper he imitated the literary form of the classicists. He often expresses himself in the same style as does Dryden: "He wears contempt upon his sapient sneer." This use of the diction of the classicists was intentional on

his part. He did not like to use innovations in language.

When Crabbe announced the title of his poem, "The Borough," men expected a political satire to appear, an attack upon corrupt principles in general, with withering sarcasm directed now and then at individuals in some particular locality. Crabbe knew what was expected, but it was not his purpose to follow the classical tradition in the choice of his subject. He had the good of the country at heart and meant to use his pen to fight the unspeakable conditions in society. Therefore his poem was the antithesis of Goldsmith's sentimentally glossed "Deserted Village." When anything was missing in Goldsmith's model to make his picture appear sweet and quaint, he simply filled in the lack with details of his own fancy. Such a luxury as a "varnished clock that clicked behind the door," never existed in the Irish inn which Goldsmith has described. Crabbe had nothing to do with the ideal. Drops of joy may have come into the lives of Crabbe's poor, but he is concerned with the draughts of ill which were their portion in life. He gives us general views of the fishing village in its squalor, the sordidness of men's lives, the misery of the inmates of the parish house, and sometimes traces out the individual's story, as that of the poor old man, who was strong and happy in his youth, but poor and feeble and despised in his old age,

"Oft may you see him, when he tends the sheep,
His winter-charge, beneath the hillock weep."

Crabbe unites realism and classicism with his poetry. He admits that his poetry does not come up to the description of poetry which Shakespeare puts in the mouth of Duke Theseus. But he still claims the right to the title of a poet, who must interest his readers,

as Dryden tells us. Crabbe's narrative is so full of interest that the plain, unadorned words, which he uses, seem to discover rather than to impart the meaning to us.

Crabbe was religious, like Cowper. However, he hated extremes. He was ever ready to condemn the fanaticism which swayed the Wesleyans. Religion did not make him marbid, but prompted him to be kind to his fellow-men. He was moderate in his own conversation, and his violence only shows itself in the poems where he denounces social evils and pitiful conditions of life among the poor.

When we consider the poems of Crabbe and Cowper, the Transition from Classicism to Romanticism seems quite natural. These poets thought that English diction was already polished to perfection. It was their duty, therefore, to guard it from corruption. Their license lay in their choice and treatment of subjects. Their works explain the evolution in literary themes, but they do not show how men threw off the shackles of classicist phraseology, and clad their ideas in words as fresh as the green foliage of spring. Blake is the poet of the Transition in respect to the new mode of expression.

Blake got his inspiration from various sources. He seems to have been influenced by the poems of Ossian. He was also acquainted with the Welsh bards, whom he met in their own country. The wave of thought from Germany, which inspired such poems as Blair's "Grave," also touched him.

Blake's poems are of two kinds. The early ones, called the "Songs of Innocence," are as sweet and natural as the babbling of a brook, or the chattering of a child, "How sweet I roamed from field to field," etc. The second kind are called the "Songs of Experience." They are filled with terrible

imaginings, and question the plans of Almighty God.

The poets of the early nineteenth century call Blake a minor poet. They say that his real worth lies in his early poems, which he had an unconscious gift of making. They pretend that his fine lines were written in the same way as a bright child occasionally makes a witty remark in the midst of its ordinary prattle. It is true of Blake, as of Wordsworth, that after a line of great beauty, he often makes a precipitous descent into prosaic monotony. It is untrue to imagine that he did not feel his own worth.

Later poets, as Lionel Johnson and W. B. Yeats, admire Blake in his later poems, and they call him the great transcendental poet. What poetry had achieved by the progress of ages in the development of thought, that Blake achieved in a short time by the evolution of his own mind. His poems are full of grammatical errors and flaws, but lyric beauty and the thought of a poet are there in spite of these blemishes. His admirers claim that his poems are not childish, but symbolical of things in an unseen world.

The Transition poets, so different from one another as they appear to be, all show the individualism that characterizes the new movement. Blake, Cowper and Crabbe appeared just previous to the French Revolution. Two of these poets show this influence in their to-

pics, the other in his diction also. Their works prepared men's minds to receive the new influences as they swept in.

Dorothea Cronin, 2T0.



RESEARCH FELLOWSHIP FOR OXFORD



Miss Dorothea Sharp, M.A., Professor of Greek and Mediaeval Philosophy at Loretto Abbey College for the past year, has been awarded the Travelling Fellowship offered by the University Women's Federation of Canada. This Fellowship, which is open to all graduates of Canadian Universities who have done at least two years' research work, enables the student to continue her work for one year at Oxford under favourable conditions. Miss Sharp has chosen as her field of research the early Oxford thinkers, including Bishop Grosseteste, his predecessors, and successors. The award is made according to distinction in scholarship in the judgment of competent authorities as well as ability to produce a piece of work which will be a special contribution to learning.

Miss Sharp will sail for England in September. The Faculty and Students, while regretting her departure, offer her their congratulations and their good wishes for her future work.



THE GRADUATES' BANQUET

The Graduates' Banquet! We had given, or helped to give it, every spring for three years past, and now it was being given in our honour; and given as no graduates' banquet had ever been given before. The long dining-room was a picture reflecting the artistry and industry of the Third Year. Orchid-coloured streamers adorned the chandeliers, and the tables on which dainty baskets of the same lovely shade were revealed in the soft light of the candles. The graduates' table was doubly attractive with bouquets of sweet peas for the happy Seniors, who were also presented with the gold graduation pin which seals their four years' effort.

And the menu! The Juniors left no field in which their originality could be displayed, unattempted. And they certainly are original. We hope the precedents they have set in every quarter will live forever.

But in this world, for every good there is an attendant evil, and the thought of after-dinner toasts, though nobly put away as long as possible, for we were determined to let nothing spoil this perfect party, persisted, as the evening progressed, and finally the awful hour had come! But Providence (and the Order of Kings) got the Seniors over with first, and we were free to listen to the gentle farewells of the Juniors, and the less gentle, though we know

less sincere assaults in which the Sophs and Freshies "roasted" each other. It was delightful, and from the bottom of our hearts, we longed to be Freshmen again.

Then we had some very lovely speeches from each of the faculty—and one who knows her duty supplied the "Foolishness" for such an occasion in a presentation of the "Inferno" (and the Seniors in it!) such as no truly foolish person ever produced. The Class prophecy was a source of great amusement, despite the serious mien of the three who read it, and many a secret dream and longing of each grad was discovered by who knows what black art, and laid before the desecrating gaze of the whole college.

Finally we sang our songs—all the songs of all the years, and the special ones for each of the grads, which produced a certain tightening about the throat and an uncertain sensation about the eyes so that we rushed with more noise than ceremony into a good old "Toronto" and a boisterous "Hoikety-Choik" with the desired result of heading off our tears. Thus came to an end the event that had been the desideratum of eleven hearts for four happy, though not easy, years, and which is now and forever one of our dearest memories.

Elsie Irvine, 274.

GRADUATES OF 2T4



Kathleen O'Neail,
B.A.



Genevieve Mulvihill,
B.A.



Eileen Dunnigan,
B.A.



Eleanor Garden,
B.A.



Madeline Roach,
B.A.



Agnes Pineau,
B.A.



Geraldine Coffey,
B.A.



Elsie Irvine,
B.A.



Marion Sullivan,
B.A.



Marie Campbell,
B.A.



2T6 AND SHAKESPEARE

It is true 2T6 is not a model year. But, though a member of that class, it is not my purpose to write its apologia. An apologia is of the nature of history and the history of 2T6 is as yet in the making. Neither is it my purpose to recount the virtues of 2T6, those virtues, sweet and modest as violets, which are too often lost sight of by a world that refuses to contemplate anything but the Sophomore's youthful follies. But surely it would not be out of place, if calling up a few pleasant memories of that year one were to demonstrate to the juniors in particular that if 2T6 is lacking in good sense, it is not lacking in good taste? Speak of 2T6's appreciation of Shakespeare. Good taste is an essential quality in any student, but what self-respecting student would bother her intellectual head about good sense?

Early in the year, 2T6 assembled, the more dutiful clad in their gowns, and under capable tutorship began their work in Shakespearian English. The first few lectures on Twelfth Night passed without visible emotion. 2T6, composed of hardened and experienced students used to all the freaks of that elusive sprite, Knowledge, endured the jests and quips of the clown, Feste, with a stoicism beautiful to behold. However, the veterans of 2T6 began to show signs of life and, shall I say, intelligence, by the time they reached the second play, Romeo and Juliet. The stray man who may happen to glance at this page, need not permit himself a superior smile. The attraction was not the love-lorn Romeo. To the modern damsel inclined to romance, the gentle Romeo has long since been eclipsed by the more redoubtable

Sheik. It was a bright suggestion as to the contrast between Viola and Juliet that first aroused the jaded interest of 2T6. The class as a whole had always approved of Viola. Her masculine disguise and independent spirit suggested modern femininity even in that benighted age and being once brought to the attention, how great indeed was the contrast to Juliet who alternately entrusted her affairs to nurse, friar and lover, and between times folded her lovely hands or wrung them in charming distress. There were possibilities delightful to the imagination of the conduct of Viola and Juliet placed in similar circumstances. Suppose instead of going through the recorded adventures they had been turned adrift, friendless in Toronto. Juliet, having stepped off the New York Central, accompanied by her nurse and a maid, and having called on heaven to witness her piteous plight, would in all probability have immediately taken a yellow taxi and sought shelter in Loretto Abbey—a step all mammas would highly commend. Viola, on the contrary, would enter the Union Station quite penniless and carrying her own club-bag and hat-box. These impedimenta she would shrewdly hand over to the first newsboy in exchange for his cap and papers. Having summarily established herself in the profession, she would then go through a series of Horatio Algeran adventures, acquit herself with distinction and marry the editor of the Mail and Empire. So certain members of 2T6 conceived it, and after this little flight of fancy they began to feel that Shakespeare might after all merit their personal interest. The class discovered they had all taken

Julius Caesar, the great majority could quote those much-abused lines beginning, "Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears." Apparently Shakespeare's play contained other lines quite as delectable.

"Excellently well done, if nature did all," a cynical class-mate would say as la petite jazz baby made a bewitching appearance before leaving for a dance.

"Soft, you now, the fair Ophelia," became a kind of Sophomore "cave" issued with occasionally ludicrous effect on the approach of all persons irrespective of sex or station.

"O, that this too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw and resolve itself into a dew! . . .
How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!"

very aptly expressed the views of one bored and blasé Sophomore. Through frequent repetition she acquired an inimitable drawl that would have been the despair of a professional tragedian. Another lively Sophomore took such interest in her English that she memorized a number of the more dramatic speeches, with the result that comparative strangers wandering alone in the corridors might find themselves in a whirlwind of gestures and passionate or fierce eloquence of the apparently demented Soph, to be left gasping under the knowledge that their eyes twinkled like stars and their beauty was like a rich jewel set in an Ethiop's ear or that they were smiling villians further qualified by a string of most shocking adjectives.

The blasé Sophomore and the lively one once joined forces in the Tuck Shop and proceeded in a business-like fashion to use Shakespeare for advertising purposes. That night the Tuck Shop notice was headed by the following suggestive quotation:

"Invite as many as under here are writ;
Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks!"

Such a promising announcement did not fail to draw a hungry crowd who eagerly signed their names to be included in the invitation.

Strictly private theatricals were indulged in behind the closed doors of Sophomore rooms, though a certain amount of publicity was allowed one moonlight night when the balcony scene was rendered out of the windows of adjoining rooms in a highly effective manner. Even more effective was the occasion on which the songstress of 2T6, directing her efforts to an invisible audience in the next window, warbled Feste's "Come and Kiss Me, Sweet and Twenty," to the amazement and delight of the grocery boy who was passing below!

Towards the end of the year every Shakespeare class is subject to a disease known as "spotting," and during its progress the victims make frantic attempts to locate even the most unconnectable quotations. 2T6 had the disease in a particularly acute form. It appeared oftenest at table. Meals at the Sophomore table had always been well flavored with Shakespeare. These tireless students either took up their endless discussion of the nature of Hamlet's feelings for Ophelia or carried on a conversation about current events by means of quotations—a really noticeable performance of mental gymnastics. The occasional Freshmen who found themselves at the Sophomore table thrived but poorly in this intellectual atmosphere, and when the Sophomores became lost in the fine frenzy of "spotting," the barbarian Frosh flatly declined to take another meal with them.

"Here's to my love. Thus with a kiss I die," quoth one Soph., gallantly raising her glass of water to a Freshman. The Freshman declared she was the one likely to die listening

to such nonsense and picking up her silver, departed in wrath. The Sophomores were naturally pained at this distressing lack of appreciation, this peculiar indifference of the Freshmen to learn Shakespeare from his purest sources, but they suffered the Frosh to go without interference.

"Fie on them! Ah fie! they are a rank and unweeded garden that grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature possess them merely. That it should come to this!"

The Sophomores solemnly agreed on this.

"Die all, die merrily," said another apparently apropos of nothing as the class addressed themselves to their dessert; and the subject of the Freshmen was dismissed.

Of 2T6 strictly academic relations to Shakespeare there is little to be said here. For the curious they are to be found buried in painfully-thought-out essays or hidden in the records

that "coldly furnish forth" the files of the Registrar's office. The sole purpose has been to show that the Sophomores have a personal fondness for Shakespeare. 2T6 dutifully and even gleefully, as becomes hardened and experienced students, wrote essays on his plays, dissected them, examined them, measured them by time lengths, and pigeon-holed the characters. But their keenest admiration was awakened by the fact that having submitted to all this these plays still contain speeches and expressions as full of "pep" as a slang phrase and yet with all the grandeur of the classics. Truly a wonderful man was Shakespeare. I am certain that if he were to address a meeting of the Literary Society, not a Sophomore in the college would say, "Can't go; I have something else to do." No, they would turn out en masse and give him a jolly good tea in the Common Room afterwards.

Josephine Phelan, 2T6.



SCHOLARSHIPS

The following were the recipients at the annual Distribution of Scholarships held Oct. 16th, before a large audience:

1. The Mother Joachim Murray Memorial Scholarship, presented by former pupils of Loretto Convent, Bond St., Toronto. Miss Josephine Phelan.

2. The Father Stafford Memorial Scholarship, presented by former pupils of Loretto Convent. Miss Estella Rivers.

3. The Loretto Alumnae Scholarship for 1922-26, presented by Loretto Alumnae Association. Miss Dorothy Sullivan.

4. The Alice Ridout Memorial Scholarship, presented by Mr. Tom Ridout. Miss Esther Farrell.

5. The Knights of Columbus Scholarships for proficiency standing in First Year General. Miss Josephine Phelan, Miss Norah Story.

6. The Wm. Milne Scholarship for Honour Matriculation. Miss Josephine Brophy.

7. The Mother Teresa Dease Memorial Scholarship for First Class Honours in Matriculation. Miss Frances Fitzpatrick.

8. The Loretto College Alumnae Scholarship for First Class Honours in Matriculation. Miss Victoria Mueller.

9. The Loretto Alumnae Scholarship, gift of Loretto Alumnae Association, for 1923-27. Miss Marjorie McKeown.

10. The Knights of Columbus Tuition Scholarship for Junior Matriculation. Miss Agnes Lee.

11. The Catholic Women's League Scholarship for Matriculation, "Neil McNeil Silver Jubilee." Miss Agnes Lee.

12. Tuition Scholarship for Honour English, the gift of Rev. M. J. Ryan, D.D., St. Augustine's Seminary. Miss Elsa Katner.

13. The Dockeray English Prize in Fourth Year, St. Michael's College. Miss Edna Dawson.

14. Loretto Abbey College Alumnae Proficiency Prize in Fourth Year. Miss Angela Hannan.

15. Prize for First Class Standing in Religious Knowledge. Miss Marie Campbell.

16. Loretto Abbey College Alumnae, Proficiency Prize in First Year. Miss Josephine Phelan.

17. Prize for Highest A Standing in First Year Spanish. Miss Josephine Phelan.

18. Prize for Highest Standing in First Year English, St. Michael's College. Miss Josephine Phelan.

For 1924-1925 prizes were offered as follows:

1. A prize of \$10 for highest A standing in I. Year Greek, offered by Paul O'Sullivan, M.D., Ph.D.

2. A prize of \$25 for the student ranking highest, on vote of Faculty and student body, in matters pertaining to good taste (good taste to include grace of speech, manner and dress).

The college wishes to acknowledge gratefully the following gifts:

1. A large collection of French and Indian relics of the early Jesuit Mission of Fort Ste. Marie, old Huronia, and also a library of ancient and valuable books, presented by the Rev. Athol Murray, Chancellor of the Archdiocese of Regina.

2. The new edition of the Encyclopedia Americana, the gift of former students of the College.

3. The first of the series of Holy Grail pictures (Copley coloured prints), presented by the College Graduates of 1923.

EXAMINATION RESULTS

MAY, 1924

FOURTH YEAR.

Moderns: II. Honours—Misses Eleanor Garden, Kathleen O'Neail.

English History: II. Honours—Miss Elsie Irvine.

General: Grade B—Misses Marie Campbell, Geraldine Coffey, Lois McBrady, Agnes Pineau, Madeline Roach, Marion Sullivan, M. A. Ryan, M. Garland, Miss Genevieve Mulvihill.

Grade C.—Miss Eileen Dunnigan (Rel. Kn. English).

THIRD YEAR.

Moderns, II. Honours—Miss Camille Blanchard, M. Cronin.

English History, II. Honours—Miss Elsa Kastner.

Medial Biological Sciences—Miss Marguerite Runstadler.

General, Grade B—Misses Lucy Booth, Collette Hannan, Noreen Kingsley, Margaret Marks, Kathleen McGovern, Marjorie Walsh

Grade C—Misses Madeleine Coffee (Hist.), Dorothy Latchford (Latin), Mary Harkin (French Rel. Kn.), Clara Yates (Rel. Kn., Ethics).

SECOND YEAR.

Modern History, II. Honours—Misses Josephine Phelan, Norah Story.

General, Grade B—Misses Mary Bureher, George Ann Dell, Callista Doyle, Vera Michell, Rose Silvester, Marion Sharpe, Dorothy Sullivan.

Grade C—Miss Helen Andary (Gen. Sc.), Catherine Garmaly, S. M. Nelligan.

FIRST YEAR.

English History, II. Honours—Miss Ethel Fry.

III. Honours—Misses Josephine Brophy, Helen Kerr.

French, Greek and Latin, II. Honours—Miss Esther Farrell.

General, Grade B—Misses Agnes Lee, Kathleen Barthelmes, Mary Sheehan.

Grade C—Misses Florence O'Brien, Mary Sheeran, Clara Carroll (Ital., Gen. Sc.), Catherine Cronin (Math.).

PRIZES.

Dockeray English Prize in Fourth Year—Miss Marie Campbell.

Dockeray English Prize in Second Year—Miss Mary Bureher.

Prize in First Year Latin—Miss Mary Sheehan.

K. of C. Scholarship in I. Year—Miss Mary Sheehan.

ALUMNAE NOTES

The Alumnae Banquet, which was held during Easter Week at Loretto College, was remarkably well attended considering the wide area over which the members are dispersed and the variety of their occupations. Of the sixty-one graduates, forty-three were present. All were looking their charming selves and feeling in excellent form if one may judge from the brilliant speeches, official and unofficial, that marked the occasion. The evening was one of mutual enjoyment for Faculty and Alumnae. The singing of their class songs by the undergraduates during dinner contributed much pleasure (and a few tears for "the days that are no more") to a very happy occasion. The election of officers for the ensuing year was held afterwards and projects were formed for assisting the college. Next year the college will complete a decade since the first conferring of degrees. It would seem a suitable occasion for an especially large gathering and a short history of the college with the biographies of the graduates.

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Miss Mary Power, B.A., '15, with her father, Mr. Richard Power, sailed early in July for a well-earned holiday in Europe. They will visit Paris, Lourdes, Holland, England, Scotland and Ireland, where they will remain for some time. Dear Mary has the warmest good wishes of the College and Alumnae for a delightful visit.

Miss Teresa O'Reilley, B.A., 1916, head of the Moderns Department of Vankleek Hill Collegiate, is also spending the summer in Europe.

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Miss Edna Duffy, B.A., 1916, who has been teaching English and History in the Thirtieth Street High School, Los Angeles, is at present visiting in the East.

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Miss Madeleine Coffee, 2T3, also sailed for Europe a few weeks ago via Quebec. Madeleine will visit the Eucharistic Congress, England, Ireland, Paris, Lourdes and Italy, returning by the Mediterranean.

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The Faculty and students tender sincere condolences to Mother M. Colombière, on the death of her sister, Miss Anna Teresa White. Miss White had been a resident of Ottawa for many years until the death of her brother, Dr. James F. White, Principal of the Ottawa Normal School, about two years ago, when she removed to Toronto. Miss White possessed a charming personality and was beloved by all who knew her.

* * * * *

Condolences are also offered to Mother M. St. Joseph on the death of her mother, Mrs. Wm. Macklin, of Stratford, which occurred on the Feast of the Ascension, after an illness of a few hours. The unexpectedness of this cross coming so soon after the death of Mr. Macklin, has excited deep sympathy for her bereaved family.

PHASES OF FOUR O'CLOCK TEA

"Do you take sugar, dear?" asked Diotima as she poised the tea-pot over a blue-bird china cup.

"Thanks," replied Socrates, "It is all one to me. That accursed hemlock, I fear, has destroyed my taste for all eternity. My thirst now, like that of my disciple, Plato, is for naught but Wisdom, pure and undefiled, especially when we've had the misfortune to be re-incarnated in Ontario under the O.T.A. 'Twill be a great incentive to all of you to devote yourselves to the pursuit of the Summum Bonum and not risk another metempsychosis."

"I never did believe much," remarked Aristophanes, "in that Pythagorean doctrine of yours—or was it Plato's?—but here we are! However, it's a comfort to think we have all been re-incarnated together, with Diotima into the bargain. You remember the night you told us of her—the night we had such a jolly time at Agathon's, talking of Love and that sort of thing, till Alcibiades here broke in on us and upset everything."

"I'm expecting Plato to tea this afternoon," said Diotima. "He generally takes his in his apartment, communing with his own high thoughts. I hope Alcibiades and Aristophanes will behave," she added anxiously. "I think he likes teaching philosophy here, though, of course, he's always regretting the good old days at the Academy."

"Well," said Aristophanes tartly, "he needn't forget old friends—older than himself. Why, he actually called me "Nora" the other day. I don't mind his doing it in public, but between ourselves, it's carrying convention a bit too far to do it in private."

"Oh, I don't mind a bit his calling me 'Josephine,'" interrupted Alcibiades, "I want

to forget my past. I'd hate any of the Ancient History students to hear that I was the villain of the piece in that Peloponnesian affair. It wouldn't be safe in 49, though Heaven knows I had provocation enough. You don't know how far I've had to sink in the scale of being for that, travelling many a weary round to get up to where I am. But here comes Plato."

"Plato," said Socrates, "it has just come to our ears that these Canadians have recognized your merits, at last, in a most gratifying way, and are sending you to make researches in Athens on the scene of your former illustrious labours. We can imagine that you won't be long in picking up some of the threads—the loose ends, as it were, of your glorious theory and knitting them into the whole. Aristotle and all his tribe will be banged incontinent into dumbness."

"Oh," replied Plato with emotion, "if I have or have had in me any idea of the good, the beautiful and the true, 'tis to Socrates that I owe it."

"And I," said Socrates, "to her." But Diotima, knowing that politeness was being carried too far, with the instinct of a true hostess offered Plato a cup of tea and a hard problem to keep him quiet for the time being. One of the party raised a doubt. The others tossed it to and fro. "The clamour thickened, mixed with inmost terms of art and science." At this juncture a twittering as of birds was heard and in came a fair company, speaking in the Gallic tongue. The leading spirit walked straight up to Diotima and saluted her with much ceremony as "Arthénice!" At the word, memory began to work in the erstwhile Diotima: She beheld again the Hotel de Rambouil-

let, the "chambre bleue," and all that gay and delightful society of précieux and précieuses, old habitués of the ruelle, who had gathered about her in the Rue St. Thomas, and in the leading spirit, who was smiling down upon her, she recognized the inimitable Voiture. To the uninitiate herd 'twas only Eleanor in a particularly coming on disposition, talking of the cruelties inflicted by the Classical Ideal, but to the eye of Mme. de Rambouillet 'twas far otherwise. In the harmless, necessary little Camille she distinguished the delicate features and graceful port of the witty and dangerous Mme. de Sablé, and alias aliis modis.

Dallas approaches. Another phase of reminiscence involves Diotima. Now, as Dante, she discourses to a circle of "ladies that have intelligence in love"—ladies who, re-incarnated in the twentieth century have still an interest, strange to say, in that age-old theme. Diotima smiled. No one knew the subject better. She had heard this child of Plenty and Want discussed by philosophers, saints, troubadours, précieuses and plain men and women all down the ages, and always with the same perennial interest.

But it would never do for a hostess to be exchanging reminiscences with private groups of transmigrated as such. It would certainly be remarked; so, with a deft turn to the conversation and a drop or two of Lethe mingled with the cup that cheers, she closed off the memory of previous re-incarnations and bound their thoughts to the present. Socrates forgot his former greatness and as just plain Angela related Professor Sandiford's latest bon mot at O.C.E. Madeleine strove manfully to conceal the natural bitterness one feels at being doomed to a first-class passage when a steerage trip with a party of university students is in the wind; Norine and Eleanor consoled her with the prospect of throwing down orange

peel to her classmates below; a group of Sophomores sat on a remote chesterfield and "spotted" all the propositions in Shakespeare; Kathleen came in and placed her sardonic smile in the Siege Perilous, sacred to a beloved spirit; Nora explained the sacerdotal performance of Mr. Smith known as "incensing the people"; Coventry Patmore and the personnel of the Hundred and Forty-four Thousand fell under discussion; the Inferior Intelligence in the corner of the sofa resolutely closed her ears to Francis Thompson; Marion laid her cup on the floor and raised "clarisonas voces" to express her feelings on the matrimonial venture of an ex-2T4; the recent victories over Meds and McMaster and the prospects for the Victoria game, were commented on with satisfaction. (We never mention the days when a triumph over poor old Pharmacy was wont to stir our blood); the usual accusation and denial of preferential shares in Common Room attention to graduate students were bandied back and forth between Madeleine and Eleanor and the Saki. But all the rest of the words that were spoken—yea, the more delightful sweet nothings heard every day on Loretto 'Change—they are not written in the Book of the words of the days of the kings of Juda or in any other volume whatsoever, but have vanished with all their elusive grace into air, into thinnest air, and have left not a wreck behind.

D.

Note found pinned on Diotima's dressing table: I have made myself the very nicest one of the whole company, as it was but right I should after all the trouble I've been put to, and if I only knew the one who ought to have written this article I should promptly and cheerfully re-incarnate her as a certain friend of Camille's who occupied a commanding position on the Common Room piano last year—and it isn't Margaret either. D.



L. Booth, G. Dell, M. Sullivan, C. Gormally, E. Dunnigan.

THE LITERARY SOCIETY OF LORETTO COLLEGE

The Literary Society can boast that its year's programme has been of more than usual charm and interest. The study of Canadian Poetry was chosen as the major interest of the year, and the executive were very fortunate in securing such noted speakers as Dr. Hardy, Mr. Swift and Mr. Hutchinson. Each of these speakers dealt with some aspect of Canadian Literature and inspired the students with a real appreciation of the subject.

On the occasion of the Conferring of Scholarships in October, Rev. Michael Earls, S.J., poet, novelist and essayist, delighted a large audience with an address on the appropriate topic, "Three Extraordinary Ordinary Women—Hebrew, Greek and Gael." The charming personality and ripe scholarship of the speaker enhanced the intrinsic merit of his subject.

A lecture on "Paul Claudel, Mystic and Dramatist," by Miss Katherine Brégy, Litt.D., the well-known essayist and literary critic, was of extraordinary interest and stimulated many to the reading of "The Tidings Brought to Mary," and to repeated attendance at "The Hostage," when performed at Hart House

Theatre in February. This was Miss Brégy's first visit to Toronto and those who were fortunate enough to hear her will be anxious for another opportunity.

Miss Margaret Wrong, M.A., Oxon., was the speaker at the meeting in March. Miss Wrong, who had just returned from Europe, where she had been engaged in Student Relief work, threw much light on the living conditions of the students in Germany, Austria and Russia, whose destitution of food and clothing is extreme. Efforts are being made by all the universities to assist them, but the need is still very great.

After their respective lectures the students had the pleasure of meeting Miss Brégy and Miss Wrong in the Common Room, where tea was served.

The Literary Society also took charge of the inter-year debates which, as a series, showed a marked improvement over previous years. The Loretto Debating shield was won by Miss Josephine Brophy of First Year Moderns. This year St. Michael's women were winners in the inter-faculty series, Miss Eileen Dunnigan representing Loretto.



LORETTO BASKET-BALL TEAM

TOP ROW—V. Michell, M. Burdett, M. Sullivan, A. Lee.

BOTTOM ROW—C. Gormaly, M. Walsh, M. Roach, M. Coffee, C. Doyle.

ATHLETICS

When the time for basket ball rolled around the team entered it in deadly earnest and undaunted by steady practising, early and late, soon showed favourable results for their work. On two occasions the college won from McMaster by very large scores. Later it added to its laurels by outplaying the medettes. However, the team had not reached that state of proficiency necessary for winning from Victoria, and as a result the latter team was successful in carrying off group honours.

Much credit is due to Mr. Wilfrid Potter, who very kindly gave a great deal of his time and attention to the team. The girls playing were as follows:

Centres—Marion Sullivan, Mary Burdett, Vera Michell.

Guards—Madeleine Coffee, Catherine Gormaly, Agnes Lee.

Forwards — Marjorie Walsh, Madeline Roach, Callista Doyle.

Women's "T."

This year the St. Michael's women had the honour of having two of their girls on the intercollegiate teams. Miss Genevieve Mulvihill played defence on the Varsity Intercollegiate Hockey team, and Miss Madeline Roach was a forward on the Varsity Intercollegiate Basket Ball team. Loretto College felt doubly proud of these two as being the first St. Michael's women to receive their "T" from the University of Toronto.

M.C.

Tennis.

1924 marks the third year that Loretto Abbey College (St. Michael's women) has taken part in interfaculty athletics, and the results of this year are ample proofs of the progress they have made and the success they have attained. In tennis this is particularly true.

In the autumn it was the first sport of interest. The team representing the college, which was chosen according to the results of the tournament held at Loretto, included Made-



WOMEN'S HOCKEY TEAM

TOP ROW—M. Coffee, V. Michell, M. Roach.

BOTTOM ROW—C. Doyle, M. Sharpe, G. Mulvihill (Capt.), E. Kastner, C. Gormally.

ATHLETICS---Continued

line Roach, Madeleine Coffee, Claire Yates, Helen Kerr, Marie Campbell and Kathleen O'Neail. In the Interfaculty tournament the team made a good showing, Madeline Roach getting as far as the finals only to lose by very close score.

WOMEN'S HOCKEY TEAM.

With the advent of the hockey season, St. Michael's women for the first time entered Interfaculty Hockey. Under the splendid coaching of Mr. Greg Amyot, the team did wonderfully well. The weather was extremely unfavorable to hockey, yet the girls made a good record. In the first game of the season they won against the Medettes by the score of 4-2, and in a later game held them to a tie score, 0-0. With Victoria they were not quite so successful. The first game was a hard-fought one, ending in the score 4-0 in favour of Victoria. In the return game the Loretto girls raised the score 4-1.

LORETTO AT-HOME

The fourth annual At-Home was held at Jenkins' Art Gallery, as usual, on February 11th. The patronesses were: Lady Windle, Mrs. Hugh Kelly, Mrs. James Mallon and Mrs. W. L. Patterson.

The committee had arranged the decorative scheme very attractively. Silver balloons were strung along the gallery, and a very pretty winter effect was achieved by myriads of snow-flakes and glistening icicles. A jolly snowman marked the progress of the program and the novelty was a leap year dance, the girls finding their partner's name in snow-balls thrown from the balcony.

The members of the committee were: Misses Kathleen Lee, 2T2; Eileen Dunnigan, 2T4; Marion Sullivan, 2T4; Madeline Roach, 2T4; Claire Yates, 2T5; Lucy Booth, 2T5; Dorothy Latchford, 2T5; George Anna Dell, 2T6, and Elizabeth McDonald, 2T7.

The attendance of many of the out-of-town graduates whom happy recollections of the event brought back to the college rendered it an occasion of joyful reunion.

THE FRENCH CONVERSATION CLASS

The hour appointed for French Conversation is not generally conceded to be the happiest period of the day for either teacher or student, and yet, with skilful management, it can be made prolific of great enjoyment and of decided usefulness in mastering a foreign tongue.

One essential in securing success is the preparation of interesting programmes, which can vary according to the originality of the organizer, and be so arranged as to give scope for the mastery of varied vocabulary.

This suggestion is not merely theoretic, for it was carried out in a delightfully practical way during our College year, 1923-4. At our first meeting we were addressed in French, and were told that not an English word was ever to be spoken at these reunions, and that the object in view was not so much to learn new expressions as to gain facility in using fluently the vocabulary we had already acquired.

For a preliminary test, a French poem was written on the black-board and we spent the time discussing its merits, after which the programme for the next meeting was explained. To our amazement we heard that each successive programme was to be directed by a member of the class; suggestions, of course, to be furnished by the professor, who would likewise be responsible for any necessary corrections, and who would come to the rescue of the student vainly searching for words to express her thoughts. This created no little emulation, especially as prizes were offered for competition!

Thus began our series of programmes, simple at first, such as guessing what some one was thinking of, relating amusing stories, or some life experience. By this time we were very venturesome, and had quite abandoned

all reticence in trying to speak a foreign tongue.

Clara Yates delighted us in her role of school-mistress, putting us through an examination in elementary studies. Agnes Pineau succeeded in making each one tell an interesting story. Camille Blanchard was a very exacting lady who had advertised for a maid, and we applicants had to plead eloquently before we received any promise of being accepted on trial. Eileen Dunnigan made a wonderful singing teacher, with the result that our voices blended harmoniously(?) in patriotic rendition of

"O Canada, terre de nos aïeux," and "Dieu protège le roi."

Then we waxed ambitious and were lured into the dramatic realm in which we finally achieved at least esoteric fame! Eleanor Garden and Kathleen O'Neil were our pioneers in this attempt, with their charming dialogue reproduction of a little story which had been casually told them. They called their clever maiden effort "La chose oubliée," and they acted it very effectively. Its argument was: A bashful maid came timidly to her mistress to ask her to write a letter. The preliminary scene was full of amusing and brilliant repartee leading up to the climax, "la chose oubliée," at which the maid hinted. After vain guessing on the part of the mistress as to what she had forgotten, the maid finally told her it was, "Excusez l'écriture."

The next dramatic attempt was announced on the Bulletin Board with pictorial elaborations: "On demande une actrice: Comédie en un acte." This was an entirely original production, each actor being responsible for her own part. Marie Campbell was very successful as the dramatic director who had advertised for an actress to take a leading part, and we who responded to the advertisement gave an

exhibition of our varied talents until a choice was made.

Our last meeting was characterized by a timely playlet, "Un voyage en Europe," in which Dorothy Latchford undertook to organize a travelling tour through Europe during the long vocation. We all gave our opinions as to what cities should be visited and our reasons for the choice.

Thus ended a series of well-planned and successfully executed original programmes, which afforded us even hilarious amusement and which helped greatly in giving us confidence in our modest ability to carry on a French conversation, mindful of the injunction: "C'est le premier pas qui coute."

L.A.

SELECTIONS FROM MICHELET'S DIARY

Impressions on Reading His History of France

1. The Discovery of America.

June 15. I have often pictured that glorious morning on which these two worlds met—that day on which Columbus stepped on shore and East and West with one triumphant shout of joy hurled themselves into each other's arms. To-day the picture presented itself to my mind more vividly than usual and I must try to write it down while the impulse is yet strong upon me.

He lay under the tallest tree, languidly turning over the pages of his Aristotle, a magnificent figure of a man, bronzed from head to foot by sun and wind, and fashionably arrayed in two strings of beads and a nose ring. It was a glorious day. The sun shone brightly, yet he was shaded from the glare by the overhanging foliage. The ground was soft and green and a projecting stump made such a handy book-rest. What more could he wish? Yet he was discontented; in his heart burned a desire for something new. All the books

contained was lodged in his brain, Plato, Aristotle, Virgil and Ovid, yet their words which so recently had filled him with awe and rapture, now seemed inadequate. He knew there must be more, a practical application of all these theories, but where and how? It was useless, bitterness welled up in his heart; he rose and strolled out on the beach.

Suddenly there flashed across his sight, a huge white bird moving rapidly over the water. Nothing in his wildest dreams had even approached the mystery of this wonder. Half-terrified and deeply moved, he watched its approach. His heart knew and responded—it was the answer to all his questionings.

On board the swiftly approaching vessel Columbus stood, still as a statue. He gazed landward. For him, too, this was the realization of his dreams, this land of tall trees, of black forests full of strange animals, gold and jewels, above all this man standing there upon the beach with the startled, yet triumphant, look in his dark eyes. There he stands, typical of the land in all the magnificence of his two strings of beads and a nose ring.

One moment made alive by the soft grating of the bow upon the sand and then he is ashore—East and West meet in one wild embrace.

. Later as they walked arm in arm along the beach, Columbus spoke. Aristotle, by Jove! so glad, mine was washed overboard in a storm

* * * * *

II. The Printing Press.

Aug. 19. Just in from Church. Fresh from the tense emotion of that fervid hour my pen will scarcely move across the paper, so tired I am. I reached there just at sunset when the West was one blaze of rose, violet and softest greens. For a long time I stood, leaving the door wide open that It might gaze upon the scene. Then quietly I closed the door, raised my eyes one second and then fell flat upon my

face before It. How glorious It is—all sound, all motion incorporated in one small frame. Two ministers with chanting and mystic rites offer it spotless paper, which it receives and fills with the sacred fruit of knowledge. For one hour I gazed entranced, then offering my humble vows, rose and departed in silence from the shrine. Ah! even now to think of it leaves me trembling with emotion! A god pouring forth floods of knowledge to renew the world, filling it with Truth and Beauty! I am overcome with the force of feeling—I swoon.

Norah Story, 2T6.

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VOL. XXXI.

TORONTO, OCTOBER, 1924

No. 4

PILGRIMAGE IN HONOUR OF ST. WILLIAM AND THE YORK MARTYRS

By Sister Mary Bernard, of St. Mary's Convent, York, England

UNDER the auspices of the Guild of Our Lady of Ransom, and conducted by Rev.

Father Fihner, a great gathering of pilgrims from all over the North, assembled in York on Whit-Tuesday, for, to the usual pilgrimage in honour of the English martyrs, there was to be added, this year,—thanks to the kindness of the Yorkshire Philosophical Society—the stirring historic episode of High Mass in the ruins of St. Mary's Abbey.

It is nearly four hundred years since the last Mass was said there; since the lights were extinguished; since the altar was desecrated and defiled. After that long night once more were the lights to be rekindled, and the consecrated altar-stone to bear witness to the great consecration.

At ten-thirty the procession, headed by cross-bearers and acolytes, started from St. Wilfrid's. How grand it looked to see the Benedictine monks in cowls walking through the street, followed by a number of secular clergy in cassock and cotta, and after them a long file of nuns, belonging to seven different religious congregations. Last came the laity, all singing "Hail, Queen of Heaven." They relapsed into silence on entering the Abbey

grounds, and the pilgrims walked up the path which leads to the Hospice. From there they entered the ruins, by what was once the great western door. How poignantly that broken arch bore witness to the text, oft reiterated in the Gospel of the day, "I am the Door!"

In the green-swarded nave, once covered with costly tessellated pavement, the pilgrims took their places; whilst hidden against the wall of the north transept, the nuns grouped themselves. On the south transept was another semi-circle of nuns, and it may be imagined how imposing was this grand array of religious: the I.B.V.M.'s, the Sisters of Charity, the Sisters of St. Paul, the out-sisters of the Poor Clares, the Servites, the Presentation Nuns, the Daughters of Mary.

On the very site where once stood the High Altar, a temporary altar had been set up, surmounted by a handsome canopy. The coat of arms of St. Mary's Abbey, York: argent; on a cross gules; a bezant charged with a demi-figure of a king, crowned and holding a sceptre; a key (gules) in the first quarter, was painted on the rear of the canopy by the Poor Clares of York. It was greatly due to their generosity and devotion that such an imposing

baldachino and artistically worked altar-front was provided for the occasion.

Some idea of the picturesque beauty of this unique scene may be conveyed by the accompanying photographs, but not the glow of the red vestments and red canopy against a background of trees and in a setting of soft grey ruins, touched up and illuminated by a tender April sunshine.

Punctually at eleven a.m. the officiating clergy and monks emerged from what was once the Chapter House. Many an artist has waxed enthusiastic on the wonderful sculpture of our doughty English workmen of old, the craft of whose fingers came from the strong faith of their souls.

The Celebrant of the Mass was the Right Rev. Ildephonsus Cummins, Titular Abbot of St. Mary's Abbey; deacon, Rev. J. Hughes; sub-deacon, Rev. J. Mullane. The Benedictines of the Schola Cantorum, ten in number, were from Ampleforth Abbey, which stands just between Byland and Rievaulx and has the titles of Westminster and York, which one of their monks always holds.

Just outside the four great piers, which once supported the superb lantern tower, the cowed Benedictines took their seats, putting the touch of reality in what seemed a dream too good to be true.

Not a pilgrim there but was thrilled with joy at the "Introibo" which echoed the motive and intention of each worshipper there: "I shall go unto the altar of God, to God who giveth joy to my youth." And when the old familiar chant of the "Kyrie Eleison" arose, there was the silence tense with emotion, of the many thousand assembled to witness the miracle of resurrection that day.

It had resounded there four hundred years ago; and then had come the long silence of cen-

turies. Once more it re-echoed amid the crumbling walls, which long ago had been saturated with the same sacred psalmody, and in the same Latin tongue; it was chanted by monks of the same order, wearing the same habit of St. Benedict as that worn by the monks of St. Mary's in a by-gone past. And what were they there for, but to perpetuate the same Sacrifice as of old, the same Essence, the same in rite and liturgy, in unbroken succession of Orders from the first Abbot of St. Mary's; from St. Paulinus; from St. Augustine of Canterbury; from St. Gregory; from St. Peter!

Most fittingly was it that day, a Mass of the Holy Ghost; and very apt to the solemn occasion were the opening words of the Introit: "Receive the joy of your glory!" For what but the Mass had been the glory of St. Mary's? And what but the Mass was the inspiration of all that splendour of stone, of metal work and illumination? It had all passed away, but the Mass remains, and it is the Mass alone that matters.

Swiftly, silently, solemnly, it came to a close that day, and ended with a "Deo Gratis" which went up from a thousand hearts. "It would not have been hard to die for the Mass at that moment," said a York pilgrim. "Certain I am that if bad times should come again, not a Catholic amongst the thousands there, but would be ready to lay down his life for the glory of hearing even one Mass." So far from the writer's words being exaggerated, they but feebly convey the fiery joy of that glorious Pentecostal day. "It will be for an everlasting memory!" said one of the pilgrims who was not a Catholic.

The Right Rev. Celebrant was so overcome that he completely broke down with emotion in the ruined chapter house which served as a vestry that day. Had the feelings of the last

Abbot who had said Mass at that altar been somehow mysteriously communicated to him? Nay, was it not rather the pent-up joy of Easter morning? "This is the day which the Lord hath made! Let us be glad and rejoice therein!"

In silence, with full hearts, the pilgrims left the Abbey grounds. As they quitted the gates they began "Faith of Our Fathers" and said the five Joyful Mysteries on their way to the venerable house of Margaret Clitheroe in the Little Shambles. Here a halt was made and a short fervorino given by Father Filmer, and the hymn, "O Purest of Creatures," sung. From there they proceeded to the Minster, whilst singing "Jesus, My Lord, My God, My All." On arriving at the Minster the pilgrims knelt around the tomb of St. William, and said, sotto-voce, the Five Sorrowful Mysteries. If the stones of our stately Cathedral could have shouted for joy, they must have done so that day, when her walls were packed from end to end with Peter's own children to whose honor that church had been built and dedicated. But this is only the prelude to that more glorious day, when we shall not only pray in silence, but when we shall make the walls resound with alleluias because the Risen Christ has once more taken possession of His own, in His Sacramental glory. The fullest capacity of the great Minster is ten thousand, so you may judge what the crowd was!

At two p.m. the stream of pilgrims began to pour into the grounds of the Bar Convent, now known as St. Mary's Convent, which forms an historical link with the past, being the first religious house in the north of England opened after the dissolution of the monasteries. The House at Hammersmith was the very first, but exists no more.

In the Concert Hall here, the famous relics

of the English Martyrs were displayed. There was the hand of Ven. Margaret Clitheroe, who was arrested for harbouring the cousin of Mary Ward, Father Ingleby, Martyr; and the hand of Father Postgate, lent by the Abbot of Ampleforth. There were the relics of twelve other Martyrs, all priests, except Blessed Thomas More. There were the two precious sets of vestments of Fathers Edward and Thomas Thwing, the last having been arrested at our own house when at Castlegate. He had two sisters, nuns in this house—Jane and Helen.

At two-forty-five the hymn, "Martyrs of England," was sung, after which the different groups began to form in processional order. Bearing their respective banners, were the Tertiaries of St. Francis; the Brothers of St. Vincent de Paul; the Catholic Evidence Guild; the Catholic Women's League; the pupils of St. Mary's Convent; the Children of Mary; the Boy Scouts; the Girl Guides; the Pages of the Blessed Sacrament in red sashes; the tiny handmaids in white, holding red geraniums; and the school children of the different parishes.

The veteran Pilgrim, Father Fletcher, led the way as he has done for over forty years. One would have thought he was a tramp to judge by his tattered garments and unkempt appearance. But he is a perfect old saint, to say nothing of his being the uncle of Lord Allenby, the conqueror of Jerusalem. Surely he abases himself thus publicly in order that our holy religion might be the more exalted! It is impossible to estimate the spiritual good which comes from these pilgrimages of his, wonderful demonstrations of faith in a pagan world.

The procession followed the road along which the Martyrs had been drawn on their hurdles, reciting the Five Glorious Mysteries and singing "Hail, Queen of Heaven" and "Mother, Dear Mother, We Flock To Thy

Throne." Most reverent and silent was the attitude of the dense throngs watching the procession from each side of the street, the cross-bearer of which was already at Tyburn before the end left our garden.

On arrival at Knavesmire, the tiny Handmaids strewed their red flowers on the site of the gallows-tree, and the Litany of the Holy Name was said. Then followed a sermon by

Father Levick, who spoke with great unction on the glorious hecatomb of the York Tyburn and of the splendid stand made there for the old Faith. Then was sung "God Bless Our Pope."

Benediction given by Rev. Canon Machell at the Church of the English Martyrs, closed a red-letter day in the annals of the Church of York.

HYMN OF FATHER POSTGATE, O.S.B.

These touching lines are attributed to Father Postgate, one of the Martyrs mentioned in the account given above. They are contained in Father Langford's Mass Book, a beautiful and quaint series of meditations on the different parts of the Holy Sacrifice.

O gracious God, O Saviour sweet,

O Jesus, think of me;

And suffer me to kiss Thy feet,

Though late I come to Thee.

Behold, dear Lord, I come to Thee,

With sorrow and with shame;

For when Thy bitter wounds I see,

I know I caused the same.

O sweetest Lord, lend me the wings

Of faith and perfect love,

That I may fly from earthly things

And mount to things above.

For there is joy both true and fast,

And no cause to lament;

But here is toil both first and last,

And cause oft to repent.

But now my soul doth hate the things

In which she took delight,

And unto Thee, the King of Kings,

Would fly with all her might.

But, oh, the weight of flesh and blood

Doth sore my soul detain;

Unless Thy grace doth work, O Lord,

I rise, but fall again.

And thus, dear Lord, I fly about

In weak and weary case,

And like the dove that Noe sent out,

I find no resting place.

My wearied wings, sweet Jesus, mark,

And when Thou thinkest best,

Stretch forth Thy Hand out of the ark

And take me to Thy rest.

THE STIGMATA OF ST. FRANCIS

NOT since far-away Catholic days, when the immortal pilgrims of Geoffrey Chaucer passed under her gates to worship at the shrine of the martyred Archbishop, has Canterbury ever witnessed a more picturesque procession than the one which recently moved along her streets. A Cardinal in scarlet robes, mitred bishops and archbishops, white-surpliced priests, acolytes in bright cassocks, a long line of Franciscans habited in black, brown, or grey, and the laity in hundreds from all parts of England made up this gorgeous file. The great silver cross borne aloft at the head of this devout column guided these pilgrims, also, to the Church of St. Thomas. They chanted as they walked, lending another medieval touch to the unique celebration which was held to commemorate the seven hundredth anniversary of the coming of the Little Brethren of St. Francis to England. And that event in the distant past was closely associated with another, the most amazing in the life of the holy Founder. Tradition has it that on the morning of the feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross, when his disciples—only yesterday arrived in the city—were hearkening for the first time to the call of the church bells of Canterbury, their dear Father, far away in the sunny south, was receiving the tremendous gift of the Impression of the Stigmata.

In the glorious army of holy ones whose names occupy a place on the honor-roll of the Church, there is none whose life is more in conformity with the maxims of the Gospels than his — “the foremost standard-bearer of

Christ in all Christendom.” No one has ever come nearer to a perfect copy of Christ than the “stigmatized mystic” of Assisi. No man has ever so fascinated the hearts of men since the days when Jesus walked on earth and made Himself all to all.

Though no twinkling galaxy of battle-won stars ever marked his military successes, nor were his humble brows ever bound with the proud laurel, he is, nevertheless, regarded as the general of an innumerable host, and the inspiration of poets, painters, and preachers. “Saintlier than any of the saints,” Celano writes, “among sinners he was as one of themselves.” With a sense of personal sympathy, men of the most different habits of mind are drawn and held by the indescribable winsomeness of the “Seraph of the South.”

Poets, beginning with his own incomparable countryman, the author of the “Divine Comedy—the crown of a century of which Francis was the inspiration—have united in immortalizing the memory of this central figure in the golden age of faith. When he gave his “Canticle of the Sun” to Pacificus, the “Prince of Poets,” lately come to him from the court of the Emperor of Germany, and begged him to set it to music that it might be sung by the “musicians of God,” who knows whether he may not have been unwittingly directing the song of him who sang so sweetly, years later, of Francis’ Alvernia — “That rugged rock ’twixt Tiber and Arno,” and of the nuptials that the Saint solemnized with his beloved spouse, the “Lady Poverty!”

The impulse which came from Giotto's mystical frescoes of Poverty, Chastity, and Obedience, above the tomb of the Poverello, has influenced with pure realism the paintings of the greatest artists all the way down the years.

Matthew Arnold held up the "Poor Man of Assisi" as a literary type; Longfellow spoke of him as his "favorite saint"; Tennyson sighed for the return of the Saint to earth; and Ruskin treasured up a relic of the Holy Man's habit. With many, however, especially those who are not of "the household of the faith," in their general appreciation of his moral charm, there has been a tendency to overlook the beautiful supernatural aspect of the saint's life. They remember Francis chiefly as the one who "went forth to preach to the birds of Bevagna, who tamed the fierce wolf of Gubbio, who sheltered the leveret and let the wild doves free, who felt the welcome of the minstrels of the wood at Alvernia, who bade affectionate farewell to his brother, the falcon, and who sang in sweet contest with the nightingale in the ilex grove of the Carceri." But they pass over in silence the Saint's real "message" when they neglect to take note of his unquestioning loyalty to Holy Church (he was the trusted friend of Gregory IX.); his intense belief in the supernatural, and his insistence that the order he founded should ever be a nursery of the supernatural virtues.

And the climax of all the supernatural gifts which were lavished on him so abundantly—the one to which they all led—was that unparalleled event of the Impression of the Wounds of Christ on the body of the Saint. On this occasion of the Seventh Centenary, His Holiness, Pius XI., has thought well to address an apostolic letter to the Cardinal Protector of the Order of Friars Minor, in explanation of the occurrence, calling attention to authen-

tic, historical sources, and conceding perpetual privileges to Mount Alvernia, the scene of the miracle.

Poor with the poverty of Christ, Francis, who refused all monetary donations, did not hesitate to accept the gift of a high mountain retreat which Count Orlando offered him and his friars as a place to which they might retire to rest and to commune more clearly with God. To the devout company it seemed an ideal spot for the purpose. Alvernia, an isolated mount of the Apennines, on the confines of Tuscany, rises above the adjacent mountains from which it is separated by steep, narrow chasms—the Tiber and the Arno flow peacefully at its foot. When an angel revealed to Francis that a curious cavern, sufficiently spacious to accommodate him and his chosen brethren, had been formed by rocks which the earthquake rent asunder at the hour when Jesus was crucified, Alvernia became greatly enhanced in his eyes. The huge trees and the green pastures nestling high here between giant boulders, the wild splendor of the scene in the glow of the morning sunrise, or at sunset, the snowy whiteness of the clouds that flecked the bluest of skies—everything about this remote spot attracted Francis and again and again he retired to his loved "mountain of God." His sister, the rain, pattered about and spoke to him of the dews of heavenly grace; his brother, the wind, whistled a sweet accompaniment to his songs of love, to which his sisters, the birds, joined their melody. And as the night closed in on him, he was never alone, for his other kin, the stars and the moon, whose occupation, too, was service and praise, bore him company.

In a lonelier part still, a little wicker cell had been constructed for the Saint. It has long been noticed that his "love and thirst for suf-

ferings continually increased and that he pined for anguish that would make him like his beloved Lord." From the first, when he heard the "call" in the days of his gracious youth, he had given himself up completely and irrevocably to his Love Who was crucified. Every earthly possession and prospect he was willing to forego in exchange for His friendship. All truth was in his aspiration: "My God and my all." Now the Leader and Lover, Who had continued to draw Francis—as He does all who are heroic enough to offer themselves as His body-guard—along His own pathway, was about to repay His "friend" with His usual generosity, that can never be outdone.

Close imitator of Him Who had retired alone to the desert for the space of forty days, Francis proposed to spend the Lent of St. Michael which begins on Our Lady's feast, in his remote treasure-shrine of love—his trysting place with the Divine. He gave orders that only Brother Leo, whom he permitted to bring him bread and water as a refecton during his long fast, should cross the small bridge leading to his abode, and even he must wait for Francis' response to the signal words: "Domine, labia mea aperies." He requested that the book of the Gospels be opened for his guidance. The first time he came upon the passage which tells how it "behoved Christ to suffer." The second and third times also concerned the Sacred Passion. During the long days and nights of his retreat, the sufferings of Christ became more and more the subject of all his thoughts. His own sufferings during these trying weeks were as a real purgatorial fire, purifying him, and rendering him worthy of a union, the most intimate, between man and God. It was granted Leo, the "Little Lamb

of God," to share more than any other in his divine secrets.

One night he came upon Francis prostrate in his cell, which was filled with a light of no earthly brightness, and he heard the words: "Who art Thou, O my God, and my dearest Lord! and who am I but a vile worm and an unprofitable servant!" Afterwards the Saint revealed to Leo that the illumination came of a combination of two great lights—"one gave him a knowledge of the power, wisdom and goodness of God; the other revealed to him his own vileness and misery."

On the eve of the feast of the Holy Cross, Francis was again favored with a heavenly vision. "I am come," said the blessed spirit, "to desire you to prepare in patience and humility for all that God will do to you." The generous lover of the Crucified replied, "My only desire is that the will of God be accomplished in me." He spent the whole night in suffering prayer and at the first glimpse of morning light he cried fervently: "My Lord Jesus, I ask you to grant me two graces before I die. First that you will make me feel in body and soul, as far as possible, the pains Thou didst endure in Thy Passion; secondly, that I may feel as much as possible that excess of love which led Thee to endure such torments for us poor sinners."

The prayer borne on the wings of love mounted swiftly to the throne of the Crucified—the moment of the holocaust had arrived. What happened then as the culmination of all the burning self-immolating love—love on the part of the receiver of the Gift as well as of the Giver—no pen can tell, not though an angel were the scribe! Perhaps the explanatory account in the letter of His Holiness commends itself most of all, for its clearness, and simpli-

city—and the testimony is taken from St. Bonaventure.

“On a certain morning near the feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross, while Francis was praying on the side of the mountain, he saw a Seraphim who had six wings both flaming and resplendent, descending from the heights of the heavens. When with rapid flight it arrived through the air close to the man of God, between the wings appeared the figure of a man crucified, having the hands and feet in the position of a cross and fastened to a cross. Disappearing, the vision left in his heart an admirable ardor and impression and also on his flesh a not less admirable imprint of the sign of the passion; moreover, marks of the nails soon began to appear in his hands and feet, like those he had seen a little while before in that figure of a crucified man. In fact, his hands and feet seemed to be, just in the middle, fastened with nails, showing the heads of the nails themselves in the palms of the hands and the upper part of the feet and their points on the other sides. And the heads of the nails in his hands and feet were round and black, their points oblong, twisted and almost riveted, which protruding from the flesh itself formed a prominence above the other flesh. Also the right side of the breast almost pierced by a lance, was

covered by a red scar which often sent forth his sacred blood.”

Francis remained on Mount Alvernia with his brethren until after the feast of St. Michael. On the day of his departure he called about him the companions of those unforgettable days and bade them continue in “charity and be constant in prayer and have a care for the holy mountain.” He expressed a wish that only the most fervent—the flower of the order—should abide there, and they should sing the divine praises day and night. Before the mountain was wholly lost to view, turning, he blessed it: “Farewell, mountain of God, farewell Mount Alvernia! May God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost bless thee! Rest in peace, we shall never meet again!”

Francis was obliged to spend two years still—years of loving pain they were—waiting for the coming of Sister Death. So carefully had he guarded the “secret of the king” that only a favored and intimate few were aware of the wondrous Gift. When all but these beheld for the first time what was no longer within his power to conceal—the marks on his hands and feet and side—it seemed to them as though they were gazing upon the Body of Christ Himself.

Loretto, Niagara Falls.

M. Pauline, I.B.V.M.



The Flight Into Egypt



Whatever was, is always passing still
In static pageant 'neath the gaze of God.
No yesterdays may quench its stars in death,
Nor hide its fadeless fruits from Him Who is :
Therefore across the desert's purple night,
A little, stupid beast with blinking eyes,
Still humbly fares. Still the poor artisan
Trudges ahead with anxious, peering gaze ;
And still the Mother rapt in peaceful prayer,
Shields close the sleeping Babe against her
breast.

Thus ceaselessly they travel in God's sight;
And ceaselessly the incense of their wills,
United, unenquiring, patient, bowed,
Is borne aloft in swift and potent flight.

And one whose eyes are bandaged yet by time,
Doth strive to pierce with God, and by His
light,

The veil of years; to see with vision true
The Holy Three; the patient Joseph's face;
The gentleness within the Mother's eyes;
The all-embracing love within the Child's.
But far the vision lies in vistaed Time;
And dimly o'er the sands the tiny forms,
Creations of her struggling will, move on,
Like distant phantoms;
While strong, and clear, and bright,
A thousand fancies speaking tongues of earth,

Flash, all unbidden, through her toilsome
prayer.

And one of these,—a little, human dream,
Such as some wide-eyed, fevered child might
weave,

Whose restless brain paints pictures in the
dark,

Floats like a veil about the Holy Flight.

She sees the desert beasts, savage for prey,
Starving for days within their lonely lairs,
Creep softly forth. They sniff the hallowed air,
And noiseless stalk through shadowed paths of
gloom.

Sudden from out the east a lion roars;
Another answers from the western dark.
Then all the midnight rent with savage sound,
Tosses a thousand echoes back and forth,
While homeless, shelterless, the desert lies.

Joseph grips anxiously his workman's axe,
While Mary, with her calm, unchanging brow,
Leans closer still above the sleeping Child.
Nearer the beasts crawl, till their amber eyes
Blaze sudden through the dark like fallen suns.
Hundreds of beasts, so runs the fevered dream,
Hundreds of beasts gather in circles grim,
Their savage breasts elate with fierce desire,
The furious, brutal thirst for food and blood.

Closer they press until the lantern's light
Reflects itself within their baneful eyes;
A lion growls like muttered thunder close;
The Child awakes.

He sits erect upon His Mother's knee;
He looks about Him at the circling suns;
They look at Him again, transfixed, intent,
As if an instant magic held them 'thrall'd.
Hear how the fevered dreamer laughs with
glee!
They are His beasts; He knows them everyone;
Knows they are hungry and have followed Him,
Their wild hearts filled with mischievous in-
tent.
Poor starving beasts! They "seek their meat
from God!"
Well, they must have it then—That is His way.
He raises one small Hand and blesses them,
He fills them with a strange and radiant food,
That quenches the fierce light within their
eyes,

And turns their dull, brute sense—almost to
soul.

They kneel to Him there in the desert sands.
And lick the dust whereon His shadow falls

At length,—so ends the dream,—a lion rears
His proud head high above the prostrate forms.
A sign he gives, whereat his kindred wild
Form orderly into an honour guard,
A double file, with reverenced path between,
That stretches far to the horizon's brim.
Adown this path, the little tattered beast,
Led by the Blessed Joseph, picks his way.

Time flashes backward to its sinless dawn;
Adam is crowned again,—lord of the world;
The peace of God enfolds the trackless waste;
And Jesus sleeps upon His Mother's breast.

Mary J. O'Brien, Alumna,
Loretto, Brunswick Ave.

—Reprinted from "The Sign," April, 1924.



CARDINAL GASQUET

By Rev. M. M. Salome, I.B.V.M., Rome, Italy

ONE day as His Eminence, Cardinal Gasquet, went out of the little Convent parlour in the Via Venti Settembre, No. V, Rome, the Superior looked up into his face and said: "My Lord Cardinal, may I write a little article on you for "The Rainbow," the Loretto Abbey magazine, I.B.V.M., Toronto?" His Eminence contracted his dark eye-brows for a moment, smiled and said: "Yes." "Will Your Eminence want to see it before it goes to press?" was the next question. And the answer was "No."

Thus it came about that this little sketch is being written here in Rome, whilst His Eminence is still gladdening the hearts of his brother Benedictines in England.

This year, 1924, His Eminence reached one glorious summit of his priesthood, his Golden Jubilee. To celebrate this occasion many of his devoted friends gathered together at the Hotel Victoria, July 9th, at the invitations of the "Gregorians" to honour this Benedictine Cardinal. Foremost among these was His Eminence of Westminster, Cardinal Bourne, who in his toast announced with pride that both the Cardinals present were Londoners by birth; there were present also bishops and priests and peers in plenty, and well-known laymen, more than a hundred in all. The London season was in fullest swing, but no engagements, no diversions, no business, could deter these devoted men from showing their love and veneration for, and sympathetic joy in the Cardinal's rejoicing. There were speeches at dinner in which apt allusions were made to His Eminence's fame as an historian.

The Rt. Hon. John Wheatley, Minister of Health, presiding, quoted a Lutheran Professor who said that Pius X. had honoured all the historians of the world in making the English Benedictine a Cardinal! He added that the Eminent Jubilarian's book, "Henry VIII. and the English Monasteries," was one of those few books which brought back a reversion of a "verdict of history." And we all know that our Cardinal ranks supreme as the authority on Pre-Reformation Monasticism in England. Let us hope that our Convent libraries all over the world are stocked with this great historian's works. What more thrilling than "Henry VIII. and the English Monasteries," "The Eve of The Reformation," "The Last Abbot of Glastonbury," and more and more.

Such information as this, we can get from the very necessary Catholic "Who's Who," but if we want to know more of the Cardinal's activities and understand in some degree the esteem in which he is held by the Highest Authority in the world, we must study another book, the "Annuario Pontificio," and look up His Eminence's name in the index. He is mentioned thirteen times, and as we patiently turn to each noted page in the fat, red book, we find that Cardinal Gasquet is a member of four Pontifical Congregations, sits on three Commissions, is President of the Pontifical Revision of the Vulgate, the seat of which is "San Callisto," where His Eminence also resides with his Benedictine collaborators. He is Cardinal Protector to such a number of Religious Congregations and Houses, that the paragraph indicating them measures two and a half by three

inches of close print. But it would require more than enumeration to make us realise what such duties mean.

Not for all these great labours is His Eminence inscribed in the registers and in the hearts of the Institute as one of our chief benefactors, but because together with His Eminence, Cardinal Merry del Val, we owe him that most precious decree, issued on April 20, 1909, and sent out by the Sacred Congregation of Religious to the whole Institute, by which we are allowed to call both privately and publicly, our venerated Mother Mary Ward, our Foundress. May those two great princes of the Church live to see the day when another verdict of history is reversed, and Mary Ward receives on earth the reward of her heroic sanctity, Beatification by the Holy See.

Now to think that this great Cardinal does not disdain to bring the sunshine of his presence into our small parlour, though he is not even our Cardinal Protector, and we can lay no claim to him except on the score of our filial affection!

Well, imagine His Eminence, tall and erect, walking up our marble stairs and into our midst. There is perhaps a little stiffness of the joints, but it is scarcely noticeable. His countenance in repose is serious, almost stern, but in conversation is lighted up by a smile and a twinkle in the eyes that drives away all hint at severity. The particular day I am

speaking about was Christmas time or thereabouts. The Superior had had sent to her on approval two little richly colored and beautifully carved statues of angels kneeling in adoration. She thought how devotional they would look upon the altar on either side of the tabernacle. A consultation was held and the conclusion arrived at was, that considering the finances 130 lire should not be spent on mere ornamentation.

So the little angels were put up on the mantel shelf of the parlour to wait till called for. Meanwhile in came His Eminence and the religious flocked about him. Whilst tea was being served, the Superior brought down the little angels and showed them to the Cardinal, saying how much they all admired them, and how much they cost. He took them to the window and inspected them closely. "Yes, they are well worth the money," he said. Then pulling his purse out of his pocket, he laid the sum on the table. "A Christmas Gift!"

When the first burst of gratitude was over, the Cardinal looked from one sister to the other with that (May the Lord forgive us!)—mischievous look in his eyes, and said, "I believe it was all a put-up job!" From that time to this the phrase has been a classic.

May Our Lord preserve His Eminence to us for many long years and then bring us all together to keep everlasting Jubilee.



The Rainbow

A tribute to Our Lady, under this title in single rhythm.

By EMILE MARY CHAPCOTE

Arch of the Heavenly Spheres; the cloud shall
be,

However dark, a resting place for thee,
Thus where life's raindrops fall most heavily,
Art thou, O Mother, shining o'er the sea,
Whilst we are toiling onwards wearily.

God shines upon us through; we look to thee
And count His very rays which break in thee;
We dare not lift our eyes our Sun to see,
Whose dazzling splendour needs some veil, to be
Approached by us in our infirmity.

He veils His splendour in the cloud, that we
May gather up His promises in thee;
And as on earth we bend our gaze, we see
His graces all reflected beautifully
In sevenfold glory, as they rest on thee.

Thou Rainbow of our dark humanity,
Exemplar beautiful of the One in Three,
Whose sevenfold gifts are found to be in thee,

Whose every grace doth blend harmoniously,
Each heightening the other endlessly.

Light, uniform, declares the Unity;
Light, three in one, reveals the Trinity;
And from this threefold oneness, lo, we see
The love of God reflected gloriously
In seven bright Rays which find their home in
thee.

Rainbow of our sad lives, we hope in thee,
For hope was given to them who look to thee.
Mother of Hope art thou; for where we be
There looms the thunder-cloud, and yet we see
God's love therein, so long as we have thee.

Promise of God, Who lives and shines in thee;
Who may forget His wondrous clemency?
Who adore such love as points to thee,
That made thee what thou art, so thou shouldst
be
The Rainbow of His great Benignity.



MOTHER—TENDEREST WORD AND WORLD'S BEST FRIEND

By Anne Sutherland, Guelph

I SUPPOSE even to his baby consciousness Mother was different. In her arms the world had no terrors for him, and in the tender, God-given curve of her throat, his round, fuzzy little head found its dearest resting-place. When he whimpered discontentedly and everyone fussed and blundered round him, Mother knew the light was too strong for baby eyes, and turned his basket away from the sun. Pins had no sharp points in Mother's careful fingers, and baby scowls never mirrored themselves in Mother's tender eyes. When he found out one joyous day that fat legs were made to walk with, Mother made her arms a safe port to sail into with chuckles of delight and triumph. The safe port was there all through the years that followed, but the restless little vessel sometimes took to broader, more venturesome seas and forgot to "turn again home."

Bumps and bruises rudely halted the busy routine of his play-world, when six years rested on his curly head. Unwitting sympathy always made them harder to bear, but Mother knew a way to make the pain vanish and the smiles chase away the tears. Perhaps it was just the funny face she made. When one laughed at it the pain went away. There was measles-time too. Mother held his hands then and told him such a thrilling story of a Rabbit-who-wanted-a-turnip, that he quite forgot how badly he wanted to scratch the red spots. Mother was the best kind of doctor.

Then there was the funny song that Mother sang as she whirled the sewing machine that

turned out his neat little blue suits,—a song about a snow-white horse who carried little boys off to Dreamland—"trot, trot, trot!" He loved that little song. When in later years he learned to distinguish between a light aria and an oratorio, when Chopin romances and Wagnerian themes rippled or thundered on his hearing, no music thrilled him as did that little tuneless thing his Mother sang.

When he was ten he splashed gloriously in water-colors and fancied himself a famous artist. Later years were to show him the artistry in Mother's fingers when she made their shabby living-room a thing of beauty and a joy to live in. His Mother gave him that appreciation of the beautiful too; but he did not know that, when, in young manhood, he swaggered a little and criticized the dinginess of her little kitchen garden and the old gray shawl she wore.

When he was a tiny chap, Mother told him the story of Hiawatha, and all through his childhood years she kept unfolding other treasures of literature for his delight. Together they explored the richness of Treasure Island; together they sat at the Round Table, and together beat on the donjon walls with Monte Christo. Yet a sad moment came when Mother's tongue made a little slip which brought a sharp reproof to his lips. He did not know then that Mother had been so long a pupil in the School of Life and had poured over such high and sacred subjects in her curriculum that perhaps she was neglecting her primary studies a little.

It was odd, too, how Mother's simple philo-

sophy came face to face with him all through life in the words and the lives of great men he encountered. When he left High School to attend University, he expected to have all that left behind him and to be confronted with something infinitely wiser. But his Mother's own little silver gems of truth kept gleaming out at him from his lectures and his books and in the precepts shown him by his superiors. Mother had taught him the futility of wishing without striving, and Benjamin Franklin gave him back her words. Mother had endowed him with an alert love for the natural world, and Wordsworth and Bryant took up her task. Mother had led him by the hand one day over a rough and thorny bit of road, that he might know the divine element in forgiveness. Later the full glory of the Cross burst upon him, as she had intended it should, when in the Chapel he heard the text, "Father, forgive them—"

Then there were Mother's ideals. They seemed, somehow, to belong to his Mother: Beautiful, pure, wonderful, but too fragile for the sort of world he would have to live in. So, very early in his youth, he discarded them, gently, kindly, for his Mother's sake, but definitely, none the less. And he adopted some other ideals he found lying around loose in the world he lived in. He buckled them on for armour and went forth to fight the battle of life with a proud light in his eye. Long, long years he fought, but his soul's dream never came true, and when he began to investigate the cause, he found that his own ideals were poor protection from the blows that fell to his lot. So he looked around among the best fighters and chose a suit of armour like theirs. And, then, though the battle raged on and the blows scarred his body, his hair growing gray and his shoulders stooped, his soul was unscathed,

and in the dim distance his Dream began to take shape.

Then word came that his mother wanted him—for the last time. So he left his fighting and went to her bedside, and when he looked down at her, suddenly a great reverence came upon him and a great tenderness. He saw her then as she was, and as she had been, all the blind, blind years of his life—Martyr, Mother, Doctor, Tender of Home, and Body and Soul, Diplomat, Financier, Artist, Musician, Philosopher, and he thought of his great stupidity and his great unworthiness, and bowed his head. But presently he felt her hand just above his heart, tugging at his armour.

And she said: "My son, where did you find these Ideals you wear for armour?" And he answered proudly, "Mother, they are the ideals of the best and wisest men in all the world, and I have chosen them from among all others after years of futile search."

Ineffable tenderness came into her eyes.

"Look at them, my son," she said. And he looked. And they were the same she had given him long, long ago—the beautiful, pure and wonderful ones he had thought unfitting to his world.

They were, after all, her legacy to him. And he draws on them now and thinks humbly of the debt he can never pay, and infinitesimal part of the great Son-Debt of the world.

But I think, somewhere in the shining realms, a little Mother-Saint smiles her gentle smile and watches Heaven's entrance for the tall son whose armour against the world's vicissitudes will also be his passport to Heaven, the shining, white armour of a crusader against wrong—ideals wrapped around his very soul and buckled on by prayer—the prayer of his Mother.

Mother Day, Guelph Mercury.

My Tribute

[Lines addressed to the late Mother Bride, by an old and valued pupil, and found among her papers after death].

By MAMIE ELLIS

In Convent days, I read in some old book
 On Venice, the dream city of the sea,
 That once an artist made a quaint wine-cup,
 And it was fashioned so exquisitely,
 So sensitive, that if within its depths
 Were poured one drop of poison, howe'er
 rare,
 The delicate, fine crystal instantly
 Would shatter into atoms . . . I compare
 A virtuous soul unto this priceless cup:
 Pure, undefiled, no evil can it hold,
 A chalice filled with grace and love divine
 As lilies bear within their hearts of gold.
 And such a soul is thine: like some rare pearl
 It glimmers through the clouds and mists of
 Life,
 Its steadfast gleam brings hope to wanderers,—
 Those who have left the way amidst the
 strife.

Hold still thy soul like the Venetian glass
 Among the cups of earthen-ware less fine;
 Give freely of thy fervent, heartfelt prayer
 That they be filled with sanctity like thine.
 If I could be a little child again
 In sanctuary, far from the world's call,
 And in Loretto's Chapel kneel once more
 There peace would come—peace that sur-
 passeth all.

Could I but utter all the dreams I dreamed
 In Convent days, when I with angels trod,
 Perchance I might have sounded one sweet note
 To bring some soul, world-weary, back to God.
 O Mother loved, remembered through the years
 Thy counsels are, thy faithful, tender care.
 The angels carry to the great White Throne
 The names of those thou offerest in prayer.

I know thy prayers will bring me safely home,
 Where I shall see thee with God's own saints
 stand;
 He placed thee here to light the treacherous
 way:
 A precious cup, wrought by His Master Hand.

Awakening

Once when golden seemed the world,
 And golden seemed the way,
 Joy and I walked together
 All the summer day.

Joy put garlands in my hair,
 And laughter in my eyes,
 And we wandered o'er the world,
 Seeking Paradise.

Years and years I dwelt with her—
 How she haunts me still!—
 All the little shining gifts
 Of her gay goodwill.

But at length I made complaint,
 For my heart grew wise:
 "Roses fade and bubbles burst,—
 And where is Paradise?"

"Paradise in seeking lies,
 Quickly Joy replied:
 Here's another rose more fair
 Than all they that died."

And I took this last sweet bloom,
 Tore its petals free;
 "Die at once, since die you must;
 Phantoms weary me!"

Then I turned and walked away,
 Slow and strangely still;
 Joy gazed after in amaze
 From a flower-crowned hill.

Loretto, Brunswick Ave. M. O'B.

A FRENCH-CANADIAN HOLIDAY

A FEW weeks spent in an ideal French-Canadian atmosphere is a privilege worthy of commemoration more lasting than its ephemeral enjoyment. This unpretentious tribute, therefore, to scenes and people and experiences that afforded me such pleasure last summer, is not intended for a travelogue, but rather for an appreciation of the Lower Canadians, the lights and shades of whose ways and characters I had the happiness of observing.

Montreal was the first stopping-place and although linguistic impressions are here as varied as may be expected in a large city, French naturally comes into prominence; however, railway information and advertisements bilingually worded rest in amicable propinquity. Montreal is too well known to call forth particular comment, but a certain section fenced in from the busy world without and in reality a world in itself, calls forth words of wonder and praise which bear repetition.

The Institution on Guy street, under the direction of the Grey Nuns, is truly a marvel! Here may be seen the seven ages of man, beginning even anterior to Shakespeare's "Infant mewling in the nurse's arms"; the remotest specimen of the genus homo lies battling with life in an incubator, while successive steps are marked by progress in gymnastic exercises, the skilful management of hobby-horses, and so on, until presented to view, are the last remnants of life's hobby-horses, faintly cherished in senile decay. And beyond even the seven ages, may be seen proofs of the immortality of one valiant woman, Madame d'Youville, their saintly

Foundress, whose tomb lies in the underground vault of the vast building and the furniture of whose room may be seen arranged as she had it well nigh two centuries ago.

All this is food for the meditative mind, as is also the exquisite perfection of the order which reigns through the whole building. If the active mind needs stimulus it is there abundantly, for every activity that could be conjectured is part and parcel of the daily life of this great institution.

Progressing eastward on my journey, I soon became impregnated with the exclusively French atmosphere into which I had passed. A few hours in Joliette initiated me into the element which was to prevail during my stay in Three Rivers and in Nicolet,—an element of culture and grace and courtesy in which the spiritual and the intellectual preponderated.

Here, as elsewhere in Lower Canada, the outstanding influences are the cathedral, the seminary and the convent, which pretentious buildings in some small towns especially, seem out of place; but only to the observer, not to the moralizer. In these institutions the French language is spoken in all its beauty, the traditional French courtesy is preserved, loyalty to nation and to family and to God is fostered, and in consequence the French-Canadian homes stand out as models to-day,—homes where family life is lived as God ordained.

Charming entertainment was received in Joliette from a Reverend Professor of the Seminary, a typical Abbé of the classic schools, who prefers Corneille and Racine to Victor

Hugo. His parting souvenir was a pamphlet on St. Thomas Aquinas, a scholarly production most interestingly written, of which he is the author.

From behind the grating of the Precious Blood convent issued also the same French courtesy. With elegance of manner and enunciation that would have graced the Court of Louis XIV., the French language was heard in all its beauty, and I realized that holy recluses are serving a national as well as a religious cause.

Three Rivers held the same charm and here also I felt the triple influence of cathedral, seminary and convent. Not alone are French manners and customs preserved and traditions honoured, but in equally reverential attitude, compliance with the Holy Father's wishes concerning church music, is admirably sustained. Gregorian Chant has here reached a point of excellence that bids fair to remain unrivalled in Canada. From behind the cloister in the Ursuline Convent, and echoed by the pupils in the choir, floated the wave-like tones in exquisite harmony as if angels were setting them in melodic motion to the rythmical flutter of their wings!

Response to the Holy Father's appeal is evidenced by the singing of High Mass and Vespers every Sunday, an achievement which scarcely elicits surprise, coming from religious; but on the part of young school girls it bespeaks unexpected appreciation of what is best in church music, as well as sacrifice required before reaching such a degree of perfection.

In the cathedral and seminary, under the very capable direction of M. l'Abbé Turcotte, the music is indisputably excellent. He leaves nothing undone to advance this good cause,

which is greatly furthered by his own musical skill.

Faithful to traditions, the greatest honor prevails at Three Rivers for the beautiful shrine at Cap-de-la-Madeleine, easily accessible by boat or motor. A typically winsome "petite demoiselle" who managed her capacious limousine with wonderful dexterity, was my guide to this famous shrine. After spinning along over a picturesque country road we reached the "Cap" in the full morning glory of a lovely June day. Here the story of the shrine was unfolded to us and we realized that we need not go abroad for sites of miraculous favours; we have them in our own country and we know them not.

The story goes that in 1652 a colony inhabited the "Cap" and were subjected to untold hardships; poverty and frequent attacks from hostile savages had left them destitute of everything save the consolation of their Faith. In the simple little church they had erected, Our Lady of the Rosary was specially honoured and the ever increasing devotion was signally approved of, when on Oct. 12, 1904, Rt. Rev. Bishop Cloutier of Three Rivers, in the presence of distinguished prelates, placed on the statue of Notre Dame du Cap, a crown of gold and precious stones. The reason of this honour lies enshrined in the annals of Cap-de-la-Madeleine.

A second church, built in 1714, was in 1878, far too small to hold the ever increasing congregation, so it was decided to demolish the old church and to build a more commodious one. The stone required for this building had to be brought from the other side of the river and the only hope of conveyance was over the ice when the river would freeze. January and February, however, came and went and the river did not freeze! The rosary was recited

publicly after Mass; the pessimists said: "Encore un chapelet inutile!" but the hopeful Curé persevered in prayer.

On Saturday, March 15, a covering of snow appeared on the river, with pieces of ice blown there by the strong wind. After Vespers on Sunday, a priest and a number of his sturdy parishioners ventured to cross over the fragile surface, and braving all peril, they reached the opposite side. That night a courageous man, M. Flavien Bourassa, succeeded with tremendous difficulty in constructing an ice-bridge, to cross which, despite the darkness, the fatigue and the danger, eight men fearlessly risked their lives. A light was kept burning in the presbytery window and they murmured hopefully: "Il n'y a rien à craindre: M. le Curé récite son chapelet; ce sont les Ave Maria qui nous portent!"

The following days waggons crossed over, a full hundred of them laden with 3,000 pounds! When the last load of stones had been carried on the eighth day, the ice broke up; meanwhile not a single accident had occurred. The new church was built, but the old church remains enshrining a miraculous statue of the Blessed Virgin, said to have opened its eyes on suppliants. This is the center of attraction for pilgrims and here many miracles continually occur.

Besides the shrine proper there are devotional appeals throughout the beautiful surrounding park. The Stations of the Cross are erected, the twelfth being a duplicate Calvary which can be mounted, and the fourteenth a tomb, the fac-simile of our Lord's tomb in Jerusalem. Through a narrow door one enters and beholds a figure of the dead Christ. The mysteries of the Rosary are represented in bronze figures, placed at intervals, and from one to the other the faithful go in procession,

saying the rosary, when public pilgrimages are made.

Those who were instrumental in honouring this shrine were Rev. L. Désilets, Rev. M. Duquay and Rev. Father Frederic, a Franciscan. Since 1902 the parish has been placed in charge of the Oblate Fathers, who are untiring in their efforts to afford pilgrims every spiritual advantage.

Leaving Three Rivers with the pleasantest memories, a short sail along the St. Lawrence brought me to Nicolet, where I noticed in perhaps a more accentuated way, the prevalence of religious influence. It was my privilege to receive hospitality at the Assumption Convent and to enjoy ideal French-Canadian life during my too short sojourn there. An atmosphere of culture and intellectuality again charmed me; the French language was delightfully spoken on all sides, and the grace and courtesy peculiar to the French people reigned everywhere. An additional attraction was the sweet simplicity of the pupils, who seemed quite unspoiled by the world's ways; they were just their natural selves as developed in such favourable surroundings, modest, self-possessed, good, pious; and on Commencement Day looked radiantly happy as they received their prizes, in their pretty white frocks with high necks and long sleeves!

These twentieth century young girls have no "movies" to teach them modern truths, or fallacies, and among them dancing would be considered as Eugénie Grandet considered attendance at the theatre, "un péché mortel"; but they sing like birds and play stringed instruments skilfully and the prize roll showed that for them no desirable branch of education was neglected. I could easily picture among them many a "Maria Chapdelaine," or "Evangeline," with the exception that these young

girls learn philosophy out of books and discuss it in its own terms, while the sweet heroines of fiction learned it from their own pathetic experience.

While the happy parents rejoice in such training for their daughters, they are equally felicitous in the education imparted to their sons. The Seminary at Nicolet must necessarily leave its stamp on any boy susceptible to the most desirable influence. M. le Supérieure is a scholarly Canon whose very appearance is ennobling. The grace and majesty of a Cardinal Mercier or a Cardinal Merry del Val adorn his person, and the institute reflects his intellectual power. The Gregorian Chant at Benediction revealed the status of musical aspirations, as the hundreds of voices so admirably trained sang God's praises as they ought to be sung.

To furnish relaxation for the students, an extensive grove back of the seminary has been beautified and adapted to amusements. As we walked through it beneath the thickly vaulted foliage, I was impressed with its perfect adaptability to a classic haunt. It seemed as if peripatetic philosophers should saunter between the rows of trees and expectant disciples be there to greet them.

Favoured with the view of French-Canadian life at its best, I was destined, however, not to leave my interesting locality without sharing in a scene of impressive realism. The morning of departure was dismal in the extreme; the steady downpour of rain had its monotony relieved only by flashes of lightning and peals of thunder. The little boat which had brought my two companions and me across, almost the only passengers to enjoy the scene from its small deck, was now awaiting us, but not us alone! The seminary had closed the previous evening and priests and students in goodly numbers were embarking bag and bag-

gage. The deck offered no shelter as the rain poured upon it, so there was no alternative but to enter the diminutive cabin where even the windows could not be opened, as the rain dashed against them. Suggestive of the Black Hole of Calcutta at first, by some miracle it admitted us all. We might have been more commodiously sheltered were it not for a rusty stove which monopolized the central position and an abundance of life-saving apparatus (against water only) which ultimately, however, furnished fairly comfortable seats. An ascetic looking young priest resting on one heap, read his breviary very piously; a tired habitant on another yielded to the superior power of Morpheus and treated us to spasmodic exhibitions of his full vocal range; in the "inner-court" of the cabin, separated by beams only, the men smoked and between times sang snatches of songs; a white-robed Dominican added his interesting quota to the scene and probably the two nuns helped to preserve the decorum which prevailed; a budding French poet, likely to make a name through his pretty verse, discoursed on the beauties of nature and the glories of literature; a youth and a maiden sat serenely side by side, oblivious of all save "Love's Young Dream"; a dear old lady closed her eyes to possible distractions and said her beads devoutly; and the writer posed as a "quiet observer" and wished for the talent of a Balzac to paint the scene with pictorial realism!

It seemed so like his "Jesus-Christ en Flandres," but without the tragic ending and the pathos, for "every soul got safe to land" and the thunder and lightning ceased and the deluge subsided and on reaching Three Rivers we trusted ourselves to land without any olive branch assurances of safety.

The aspects of French-Canadian life may possibly be manifold, but my impressions re-

main unchanged. Seen at their best, the French Canadians are model sustainers of ideal family life, of respect for authority, of veneration for wholesome traditions. They are happy among themselves and keen to preserve their national spirit; where holiness and culture are com-

bined as they exist in the seminaries and convents, the youths and maidens go forth enjoying their heritage, to preserve their nation's glory, "true to the kindred points of heaven and home."

M.D.B.



THE COUNTRY CHURCH

A RAY of warm, yellow sunlight streamed in through the stained-glass window. Granny Tucker's old Bible lay on the rack, suffused in shining gold, as though its inner beauty shone forth through the neat, grey calico covering. The same ray of sun made her folded, white hands seem almost transparent against her black silk dress.

Granny was proud of this dress. Had not her son, Peter, sent it to her from the city? And the first time she had worn it was she not serenely aware that it was one of the finest in the Dale? It mattered little to Granny Tucker that this was fifteen years ago, and that now the dress was sadly out of date. It was her Sunday dress, and it would in all probability, continue to be her Sunday dress till the day she died. It was Granny's intention to wear it forever, after that day.

The choir filed slowly in, now. The little congregation rose, and watched the snowy-surpliced figures take their places as they sang. Granny listened, and heard the voice of Peter, Jr., ring sweetly and clearly above the other boyish voices. How like his father at that age!

The dear old lady remembered when she and Samuel had proudly marched down the aisle of the Dale church, forty years before this, fol-

lowed by seven little Tuckers. And the seven little Tuckers had sat very still and listened to three more Tuckers, not so little, singing in the choir.

Granny allowed her mind to wander a little. She saw to-day, in the congregation, the same people that she had seen every Sunday for years. Most of the young people left the Dale as soon as they had learned all the little school could teach them. The more fortunate ones went to college.

The doctor and his bride, and the young dentist and his sister, who was visiting him from the city, were the really up-to-date members of the congregation.

Canon Martin's clear voice broke the train of Granny's thought. The service went on: "Here endeth the first lesson."

The church was in quietness, waiting for the organ to strike the opening chords of "From Greenland's Icy Mountain." The boy at the pump was not supplying the required amount of air to make the organ respond to the touch of the organist. As the congregation waited, they heard the familiar clump of Silly Jim's shoes, up the aisle. Granny remembered seeing this same performance every Sunday for years. But it never failed to provoke an inward smile. The old carpenter hobbled up to

the front pew. Standing in the aisle, he seized one end of the scarf which was regarded by the Dale inhabitants as a part of Jim; indeed, just as much a part of him as his arm or leg, because he wore it in all kinds of weather. He started to unwind it. Around and around went his arm until the old muffler touched the carpet, that carpet, the funds for which the good ladies of the Guild had held a Home-cooking and Embroidery Sale. But still Jim unwound, and finally he reached the other end. Then began the process of rolling it up into a neat little bundle. This accomplished, the old man fell on his knees and prayed devoutly for some minutes.

"Now I lay me down to sleep," whispered Freddie Geddes to his squirming little brothers. The boys giggled, and father Geddes reproved them with a look which spoke a language that they fully understood. They relapsed into an angelic stillness. Granny heard the youngster's version of the prayer, and agreed with it. For, rising from his knees, Silly Jim settled himself comfortably on his "pillow" and in a few moments was sound asleep. Some of the other men in the congregation envied the old carpenter, for there was no angular elbow at his side to probe him into wakefulness.

After the singing of the second hymn the old lady saw hawk-faced Annie's thin lips disappear entirely in a hard line. She was the landlady of the meanest boarding-house in the Dale, and was a notorious old crank. Granny found the object of her attention by following her gaze. It was fastened firmly on the pew across the aisle. Dr. Crawford's hand slid along the seat and his fingers entwined themselves around the tiny grey suede-gloved ones of his bride. Granny guessed the reason why the old crank looked so shocked. It was because she was jealous. She had "set her bon-

net" many times in her day, but the face under the bonnet always discouraged those who glanced beneath the black plumes which nodded on it incessantly. Many ruined reputations lay in the path of Annie's sharp tongue. For what she did not know about people she surmised.

"Hymn number four hundred and fourteen. 'Rock of Ages Cleft for Me,' " announced Canon Martin. The people rose and sang, with less harmony than enthusiasm, the latter of which they had plenty.

Christopher Cross, Esquire, familiarly known as Criss Cross, proprietor of the Dale's grocery, hardware, drygoods and confectionery store combined, rocked back and forth on his square-toed, tan brogues, verging on the yellow shade. Back and forth, the hymn-book clasped in his fat, dimpled hands, behind his back, he swayed in perfect time with the music. He swelled the "Amen" with a thunderous voice and sank exhausted to his seat.

The service drew to a close, and Granny heard the familiar jingle from the Lennox pew. Leonard Lenox, the Dale baker, sat and fingered the change in his pocket. His red face and fringe of hoary hair gave him the appearance of a Santa Claus. His face, like the good old St. Nick's, radiated good nature, and he was about as popular with the children as the aforementioned gentleman. Many were the spicy buns and rick cakes that found their way from the bakery into the hands of the Dale's younger generation.

The mellow keys of the old organ yielded forth the notes of Granny's favourite hymn. The gruff and the shrill voices blended with those of the boys and only occasionally Granny's ear caught a really beautiful note.

The last notes faded and the choir had filed out by the time the "Amen" was reached.

The sun now flooded the church. The

glowing rays touched the bald heads, the curly ones, the weird bonnets and a very few up-to-date hats, alike. Granny thought, "They are all humble worshippers in the House of

God, and all God's love is given to each one individually, whatever his peculiarities may be.

Isobel Griffiths. '26.
Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls.



A Resting Place for Two

By G. B. K., May 8th, 1924

I've built a simple little home,
A resting place for two;
Where all day long gay, warbling birds
About their busy tasks are heard
And whisp'ring trees by breezes stirred,
Surround my home for two.

And then beside my little home
I've planted flowers sweet;
For-get-me-nots and mignonette,
Shy valley lilies, violets
And bleeding hearts I'd not forget,
Because he loved them so.

This quiet little house of mine
Has only one small room;
A marble couch on either side—
A Cross between—whose shadows hide
My tear-dimmed eyes—till ebbing tide
Shall bear me on to him.

Enshrined within one marble couch
My loved one calmly sleeps;
A smile upon his lips impressed,
His gracious hands across his breast,
His eager, busy feet at rest—
All earthly tasks well done.

Some day I too shall rest within
This little house for two,
Meanwhile, God send His presence here
To guide and help me and to cheer,
As o'er and o'er his words I'll hear:
"You'll come to me e'er long, my dear."

In that far distant land, I know
His spirit waits for me,
To greet me on that other shore,
When all my lonely journey o'er,
I'll be with him for evermore
In a Heavenly home for two.



AN EXPONENT OF CATHOLIC CULTURE

By MARIE ANTOINETTE DE ROULET

AMONG those Catholics whose amazing versatility fits them for a Mission, rather than a Profession, is Cecilia Mary Young whose Mission it is, by the exercise of her talents, dramatic, literary and musical, to vindicate Catholic Culture.

This culture is a union of the best elements in the learning and the civilization of antiquity, transmitted and transformed by the Catholic Church, with the rich folk-thought and chivalric cultivation of the much-maligned Middle Ages; and with the most scholarly, as well as the most romantic, works of the moderns. The most authentic characteristics of any modern European or American civilization have been borrowed from the Catholic Tradition, as have whatever truths are contained in any religious system. Aside from its Supernatural character, the Church has influenced the world tremendously as the exponent of a Philosophy, a Civilization, a Culture. It is so that Hilaire Belloc treats it in his lectures on the future of Europe.

It is this aspect of the Church that commands the respect of non-Catholics for its intellectual force. The able practice of any art or craft by a Catholic increases culture within the Church and serves to call the attention of those without the Fold to the Catholic heritage, —to admit ignorance of which, is to confess a defect in one's education. It, therefore, directly or indirectly, extends the influence of the Church.

Such is the function of Miss Young's dramatic work, through which she is best known. It is widely diversified in scope,—including, as it

does not only the direction and production of amateur plays and pageants; and, in many instances, the initiation and perpetuation of the Catholic Little Theatre impulse, but also the preparation of Dramatic Exhibits, membership on the Editorial Board of the Catholic Drama Guild, and innumerable services to fellow-dramatic-workers—and it influences her other activities, literary and musical.

A harpest of no mean power, her recitals take the form of dramatic monologues with musical accompaniment, while her compositions for the Irish Harp were written as a concomitant to the performance of the Yeats' version of "Deirdre."

In like manner her literary work, aside from her labors as a writer of plays and a deviser of pageants, deals chiefly with things dramatic in general; and, in particular, with the "raison d'être" of Amateur Theatricals, their animating ideals and the methods of their execution.

An intensive experience in the production and direction of Home, College and Community Drama, has served to strengthen Miss Young's conviction as to its salutary effect upon old and young, the well and the sick. In this last respect her experiments in amateur dramatics for invalids may lead the way to new developments in Occupational Therapy, since in one institution where theatricals were introduced under her direction, for recreational purposes, it was found that the morale of the performers was greatly improved thereby, and their physical condition benefitted materially.

The value of amateur dramatics as a bene-

ficial recreation for both the temporary and the permanent invalid, is equalled by its use in opening new vistas of amusement and occupation to the physically handicapped, whose interests in this field are served by two of Miss Young's own plays: her clever arrangement of John Farrell's "The Dumb Girl of Genoa" for the deaf and dumb; and "Eileen Aroon," which is perhaps the only drama in existence that was written expressly "to be acted by the blind for the blind."

Another new departure from stereotyped forms is apparent in the two Mono-dramas from her pen: "Josephine," a vivid impersonation and exemplification of the character and vicissitudes of the unfortunate Empress; and "Emmett," a singularly sympathetic interpretation of the gallant Irish Patriot, through his sweetheart, Sarah Curran. Given with harp accompaniment, these dramas form the most picturesque part of the author's repertoire for the Lecture Guild, of which she has been a member since 1920.

Influenced by Irish and French History in the conception of "Emmett" and of "Josephine," Miss Young has allowed the spirit of American History to make itself felt in the shaping of her other plays, which include "Mr. Washington Visits Castlewood," skilfully arranged from Thackeray's "Virginians."

An appealing little one-act drama with a Civil War setting is "on a Kentucky Stair-Case," which lends itself readily to performance in any home equipped with a stair-case.

More extended in scope is "The Illini Trail," a Pageant-Play presenting the chief episodes in the History of Illinois, from its inception in the days of Father Marquette, through the exploits of La Salle and Tonti, the devoted heroism of the Jesuit and Recollet Missionaries, the charm of the early French

settlements, the stirring days of the Lewis and Clark expedition, the Admission into the Union, the Convention that nominated Lincoln, and the World's Columbian Expedition, to the final scene that symbolizes the progress and prosperity of the present day. This is one of the few plays of its kind in which one can discern the Catholic forces among those who shaped the destinies of Illinois.

The performance of this Pageant in Chicago, during the Illinois Centennial Celebration of 1918, for which it was written, inaugurated Miss Young's public work in dramatics and the drama, as well as in those minor activities that are the inevitable result of her mission as an exponent of Catholic culture.

That one, at least, of those missionary activities, antedated this is suspected by those readers of "America" who were interested in the "Children's Crusade for Peace," initiated in its columns in 1915 by "C.M.Y."

In firm agreement with those who believe that the most successful method of minimizing the corrupt and immoral Stage of to-day lies in opposing to its tawdry commercialism, artistic, entertaining, and ethically sound amateur theatricals, Miss Young has rendered them much invaluable service, not the slightest of this being the compilation of her "Catalog and Review of Plays for Amateurs," which is issued by the Loyola University Press.

Although Miss Katherine Brégy was the first in this field, with her List of Plays suitable for Catholic Schools, Miss Young is the first to originate a Catalog listing plays for people of all ages. The Catalog reviews the popular one-act genre, the National and Folk Dramas of foreign countries, Plays with historic settings, Pageants, Pantomines, Entertainments for invalids and the physically handi-

capped, as well as wholesome drama for men, women and children.

Undaunted by the wearisome task of reading, weeding out, and annotating hundreds of plays, and undiscouraged by the extreme difficulty of securing sufficient Catholic plays, the compiler has produced a book the practical usefulness of which has been demonstrated by the early exhaustion of the first edition.

The second edition is even more useful, since it contains a complete index of authors and titles, many additional plays, and a table of characters.

Serviceable as the Catalog is to all Dramatic workers, its value is further accentuated by Miss Young's contribution to the cause of Catholic Drama—the institution and development of the Service Department of the Drama Guild of America. This Department offers authoritative advice in regard to choosing, interpreting, and presenting plays, and the solution of the many problems incident to their production.

Nevertheless, indispensable as are her services along these lines, Miss Young's public wants work from her of a more personal stamp; since Art is, after all, the expression of personality imbued with a universal appeal and projected with a finished technique. Such technique is hers, while universal and individual values are evident in her plays. It is, therefore, eagerly anticipated that her dramatic power will manifest itself in further contributions to that for which she has so untiringly labored—the Catholic Drama.

Matin Song—Arise! Arise!

Dawns not the day without thy wakening eyes;

The mist that in them lies

Delays the blossom of the Eastern skies.

'Tis at their light alone the darkness flies,

And Night, despairing, dies:

Behold thine altar free for sacrifice!

Arise! Arise!

—Father Tabb.



Silence

The waves do not tell the cold, silent moon

That they yield to her influence;

The dew in the heart of the rose

Does not speak of its bliss;

The honey-bee laden with clover-sweets

Whispers not whence

It sipped, nor reveals the dear name

Of the flower that received its soft kiss.

The sunlight that scatters at noon

Dazzling gems o'er the earth,

The vine pressing close

To its tendrils, the branch as it sways

And with kindred branch lovingly meets,—

All are silent, repressing their mirth.

May not I be the same,

Aye, mutely responsive always!

M.B.D.



AN ALLEGORY

Youth sat on the doorstep as dusk was falling, and wistful, asked of me, "Tell me, good Mother, is it true that all life's loveliest things are beyond the reach of mortals? When I was small, I clutched at the sunbeams eagerly, and they danced away from beneath my very fingers. As I grew older, I reached in vain in the blossoming garden for the lost spirit of Beauty I knew was wandering there. I plucked the red rose and lifted petal by velvet petal till I came to the tender heart of it, but the source of its sweet perfume I could not discover. The skylark sang for me as only a skylark can, a pure, passionate flood of music, outpouring from a slender bird-throat, but lo! the song died away, and I could recapture it never more. I talked awhile with Sin, and he told me that even one's ideals are lost to one in the world's maze of experiences. I spoke to Age, and Age showed me her withered cheek from which the glow had gone forever. Ambition speaks sadly of hope never realized, and Fame calls his crystal palace an empty tomb. Love calls me now, but Love is sacrifice; Midsummer is upon the world, but midsummer nights fill me with a sadness I cannot name. The very stars in their far-away orbits hush Youth's happy heart to an awesome quiet; this elusive scent in the darkness, whence comes it? Why can I not reach out and capture it in my restless fingers? The breeze that steals in and out among the leaves and blows back the grasses and ruffles

this golden hair of mine, it maddens me; it is elusive, unconquerable, tantalizing. The purple mist on the distant hills, the silver sheen of the moonlit water, the drowsiness that steals into my garden and touches the flowers to rest, the very spirit of worship in my heart—why must they all be will-o-the-wisps, vague, haunting things whose loveliness lures on, only to elude, and beckons but to baffle and bewilder?"

As Youth spoke thus passionately, Love, who is Sacrifice, stepped from the shadows and laid in her restive arms a little child, whose tender cheek was all aflush with slumber, whose silky hair was mussed and whose darling head drooped like a drowsy rose, ere it fell contentedly to its curve in Youth's slender throat.

Magically, the petulance departed from Youth's lips, and into her eyes came the hushed tenderness that was the Madonna's bequest to all good women who take upon themselves the consecrated burden of motherhood. Slowly she bent her head to bestow a kiss upon the baby's brow, so soft that it did not awaken him.

I turned away with a sigh. "Ah, Youth, I murmured, "not all Life's loveliest things are beyond our reach." And Dusk fell upon the picture.

Anne Sutherland.

Guelph, Ontario.

ONE SUMMER'S PILGRIMAGE

CHAPTER IV.—LUCERNE, PARIS, LOURDES

HAVE you ever made your way out of Italy in mid-June when the summer heat becomes a little too ardent? and have you taken the route marked out so accurately on the colored folder, half map, half diagram, given you as you leave Milan for Lucerne? If so, no account of this paradise, lying at the foot of the Alps and all but surrounded by one of the most beautiful lakes in the world, will seem too highly colored. On the other hand, is the pleasure still in store for you? If so, it will seem the grossest exaggeration. But the pilgrims pronounced this part of their journey an unmixed delight, one in which body as well as soul had a good share.

The little rail coach glided gently along, now past stretches of country laid out in fruit orchards, whose trees supported garlands of grape vines, as well as their own burdens of pears, apricots, or olives; now skirting the most ravishing little villages and towns, some of them nestled picturesquely on the comfortable side of one of the mountains that form a continuous chain in this part of Italy; again, alternately dipping into a tunnelled mountain and circling its narrow ledges. Nearly all objects in the valley below looked like children's toys—a motor car, resembling a black beetle, a man angling by a stream with a red sunshade over his head, like a crimson toad-stool. Circling down again, there is a transformation no less magical. A little streak on the hillside, the merest thread of white in a seam of rock, turns out to be a dashing water-fall coming from a fissure fifty, a hundred, two hundred feet long.

One cannot exaggerate when going through the Alps, rather one lacks terms to do its wonders and delights the scantest justice. The engineering skill which achieved a passage through and around such huge obstructions, is little short of miraculous.

The air breathed in while going through the tunnels, one of which is twenty minutes long, is unpleasantly laden with gas, but one forgets that in the fresh breeze laden with scent of shrub and wild flower which refreshes the senses at frequent intervals along the route. Once clear of the dark passage-way, the flood of sights and sounds and odors, lifts one beyond the power of the longest tunnel to depress.

The sail from Flüelen to Lucerne, on that most heavenly of lakes, so clear and still that every tower and chalet and bower of greenery has its reflection more beautiful than itself, will never leave the memory. The Pilgrims stored up images of it all, which will refresh them for many a day to come.

It was raining when the vessel reached Lucerne, but the sky still held a mysterious reserve of light, which no cloudiness could obscure, and the air was fresh and invigorating. Everything combined to produce on the pilgrims an elation of mind unusual, but far from unwelcome. The nights were cool and quiet. The pleasure-seekers evidently reckoned sleep among the advantages to be secured. But the proprietor of the quiet hotel, to which Cook's agency, prompted by the Pilgrims' desires, directed them, met them with the sad tale that it had been raining in Lucerne for six weeks,

almost without a break. It was hard to believe him, in spite of his melancholy face. That meant six weeks of dashed hopes for him, and he said he hoped they brought better luck along with them. Fortunately they did, for after one day more of it, some bright weather set in, and people availed themselves thereof in every way possible. Groups of mountain-climbers passed by at every turn; boat whistles in the harbour invited everyone early in the morning to embark and explore the chain of lakes and the enchanting spots on its borders, for the rest of the day. An open-air music hall near the main thoroughfare held morning and afternoon concerts to beguile those who could manage to feel anything resembling ennui.

Early Mass, or a series of Masses at the "Hofkirke" that crowned the main street with its twin cone-shaped towers, and flung its morning message in a melody of bells, was a feature of the day's program, and lent it value by infinite degrees, especially when six Masses were said at the same time, and one felt six times blessed and happy because of them.

There, one evening, an organ recital was given by H. R. and F. J. Brietenbach—father and son. It wound up with an original Pastoral-Fantasia of singular beauty, one that, while it gave the musicians a chance to reveal their genius, showed off all the fine points in the great organ. People were admitted by ticket into the church, and while there, observed as much reverent decorum as they would have done had the occasion been a purely religious one.

One needn't be young again to enjoy the displays in the shop-windows and stalls in Lucerne. Most of the wares are works of art. The wood-carved articles, ranging in importance from a life-sized bear to a tiny wayside

shrine, an inch high, are not only ingenious and novel—though some, it must be confessed, are only curious and grotesque—but they bear testimony to the industry of the people, who spend their winter months preparing for these summer sales. How much more interesting this labour of their hands than the turning out of machine-made articles, which abound in our own country! The spick and span-ness of everything here, from the orderly parks and gardens, to the blue and white enameled street-cars, the very floors of which are immaculate, betrays the thoroughness which is second nature to this sturdy race. A little less strenuousness along material lines, a little less of "this worldness" which as a rule, hardens the lines in their faces and unspiritualizes the countenance, might be desirable; but their hardy lives, many of them spent in the fastnesses of their mountain homes, must be held responsible.

Though it was the latter part of June, troops of children going to school as early as eight o'clock were met. Even their faces reflected something of the grimness and severity of their elders, as if life were a no less serious affair for them.

It was no surprise to find that the very tops of one or two of the great mountains which form a rampart around the city, were inhabited. Their summits are daily scaled by the most dauntless climbers, though an electric railway threads the sharp steepes for the less valiant. At night search-lights swing round the valley, inviting the adventurous to make the ascent and to drink chocolate or tea in the pavillions up there, if only to revive their frozen spirits and remind them that it is still summer down below. Of course it is always cold on these heights, as well as windy. Even those who respond to the invitation, admit that the experi-

ence is more thrilling than agreeable. As for the Pilgrims, they were content to say "Good morning!" to Mt. Rigi, the king of mountains here, happily visible from their windows when the sky was clear, and to see his form reflected in the waters below, with all of his fair, and none of his fearsome features.

One is sure to make a few mistakes on a first pilgrimage, and to learn wisdom too late. Let me warn my readers, when they outline their travels through Europe, to leave two weeks, at the very least, for their stay in Lucerne, or their departure will be filled with regrets.

The rail journey from Lucerne to Basle and from there to Paris, was uneventful. The weather was extremely warm and the country flat and uninteresting. Paris, her important self, suffered much by comparison with Italy and Switzerland. Perhaps it was the contrast or a reversion to conditions more or less normal; perhaps it was the pitiless heat and glare; or perhaps—let me confess it, against all tradition in the reputation of this nation—perhaps the brusqueness of public officials, the mad rush of cars and trucks and motors in the congested down-town thoroughfares, helped on the unfavorable comparison. Some may enjoy being hurled through the Bois de Boulogne, the Champs Elysées, those far-famed pleasure grounds, by a chauffeur who cannot be restrained from "keeping the pace" in spite of appeals eloquently framed in faultless French (?) But the poor pilgrims lose their breath even now at the mere remembrance and retain few pleasureable memories of the event.

No lot is, however, wholly desperate. There were some friends on Avenue de Saxe whose kindness alone made their coming more than worth while and their stay in every way profitable and pleasurable. These friends liter-

ally "mothered" the Pilgrims, and with a courtesy truly ingenious, made them forget every inconvenience, including the weather. Under their auspices, they visited Notre Dame, the Madeleine, Montmartre, Napoleon's tomb, and as many of the religious and historical shrines as their time allowed. A visit to the Louvre, to a special Belgian Art Exhibit and a tour of the principal shops, including the Bon Marché, filled the morning and afternoon of their last day. Then they turned their faces towards the little town whither their hearts had preceded them long before—that of Lourdes.

A long, somewhat tedious night, spent in a day-coach, was the prelude—fitting, no doubt, to the spirit of a pilgrimage, although pillows, rented at the station mitigated the rigors thereof. One of the pilgrims had sprained her ankle badly, before leaving Paris, as if to give Our Lady of Lourdes a chance to show her power in effecting a cure. Against all warnings of prudence, the sprained ankle walked in the procession at the Shrine, and stood before the Grotto like all the healthy ankles around it. But contrary to all misgivings, and to the warnings of prudence, bandages were removed on the following morning, and all pain was gone, while somebody's faith in Our Lady's intercession was rewarded.

A vast crowd filled the Basilica and its approaches on the day of their arrival. They could hear the hymns and prayers that went up from them, long before they reached the spot. An order of stretcher-bearers, in a kind of harness uniform, drawn, it would seem, from families of the highest social rank in the land, ran about attending maimed and invalided pilgrims. These were dipped in the baths by a band of white-robed attendants, men and women, inside the alcoved apartments, built over

the stream. Kneeling on the bare earth within the enclosed space leading to the baths, a priest besought Our Lady, in tones the most urgent and ardent, to add to her many cures this last one: this victim of paralysis; this fire-scarred child; that helpless cripple whose tears flowed more, perhaps, because of the wishes and hopes of those who brought her there—her near and dear ones—than because she could bear her affliction no longer.

Before such sights as these, who could refrain from making the sufferer's cause one's own, even forgetting one's own in sympathy for those of the sufferer? So vivid does faith become in this atmosphere of the supernatural, that few would have been surprised had the figure in the Grotto descended and bestowed the blessing in human form, in the sight of all.

Thirty or more altars, upon which the Holy Sacrifice is being offered at one time, and these in use from early dawn till noon hour, is the usual thing during the course of a pilgrimage; so the morning is all but spent in the Basilica, a building vast enough to accommodate everyone—if not all at the same time, at least at several of the Masses. The night procession, when all the inhabitants of Lourdes, as well as the pilgrim bands, are armed with tall candles in blue and white paper sconces, is a feature of the stay here which no one can forget.

Perhaps the simple, not too beautiful melody, "Ave, Ave, Ave Maria," sung continuously for hours, with no attempt at an impossible unison of voices, begins to pall somewhat upon the critical ear. But stand aside and watch the faces of the singers, walking four, six, eight abreast in that endless procession, see how their hearts rather than their voices are using this formula to express a devotion, to which no formula can do justice, and the comment is suppressed at once.

The "Hotel Anglais," in the near vicinity of the Grotto, was chosen by the Pilgrims for obvious reasons, not one of which was justified, alas! for it catered neither to English needs nor to the English tongue, and only went to prove that worldly methods for attracting the unwary traveller, may be employed even in this unworldly place. To be strictly fair, there was one functionary, a waiter, who could understand and speak a little English, and his good-natured efforts to please, redeemed all other shortcomings.

Did the Pilgrims witness any extraordinary cure? No—not because there were none performed, but because of the many precautions on the part of authorities that no cure may be announced until it has been confirmed by a board of medical men, who subject the patient to a thorough examination before and after immersion in the miraculous waters. It was an inspiration in itself to see the eager crowds surrounding the fountains, filling their straw-covered bottles with the water, and drinking freely of it, as the day was extremely hot. They proved that the supply was no less reliable than the miraculous quality.

A farewell visit to the Shrine and a night train to Paris closed an episode of the pilgrimage which has made the word "Lourdes" doubly dear. Every shrine bearing that name will be a reminder of those precious days.

One more encounter with a French official—conductor and porter combined, who rated the Pilgrims roundly because, after deciding to have but two of the berths made up, they dared to change their minds and order three! "Did they really want two sheets apiece? What extravagance! what airs!" That outburst over, he became quite lamb-like and before long had given to the inconsiderate aliens a full history of his family, and of his daugh-

ter, a nun, of whom he was evidently very proud. freshment to them, to exchange the Pilgrims' French currency into English, the following

After a friendly treatment on the part of the much-maligned English Channel, and in night found them in Folkestone, where they rested en route for London.

spite of a crowd of noisy excursionists on board, , Pilgrim.
and a purser, too busy dispensing liquid re- London Abbey.

Lines Called Forth by an Exhortation

Before he spoke that day, I felt
As I had felt for long:
Some little had been gained;
Some leagues of upwards journeying lay behind.
Time, I confused with distance, that, with progression:
Even as, at intervals, I deemed the mists
That overhung the mountain top
So far above the valley's level,
Measured off one half the way.

But that one clarion voice from out the cloud
Made all things clear.
The parting mist, though but an instant's
glimpse affording,
Showed me myself:
A trifling loiterer, on an erring way.

"Dear Lord," I cried, "all these long years
I've wandered,
Thinking in self-delusion—
Born of blindness, seven times sad,
That I was nearing Thee——"
"O with that ear which hears the bleat of lamb
Upon the distant wold,
Find me yet once again;
Yet once more set my blundering feet
Upon the Way,
And gather me one day
Within Thy sure and hallow'd Fold!"

Loretto Abbey.

C.A.C.

TWO PINE TREES

At first I thought they must be very lonely, but I soon came to the conclusion that they are very fortunate—those two pine trees. They stand at the summit of a steep and rocky hill, where they are alone in their grandeur, amid the dwarfed saplings that cover the slope. They live in splendid isolation, visited, I think, only by the winds and me. Far away and entirely apart from all confusion, they stand and think, those wise and stately pines.

On their bed of enticing pine needles, many times have I lain, loving their pungent smell, loving the soft, lazy sky and the golden haze that hung over the earth. Many hours have I spent there and felt that I loved the whole world, and have known with the sureness of perfect faith, that I was loved by the world in return. Then when I have not loved the world, I have loved my pine trees, faithfully and well and have told them so. At such times, their enduring greenness and serenity, outlined against a turquoise sky, is like a benediction from Nature's own lips upon my troubled mind.

Once I slept under their guarding arms, and a royal thunderstorm, caught me unawares, but the panic that followed my awakening was quickly dispelled. The two trees over my head wrestled with the wind, but I felt no fear, and when the storm died down, it was summer twilight, and I stood under the dripping branches, drinking in comfort with the soft, cool air. The evening lay blue in the valley, and enveloped the hill in its tender glow.

So I said good-bye to the pine trees and started down the hill. At the foot I turned to glance at my trees once more, and they were dark and mystic against the deepening sky. Then the moon came up behind them as

I watched, and I went my way gladly,—with a song in my heart and the fragrance of pine needles lingering in my nostrils.

Peggie Meehan.

Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls.



The Absentee

The sleepy little stars look out

From downy quilts of blue,

The breezes hum a lullaby,

And birdlings slumber too;

Home flies the heron to her haunt,

The shadows flit and start,

And longing for the home-folk comes

Quivering to my heart.

The church-spire in the distance looks

So wondrous dark and high,

The poplar's slender fingers seem

To touch the star-lit sky;

Flushed clover-blossoms stir in sleep,

The grasses lie at rest,

And I the only living thing

Without a mother's breast.

Yet in a moment I shall hear

A good man reverently

Read out the promise that protects

The dear home-folk for me.

Serenely I shall go to rest.

While One His vigil keeps

Who watches over Israel

And slumbers not nor sleeps.

Guelph.

Anne Sutherland.

Review of Books

The following books, published by Benziger Brothers, 36-38 Barclay St., New York, are recommended warmly to the readers of *The Rainbow*:

A Novena in Honor of Blessed Therèse of the Child Jesus (The Little Flower of Jesus), by Caryl Coleman, with a preface by Rev. Wm. Charles, Pastor of St. Vincent de Paul Church, Albany, N.Y., to which are added the Proper Parts of the Mass in honor of Blessed Therèse. Beautifully printed in rotogravure on sepia paper. Illustrated. Retail 15c; net price 10c each; \$9.00 per 100, \$75.00 per 1,000.

Ever since the story of this little Carmelite nun and her "Little Way" to great sanctity, was made known, there has been a demand, on the part of her friends, for some definite form of devotion in her honour. Public prayers to her were not allowed by the Church until the seal of its approval had been affixed by Rome. That seal was secured on the 9th of April, 1923, at her solemn Beatification, and since then the devotion has full authorization and approval. Caryl Coleman, one of her devotees, has given us a novena with special prayers for each day, containing pictures of various phases in the Beata's life; and a copy of the principal parts of the Mass in her honour is appended. The introductory essay by Father Charles, a fine piece of writing, gives the main points of The Little Flower's life in brief, and mentions some of the methods by which she sanctified herself. It proves in itself an impetus to the devotion expressed in the ensuing novena. The modest price of the little book puts it within the reach of all.

The New Roman Missal. As an aid to a more accurate knowledge of the Church's liturgy, as well as to the consequent devotion and loyalty of the faithful, I can imagine none more efficacious than the constant use of the Roman Missal. It puts one in more intimate connection with Holy Church, and helps to make Her interests and intentions identical with one's own, in a way not realized by any other means. Father Lasance has done a service of vital importance to the entire body of the faithful in bringing out this new Missal. It includes, between its covers, not only the most exact Mass rituals for the entire year, with all additions and changes up to date, the Masses of Blessed Sophie Barat, St. Jane de Chantal, Blessed Julie Billiart, St. Angela, Blessed Soeur Therèse, but all the prayers that are contained in other prayerbooks: indulgenced prayers, Litanies, ceremonies for Forty Hours, Stations, and devotions for the reception of the Sacraments. The introduction is a splendid piece of writing, rich in information and suggestion. Binding, paper, size and lettering are all excellent, and the price reasonable. Imitation leather, red edges, \$2.75. Finer bindings from 3.25 to \$9.50.

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Kelly. By Martin J. Scott, S.J. 12mo. cloth, net \$1.50, postage 15c.

It is hard to say why the title of this book suggests power and snap, but it does, and a reading confirms the suggestion. The red wrapper — uncompromisingly red — is relieved by a black tracery, which suggests the smoke, as the red does the fire, both of them characteristic of the factory town in which the plot is laid. A capital versus labor problem is developed with interest and dramatic detail. Pope Leo's Encyclical on the subject forms the

basis for most of the arguments, and the necessity for good labor leaders is shown up with force, as the narrative proceeds. A love story runs through the book, which is perhaps too obviously secondary to the main purpose to secure more than passing notice, the plot lending itself, as it does, to such a full discussion of Capital and Labour questions. It becomes evident to the reader that the principles laid down in the famous Encyclical, offer the only remedy for the evils that have arisen in the attempt to reconcile these rival claims. Father John A. Ryan, an authority on such matters, is quoted in a foreword, as saying: "The general practice of fraternalism as exemplified in this story, would bring about an unmeasurable improvement in the spirit of the relations between capital and labour."

* * * * *

A significant book by a new author: **Missy.** The Heart Story of a Child. By Inez Specking. 12mo. Cloth. Frontispiece. Net \$1.25.

A tiny youngster toddles up the street, taking three uncertain, hurried steps to father's measured one—and we smile delightedly. A weather-beaten cat passes furtively, a drooping horse comes ambling along—and again we smile at the child's unbridled ecstasy. But perhaps the little girl's big doll loses her hair, or her brother breaks his jack-knife (you know, the one with the pearl handle). And if once more we smile, our hearts go out in honest sympathy for the black tragedies of youth.

"Missy" has the same appeal. With a rich and pervasive humor, but with full appreciation of the inevitable tragic elements, Miss Specking shows us the heart of a child. The theme of the book, the development of a Catholic girl from her fourth birthday to her twentieth, is sketched in a score of sparkling incidents.

We have to go to secular literature, to Tarkington and Mark Twain, to find a parallel.

Children themselves will enjoy "Missy." Adults, allowing it to arouse a thousand precious memories, will enjoy it much more. Teachers and parents—priests and sisters—all who know children and love them—should read it. It will particularly interest those who are alert for new and significant trends in Catholic literature.

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Thy Kingdom Come. Morsels from the King's Table. By Rev. J. E. Moffatt, S.J. 32mo. Cloth. Gold stamping on side. Net 30c. Postage, 5 cents. In quantities, \$28.00 per 100.

Father Moffatt here offers sixteen brief, informal reflections on the Eucharistic Presence, with the hope," he says, "that these few pages may, with God's grace, help some souls to find in the Divine Prisoner of the Tabernacle a loving companion in their exile here below."

By gentle persuasion, by revealing the rich beauties of the tabernacle, he encourages the reader to seek its comforting shelter. His simple but eloquent meditations will bring strength and consolation to many hearts.

The author draws his material from the familiar experiences of the average man and woman. Consequently he strikes home to the reader with the full force of every thought he expresses.

The size of the book is perfectly adapted to pocket or handbag. As a remembrance to cherished friends, it has a dignity and permanence, in spite of its low cost, that makes it more appropriate than the conventional greeting card.

On the fly-leaf it carries an artistic design with space for sender's and recipient's names, and is neatly enclosed in an appropriate Christ-

mas envelope, ready for mailing. It will solve many "gift-problems," especially for priests and religious.

* * * * *

The Dearest Girl. A Story for Girls. By Marion Ames Taggart. Author of "The Cable," etc. 12mo. Cloth. Illustrated. Net, \$1.50.

Miss Taggart returns to the Catholic juvenile field with new characters and a new type of story. Young people who treasure their copies of "Blisslyvania Post Office," "Loyal Blue and Royal Scarlet," "Three Girls and especially One," agree that this is rare good news.

Pamela Harecourt, an orphaned Protestant fourteen years old, goes to live with her weal-

thy aunt. Accidentally she comes into contact with a Catholic family and is attracted by their Faith. Her aunt, learning this, disinherits Pamela and sends her back to her sisters.

The author portrays Pamela's character in such wholesomely attractive and cheerful colors that every reader will delight in the very happy ending of the story.

The trials and varying fortunes of the lovable "Pam" keep the reader in a fever of excitement throughout the book. There are many smiles and an occasional tear as interesting episodes follow one another in breathless succession.

"Bunch," the temperamental pony, and the Skye terrier, "Minch," would alone make it a lively book.



THE GOOD AND BAD IN MODERN DRESS

THERE is an old saying that "clothes make the man." This is an exaggeration, but like every assertion of the kind, it contains much worldly wisdom, for clothes by their prepossessing or unattractive character, secure either a favorable or unfavorable opinion for the wearer.

Women have been sensible of this through all the ages and frequently consider their apparel as an adornment rather than a protection. A continual argument is waged between the adherents to and the opponents of the prevailing mode in women's dress. The former credit it with the particular virtues of the age, the latter with the most glaring vices.

The fashions of the day are responsible for neither, but are the product of both. Before entering into a consideration of the clothes of to-day, let me state that they are no better

and no worse than those of the Elizabethan and Victorian eras. The mode of to-day is as near as, or I should say as far from the ideal as in any preceding age. The follies and vanities of the twentieth century as expressed in sleeveless gowns, sheer silk stockings and hiking suits, modelled on men's attire, merely offer a contrast to the foibles of past ages, expressed in the bustle, immense sleeves, low-necked dresses, which are not an innovation of this century, and uncomfortably confining clothes.

The prevailing fashion is the mirror in which are reflected the morals and general tendencies of the time. When a nation is filled with unrest and the populace unsettled, bright colors and odd designs are favored. When there is a flagrant disregard for purity, and immodesty is rampant, the fashion displays it in the immodest attire it sponsors. The nations

which are conservative in their governments are usually conservative in the matter of dress; those which are extreme in government are extreme in dress.

One of the pleasing features of the best types in modern dress, is that they are generally healthful and comfortable. The loose, straight dress is modest and attractive. The hats of to-day are sensible and afford more protection than the bonnets of the sixties, while the flat, low heeled shoe has more of utility than the narrow, high-heeled slipper worn by the belles of the nineteenth century. The dress of that age is indicative of the artificial, conventional life led during that period; that of the present is indicative of the active, unconventional, domestic life of to-day; the extremes of the one recall the intrigues, deceits and depravity of a past century, those of the other exploit the immoral license, disregard of law and defiance of virtue that is so prevalent now.

One point of controversy relative to modern dress, is the morality and advisability of women wearing knickerbockers or other attire lacking a skirt. Such dress is certainly contrary to that advanced by a regard for God's law, and no woman may indulge in such apparel without lessening her sense of modesty, lowering her character and imperilling her reputation.

Modesty is to woman as the delicate bloom on the fruit. When the fruit is touched the glow is lost and may never be restored. Its

presence protects the fruit and prevents any imperfection from gaining an entrance. The sense of modesty is a subtle defense against any transgressions of the laws of purity; but if once lost the character is open to the inroads of vice.

The prevailing fashion of short-sleeved and extreme décolleté evening gowns is immodest and lacks beauty. The bizarre combinations of colors and materials in sports outfits is inartistic, vulgar and altogether lacking in good taste. Transparent materials do not afford protection and are merely the expression of an indelicate character, devoid of fastidiousness.

We, as Catholics and future graduates of Catholic Academies, have an urgent duty to check as far as possible the popularity of such attire. But even those outside the Catholic Church should be interested in suppressing immoral and indecent fashions, because, since they reflect the moral conditions of the nations, their existence argues the presence of forces which lead to the disintegration of the home and nation. Also the more strenuous sports in which women are now taking part, chiefly to assert their independence and right to do and wear what they please, are in the opinion of eminent medical authorities, injurious, and make women unfit for the duties of a mother. This should excite our patriotism.

Let us combat indecent fashions and try to remedy the defects of modern dress, thus aiding in a noble work for God and Country.

Margaret Ross.

Loretto Abbey.



— G O L F —

PERHAPS the most embarrassing moment in a man's life occurs when he finds himself among friends whose topic of conversation is unfamiliar to him. Only those who have fallen among a group of golf addicts can fully realize the bewilderment and pathos of the situation. "Birdies, eagles, stymies, and par" are thrown about with the utmost recklessness; and the uninitiated sits alone, silent, weeping, cursing fate, and railing at his ill-starred destiny. Later perhaps he seeks the enlightenment of the dictionary—his friends were communing in Hottentot as far as Mr. Webster is concerned. "Golf," says the lexicon, "is a diversion, or an amusement in which the sportsman smites a gutta-percha orb with a hooked bat-club similar to the curved wooden instrument used in the recreative contest usually denominated 'Hockey.' " Having assimilated this instructive and illuminating definition, he dismisses the subject as an intricate mystery; until the family medical practitioner advises exercise, or he falls into the clutches of some vitiated golf fiend, usually a tyro at the game,—golfers in the more advanced stages of the disease have learned to conceal their sin.

Once inoculated the victim is placed in the hands of the scheming club-professional. Having selected the heaviest, dearest, and most impractical golf-bag, the heartless professional crowds it full of clubs—driver, brassy, spoon, driving-iron, cleek, mid-iron, jigger, mid-mashie, mashie-niblic, niblic, rake, approaching-cleek, and putter, usually informing the victim that more clubs can be added as his game improves. Then comes the tailor; sport coat and knickers of the color one yearned for

when a boy, woolen stockings with embroidered tops, all are carefully selected to make the most dignified man ridiculous.

The neophyte, now thoroughly brazen about the matter, since he can not possibly retreat, seeks the golf-course. Several hundred acres of hill-side, cliff, ravine, marsh and flat, have been made to resemble the battle ground of the Cyclops, or the nightmare of a demented landscape artist on Midsummer Night. After several most careful surveys, the longest and most difficult way has been laid out as the course. This in the process of construction has been augmented by the addition of numerous sand-pits, bunkers, stone quarries, a few lakes and medium-sized rivers.

But our prospective golfer whom we left on his way to the course, is now entering the grounds with his beloved friend. With a firm and elastic step beneath the fifty-pound bag, his cheeks delicately tinged with the dawn of new health, and little drops of perspiration gently trickling down his spinal column, he trips lightly over the green sward. At the club-house he discovers that his golf suit is a deception and a fraud, for the old-timers, perhaps friends of his, are dressed in clothes built for comfort and abuse. The caddies eye his bag with suspicion. His ever-useful friend has assured him that it is only a couple of miles around the course, and no one would think of hiring a caddy, for merely driving a little ball around is no exercise. Of course he has omitted the trivial details of stooping over, balancing on one's toes, the wrenching jerk when the club ploughs through the sun-baked turf, or the nerve-racking effort to retain balance when

the club sweeps through the unresisting ether. His fieldish friend has become accustomed to the mountaineering—the descent into the precipitous ravines, the clambering over sand-pits and bunkers. He also has acquired a coat of tan, while the new enthusiast will broil in the sun to acquire a delightful and healthful deep-red sunburn complexion. Two miles straight ahead—but not when one is stalking the little white sphere as it zigzags from bush to bush enlisting on its side the shark-mouthed mosquitoes.

The “dub” arrives at the first tee. His friend tees the ball on a hillock of sand an inch high, in spite of the protests of the beginner who desires a six-inch mound at least. Again under protest the neophyte is forced to take the delicate-looking driver in place of the sturdy mashie-niblie he had chosen. “Fore,” calls the starter and three balls shoot down the course. The recent convert swings gingerly; the club swishes through the air. “One,” counts his friends and counsels, “Keep your eye on the ball.” Again he swings, this time not so gingerly, displacing a square foot of clay, but the illusive ball rests placidly on the hillock of sand. “Two. Can’t you keep your eye on the ball?” demands his friend from the “side-lines”—friendship ties are rapidly dissolving. Some one laughs, not loudly, but one

of those provoking titters. Again the club ascends on high to descend in a wild, uncontrolled attack on the ball. The result is one broken club, one lost temper, one ruined tee, and a white ball ten feet down the course. His false friend or dear enemy selects the brassy, and the tedious process is begun again. His quondam friend stops counting at seventeen, and after a heroic struggle they reach the green. Here our apprentice realizes the appropriate name of the putter, for he putters, and putters wrathfully around the green patch until at last the elusive ball condescends to drop into the cup. And so the “dub” fares the first day; by night his enthusiasm has shrunk visibly, but pride still holds him to the game.

Gradually he learns the game, learning to dash wildly to cover when “fore” is called. The anger of parties to the rear teaches him that strange balls are not to be picked up on the fairway, and that balls are not lost on the green. Experience also accustoms him to assume a disappointed look when he has executed a difficult shot, and to speak about “being a little off his game to-day.” By the time he has reached this stage, he is either seeking exercise in some field or he has become a golf-maniac.

A. L. Weldon.

Chicago.



THE CATHOLIC STUDENTS' MISSION CRUSADE

Mission Crusade Notes.

May. The Loretto Abbey Unit of the C.C.S.M.C., Toronto, is wide awake in spite of the final examinations which loom darkly on the horizon. The members saw to it that the field Day programme should include one of its activities. This was cordially granted. The result was that a certain door leading from the concert hall directly to the basket-ball field, generally closed and bolted, was not only open, but decorated with a gorgeous Mission Crusade Shield and flags—promising signs of the delights that lay within. When the games were over so great was the rush to this door for ice-cream cones, home-made candy and lemonade, that the assistants had all they could do to hold their ground and meet demands. But the objective, a monthly instalment for the Mission Seminary, was attained, so that difficulty vanished into thin air. As usual, the enthusiasm was sufficient to conduct an entire Mission in China or darkest Africa. Too bad that any of it should be lost upon lesser things! One piece of wisdom has been reaped, whose educative value cannot be exaggerated: "When pleasure and duty go hand in hand they become all pleasure."

Sept. On Sunday, the twenty-eighth of September, the first rally of members of the C.C.S.M.C. for the new school term, was held in the Study Hall, at seven o'clock. The Moderator read the financial statement, addressed words of encouragement to the members for their charitable undertakings, called for the enrollment of all new boarders, suggested activities for the coming year, announced the result of a candy-sale held a few days before;

and wound up with an election of Unit Officers and a Membership Committee of three, whose special duty it is to induce day-pupils to join in the spiritual and material activities of the organization, in order to render the Abbey Unit second to none. The result of elections was as follows: President, Mary McKittrick; Vice-President, Cecilia Harris; Secretary, Helen Patrie; Spir. Secretary, Moira Matthews; Conveners of Membership, Eileen Lee, Geraldine Zuber and Bessie Cloney. The second named Convener is qualifying for a position in Parliament, or so her friends are forced to believe, from the finished and professional manner in which she moves "that nominations be closed," sometimes it must be confessed before they have well "opened." It was a "moving" spectacle when she ventured to "move" for the —nth time that a certain friend of hers should be nominated, and the Chair took it for granted that she meant to close the list again! —and said "Not yet."

A GRAND RALLY OF C.C.S.M.C.'S AT ST. ANTHONY'S CHURCH.

That the crusade movement, which was organized in Canada some three years ago, has excited missionary enthusiasm in the hearts of the children of the Toronto schools was abundantly evident on the Feast of Corpus Christi, when over 1,200 youthful Crusaders gathered in St. Anthony's Church for the celebration of a Solemn High Mass for the propagation of missionary activity throughout the world. The schools represented were St. Peter's, St. Francis', St. Helen's, St. Clare's, Holy Trinity,

Loretto Day School, St. Catherine's, St. Martin's and St. Anthony's.

At nine o'clock the procession, consisting of St. Anthony's Unit of the C.C.S.M.C., bearing the Crusaders' banner, with its motto "Cognosceitis Veritatem," entered the church singing the Crusaders' Hymn, composed for the occasion. It was an impressive sight; the red crosses showing vividly against the girls' white uniforms, the marshalled array, the recollected faces, all brought one back to the days of St. Bernard or of Peter the Hermit. Mass was celebrated by the pastor, Rev. J. McGrand, with Rev. L. Hodgins as deacon, Rev. B. Markle sub-deacon, and Rev. James Fullerton Master of Ceremonies. St. Anthony's Girls Choir sang the "Mass of the Angels."

Rev. Francis Flanagan preached an effective sermon on the appropriate text, "He shall have dominion from sea to sea and from the river unto the ends of the earth." In the course of his sermon he reminded his youthful hearers that the heavy artillery of the Catholic Church was the prayer of the children. "As Christ looks over the world to-day," he said, "what a consolation it must be for His Sacred Heart to see so many youthful apostles volunteering for His army. As the knights, in the Middle Ages, made their promises of service and fidelity, so, after the Mass, would they promise to aid Christ in the conversion of the world. Some of those present will surely receive the inspiration to consecrate their lives to the home or foreign missions, either ministering at God's altar, or in the class-room or hospital, here in Ontario, in Western Canada or in the Field Afar."

The spectacle of five hundred children approaching the Holy Table, the perfect order and reverence observed, could not fail to give the impression that the Catholic Students' Mission

Crusade is now firmly established, and that the Units already formed will radiate energy on every side, until all the pupils in Canadian schools are enrolled under the banner of the Crusader.

Following the Mass, Rev. M. J. McGrath, Chaplain of the Crusade, addressed the children on the achievements of the great missionaries, pointing out that they were once little children like themselves, and that their glorious works were the result of good resolutions made on a day like this. He then repeated to them the beautiful Crusader's Act of Faith, in which occurs the striking statement that "Faith is a plant that dies unless it can spread."

"Holy God, We Praise Thy Name," sung by the children in unison, brought the impressive ceremony to a close. Three of the newly ordained priests, Rev. Fathers Hodgins, Hickey and Markle, gave their blessings to the large congregation of children.

WHERE CATHOLIC WOMEN HAVE A WORLD TO CONQUER.

(From "America," May).

Is modern Catholic women looking for fields of activity and for worlds to conquer? Here is at least one world laid open for her enterprise, and nobly has she already acquitted herself of the great task set before her. This is what the editor of "Catholic Missions" has to say of Catholic women's activities in and for the foreign missions:

"The missionary activities of the Church still show us that women are superior to men in the zeal and numbers which they give to the advancement of God's cause. At home, there are many more Sisters than Priests, and in the foreign mission fields there are about three times more women engaged in missionary

work than men. Woman's love of souls makes her rise above her natural timidity. She faces the cold of the Arctic North and the heat of Equatorial Africa. She lives among the Eskimos, the Tartars, the Zulus, and the Kaffirs, with this one object in view," to win all to Christ." In the most remote corners of the earth the missionary Sister may be found, busy in works of charity, in school or orphanage or leper asylum.

"At home, too, the women can teach men

a lesson in mission co-operation. In almost every parish and diocese the majority of promoters of the Propagation of the Faith are women. But for their zeal the Society could not exist. The sacrifices they make enable many a missionary to live.

"If all American Catholic women sensed," he concludes, "what a happiness it is to work for the missions, to help in gathering in the harvest white for the reaping, a new era would dawn for Christianity."



A Prayer for Priests

Keep them, I pray Thee, dearest Lord,
 Keep them, for they are thine—
 Thy priests whose lives burn out before
 Thy consecrated shrine.
 Keep them, for they are in the world
 Though from the world apart,
 When earthly pleasures tempt, allure,—
 Shelter them in Thy heart.
 Keep them, and comfort them in hours
 Of loneliness and pain,
 When all their life of sacrifice
 For souls seems but in vain.
 Keep them, and O remember, Lord,
 They have no one but Thee,
 Yet they have only human hearts,
 With human frailty.
 Keep them as spotless as the Host,—
 That daily, they caress—
 Their every thought and word and deed,
 Deign, dearest Lord, to bless.

ALUMNAE NOTES

LORETTO ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION

Patroness	REV. MOTHER PULCHERIA.
Hon. President	REV. M.M. CHRISTINA.
President	MRS. JAMES W. MALLON.
First Vice-President	MRS. W. T. J. LEE.
Second Vice-President	MRS. V. A. McDONOUGH.
Treasurer	MISS IRENE FINN.
Recording Secretary	MISS FLORENCE DALEY.
Corresponding Secretary	MISS MABEL ABREY.
Convener of House Committee	MRS. W. B. HORKINS.
Convener of Entertainment	MISS HELEN SEITZ.
Convener of Membership	MRS. ROBT. RANKIN.
Convener of Press	MISS TERESA LALOR.

The annual meeting of the Alumnae was held June 4th at the Abbey, the President, Mrs. James Mallon, in the chair. From the reports of the various committees it was shown that the association had had a very active and a very successful year. At the close of the business meeting the members adjourned to the drawing room for tea where they were received by Mrs. W. T. J. Lee, Vice-President. Following a time-honored custom, the year's graduates were the guests of honor upon this occasion, the Alumnae deeming it fitting that it should be their privilege to be the first to welcome Loretto's graduates as they emerge from her portals; to entertain them and to wish them God speed through this journey of life upon which they are embarking so gaily and oh! so confidently.

The tea-table, presided over by Mrs. Edward Sullivan and by Mrs. E. J. DeVaney, was very lovely, centered with a silver basket of pinky-lavender flowers and maidenhair fern, with candles in corresponding shades.

The Alumnae extended a specially warm welcome to two of its out-of-town members present that day, Mrs. Bernard Sweeney of Denver, formerly Florence McConnell, and Mrs. Joyce, of Petrolia.

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Two other "old girls" who gladdened our eyes and our hearts by a visit to their home city this summer, were Gladys McConnell, now Mrs.

George Fowler of Colorado Springs, and Adele Dwyer, now Mrs. James Montgomery of Chicago.

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The autumn meeting of the Alumnae held Tuesday, October 7th, at the Abbey proved a particularly enjoyable affair. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given in the Abbey chapel, after which the members repaired to the assembly hall, where the business meeting was held. Then followed a particularly pleasing programme, Miss Evelyn Lee giving a delightful rendering of Chopin's Ballade, and as an encore, Godofsky's Waltz. A unique feature of the afternoon's programme was "Flora's Holiday," a cycle of old English songs arranged by Lane Wilson, and charmingly rendered by Miss Rolston, Miss Sinclair, Mr. Vinton and Mr. Pedlar, pupils of Mr. Dalton Baker, who accompanied them. Tea was served in the Abbey drawing-rooms from a table, lovely with autumn flowers, the tea hostesses being Mrs. James O'Neill and Miss Kate Lambe.

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On November 20th the convention of the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae commences in Philadelphia. Mrs. James W. Mallon will attend as the delegate from Loretto, Miss Gertrude Sullivan being appointed alternate.

* * *

The Alumnae extends sincere condolence to the Institute of the Blessed Virgin upon the death of Mother Bride, Mother Eugenia and Mother Winnifred; to Mrs. Edward Downey and Mrs. Frank Phelan upon the death of their father, Mr. John Maloney; to Mr. John M. Copeland upon the death of his wife, formerly Miss Agnes Cooley.

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The good wishes and felicitations of the Alumnae are extended to Miss Nora Teahan, who

was married to Mr. John Keenan of Owen Sound, June 23rd; also to Miss Katie Millar, whose marriage to Mr. Rowlands of Montreal took place in St. Basil's Church, Toronto, on July 2nd.

Congratulations to Mrs. Thomas Gallivan (Eva Barker) upon the birth of a daughter.

* * *

The Alumnae is devoting all its time and energy these lovely autumn days to insure the success of its Fancy Fair, Bridge and Euchre, which takes place Saturday, November 29th, in the Pompeian Room at the King Edward Hotel. We have been most fortunate in securing excellent competent workers to take charge of each booth, with Mrs. Harry Roesler as convener of the Fancy Fair and Mrs. W. T. J. Lee convener of the Bridge and Euchre.

LORETTO NOTES

NOTE: The College, or July number of the Rainbow, carried no "Loretto Notes" other than those concerned directly with College matters. The present column deals with items gathered since last May.

May 2.—Boys' Choir from Our Lady's Church, Guelph, gave a Recital of their Choral work prepared for the Ontario School Contest. That they carried off the second prize, a silver medal, surprised none, but rejoiced all, and justified the verdict given at this Recital. We hope they are aiming at the gold medal next year.

* * * * *

May 7.—Congress of St. Gregory held in Toronto. Choirs which were under the general direction of Rev. Father Ronan, music director of St. Augustine's Seminary and Diocesan Director of Church Music in Ontario, were drawn from St. Augustine's Seminary, De La Salle Schools, St. Joseph's and Loretto Colleges, Academies and Schools throughout the

city—making two thousand voices in all. They rendered the Mass of the Blessed Virgin at the Cathedral, under Father Ronan's directorship and proved by the excellence of their performance that great strides have been made in conformity with "Motu Proprio." Twenty girls from Annunciation Parish School, New York, trained in the Justine Ward method by Mother Stevens, R.S.C.J., and under the direction of Theodore Heinroth of the Staff of Pius X. Choir of Liturgical Music at Manhattanville, N.Y., gave a marvelous demonstration of their vocal training at St. Michael's Hall. Their singing was a delight and a revelation. A sacred concert was given next evening in Massey Hall, at which girls' and boys' choirs from all over the city took part and gave evidence of their training along the new lines. The Manhattanville girls, who were the guests of Loretto Abbey during the Congress, gave a demonstration and were put to several interesting tests, coming out with honour in every case. A great impetus to renewed endeavour on the part of all who are concerned with carrying out the wishes of the Church, was given by this Congress.

* * * * *

May 21.—Letter received by Rainbow from St. Mary's Convent, Ascot, signed "Betty Arnold and Francesco Magee," answered in June by Winnifred Gauthier.

* * * * *

May 23.—Field Day carried on with a thoroughness and zest which a rather sharp and blustery wind tried in vain to modify. After a series of Swedish exercises performed with marvellous grace and precision, there followed a program of field sports calling for a variety of talents, some of them highly amusing to the audience. The winners in contests found their prizes on a table which made the veranda

gay, while their share in sweet victory made the winners gay. A Basket-ball and Tennis Tournament afforded opportunity for more winning of laurels, and these were fought for with warmth and awarded with cheers. Finally certain gastronomic feats at a Mission Crusade Booth were performed in which charity was the direct, and refreshment the secondary object. Then the Field Day passed into history.

* * * * *

May 30.—Received notice of new Loretto Manual, edited at Loretto, Rathfarnham, and published by M. H. Gill and Co., 50 Upper Connell St., Dublin, Ireland. The book may be had in a variety of bindings and at corresponding prices. It is a very complete manual, containing all that the old manuals had, including morning and evening prayers; also a great number of devotions not in the older editions. We congratulate the authors on their enterprise in producing such a welcome and handsome book, and we commend it to our readers.

* * * * *

June 7.—College Mass and Baccalaureate Sermon by Dr. Carr, Rev. President of St. Michael's College. (See July issue).

* * * * *

June 7.—Basket-ball match with Loretto, Niagara Falls. Gloriously beaten, the score standing 19-4 in their favour. Congratulations on the splendid team work, and a stirring of friendly jealousy at their skill and their victory. We count on a reversal of honours in the near future.

* * * * *

June 8.—Afternoon tea for Normal students and teachers. Pleasant reunion of old friends and introduction to new.

June 12.—An event of more than usual importance occurred on this date at Loretto, Hamilton. A Sacred Cantata, composed by Sister St. Alban, I.B.V.M., Mus.Bac., was performed by St. Patrick's Church Choir and the Ladies' Orchestra, under the direction of Miss Florence Filgiano, Lic.Tor.Mus. The Cantata is built around well-known passages from the Psalms, including, besides the title verse: "Who Shall Ascend Into the Mountain of the Lord," "He shall receive blessing from the Lord," "Blessed are the undefiled" and "Praise the Lord in His Holy Places." The music portrays faithfully the spirit of the different themes, and concludes in a majesty of volume that inspires and thrills. The Choir to whose musical skill is due this first performance of the Sacred Cantata is to be congratulated, and the author warmly commended on the ideal nature of her theme and her masterly achievement in giving it so fine a musical setting.

* * * * *

June 16.—Rev. Vincent Hickey celebrated one of his first Masses in the Abbey Chapel, and gave his blessing to Community and pupils.

* * * * *

June 17.—Rev. Martin Johnson, President of C.C.S.M.C., celebrated one of his first Masses in our Chapel, gave his blessing and met the members of the Crusade on the "planks" at recess hour. Sincere regrets are expressed at his appointment to a foreign post—foreign to the Crusading centre.

* * * * *

June 20.—Graduating and closing exercises. A morality play, "The Hour Glass," given: four Choral numbers: "Nocturne," "Mid Sylvan Glades," "Wind Flowers" and "Haste Thee, Nymphs," followed by Valedictory read by Viola Harris, and the conferring of gradua-

tion and Academic Honours. The Graduates were: Viola Harris, Mary Murray, Mary Clarke, Margaret Milne, Dorothy O'Gorman, Marjorie Dodds, Margaret Ross, Constance Nolan, Phoebe Milne, Beatrice Farrell and Eugenie Denomy.

* * * * *

Aug.—Too much cannot be said in praise of the movement whose aim is to revive the influence of the old historical and pageant plays by giving modernized versions thereof. The result is far removed from, and above what is presented to our youth in the movie theatres of the day. Prominent among those who are lending their talent to the work, are Rev. Daniel Lord, S.J., Rev. Claude J. Pernin, S.J., and Rev. Louis B. Egan, S.J. The "Pageant of Youth," by Rev. Daniel Lord, produced last year in Chicago, was a notable success. It is learned with gratification on the part of all who witnessed that event, and many who did not, to know that the second of a proposed series of ten of these plays, i.e., "The Pageant of Peace" will be performed during the coming November, in Chicago.

In view of this, it becomes a matter of sincere satisfaction on the part of the people of Guelph, and of congratulation on the part of their friends, to recall the share they have had in the movement. The production of the morality play, "Everyman," by the members of Our Lady's Tennis Club, last summer, was a splendid achievement. Not only was the acting far above that of the average non-professional, the costumes appropriate and handsome, but the stage setting ideal. With the facade of Our Lady's Church for background and the platform and steps for the stage, nothing more picturesque could be imagined and nothing more in keeping with the spirit, conceived. It is hoped that the large success scored that day

will be followed up, and that similar plays will be staged at intervals frequent enough to establish Guelph as an important centre for the revival mentioned above.

* * * * *

Aug. 14.—The visit from Rev. Father Cortie, S.J., distinguished member of the Royal British Scientific Association, in convention at Toronto University, was an honour and a pleasure.

* * * * *

Aug. 27.—The Rainbow hears with pleasure and pride of the honour bestowed by His Holiness Pope Pius XI., upon its old friend and valued contributor, Miss Mary Hoskin. The "Pro Ecclesia et Pontifice," awarded to those who have merited special recognition on account of services done for the welfare of the Church and its Head, was granted at the request of Most Rev. Neil McNeil, the Archbishop of Toronto, and Miss Hoskin is the second woman in Canada to receive the mark of distinction. That it was well deserved and that her friends have desired it for her, for many years, one need only recall the list of her good works to be convinced. For the past twelve years Miss Hoskin has held the responsible post of President of the Women's Auxiliary of the Church Extension in Canada. One may say the establishment of that branch of Extension was due to her initiative, as its flourishing condition to-day is in great part due to her untiring exertion and enterprise. But this is only one corner of the field which has won her such distinction. She established the Sodality of the B.V.M. in St. Basil's parish, and for twenty-five years was the chief supporter of the Community of the Precious Blood. She wrote a history of St. Basil's parish, and has found time to write a series of short stories and to maintain the double column in the Catholic Register, amid her other absorbing cares. Those who know

her well are quite sure that a list of the good works done by her in secret, would outshine those quoted above. May the recognition accorded by the Holy Father be but the foreword of the reward that awaits her in that World for which she has labored so faithfully and generously all these years.

* * * * *

Sept. 2.—All aboard for the year! A fair wind blowing and fair sails flowing.

* * * * *

Oct. 15.—Weiner Roast, followed by folly performance.

* * * * *

Oct. 16.—His Grace Archbishop Mathieu of Regina, Sask., offered the Holy Sacrifice in Our Chapel this morning and visited the Study Hall, where each pupil was presented to him, and he graciously presented each with a precious souvenir of his visit.

* * * * *

Oct. 20.—On our way to press, a new book by Rev. Mother Loyola of the Bar Convent, York, whose pen has endeared her to all devout readers and to those of her own Institute, in particular, has found its way to us. That she should have attempted so important a work as this, in her invalid condition, proves that her spirit is undaunted by her misfortune, and able, not only to "hearten" those around her, but to inspire the world at large. "With the Church" is the name of this new work. The preface, written by Rev. Herbert Thurston, S.J., says "it does not pretend to offer a systematic commentary upon the offices, lessons and prayers of the liturgical year. It is a collection of thoughts suggested by the different phases of the Church's mind, as her sacred reasons recur in due order, but the chapters are disconnected and reflect something of the writer's mood, as well as the spirit of the de-

votional formulas to which she so frequently appeals. It is this, in fact, which constitutes the charm of the book, for we all of us find it both pleasant and helpful to be taken into the confidence of those who think highly of high things."

One can hardly imagine a book more useful to the teacher of children, nor instruction more delightfully suited to the tastes as well as the needs of the pupil than this. It is sure to familiarize one with the phases and intentions of Mother Church during the entire course of her Liturgy, and in so doing arouse a new, understanding love thereof. The venerable author's renown in this line of writing makes anything like recommendation of her book in our pages superfluous; but we bespeak for it the wide circulation it deserves and sincerely hope the author will live to complete the cycle she has in mind.

* * * * *

Oct. 21.—Rumours that Rev. Mother General of Rathfarnham, Dublin, accompanied by M.M. Borgia, will return from their long sojourn to Australia, by way of America, has filled us all with joyful anticipation. It will be a new and pleasant sensation to see our sisters from abroad, though we should like to give them a warmer reception than the month of December is likely to provide, unless they arrive in time to spend Christmas with us. Then all will be well.

South Ascot, Berks,

21st May, 1924.

Dear Mary:—

Having read in the Rainbow your "Impressions of a New Girl," we are very interested in your school life, and wonder if you too would like to know how we spend our day, this being very different in many ways from yours.

We begin it at 6.30 a.m., when we are awakened by a bell rung by the Nun who calls us.

At 7 o'clock those girls who have not already gone into chapel for Meditation (which is at 6.50 a.m.) line up in the corridor and go to Mass. At 7.30 a.m. those who had "Rests" are called in time to be up for 7.45 a.m. breakfast. On coming out of chapel, we go into the class-room and put away our veils. We then go straight to the refectory for breakfast.

Having finished our breakfast we go and make our beds, and are in the class-room at 8.25 a.m. for study. At 8.40 a.m. comes drill for which Middle and Upper Schools take alternate days.

At 8.55 a bell is rung for a prayer, after which we begin morning classes.

At 11 o'clock we have lunch and twenty minutes recreation. We then go back to the class-rooms till 12.40 p.m. We tidy for dinner, which is at 12.50 p.m. After dinner we

go out for games or a walk according to the weather. When we come in, we begin work again at 3 o'clock. At 4.30 p.m. we have tea. After tea we say the Rosary, and then go to study, the time until supper being divided between study, and practice, for those who learn music. Supper is at 7 o'clock and is followed by night prayers and a hymn in the Chapel.

After that, we have recreation until 8.30 p.m., when everybody goes to bed excepting the Sixth Form, who stay up till 9. All lights are out in the dormitories by 9.20 p.m.

We do hope you will be as much interested in our school days as we are in yours. Would it be too much trouble for you to write an account of a day in your school life for our Magazine?

We should be very grateful for this and it would interest us all immensely.

Two English pupils of the I.B.V.M.,

Betty Arnold and Francesca Magee.

(Form IV.B.)



COMMENCEMENT WEEK AT LORETTO ACADEMY, WOODLAWN

Lawn Fete.

A happy-hearted band of students participated in the lawn fête given Thursday evening, June 12th, from seven till ten, at the Academy. The attractive booths were arranged and decorated by the seniors who also graciously served the refreshments.

At the close of the festivities, the call was given to assemble the volley ball champions. The Seniors then presented to each member of the team a specially designed gold championship pin as a token of their appreciation of the team's efforts and success in winning for Loretto, Woodlawn, the silver championship cup for the South Side league. A shower bouquet of roses was presented to Miss Loretto Galvin as she gave the final call for the Loretto Victory yell.

Baccalaureate Sermon.

Friday, June 13th, the Senior class attended the Mass and baccalaureate sermon given by Rev. H. Doswald, O.C.C., in the Academy chapel. After the breakfast which followed, a pleasant half hour was spent during which readings were given of a rhymed alphabet by Miss Marie Ruf, '24; the Last Will and Testament of Class '24, by Miss Margaret Corrigan, '24; a class poem by Miss Eleanor Miller, '25, and the class prophecy by Miss Margaret Walsh, '25.

Senior Banquet.

The Senior class of the academy was entertained at a banquet given Saturday, 14th inst., at the La Salle hotel, by the Woodlawn Loretto Alumnae, who on the happy occasion, welcomed the new members to their association.

Graduating Exercises.

The graduating exercises of the academy were held in the Scott Auditorium, Monday evening, June 16th.

Graduating honors conferred on Class of 1924. Valedictory, Miss Ruth Kahler. Address, Rev. P. Griffin; Field Secretary of the Catholic Extension Society.

Class Motto: Loyalty, Love and Service.

Class Roll.

Elinor Ruth Biersmith, Mary Elizabeth Birmingham, Annette Louise Brunn, Margaret Mary Corrigan, Evelyn Mary Crowley, Marie Teresa Culinan, Mae Lorene Greene, Margaret Clara Green, Eleanor Althea Heatherly, Mary Catherine Jacobson, Ruth Catherine Kahler, Irene Loretta Kelly, Beatrice Joan Myers, Eileen Rita McCaffery, Mary Margaret Reinert, Marie Louise Ruf, Olive Mary Smith, Irmagarde Vanderwall.

Scholarship presented by De Paul University, awarded to Miss Irmagarde Vanderwall.

Scholarship presented by St. Xavier College, awarded to Miss Marie Ruf.

Second Scholarship presented to Miss Margaret Green.

Lincoln Essay Medal awarded to Miss Mae Greene.

Eighth Grade.

Vera M. Carson, Alma M. Engh, Elinor G. Flynn, Mary K. Gallagher, Helen E. Hurd, Rosemary E. Kleutgen, Catherine M. McKinley, Josephine M. Newhart, Mary F. O'Kelly.

Irish History Prize awarded by Ladies' Auxiliary A.O.H. to Miss Vera Carson.

Argent



O come with me to Tivoli,
And 'neath the mystic shade
Of cypresses and sycamores,
Where nymphs and fauns have played,—

We'll reconstruct this crazy world
Upon another plan,
And fill it with a better kind
Of reconstructed man.

All this artificial living,
These hustling, bustling ways
Consume us with a longing
For the good, old-fashioned days.

We've lost the first-draft pattern
This many and many a year,
But we shall find one in a town
That's, happily, quite near.

You know the town I mean so well,
I needn't tell its name,
And though St. Francis is not there
Its character's the same.

For things that really count come first
In this unique old town:—
First God, then man, then bird and beast
To flowers and earth right down.

Each living thing that God has made
Can prove its title clear
To every least prerogative
That man denies it here.

If man was made for God Himself,
Then true to His first plan,
Are all His creatures everyone
For Him—but via Man.

There're sister bird and brother beast
And brother earth and air,—
And brother wind and sister rain,
All living by His care.

We've mixed these things somehow, of late
But they'll come straight again,—
And once they're all in order
His plan will stand out plain.

And some fine day we'll walk in line
In God's appointed way;
My! won't we all be glad we went
To Tivoli that day!

Hildegarde.



“By desiring what is perfectly good, even when we don't quite know what it is and cannot do as we would, we are part of the divine power against evil, widening the skirts of light and making the struggle with darkness narrower.”—George Eliot.

Of Disraeli's books, Ayseough says: “A cold, thin-lipped wit, ruthlessly sparkling, they often have; but humor never keeps where pathos is a stranger, and pathos knew better than to come near Disraeli.”

Christopher Benson says: “I believe that the reason why we, as a nation, love good literature so little, is because we are starved at an impressionable age on a diet of the classics; and to persist in regarding the classics as the high-water mark of the human intellect seems to me to argue a melancholy want of faith in the progress of the race.”

MISTAH HONEY BEE.

No one's makin' speeches
 'Cep' de honey bee.
 De principles he teaches
 Sounds right sensible to me.
 He says: "Keep lookin' foh de sweets
 Dat's growin' everywhere;
 An' if some no-'count weeds you meets
 Pass on an' don't you care."
 As he comes a-bringin'
 De goods f'um 'roun' de farm,
 He say: "A little singin'
 Ain' gwinter do no harm."
 I tells you, lots of us would get
 Mo' joy f'um life if we
 Kep' follerin' de example set
 By Mistah Honey Bee.

—Washington Star.

COMMUNISM.

"We've just got some new neighbors, we
 'ave."
 "'Ope they've got some gardnin' tools—
 we ought to start our bit o' ground soon."

"Is that play finished you were working
 on?"

"It is."

Has it been produced yet?"

"Yes, that's what finished it." — Boston
 Transcript.

A REMARKABLE CHILD.

The commuters' smoking car was filled,
 mostly with proud, young fathers, who had
 been relating endless anecdotes of the clever
 remarks made by their offspring. Finally Mr.
 Spiffington, seeing a hole in the conversation,
 started in by saying:

"I don't like to talk, but I honestly think
 that boy of mine is the most remarkable little
 fellow I ever saw."

Everybody yawned.

"Yes," pursued Mr. Spiffington. "He's
 six years old, and as far as I can recollect, he
 never said a bright thing in his life."—Boston
 Transcripts.

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To Mother M. Agatha O'Neil



Chiefly to whose foresight Loretto Abbey College
owes its inception,



As an educator courageous and disinterested,



As a religious zealous and sincere,



This College Anniversary Number of

The Rainbow

is affectionately inscribed



Ad multus annos!



Earth's noblest thing—a woman perfected.

VOL. XXXII.

ALUMNAE NUMBER *Jan. 1925*

No. 1.

A Message



If some magic assembly could have gathered us together, dear girls of L.A.C., and we could hear all that each of you has lived and learned of life since our last assembly, there is a fact in your inner life which I know I should tell you to cherish and develop. As the waters of baptism flowed over you, God Himself took up His abode in your heart, and there began in you the marvellous indwelling of the Holy Spirit. Every sacrament and growth in grace since then has been a deepening of the power of His Presence.

As life goes on and we meet its puzzles and problems, sometimes Heaven and God's eternal home seem far off, and yet our hearts cry out for some light and strength. Is it not a fruitful thought that not only is He available in the Blessed Sacrament, but that we may at every moment look within this temple which we are, and His home and His hiding-place?

May this spiritual habit grow to be a part of the life of each of you, that you may have always within you a wellspring of the Divine strength and the supernatural wisdom of the Creator and Lover of your soul.

Yours ever devotedly,

Sr. M. Margarita, I.B.V.M.

THE COLLEGE OF THE FUTURE

Dearest Girls of the L.A.C.:

While we are all gathered under the Rainbow's bright arch (and thinking perhaps of the pot of gold at the end of it), I should like to speak a little of the college one dreams about. But the dreamer must not be conceived of as picking her dreams like gooseberries off that elm of the "vana somnia" which all well-conditioned students who took the Sixth Book of the Aeneid will remember as standing within the entrance of the underworld. No, this dream comes forth from the authentic Gate of Horn and must be treated accordingly.

I know we have all been happy in the college as it is, and perhaps even more so, as it was, when it occupied only one little room and the library, with St. Teresa's corridor as the entire residence accommodation, but I hope we shall find all the happiness of past days gathered up and garnered for us in the college of the future. For first let me say this college is not to be thought of merely as a place for undergraduates to pass four glorious and never-to-be-forgotten years, a place at which the graduates may point with pride as their Alma Mater (much abused but still serviceable word), foregather once a year for a reunion and even pay a sporadic visit at other times, but where, if they chanced to return after graduation to pass a year while attending some other Faculty, they would feel like pale shades wandering aimlessly about amid the eager, buoyant life of the undergraduate body. I have seen such bloodless phantoms and can conceive of them raising their spectral arms and voices to the grim Charon with a great longing for

the other shore where they could drink of Lethe and forget their former happiness. Perhaps this is too dark a picture, for we have sometimes seen these shades get together, when there were enough of them, materialize and have rather a good time. But their life had little of the old academic savour about it, and altogether one could not help asking, "Are these they whom we so passionately pledged with the kindly tear and the merry roundalay erstwhile at the graduates' banquet?" That night, it seems, was their "morituri te salutamus."

No, my college is to be quite different. It is to be a place which shall have facilities for graduate workers and will consequently draw increasing numbers of them, a place to which you can all come to spend a sabbatical year, to do research work or take work in other faculties or some of the special courses in Arts or Drama or Journalism, all of which are being furnished, or are about to be furnished by the University. It shall combine the advantages of the Women's Union with those of an Arts college. At the former one gets the impression of its being common property, of one's being at one's own place, and in a university atmosphere as well. There the graduate students have apparently the requisite prestige.

I am undecided whether we shall have separate dining-rooms or one hall with a "high table" for the graduate students. We shall have two common rooms where we shall have coffee after dinner. It would be *infra dig.*, of course, to speak of open fire-places and Chesterfields and other details, but I leave it to

your imaginations, within reasonable limits. There will be guest chambers, so that any graduate from any quarter of the globe may return without warning and find good entertainment for man and beast. (There will be a garage for the beast). So much for residence facilities for graduates.

The college itself which, of course, will be near the campus, will make a distinct contribution to university life by showing Catholic culture at its best. The architecture will adhere to the best models over which religious ideals have presided, there being no more potent influence for good or evil than the spiritual which dwells so palpably pent up within the brick and stone. Beauty and utility shall be perfectly wedded. There will be a quadrangle with a velvet sward, and cloisters down which gowned students will walk to the small but exquisite Gothic church with its eastern oriel and rose-window and slender pillars with clustered shafts "with base and with capital flourished around." There the ceremonies will be carried out with the requisite pomp of ritual. The Gregorian music in which the students have already made a good beginning shall rival Quarr Abbey.

The college shall not be segregated from its fellows; on the contrary, intercourse will be encouraged. As at the Women's Union distinguished visitors to the University will be entertained that the students may have the advantage of contact with more mature, cultivated and original minds.

The aim of the college will be to attain the highest standard of scholarship in the departments over which the colleges have control, such as Classics, French, German and English. But lest this letter should take on the form of a prospectus for the Loretto College of the future, I shall merely hint darkly of summers

spent abroad at the Loretto Hostel in Paris and of a French house attached to the college under a native French mistress (*J'ai quelqu'une en vue*). Above all there must be an Italian department which shall attain great celebrity. A Catholic college should not forego the opportunity afforded by the study of Dante and of the "*Divina Commedia*," that great heritage of Christian letters. As to the faculty, it should be sufficiently numerous for the members to have leisure for wide reading and an occasional absence from the yearly routine for foreign study or research. Arrangements will be made for exchange professors. But being a humble member of the present staff, it beseems not the writer to descant further in this subject.

And now that we have built our college and got it to our liking, you wouldn't have us tear it all down again, would you? No, we must find a way to replace these dream stones with real ones, even if we have to entice some more than mortal Merlin or Apollo to raise our wall miraculously to heavenly harmonies like some Camelot or Troy.

And now that we have it in all its physical beauty and reality, how shall we maintain it? For we could never leave those cloisters to be trod by barbarian feet, nor that coffee to be sipped by the lips of profani, nor our very own atmosphere to be breathed by the nostrils of the Goth

Why not come and cast in your lot with those of us who are striving to keep the ideal in view while conforming to the limitations of the hour? It is obvious that a college cannot be maintained without an ample endowment, and the best possible endowment is that of professors who have devoted their lives to this work demanding only the means of subsistence and without any claims of family. But why

should one make here this rather surprising suggestion? Because, had you lived in the middle ages, a number, even a majority of you, having your present talents, tastes and inclinations, would have found happiness, sanctity and a full development of intellectual life in some of the various monasteries in which perhaps self-realization was more possible than at any other period of the world's history. If then, why not now? Because we live in an era when the new-won freedom affords women many attractive avenues of experience, an era, moreover, which is not favourable to reflection—to the discovery of the deepest demands of one's nature, a time when the intellectual, social, economic and artistic life is likely to seem, if not the most important, at least the most appealing and absorbing. On the other hand, the religious life may have something to live down in an impression created of narrowness of view and an attenuation of the rich content of life, an aftermath of the Reformation, which not only utterly deprived the unusual woman of all status in the world outside, but even within the religious orders acted adversely on the full use and development of her gifts and powers. The history of the educational orders, our own being the first, is largely that of a reconquest of the old rich heritage, and its application to new uses. At times either one has outstripped the other. We now stand on the threshold of a time which demands the fullest possible intellectual development, if we are to make effective this new application of it to the needs of university students. This, then, the religious life could offer you.

But above all intellectual needs we feel, in moments of quiet thought, the more imperative need of some principle that can explain and unify all this miscellaneous activity. Call it what you will—peace, harmony, happiness—

not attainable as a fixed and permanent state in this world, but approached and held in a sort of unstable equilibrium, what superior means of approaching it does religion afford? A fixed time for reflection and prayer; a daily orientation; a gathering up and directing of subordinate ends to the final end.

But this is, as it were, only the vestibule of the interior castle. Picture all that life can offer: social, emotional, intellectual; let imagination have free range checked only by reason, experience and the testimony of history. Is there any life that is capable of an indefinite expansion and development? Any that is not subject to the hazards of fortune, that does not inevitably dwindle toward the close? Only one: the life of the spirit, that life which is so feeble in its beginnings as to be almost ignored, but which is in every man as the very core of his being, "the treasure hidden in a field" for joy of which when he discovers it he barter all his possessions to purchase "the little infinite thing" that alone is the ultimate object of that strange guest we call life.

"If I lose myself I find myself," quoth Galahad. Monastic life with its voluntary renouncement of certain large-seeming trifles, its frank acceptance of this view of the world, its bearing "the fetters of the three-fold golden chain" and its consequent freedom from confining cares, affords more direct means of attaining to union with that Love "which moves the sun in heaven and all the stars." And I might say that the mystical trend of the present century seems favourable to a richer spiritual life than the austere, somewhat rigid, largely outward-looking, wholly ascetic, strain of the last generation.

Thus in most unwonted fashion have I been setting forth certain ideas regarding the advantages of religious life in itself, the suitabil-

ity of the persons concerned and the profit accruing to the college in whose mission we are all so deeply interested and which we feel can be made so far-reaching. But let it not be thought that the same purposes are not recognized as working out in the lives and destinies of all. The discipline of life with its precious joys and no less precious sorrows in any other vocation, by the Providence of God, has a similar power of cultivating and moulding the soul and bringing it to the same glorious end which grows clearer as life advances. It is good to

feel that, no matter how different our lives may be in detail, our paths converge to the same goal.

In the meantime, let us realize that we have a common hearth and home at Loretto College, where the lamp of our ideal is ever burning to shed light and safety on our way, and let us see to it that some of our number are there to keep it replenished and trimmed and bright for those who are abroad.

Sincerely and affectionately yours,

M. Estelle, I.B.V.M..



TWENTY YEARS AFTER

The Rejected Lover Speaks

I loved you once and made it known
One thousand times, or ten.
God's world was made for you alone—
So thought I then.

I looked and saw you in the streams
And in the clouds of air;
The sun shone, just to show the gleams
In your gold hair.

That's twenty years ago—and now
You're not so willowy.
In clouds I see you still, I vow—
For clouds are billowy.

And seated on the clear stream's bank,
That sunlight dapples,
I think of you. My reason frank—
The brooklet babbles.

The years have not been kind to you,
Once wond'rous fair!
This self is not the one I knew
In yester year.

If still, towards you, my spirit felt with
A little of the old delight,
I'd wonder how the years had dealt with
Me in Your sight.

Betty McGrath, 2T2.

A SHELF OF OLD BOOKS

Tyra is an odd admixture; platonic friendships, epicurean tastes and a somewhat cynical attitude towards "personal affairs," are meliorated by a humanizing, thoroughbred affection for a shelf of old books. On alumnae news intent, I got her on the radio the other night:

"What are you doing, Ty?" I promptly demanded. "Just having a good chat with some old friends," was the jolly rejoinder. "Hurrah!" I shouted, so loud that I feared I had disturbed all the currents in the zone, "I will be right down." "You are always welcome," said Tyra—and that is how I spent a most amusing evening sitting by the fire in Tyra's den chatting about her friends.

No sooner had I dismantled than I was placed in a huge rocker in front of a roaring log fire, Ty dumping a box of "Lauras" (how well she knew my weakness) on my lap, remarked, "Have you read Sabatini's 'Strolling Saint?' He's an awfully good sort, although now and again a bit off color. His descriptions remind me at times of Ayscough," and as if to prove her words, I saw Tyra take a book from a shelf over her desk. As she opened an old brown copy of "Mezzogiorno," I noticed a subtle change had taken place in Ty. It was as though the very contact with that shelf had stirred "thoughts that do lie too deep for words." "You know this," she said.

Alumnae—"Why, yes, but why the sudden exultation? Have you some lover concealed in the offing?"

T.—"Oh! are we not thrilled more or less by contact with our friends, and these, she

said, pointing to the shelf, "are the best I have."

Alumnae.—"Tell me about a few. I used to be a book-worm, and still have some odd connections in that line. Pardon, but what's that old red book at the end, Ty?"

T.—"An old copy of Chamber's Dictionary; it's indispensable; of late a few acquaintances of mine have rather badly abused it. I fear they are 'cross-word' addicts."

A.—"They are really good fun, you know—who's your favorite there?"

T.—"Being a creature of impulse, much depends on my mood. At times 'Cyrano' reigns supreme, or again I could burn them all but 'Dante'—and still Shakespeare's an old friend."

A.—"For what is Cyrano an antidote?"

T.—"When memories prove too strong then I watch him pace the floor with his long sword dangling, declaiming in his favorite 'gasconaise' daring me to gaze upon his nose—or again when night is falling and there's a tightening of the throat, I hear him whisper with a heart sob, 'Roxane,' and I take courage."

A.—"You seem so emotional I wonder that you can settle down to 'Dante.'"

T.—"Have you been indulging in Aristippus or is it that you were out of town when the College produced the Dante 'Pageant' in 1922?"

This was said with some purpose, and possibly to gain time, for Tyro having burst forth so splenetically, produced a rather delapidated volume of the "Divina Commedia," and continued: "Read that, you would-be iciele."

A.—“I notice that in this XVII Canto of the *Purgatorio* having shown Dante those on the fourth cornice, on which the sin of gloominess or indifference is purged, Virgil shows him that this vice proceeds from a defect of love and that all love can only be of two sorts, either natural or of soul. I must read these lines you have specially marked:

‘But that thou mayest yet clearer understand,
Give ear unto my words; and thou shalt cull
Some fruit may please thee well, from this
delay.

“Creator, nor created being, e’er,
My son,” he thus began, “was without love,
Or natural, or the free spirit’s growth.
Thou hast not that to learn. The natural still
Is without error, but the other swerves,
If on ill object bent, or through excess
Of vigour or defect. While e’er it seeks
The primal blessings, or with measure due
The inferior, no delight, that flows from it,
Partakes of ill. But let it warp to evil,
Or with more ardour than behoves or less,
Pursue the good; the thing created then
Works ’gainst its Maker. Hence thou must
infer

That love is germin of each virtue in ye,
And of each act no less, that merits pain.
Now since it may not be, but love intend
The welfare mainly of the thing it loves,
All from self-hatred are secure”

T.—“Don’t you agree that if we studied Dante thoroughly we’d have all the learning necessary? But come, we’ve become too serious. See that dark green book; that’s ‘Agatha’s Aunt,’ by Marion Smith. It’s the funniest book you could read. I’ve reread it at least ten times and still I can laugh over it till

I weep. And then I occasionally pursue the comedies in here,” taking hold of a rather prettily-bound Shakespeare edition. “‘Twelfth Night’ is my favorite, of course; I will remember to my dying day Sir Andrew (Agnes Ballard) capering over Sir Toby’s cane. I believe you actually saw that.”

A.—“Yes, I postponed a house-party because I heard it was so good, and Dr. Kirkpatrick’s an old friend of mine, you know. ‘Hum, how did that blue geography get entangled among your friends?’”

T.—“I’ve a private ‘penchant’ for its author, and besides, I’ve such a wierd memory that of late I need it for continual reference, as the maps therein are especially fine, and these (pointing to six books close together with an indefinable tenderness) are my triumph and failure at once, my ‘alpha’ and ‘omega’ at present, if you will, but let’s pass them by or tragedies may follow.”

A.—“Is that actually a collection of short stories by E. A. Poe? The last I read was ‘Montelado’s Wine?’ It was spooky, but heaps of fun.”

T.—“He’s a jolly good antidote for a ‘bad half hour.’ So is this,” Tyra said, waving a cross-word puzzle book at me, “let’s try this; it looks good.”

A.—“Sounds like a candy, Ty. A quadruped with no tail in eight letters.”

After an interminable age. “How’s Tom?” remarked Ty, and having briskly thrown the cross-word to the other end of the room, barely grazing Tyra’s brow. “It’s time I was in bed. Good-bye. I’ll have to pass some of this on for I’ve come about *Alumnae* business.”

A. Hannan, 2T3.

THOUGHTS WRITTEN IN A PUBLIC LIBRARY

(With no apology to Gray, who took seven years to express his Thoughts)

Green-shaded lights proclaim departing day;
 O'er tables heads are bent full earnestly,—
 Some coiffed and fluffed, some brown, some
 black, some gray,
 And some are bald, and some are bobbed
 like me.

The clock discreetly ticks in drowsy tone;
 Throughout the room a solemn stillness
 reigns,
 Save that Librarians talk in husky drone,
 And Undergraduates use protesting pens.

Save that the Traffic, in the street below,
 With honking horns to highest heaven com-
 plains,
 And jangling tram-cars shriek with unfeigned
 woe,—
 Their rusty brakes stiff with rheumatic
 pains,

Save that newsboys proclaim with raucous
 voice,
 Wars, murders, accidents and treaties
 broken,
 And peanut vendors, loudly, and from choice
 Speak English as Italian should be spoken.

A fat youth occupies the seat next mine
 And gazes at a damsel 'cross the way,
 [Who, as I learn from reading upside down,
 Is digging Culture out of Rabelais.

Around the room, grim animated busts,
 In laurel wreath and cold austerity,
 Gaze down, with jaundiced eye and deep dis-
 trust,
 On us, who represent Posterity.

Perhaps in this dim room the green lights shine
 Upon a head that holds the master key
 To questions such as "Who or What's Ein-
 stein?"
 And "Is Mah Jong the newest brand of
 tea?"

Some Viking's progeny you here may find,
 Whose plundering grandsires dwelt on oak-
 en deck,—
 Perchance that man across the aisle, whose
 mind
 Is busy with the boil upon his neck.

Deep in our hearts we all—you, reader, know
 it—
 For our unvalued genius blame the times.
 Another age would make of me a poet,—
 'An aeon' you say? Fie on your taste in
 rhymes!

Betty McGrath, 2T2.



1. Four Frances'.

4. "As You Like It."



Rosalind—M. Downey.
Orlando—Alice McC.
Celia—Edna Duffey.
Duke F.—Etta F.
Touchstone—G. Twomey.
Cor'n—J. Walsh.
William—G. Elston.
Jacques—Ellen M.



2. We Three—Gertrude, Dorothea, Estelle.



5. A College Baby.
Alphonse and His Mother, Hilda von Szeliska-Hinzmann.



3. Madeline, Smythe and Mertis, with a group of 1919 students.



6. Seven Clear (?) Stars of 1919.

DRAMATICS AT LORETTO ABBEY COLLEGE, 1912—1916

THE earliest recollections of Loretto College dramatics take me back to the days when the college was in its infancy. We then numbered ten students. In those days it was not difficult to find a part for every player—the difficulty lay in finding enough players. Hence some of the girls who took part in our first presentation were not Loretto College women, but students who lived at the Abbey while attending University College.

When Mother Estelle first proposed that we attempt something in the way of dramatics, I am afraid the response was not a very enthusiastic one, but she finally succeeded in convincing us that the dramatic field was one of great pleasure and infinite possibilities which we soon found to be the case.

We began our dramatic activities very cautiously, not attempting to do an entire play in the beginning. Our first dramatic production consisted of scenes from these two famous and ever enjoyable eighteenth century comedies, "The Rivals" and "The School for Scandal." Carly Ryan made an excellent Bob Acres—the only trouble being that she found it difficult to control her risible faculties every time her valor was about to ooze from her finger tips.

The next undertaking in the field of drama by the Loretto students was the presentation of the French play, "La Poudre aux Yeux," which was a great source of enjoyment to us. By dint of much coaching in French and the borrowing of evening gowns and the other finery from each other and everybody we could find who possessed

any, the girls of 1913 gave a very able presentation of this clever little play. Irene Long and Teresa Coughlin as Emmeline and Frederic were especially well chosen for their rôles, and their French play names remained with them all through their college days. Many of the university professors attended our maiden attempt at giving a play in a foreign tongue. These praised the work of our beloved director very highly and gave a little bevy of college girls great encouragement for future activities.

By 1915 the college had sufficient numbers and experience to attempt something even more pretentious. At a meeting of the Dramatic Society it was decided to make so bold as to try a Shakespearean play, and the one chosen was "As You Like It." Dr. Kirkpatrick was chosen as the one best suited to conduct us through the mazes of the Forest of Ardenne. We were most happy in our choice, for in Dr. Kirkpatrick we had a dramatic teacher whose ardent love for Shakespeare inspired us ever with fresh enthusiasm.

This time we decided to charge admission for our play and, as it was during the war period, with the proceeds furnish a ward in the Convalescent Hospital. Then came the period when we had to abandon our beloved books, let the dust gather on our cherished Beowulf, and forsake the stately measure of the Fairy Queene while we gave our days to soliciting the patronage and ready cash of an irresponsible public, and our nights to playing comedy.

However, the results justified the time and effort spent, as the following press comment from the *Toronto Mail and Empire* will testify: "Shakespeare's comedy, 'As You Like It,' was never more charmingly played by amateur actors nor in a better cause than on Thursday and Friday evenings of this week in the Auditorium of Loretto Abbey. The college students of that institution have engaged themselves to play for the furnishing of a ward in the Soldiers' Convalescent Home on College street, and in order to meet this self-imposed patriotic obligation, offered to entertain the public by this dramatic work. The play was prepared under the direction of Dr. Kirkpatrick of the Toronto Conservatory. The hall and stage lent themselves admirably to forest scenery and the young actresses distinguished themselves beyond expectation."

There were two other dramatic events during the years 1912-1916 that must not be forgotten. The first was the beautiful and inspiring production of "Everyman." While this play was not given by the college students as such, yet a number of them took part in it and acquitted themselves creditably. The other play was given by the students as a commencement entertainment in 1915. It was Tennyson's beautiful "Princess," given in a beautiful manner. Nellie Madagan, as usual, showed great histrionic ability in this play which subsequently led to her being given the difficult rôle of Jaques in "As You Like It."

Such in brief is the history of the dramatic activities at Loretto College during the years 1912-1916. While more than a decade has passed since these things took place, yet I am sure they, as other sweet memories of college days, will live forever in the hearts of the girls with whom began Loretto College.

Edna T. Duffey, 1T6.

1917-1925

1917-18.—At graduation time the College students presented "A Midsummer Night's Dream," in which Genevieve Twomey distinguished herself as "Bottom." Frances O'Brien, Frances Gallegan, Alice McLelland and Marjorie Cray were amongst the number who thereby made a name for themselves.

1919-1920.—The wandering spirits had been particularly active during November, 1919, around Loretto Abbey College, so it did not very much surprise the public at large when in December the fair "blue-stockings" of this illustrious institution interpreted the favourite literary efforts of the 18th century élite.

During a tableau of the "Rape of the Lock" Olive Devereux managed to dexteriously sever a lock from Lotta Williams' many treasures, to the apparent horror of the audience (for "bobbed hair" had not yet become the vogue). Sir Peter and Lady Teazle were delightfully affected. The "Bashful Man" and the scenes from "the Rivals" managed to include the vast majority of the students and rounded out a good performance.

In March of the same year 2T2 having been born under an auspicious star, a presentation of "Andromeda" was enacted in Latin, the chief rôles being taken by that year. Added to the dramatic rescue of Andromeda (Sheila Doyle) by Persius (Elsie Irvine), and to the consequent rejoicing of Cepheus (Sheila Irvine), and his wife Cassiope (Eleanor McIntosh) was the fact that 2T2 had splendid results in Second Year Livy, whilst Catullus proved "mere child's play" to these classical scholars. A Greek chorus, by pantomime and song, had added much to the effectiveness of the drama. The prettiest of the lyrics was the marriage song, "Collis O Heliconii," from

Catullus; and two Greek dances were greatly appreciated by the profani and cogoscenti alike.

1920-21.—On November 22nd, 1920, the blue-stockings took a new departure and presented a reconstruction of "L'Hotel de Rambouillet." The Chambre Bleue was reproduced with meticulous care, even to the alcove hung with velour of a shade then new to Paris, under the subdued light of brazen cressets wrought in filigree and set with turquoise gems, whereon reclined the fair and virtuous Arthemise. Once again Voiture charmed and amused an audience with his faculty of saying nothing in the most graceful manner in the world, and of making a ballade or a rondeau in the very words in which he protested his inability to do so. It was the evening when "Les Femmes Savantes," which was the talk of the inner circle at the court, though not yet known to the city, was under discussion. The scene in which Philinte dismisses Martine, an excellent cook but a poor grammarian, for breaking not the dishes, but the rules of Vaugelas. The spirit of mischief has taken possession of the company and Mme. Scarrow and Mme. de Mottenlle enact the little scene in which Tristan and Vadius begin by overwhelming each other with compliments on their literary successes and end by hurling derisive epithets at each other. Presently the celebrated scene from "Les Fourberies de Scapin," in which Geronte's love for his money is in such amusing conflict with his love for his son, is enacted. A pleasant evening is brought to a close by one of the company imitating Cyrano de Bergerac's latest escapade, which was the duel fought with a certain viscomte at the Hotel de Bourgogne. In this he carries out his Gascon boast to fight with the little fop and compose a ballade about him at the same time.

On March 31st of the same year the stu-

dents, desiring to pursue still further the study of dramatic art and enjoy more thoroughly its pleasures, presented the "Pilgrimage to Canterbury." After a short discussion by Miss Elsie Irvine, of the poet Chaucer, the arrival of the nine and twenty pilgrims at the Tabard Inn and their reception by mine host (Miss Eugenie Ducharme) was enacted in a spirited scene based on the "Prologue" and the "Tales." The scene at the Inn involved singing of the old thirteenth century roundel, "Summer Is I-cummin' In," "Ah, the Sighs That Come fro' My Heart," and other ancient English songs. The pilgrims were costumed in true fourteenth century style, which, together with the stage-setting added greatly to the effect. The scene in the Inn yard finished with a processional to the Hall of "Ye Tabard Inn," kept by Harry Bailie, fasted by "Ye Cloistre of Loretto," during which an early English hunting song was sung. The supper which followed was served in true old English style with a "young pygge as the "pièce de resistance."

The heaviest dramatic work of the year, however, was the production of "Twelfth Night," under the direction of Dr. F. H. Kirkpatrick. It was given on Tuesday of Convocation week, in a manner which critics declared would have done credit to the professional stage. Angela O'Boyle made a splendid Viola while Kathleen O'Connel was Sebastian, her twin. Francis O'Brien played the part of Olivia and Eleanor McIntosh that of the Duke, Maria (Mary Mallon), Sir Toby Belch (Maire Hannan), and Sir Andrew Agecheek (Agnes Ballard), formed a splendid trio to sustain the sub-plot, while Marie Campbell distinguished herself as Feste. Sir Toby's "last minute (typewriter) stool" will ever be an added source of amusement to the caste.

1921-22.—During this year the college undertook its greatest dramatic achievement, which was "The New Life or the Masque of Love," presented January 20th and 21st as the Dante Centerary Celebration at Loretto Abbey. The pageant was constructed and staged by Mother Estelle and produced under the direction of Dr. F. H. Kirkpatrick. The part of Dante, the Mage, was taken by Dr. Kirkpatrick, who related Dante's wanderings from the true path of spiritual progress and the means taken to bring him back. The outstanding scenes in his wanderings in the "Inferno," "Purgatoria" and "Paradiso" were reproduced. The meaning of the "Masque" was carefully revealed to the audience by Dante, the Mage, and by carefully selected passages from the "Divina Comedia," introduced in the scenes, the utmost care which was observed in the costuming and scenic effects were of great assistance to a general accurate interpretation. Miss Marie Campbell took the part of Dante and Miss Mary Mallon that of Beatrice in the "Masque."

At graduation Lord Dunsaney's "Tents of the Arabs" was produced most effectively by the graduating class, under the guidance of Dr. Kirkpatrick.

1922-23.—The first and second years produced two one-act Latin plays, "The Roman School" and "The Roman Marriage." The audience were much amused at seeing for the first time, Cicero, Caesar, Pompey and other renowned Romans, at school. While the class of 2T5 have since then over indulged in offering propitiatory sacrifices to the gods, the rest of us being left in doubt as to whether these are pre-hymenal oblations.

The Literary Society this year ordained a "stunt night," upon which each year produced an original farce, a shield being awarded the victors. 2T3 succeeded in gaining the laurels

by producing a short sketch ridiculing the "Bacon-Shakespeare theory," which succeeded in delightfully passing over the heads of the majority of the audience, this was supplemented by a "skit" on the "History and English Staff," which we believe appealed. But alas for vain laurels! for when the graduating class sought to produce "As You Like It," Nemesis dealt a swift and shattering blow.

1924-25.—The occasion of a visit from Rev. Mother Raphael and Mother Borgia from Ireland produced two delightful French plays from the College students this year. "Le Luthier de Crémone," by Francois Coppée, and "Les Romanesques," by Edmund Rostand. The girls are to be congratulated upon their able rendering of the French tongue and the pretty and effective costumes and stage settings.

The class of 2T3 originated a custom of producing some small dramatic effort on Feb. 22nd, in honor of Mother Margarita. This habit was the cause of a pleasant French evening in 1920, a really interesting "Italian Renaissance" evening in 1921, a light farce of Mark Twain's in 1922, an original play of Mother Dorothea's in 1923, and one act of the "Romanciers" in 1924.

To her who when not director, has been constant assistant director, who has been the inspiration and constant "erge" in all the dramatic functions of L.A.C., Loretto College graduates and undergraduates owe a special tribute of praise and thanks. They are likewise indebted for the success of their larger productions to the able guidance and unwearied efforts of Dr. F. H. Kirkpatrick. And by way of showing our appreciation, the Alumnae wish to continue the good work, and announce the programme in view for February, which is to consist of three one-act plays, produced under the direction of Dr. Kirkpatrick: "The Maker of Dreams," "The Minuet," "Rosalind," by J. M. Barrie. A. Hannan, 2T3.

IMPRESSIONS UPON READING TWO PIECES OF IMPRESSIONISM

Some days ago, glancing carelessly through a magazine, we came suddenly upon this specimen, and suddenly arrested, read it to the end:

Futility.

(By Hudson Strode).

White expanses of sun-stricken desert lying
like fluted nonsense beneath an orgy of
thematic splendour,

Brass rails cupped inward round and round,
The scratching of flea-bites, and ephemeral
chimney soot piled in mounds like graves,
A delicate sensuous blossom of opaque white-
ness, lyrical as a mother's kiss upon her
first born.

O Life! so slashingly red and curiously yellow
—only a broken ladder reared ridiculously
toward the azure-spread void,

Where God rocks in an ivory chair, and sees
below impertinent possums calmly munch-
ing chinquapins, and idealistic lovers pas-
turing in tar,

Life, scalding or chilling, always killing, but
ever and anon,

A plentitude of beatific sponges and eternally
The wraith of a will-o'-the-wisp whispering
verities in the quagmire."

Is it a joke? we asked ourselves in awe, or
if it is serious, do men really pay for such
things? The magazine published it. There
must have been some promise of payment, so
we returned to the first question. What is it?
What would one call it?

O you poor fools, we heard the ultra-mo-
dernists cry out. It is a charming piece of im-
pressionism. It is free verse. We ask their

pardon, but we are human and it is quite pos-
sible to make mistakes. When we reached the
ghost of a ghost "whispering verities in the
quagmire" we almost thought the beginning
had been:

" 'Twas brillig and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wog,
All mimsy were, etc."

However, we now beg Mr. Lewis Carroll's
pardon.

At one time when we reached the picture
of "God rocking in an ivory chair, watching
"impertinent possums calmly munching
chinquapins," we laughed feebly, believing
it to be a new tongue twister on the order of
"Nine nimble noblemen nibbling nonpareils,
or twelve typographical topographers typical-
ly translating types." We didn't know what
chinquapin meant, but have found that it is a
kind of chestnut.

Upon conclusion this bit of impressionism
looked like a new kind of cross-word puzzle.
We must confess it still does. But we think
it must be a puzzle for a home for the partial-
ly deranged, driven there by just such pas-
s-times. Can any sane person suggest a word of
three, four, five—any number of letters you
like—meaning "beatific sponges?" Well, yes,
drunkards might do. We will try another. A
word meaning "fluted nonsense." You give
up? So do we, and futility still means for us,
uselessness, a waste of time and energy, such
time and energy as was spent on the production
of the masterpiece we have just examined.
Perhaps that is why it is called "Futility."
As we said before, perhaps it is a joke.

There is another piece of free verse in the same number. We recognized it for what it is this time:

Words.

(By Robert McBlair).

There is a vast snobbishness

In the world of words.

"Intrigue" is a climber,

While "meticulous" begins to wear an air
Of shabby genteel.

No day labourer would say to his brother,
Verisimilitude.

In the millenium things will change
And there will be democracy among words.
Verily, verily, I say unto you,
It will be easier for a camel
To pass through the eye of a needle
Than for "epistemological"
To enter the kingdom of heaven.

And verily, verily we say unto you that this is not poetry. Such samples make us feel the need of a millenium. There is a vast snobbishness in other worlds besides the world of words when men cannot speak or write simply, and in metre as do their brothers.

Mary Frances Mallon, 2T3.



Teresa, Aileen K., Gertrude
R., Irene L., Teresa O'R.,
Mary T., Ellen M.,
Edna D.

BREAKING THROUGH

DR. Lowry leaned back in his chair, pressing his finger tips together in characteristic attitude, until the nails showed white with a little semi-circle of pink at the base. Bessie sat opposite him, the width of the desk between them. She felt, more than ever vividly aware of the significance of this room—the cabinet containing glinting steel instruments; the long, low shelf on which sprawled ponderous looking volumes with impossible names; the glass case stocked with divers bottles from which seemed to exude mingled hospital odours.

She looked down at the desk—something about its solidity gave her courage to ask her question. She noted a little triangular patch of dust on its shiny surface, and her imagination pictured a gaunt, ineffectual char-woman bending over the polished wood, flicking her duster—this way, that way, always missing the little patch.

“Is it—what you thought?” she said.

The doctor raised calm, professional blue eyes to meet the sickening, haunted look in hers. Behind the calmness was a faintly troubled expression. Abruptly he changed his position and laid his hand over her gloveless, big-knuckled one, as if reassuring a child, and in a panic she prisoned his thumb in her hand.

“Miss Jobson,” he said abruptly, “I think you are brave enough to look at this thing squarely. It is—just as serious as I feared.”

“Would—would an operation—?” the words fluttered out.

The doctor shook his head.

“It might prolong things, retard development, but the shock to the system would coun-

terbalance any possible good. If you had only come to me six months ago—.”

“Yes, yes, I know.” The luminous, hurt softness in Bessie’s eyes reminded him subtly of a dog’s expression. He felt as if he had committed a crime.

“I didn’t bother,” she was saying. “You see I was looking after Aunt, and I didn’t have much time to consider myself.”

The doctor nodded. He knew Aunt. Had tended her in fact, until what she considered his lack of consideration and sympathy had forced her to change her doctor for one who had a more tender appreciation of her symptoms.

After she had paid the doctor Bessie made her way slowly towards home. More than ever she felt the stiffness in her limbs and the hardness in her arm and side, and an odd lethargy possessed her. On the way she entered Harrison & Co.’s exclusive grocery store. She went directly to the office to find Miss Hearn, the bookkeeper.

“I have my aunt’s bill here,” she began, “and I have checked off certain things which I wish you to charge to me. Could you make out two separate bills—so that I may settle mine now. It amounts, I think, to about six dollars.

The request was not an unusual one from Miss Jobson, and Miss Hearn complied with it without comment.

When Bessie left the store her worldly wealth consisted of less than fifty cents. It was her custom in this way, to buy Aunt’s good humour by cheating her into thinking the grocery bill less than it really was. She had

learned from experience that one can manage to get along somehow without money.

Seline Jobson was a widow of seventy-six. Crippled with rheumatism, she lay all day long in bed or sat all day long in a chair. When both became intolerable she took a crutch and walked the length of the hall a couple of times. And throughout the long days she moaned and complained to Providence of her lot, and found fault with Bessie, her niece-in-law, which occupation afforded her a certain measure of immediate relief from the pains which possessed her.

The late lamented Mr. Jobson had lived an uneventful life and had died of premature old age thirty years previously. His offspring, a son and a daughter, remained under the parental roof-tree for the biological reason that keeps the young sparrow in the nest. Like the young sparrow, as soon as they were able to fly they fled. Tom married, and Sally, nee Selina, became a nurse and followed her profession in fields afar. When her mother wrote, urging her to return home, she answered with crude frankness:

"... I admire you, Mother, immensely, and I have the greatest respect for you. In order to preserve that attitude of mind I shall not try to live with you. You will have all the greater regard for me in the end. . . Moreover, you have Bess with you, and you don't need me. . ."

Sally proved right. Mrs. Jobson felt that the ownership of a high-spirited daughter in some way made up for such expressions of high-spiritedness. Besides, she and Sally never did get along.

Neither Sally nor Tom had had any scruple about allowing Bessie to take upon herself the whole burden of the Jobson filial responsibility. She had come to live with them when they were mere babies, and from that time

forth had been a target for their mother's ill humours, and a slave to the whole family. She was twenty-seven when Mr. Jobson died, and was so indispensable to the family that she postponed her engagement. The postponement, for one reason or another, became a perennial affair, and finally became permanent by the intervention of a feminine Tertium Quid.

It was not until she left Harrison's that Bessie began to analyse the sick fear that possessed her.

"You're a coward!" she accused herself.

"And yet, I'm not," she found herself answering. Dr. Lowry didn't think me one."

"No, of course you're not," her Alter Ego assured her. "You're not afraid to face physical discomforts or dangers, even this—this most supreme thing that's coming to you in a month, two months, three months. You can face that. But you're incredibly worse than a physical coward. You're a moral coward. You know that the thing you're most afraid of just now is to tell Aunt."

At the thought, a queer, strangled sensation gripped her throat.

"It's true!" she assented.

"You've always been afraid," jeered her Alter Ego. "The only time you nearly broke away from it was when Fred left you that last time. He said he wouldn't come back, and he didn't. Then you broke through. Remember that row with Aunt? How she bullied you and told you how ungrateful you were? How she cried, and begged you not to leave her? How you stood through it all, and said you couldn't help it, you had to consider yourself? How you left her whimpering—and wrote Fred? Such a glorious, exulting letter. It was your first taste of freedom, of emancipation. Your whole soul was in that letter. But did you post it?"

"Well," she defended herself, "before I could post it, I heard about—the Barker girl."

"Yes, and so then you wouldn't post it. All the old fear came crowding back on you, and you were relieved that you didn't have to make the break. You called it Pride—you, who are not above wearing Sally's old suits and hats. You went back meekly to Aunt with the broken bonds and asked her to fetter you again. A feeble little insurrection.

Bessie surveyed herself with acute mental disapproval.

"It's true," she repeated to herself with a sob—"every bit of it. But it's too late now to even want to do anything. She always seemed to need me more than anyone else."

Then it came to her that no matter how great the need, the break would come eventually. And Aunt must be prepared. As she walked painfully up the hill towards the house, she rehearsed imaginary conversations with Aunt on the subject.

"I went in to see Dr. Lowry to-day," she might begin.

Mentally she saw the quick turn of her Aunt's head. "Whatever did you do that for?"

"I saw him a couple of times before. It's that pain—"

She knew by heart what the answer would be.

"Nonsense, all imagination. A touch of rheumatism, or perhaps nerves. If you were a helpless cripple like me you'd know what pain is. And what's the odds if anyone cared"—here Bessie winced—"I could die here in my chair, for all anyone'd bother. Good riddance, I s'pose you'd call it. Here, fix this cushion. There—no, that's wrong! What a big, clumsy thing you are. You ought to be long enough tending me now to know how to

fix the cushion. Your arm stiff?—well, I didn't want you to use the stiff one to shake up a cushion."

Yes, Aunt would undoubtedly refuse to consider that anyone but herself could conceivably be afflicted with anything serious. Perhaps the best way would be to blurt it out all at once, without giving her a chance to depreciate it.

"Aunt," she could say, brutally, "that pain in my side, that cough I've had lately—malignant cancer—just working into the lung. I haven't much time left—"

No, that would be too horrible. Besides, Aunt wouldn't believe her. Not much time left! She hadn't realized it yet, but she tried to imagine herself dead—with Aunt looking down at her. It was no use. Something told her it was an impossible idea.

She stopped to rest. Her forehead was damp with sweat, and her knees trembled. It was no use. She would have to tell Aunt to-day. "Coward!" she repeated to herself, fiercely. She would write Sally too, order her to return home. In her new-formed resolution she felt almost happy. As long as the inevitable must be faced, let it be done with a high heart. To-day, then . . .

Seline Jobson tapped impatiently with her crutch on the floor. She had been keeping up this tatoo for the last seven and a half minutes—since the clock had struck four. This expression of impatience was not intended to impress anyone, for, with the exception of Tommy Rot, the cat, and Oswald, the parrot, she was alone in the house.

She felt outraged, neglected. It was her daily habit to have a cup of afternoon tea with a single slice of toast and a couple of sweet biscuits at four o'clock. And Bessie hadn't returned. If she hadn't arrived by ten after,

Mrs. Jobson felt, that the only adequate way in which she could reprove Bessie's flagrant neglect would be by being found in the act of preparing her own tea.

At ten after four precisely, she drew her crutch under her, and with much groaning hoisted herself from her chair and made her way to the kitchen. The tray was there, ready. The china teapot, a few little biscuits, a slice of bread under a napkin. On the stove the kettle bubbled. Mrs. Jobson thought she heard the gate click. That would be Bessie. Well, she must have things well under way before her niece came to the kitchen. Hastily she brewed the tea, and hurried to get the toaster from the second shelf of the dresser. The unaccustomed motions came awkwardly to her,

and her crutch, striking against the leg of the table, flew from under her. In a panic she reached out to the shelf for support. Her finger nails scraped along it with a futile attempt at a hold, dragging it down. Then she fell. The cord of the toaster, uncurling like a whip, flicked a bottle of ammonia and brought it crashing to the floor.

The fumes were still overwhelmingly strong when Bessie entered the house ten minutes later. Gasping, she made her way to the kitchen. Crumpled on the floor, near the window, lay Mrs. Jobson. She had made no attempt, apparently, to raise the sash, for in one hand she still grasped firmly a slice of bread, and the fingers of the other were still entangled in the bent wires of the electric toaster.

Betty McGrath, 2T2.

"AT THE SIGN OF THE JESTER."

Blessings on thee, little dame,
Bare back girl with knees the same,
With thy rolled-down silken hose
And thy short, transparent clothes,
With thy red lips reddened more,
Smeared with lip-stick from the store,
With thy bobbed hair's jaunty grace,
And the make-up on thy face;
From my heart I give thee joy,
Glad that I was born a boy.

An Answer.

Blessings on thee, grown-up lad,
In thy tailored suit all clad,
With thy hair all brilliantined
And thy face all shaved and creamed.
With thy latest dancing step
Seeking to find a jane with pep,
Getting still wilder day by day,
Calling girls dumb who don't act gay.
Keep the pace with your fast set's whirl
I am glad I was born a girl.

Helen Mullins McGrady.

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PURPOSE With this issue of the Rainbow the
OF THE first Graduates' Year Book makes
NUMBER its appearance, and awaits your
approval. It is the purpose of the Alumnae to
issue such a book annually as a means of keep-
ing in touch with out-of-town members, and for
the information of all who are interested.

We particularly recommend the sections:
"With the Graduates," "Do You Remember
'Way Back When," and "Of Shoes and Ships
and Sealing Wax." In the latter graduates
tell of their experiences in a manner that is
at once enlightening and entertaining. The en-
tire staff have had a hand in compiling "With
the Graduate," so there should be some fun in
picking out the writer of biographies even if no
other enjoyment is derived. Our work is done,
and we send this, the First Graduates' Number
of the Rainbow, to you with a "God-speed."

HOW TO FURTHER Graduates! have you
THE INTERESTS ever considered how
OF THE COLLEGE. you might help the Col-
lege, and help it with ease? There are several
ways. In the first place you might send a suc-
cessor. Recommend your College by word and
example at home and abroad, so that others
may desire to go there. This has been done in
many instances.

Again, graduates have named members of
the Alumnae when asked for a possible success-
or upon leaving a position. Graduates thus re-
commended have fully justified the recommen-

dation and have made the name of the College
famous in certain towns. Remember this. It
is so easy and loyalty is all that is necessary to
enable you to do it.

THE COLLEGE June, 1925, is a landmark
DECENARY. for Loretto College in that
ten years ago, in June, 1915, the first students
convocated. The Alumnae plan to celebrate
this decenary at the Annual Banquet and Re-
union in Easter week. Last year one class was
entirely united. It is hoped that this year
there will be many years entirely represented,
but in order to realize this hope each member
must resolve to be present. Date to be set la-
ter, but be sure to spend Easter Week in To-
ronto.



Longing



Into the mystic depth of night,
I wander in search of thee,
Beneath Diana's misty light,
And starry revelry!

Back to the heart of other days
My spirit longs to roam;
Lured by Diana's pallid rays
In search of thee, my own.

Gazing at Yonder shim'ring star,
My heart grows wondrous glad,
Thy spirit beckons from afar,
No more shall I be sad.

Marie Hannon, 2T2.

"OF SHOES AND SHIPS AND SEALING WAX."

A Medley by Mrs. Hinzmann, Mrs. McGrady, Florence Daley, Kathleen Lee,
M. M., Elsie Irvine, Eleanor Mackintosh

"The Schemes of Mice and Men . . ."

When Florence Daley's letter asking me to write something for the Alumnae number of the Rainbow finally reached me after sundry adventures due to our recent move from Poughkeepsie to Pittsburgh, I said to myself, "I'll do it!" For I had often realized since my marriage that I had not always been quite "up to the scratch," as they say, in the old Loretto days when it came to any undertaking not directly connected with my own work. There had been at times, I must confess, a "Let George do it" attitude on my part towards certain student activities. However, here was an opportunity to make amends and to show my real love and appreciation of our dear Alma Mater. I immediately dispatched a card to Florence to let her know she could count on me.

It was now December twenty-third and the article was to be in Florence's hands by New Year's Day. Well, of course, nothing could be done until after Santa Claus' visit. "Selbst Verstandlich!" Great preparations in the way of housecleaning, a la Pittsburgh, were under way for this important event (a very, very important event to little four-year-old Franziska). It seems the old gentleman is quite a connoisseur in the art of housekeeping and everything must be "just so" for him when he comes. So the writing could not even be begun till after the twenty-fifth.

The idea of a "composition" gave me quite a thrill, for it has been seven years since I

attempted anything of the kind. Only the other day, as I was doing something or other at the gas stove (probably something awfully commonplace like making beef-stew) my thoughts harked back to those lovely discussions we used to have in Mother Athanasia's English class and I got that peculiar sinking feeling a round the heart diagnosed as "homesickness." Every last one of the Alumnae has certainly experienced it when something brought "the Abbey" to mind. So here was a fine opportunity to air my thoughts before indulgent, because friendly, critics.

Now what subject to write on? It must not be anything high-faluting and must come within the range of my own experience, because we all know the lack of conviction produced in the mind of the reader when even the best authors deal with something with which they are only slightly familiar. And anything in the realm of books had best be left to the teachers or undergraduates who are always reading them. So now for some quite homely theme! Well, there were my western experiences, for instance. "Under Nebraska Skies" would sound quite good as a title, and I could write a few paragraphs on the wonderful starry nights, the winey air, the flower-spangled prairies, the great variety of gaily-colored birds, the storms and tornadoes and other natural characteristics and phenomena of the Central West. Or I might take as my theme "Catholicity and culture in the State of Nebraska" and give you some idea of the progress of the Church in this

missionary territory, the interest of the mass of the population in education, and the opportunities in the way of good salaries that exist there for teachers with degrees. Or again, I might take "The Practical Value of a University Education in Its Relation to Home-Life." Or a quite different subject—Pittsburgh itself. There are heaps of interesting phases of life in this big industrial centre—its peculiar situation where the Allegheny and Monongahela rivers join, and from the Ohio, its steel mills and furnaces, its quaint, old-world corners, its narrow streets and alleys paved with cobblestones, its many nationalities, its quaint customs—oh, a thousand things to write or talk about!

In short, I thought of everything that had happened to me or that I knew about from "Motoring through Iowa mud in the teeth of a blizzard" to "The modern infant and how to care for it." From this "embarras de richesse" I felt I ought to get off a very creditable article. There was only one hindrance though. The time was slipping away. It was now December 30th, and little Alphonse Bruno, ordinarily the best-natured little seven months' old, was cutting his front upper teeth and was decidedly fussy.

I said it was December 30th. I should have said "is." Yes, the minutes of December 30th in the morning are actually now slipping by and the little tyrant is becoming more and more restive. Soon his plaints will be rending the air. Literary endeavours must be laid aside and the ordinary routine of bathing and dressing him proceeded with. All you alumnae mothers have had the same experience when you wished to carry out some cherished scheme. "Mother proposes, but baby disposes."

There! Crying again! Whatever can the matter be now?

A COLLEGE EDUCATION DOES NOT UNFIT A GIRL FOR MARRIED LIFE.

Marriage is an adventure which every live soul is entitled to have. As with any other adventure, it is foolish for any sane person to go into it blindly without preparation. But even preparation is not a gilt-edged guarantee that there won't be a storm. It should give one, however, a definite knowledge of the adventure—what is expected and the emergencies to be met. One must understand what marriage means physically, spiritually, socially and economically.

The average woman of yesterday entering matrimony depended for her livelihood upon the generosity of some male, the woman of to-day—especially is it true of the college woman—acknowledges her master in no such sense. No matter what tricks life may play on her, she can always earn her daily bread. She regards it as a social partnership, where two live together and have undertaken the conquest of the world together. The modern college woman believes in economic independence and that equality will make it possible to come nearer realizing an ideal marriage.

One can apply in daily life the knowledge derived from a variety of branches of study. Why should intellectual knowledge unfit women for the every-day business of life or home-making? It is not so with men. You see the most cultivated minds devoting their time and attention to the most homely objects. Thackeray says of a wife, "She ought to be able to make your home pleasant to your friends; to attract them to it by her grace, let her be, if not clever herself, an appreciator of cleverness, and above all have a sense of humour." Again, "the grace of a wife delighteth her husband, and her discretion will fatten his bones, a silent, loving wife is a gift of the Lord and

there is nothing of so much worth as a mind well instructed." I believe our college girls can develop initiative and have the capacity to grow in the important work of wifedom as well as in any other of their intellectual pursuits.

It is shown by statistics and conceded by men who know, as Judge Sabath, eminent judge of United States divorce court, that divorcees are less among college graduates. Dr. J. T. Willard, Vice-President of Kansas State Agricultural College and dean of general science of that university, corroborates this by his statement, "We had a great many marriages here among our graduates and only one of them has ended in divorce."

On both sides marriage brings into play the purest and loftiest feelings of nature. The feeling of identity of interest implied in the marriage relation, the mutual confidence, love and devotion which results cannot fail but have a purifying influence. "Education is useful, but love and truth are the foundation stones of the home." We agree with the teaching implied in Hiawatha:

"As unto the bow the cord is,
So unto the man is woman.
Though she bends him, she obeys him
Though she draws him, yet she follows;
Useless each without the other."

A woman will find she has power over her husband in proportion to her belief in him. Milton tells us "a good wife is Heaven's best gift to man." Again, "a good wife is the gift of a good God and the workmanship of a good husband."—Proverb.

"A dreary place would be this earth
Were there no little people in it;
The song of life would lose its mirth
Were there no children to begin it."

—Whittier.

God, thinking of our highest interests, sends us children to cement our love and bless our union. They are our little missionaries to turn us from evil and develop the good in us. "Certainly a wife and children are a kind of discipline of humanity."—Bacon.

In conclusion I would say to college girls contemplating matrimony: Pool your wisdom and concentrate on the work you are going to undertake. Learn to keep house practically and economically. Give your accomplishments body, character, life in your new home. Know when to change your rôle of housewife to loving friend and companion. Ponder—do you know how to jolly a man along? Can you cook as well as sympathize with his career? Can you be his chief bottle-washer, valet, laundress, comrade, inspiration, sock-darner, mother of his children successfully? The two entering the marriage contract must determine to share their dangers and responsibilities or it is unfair to both. One writer has defined woman as "an essay on goodness and grace in one volume, elegantly bound." Surely he must have been a happy husband. Although it may seem a little expensive I believe every man should have a copy.

THE STAY-AT-HOMES.

By Two Who Know.

I.

What are you doing now? is a question graduates are called upon to answer many, many times after graduation, in fact so many times that to answer it politely requires an unusual grip upon the temper. The least common reply is, "I am staying at home," and the invariable retort, "O, you are just loafing."

Loafing!

It might not be so bad if the inquirer mere-

ly left it at that, but he or she usually adds, "You wouldn't mind then doing so and so."

Here is a typical stay-at-home day. Ninthirty. Annie is making beds up two flights of stairs. Telephone rings on ground floor. Hurried dash downstairs. "Hello, Annie, Muriel speaking. How are you? Fine, thank you. That's good. Gorgeous weather, isn't it? Just lovely. I suppose you are going to the bridge party Wednesday? Yes, indeed. And so on. After twenty minutes of this, "Listen, Annie, since you're just at home loafing, we appointed you convener of the refreshment committee for our party. You will only have to have a meeting, and call up about thirty-five people.

Annie goes slowly upstairs and finishes her housework, interrupted by mail man, laundry man, etc. After that an hour's practice.

At luncheon brother appears. "Annie, where's that shirt of mine that went to the laundry last week? It didn't come back! My, you're careless. I don't see what you do with your time."

After luncheon, practice. Mailman brings notice of two meetings. Friend telephones asking Annie since she is just loafing if she will help with charity work. Finally dinner.

After dinner, another brother. "What became of my shirt-studs?" As if Annie wore such things. Goes out for the evening, meets a college friend, who says, "O Annie, what are you doing?" "I am at home." "So you're just loafing. By the way, would you mind—"

Loafing! Annie's friends see to it that she does not loaf. Milton says, "They also serve who only stand and wait." That expresses what Annie's friends think Annie does when she says she stays at home. She serves, it is true, but as for standing and waiting—well, draw your own conclusions. M. M. 2T3.

II.

The greater part of my college career was spent in weary expectation of this year at home; for admitting all the "happy memories of joyous days within beloved walls," of Valedictory fame, my most vivid memory of undergraduate life is that I was eternally tired. I don't believe I ever got truly rested once in four years, except during the glorious summers, and then I was always worrying because I wasn't doing some preparatory reading for the next term. Oh, you honour courses! Fain would I cry "out upon you, wreckers of young lives" until I recall that not the course itself, but the million and one supplementary interests of varying degrees of utility (the lowest remembered degree being exactly nothing) is responsible for my present lamentable state. It really is only a temporary state, but as the mood is on me now, I will allow it to attend the visit of my emaciated muse.

This, then, was the year to which the young soul yearned with dreams of freedom unfettered. For this she turned a deaf ear to the siren call of the "College of Ed," and lashed to the mast of her own determination, she scornfully looked on as one by one her companions succumbed. The first month or so were all they had promised to be—her time absolutely at her own disposal, so in a momentary fit of philanthropy, she agreed to spend two half days a week in hospital work, after which she felt a warm glow of virtuous satisfaction. Some weeks later, urged by several friends, and a revived ambition to spend one year "dabbling in different things," she decided to go to Tech. to study the first causes of Chicken a la King, and chocolate meringue. But, presumptuous creature that she was, having no sooner mastered the initial lesson (being how to wash and dry a head of lettuce) decided since this was

so simple and amusing, to take on at the same time the maidenly and economical art of sewing. Well, the regular rush of six half days being almost as bad as Fourth Year Arts and the gain of six or seven pounds discouraging her culinary efforts, with a sigh of relief she bade Tech. a permanent good-bye.

At this juncture the Alumnae with an unfailing eye for "loafers," enjoined the office of secretary upon the unwitting new-grad. Learning from results how agreeable the recent grads are to undertake what those of experience shun, the former were appointed to the committee of this magazine (hereby soliciting your sympathy) and of the Alumnae's dramatic productions for the season. This, of course, was a pleasure, if only each new week did not repeat most of the duties of the last, that we might for once make a fresh start. I want to skate, I want to read, I want to sew—I may as well cry for the moon.

Finally as a last attempt, that the year may not slip by without one important thing done, I presumed to register at Christmas Time for one Post Graduate course in English—having done none of the reading suggested since October. However, I think I have "dabbled" enough—from now on I am devoted to my course. Perhaps after all there are worse bugbears than full days tending to one definite purpose—perhaps some wonderful joy in having the shield of a career to ward off those who depend upon the loafers. Can it be that our companions were gifted with some second sight, when undeterred by our horror of "another year's work," they smilingly passed on to Faculty. Perhaps another year will see a belated group of Grads with a sader, but wiser, look at the door of the College of Education, begging on their knees—for admission? No, rather for sanctuary. Elsie Irvine, 2T4.

A LIBRARIAN SPEAKS.

Every occupation has its humorous side and every walk of life its queer characters. In this respect, as in most public institutions, the public library is not lacking. Besides lending books it is considered by the public as more or less of an information bureau, and we are asked most amusing questions, and furnished with the most amazing pronounciations. The questions cover the literature of the ages from "Dante's Inferno" to "Mr. Barker." This latter gentleman puzzled us for some time, until we discovered that it was the name of the latest picture in which Rudolph Valentino was capturing feminine hearts! But some inquiries embrace several periods of literature at once.

One evening a young lady approached the desk and asked if we had any books by Thomas à Kempis. I informed her that the "Imitation of Christ" was the only one we had. She looked rather blank and then said, "Well—the one I wanted was called 'River's End.'" It was my turn to look blank, but I assured her that Curwood was the author of that book and that Thomas à Kempis had lived in the middle ages, and I was quite sure "River's End" was not in his line. "Perhaps," I suggested, "You have made a mistake in the name." But she was firm. "No," she insisted, "I am sure that is his name, and he wrote another book, too, called 'Fisherman's Luck.' My girl friend told me about it." "But Henry Van Dyke wrote 'Fisherman's Luck,'" I informed her, "not Thomas à Kempis." A light broke over her face and her brow cleared. "Why, that's the man," she cried, "I always get the names mixed!" Then 'River's End' was explained; she meant 'Little Rivers,' but how she ever confused our mediaeval mystic with a popular modern writer is still a source of wonder to me.

Still, such occurrences do prevent monotony. What will the dear public ask to-morrow?

Eleanor Mackintosh, 2T2.

THE WOMAN LAWYER.

It is just a little more than a quarter of a century since the late Clara Brett Martin, the pioneer woman lawyer petitioned to be admitted on the roll of the Law Society of Upper Canada as a Barrister and a Solicitor. This indeed caused quite a disturbance and much opposition because "she was a woman." However, after strenuous efforts on her part and the kind sponsorship of the late Sir Oliver Mowat, an act of Parliament was passed and the late Miss Martin was admitted and duly articulated. Later, another act was passed and she was called to the Bar on February 2nd, 1897. She was admitted as a Solicitor on the same day.

Since that time there have been about fifty other women admitted as Solicitors and called to the Bar. At the present time there are thirteen women registered at the Law School.

In the words of Mr. Justice Riddell, "The women who practise law are not wild women; they are earnest, well-educated women who ask no favours, but are quite willing to do their share of the world's work on the same conditions as men."

There are just about ten women practising law in Toronto, and without prejudice the only firm entirely composed of women is that of Daley and Thompson, which even boasts of a woman law student.

For the most part, women lawyers confine themselves to an office practice, such as consultations, drawing deeds, bonds, wills and other legal documents, but there are exceptions and occasionally one of them takes a brief at a trial. "What jury would hang a mur-

deress if Portia pleaded for her life half as eloquently as she did when she tried to move to mercy the terrible Jew, that Shakespeare drew?"

Speaking from experience, the clients who have been so kind as to entrust their legal business to me are those who have not indulged in litigation. The work is very fascinating and opens up avenues into all phases and conditions of human nature. It is in itself a splendid education for it broadens the intellect, strengthens the mind and quickens one's insight into every-day business affairs.

It seems only natural that a woman takes a more sympathetic view of trouble and does not leave untouched the smallest detail which may affect the issue in question. As for the problems affecting women and children in particular it is undoubtedly true that a woman acquainted with the laws relating thereto is able to treat the matter in a more logical manner.

Therefore, why should women have ever been prohibited from practising law? We must answer the conundrum in the language of Lord Dundreary, "It is one of the things no fellow can find out."

Florence M. Daly, 1T9.

LAW FROM A WOMAN'S VIEWPOINT.

In the years previous to the time when women became emancipated by obtaining the franchise, it was an unusual occurrence for them to enter business or the professions. When after much opposition, they obtained the right to vote on an equality with men, business life and the professions were gradually thrown open to those who wished to share in the advantages derived from professional and business experiences.

In the United States practically no opposition has been made to women studying and practising law. In fact, in one of the Eastern States there is a law school exclusively for women students. In England the ancient prejudices are gradually being overcome by the increasing number of girls who are seeking admission to the renowned Middle Temple. Mrs. Helena Normanaton, who recently visited our neighbour to the south, is an example of the interest which English women are taking in matters pertaining to law and its relation to politics and society. Even in far distant India a woman has been appointed as a magistrate, whose particular duties are to look after the welfare of the women and children in her district. Here in Canada, in eight provinces at least, where ancient British traditions formerly made a formidable bulwark, women can now practise as barristers and solicitors. Quebec alone persists in refusing them admission to the Quebec Bar.

In Ontario, women students are on equal footing with the men, whether it be in professional life or as a student at law.

It has often been asked "Why women insist on invading the realms of law." The apparent answer is that since they have obtained the franchise, they must know the law in order to exercise it justly, and with a view to obtaining the best results politically, economically, and socially.

A cosmopolitan knowledge in relation to business matters in which law must play a part and the ability to think clearly and decisively is one of the advantages derived from a law course. Where a woman is preparing herself for a business career whether it be in the actual practice of law or in some other realm of trade or commerce, a knowledge of the law is a practical necessity as well as an advantage. If her avocation, on the other hand, is to be a Club woman or one which brings her in public contact with great numbers of people, who have diverse views, a clear conception of the law in all subjects concerning every-day life, and especially those laws relating to the welfare of women and children, will be of inestimable value.

The home, too, may benefit by a systematized working out of even every-day plans and problems, whether it be to plan out the family budget or some other domestic matter. The advantages of a legal training are not lost even in this sphere—and whether in future years the women students who are now attending the law schools throughout the country find their spheres as home-makers or law-makers, or perhaps a combination of both, the teachings and legal truths which they have learnt while students may always be of practical advantage.

Kathleen Lee, 2T2.



“REGULAR HIGHS”

Buddie had just “gone on the altar,” and like every novice, showed great devotion and attachment to his duties. The usual high aspiration were his too—that when he was “big” he would be a priest—a bishop—a pope. But when Buddie donned the black soutane he suddenly conceived the idea that he was already a priest, but, unable to say Mass in the church, he erected one of his own—a “basement” church with a box at the entrance labelled “Building Fund.”

In this room below my father’s office was a large discarded desk, which though, undoubtedly, it had seen its best days. But suddenly it realized that an unforeseen glory, a brilliant future was in store for it. Behold the desk! Now draped in beautiful lace curtains uprooted from the rag-bag; an altar cloth, a resurrected table-cloth; finger-towels, serviettes of a past age! There stood the Mass book upon a stand, carved by his own hand, candles, flowers, statues, a crucifix, a tabernacle (a veiled-in pigeon-hole) and lastly what Buddie treasured most—his little silver chalice lined with gold.

A vestry was not lacking. There were boxes labelled red, black, yellow, green, such as were the colours of the vestments within. The imaginary curate, too, had his vestments and the altar boys who, however, were real live creatures whom Buddie brought home with him from school. But when they failed him he called upon one of his numerous sisters to come to his assistance.

Buddie had acquired the same cough, the little nervous laugh, the habit of talking to oneself which were peculiar to our parish priest. When not saying Mass he walked up

and down the vestry reading his “office” from a large, black leather, French medical book; made sick calls during which he walked silently through the back lawn, stopped at a tree—the house of the dying man—and administered the last sacraments.

No morning went by without Buddie saying his Mass. It was a duty which he considered more binding than eating his breakfast, so when it was a question of dispensing with one or the other, on a morning when he had accidentally slept in, Buddie did not hesitate to choose. There he would celebrate Mass, sing Latin in a loud, drawling monotone, not forgetting to be seized with a fit of coughing in the midst of the singing (since the parish priest did it, it seemed to Bud an indispensable part of the ceremony); would turn to his congregation with a “Dominus vobiscum,” which came in quite frequently, as it was one phrase he had “mastered.” After Mass he would hear his confessions, seated behind the open door, looking through the crack at imaginary penitents. Christmas Day the dolls were christened, which meant a solemmn and dignified ceremony. There sat Alice and Grace, Phyllis and Marjory, of sober mien, upon the broken bench, holding their dolls upon their knees, listening with all seriousness to the sermon delivered by Buddie to the proud little mothers. Buddie specialized in sermons! He had his pulpit—a barrel with a chair erected inside. From there came orations more eloquent than Bossuet’s. “One day when the apostles were trying to walk on the water, they began to drown, and what do you think happened? Along came our Lord in a motor-boat and

saved them all!" And into the same sermon was woven many a parable, the connection of which was, to say the least, "vague."

But Buddie's favourite Mass was the "regular high." He had heard the list of requiem High Masses announced for the week, had served at them and the extra ceremony appealed very much to him. "Regular Higgs" were sung for every "special request," and frequently for his mother, whom he made attend Mass when said for her. A mournful sight it was to behold—a box draped in black, adorned with a white cloth cross, was placed in the centre of the room and Bud, decked in black vestments, a biretta (a straw-berry box covered with black silk ornamented with an immense woollen tassel), with an extremely sad expression, borrowed for the occasion, his eyes rolled towards heaven, sang in a more mournful tone than usual.

But one morning a sound, even more drear than the "regular highs" was heard, a solemn yet heavy step, a shuffling to and fro. Alarmed at this unusually sad strain, we stole down to church. Lo! There stood Bud in a flood of tears, in the midst of which he packed away vestments—white trimmed with gold, green trimmed with tinsel, and black trimmed with deeper black—vases, candles, flowers—all into the box over which so many "regular highs" had been chanted. Alas! He had sung his last and now all must be stored away—his office book too with "Father Blanchard" written proudly across the front page, his biretta, his soutane! And each one brought forth another burst of tears, a deep sob! The temple must be cleared! But one relic Buddie carried away—his little silver chalice lined with gold which became now his "private egg-cup." But many a tear fell into this little chalice when Buddie instead of running to his church to

sing his "regular high," sat down to breakfast—to eat an egg!

Camille Blanchard, 2T5.



Infantile Paralysis

A still surprise forlornly lay
Within her young eyes, unaware—
A look that beggars old and gray
And little crippled children share.

She smiled upon the gyves and crutch,
As, awkwardly, she tried to lift
Frail limbs that answered not her touch—
Though, six months since, were lithe and swift.

"I'm little, and I like being lame!"
Her voice no note of challenge held.
A little breeze of laughter came
To prove her words—ere it was quelled.

"I'm always 'It' in everything,
In children's romps and games and fun,
'Cos through my crutches I can swing
Much faster than the rest can run.

The games I want are always played,
Because I'm crippled, don't you see?
Why, last night, Little Sister prayed
That God would make her lame like me."

Then came, unbidden, to her eyes,
A sudden flash of inward light,
That saw through Life's grim drolleries
And faded, trembling, at the sight.

She clutched my hand, "I like being lame,"
She said—"now while I'm small;
But, tell me—will it be the same
When I am big—like you—and tall?"

B. McGrath, 2T2.



THE FIRST TEN STUDENTS OF THE COLLEGE

GLEANINGS FROM A SUMMER'S VISIT TO THE BRITISH ISLES

THE dull, greyish-blue rocks of Ireland's northern coast rising out of the mist of early morning were a welcome sight after the Atlantic voyage. Gradually those sharp masses of rock disappeared and as we sailed into Belfast Lough we gazed upon rolling country clothed in the softest green. After landing at Belfast we went to view the city. As evening came on the beauty of the Northern capital was enhanced by a glorious sunset over the hills of Antrim.

The day after our arrival in Belfast, we visited the Giant's Causeway. On our way thither, our attention was called to many an ancient castle and quaint tower, which, if stones could speak, would have a thrilling tale to tell. One in particular absorbed my attention. It was the old Castle of Dunluce, set out on a rocky promontory almost surrounded by the sea. I wondered what clans had used this as a stronghold in ancient times. There is always a peculiar fascination in these relics of bygone days, those links which connect the far-off past with the present.

Arriving at the Causeway, I was awe-struck when I gazed upon those gigantic pillars which nature has carved out in such regular shapes; but just then when my imagination was allowed full play, I was far less interested in the scientific explanation of the phenomena than in the old Gaelic legend of the giant who attempted to build a causeway to Scotland, but who through some inclement fate was forced to abandon the Herculean project.

Leaving Ireland, let us pass on to historic Scotland, the "land of brown heath and shaggy

wood." Our first visit here was to Ayr and Alloway, so closely connected with the life of Burns. There the straw-thatched cottage in which the poet was born, the "auld kirk" and the beloved "auld brigs" are just as they were in the time of the Ayrshire poet. I stood on the Brig O'Doon, leaned over its ivy-clad railings, and looked down upon "the flowery banks o' Bonnie Doon."

In marked contrast to this peaceful hamlet in Ayrshire is the city of Glasgow, which, with evidence of existence about the year 397 A.D., may claim to be the oldest city in Scotland. From the days of St. Ninian downwards it has a story of most varied interest. It was a fortress of the early Britons and the stronghold of their Christian church. In the progress of later times too, it has played a picturesque part. Modern Political Economy, the creation of Adam Smith, may be said to have originated within its college cloisters. The idea of the modern steam engine which has wrought such momentous changes in the character of the world, flashed into James Watt's mind on Glasgow Green. In Glasgow University there is an engine said to be the one on which Watt was working when he made his great discovery. The most interesting building in all Glasgow is the venerable Cathedral. To relate its history would be to bring back a brilliant panorama of the past. On its site in the fourth century St. Ninian consecrated a Christian burying-place, and in the sixth century St. Mungo set up his Christian cell. In the twelfth, by order of the Prince of Strathclyde, afterwards King David I., the first cathedral

was erected over the tomb of the saintly Bishop Mungo. On the banks of a little stream called the Molendinar, near the site of the Cathedral, St. Columba of Iona and St. Mungo once walked together and exchanged their pastoral staves.

We now leave these ancient scenes and pass on to the Trossachs, beloved of readers of Scott. You catch the spirit of the romantic highlands the moment you come in sight of Loch Lomand. Away in the background, Ben Lomand towers over the surrounding heather-clad hills. Scott's words keep recurring in one's mind:

"O Caledonia, stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child."

Travelling southward from the Trossachs, we come to Edinburgh, Scott's "own romantic town." To describe the scene that is displayed from the summit of the romantic Arthur's Seat or the Blackford, or the Calton Hill, would be to group together scenic and architectural beauty unrivalled in any city in the world. There is a sharp contrast between the Old Town with its historic castles—Holyrood and Edinburgh Castle—and the New Town with its modern buildings. It was to the lofty ridge of Blackford that Scott in imagination took Marmion to view his beloved Dunedin, and thus he describes the scene:

"Northward far with purer blaze,
On Ochil Mountains fell the rays,
And as each heathy top they kissed,
It gleamed a purple amethyst;
Yonder the shores of Fife you saw;
Here Preston Bay and Berwick Law,
And broad between them roll'd
The gallant firth the eye might note
Whose islands on its bosom float
Like emeralds chased in gold."

Not far from Edinburgh are the castles of Stirling and Sinlithgow, each surrounded with a halo of romance on account of its association with the life of Mary, Queen of Scots. After visiting these historic places, we drove on past Wallace's Monument, past Falkirk and Bannockburn, until we came to the beautiful Loch Katrine and Ellen's Isle. But the chief interest for lovers of Scott's works lies in the Tweed Valley, which is replete with literary and historic association. I was enraptured when I first caught sight of dear old Melrose Abbey, and I hastened at once to see the stone framework of what was once the "eastern oriel." Just inside, where the dancing moonbeams could play upon it, was the grave of the wizard Michael Scott. I sat in Roslin Chapel and contemplated the "pillars foliage-bound" and the "rose-carved buttresses" mentioned in Rosabelle. I tried to picture them as they might have been when they blazed on that dread night when the heiress of the "lordly line of high St. Clair" met an untimely death. Not far from the chapel are "Roselin's castled rock" and the "caverned Hawthornden." The last hour of our sojourn in the Scott country was spent at Dryburgh Abbey, where the poet and novelist of the storied borderland lies buried.

During a brief stay in the heart of the beautiful English Lake District, we visited Furness Abbey on the Lancashire coast. This celebrated pile ranks next to Fountains Abbey and Tintern, the latter of which is well known through Wordsworth's poem. Furness Abbey is situated in a deep and narrow vale called "the Glen of the Deadly Nightshade." This vast and magnificent edifice, although partly in ruins, now cannot fail to inspire the spectator with awe. The portions of it that still remain to tell its melancholy tale, while they

impress the visitor with their sublimity and grandeur, solemnly remind him of the transitoriness of all human things. Again we shall use the words of the poet to describe the thoughts which surge up in one's mind when contemplating such a picture:

“Within this convent’s mouldering walls
The flitting bat a dwelling finds;
The dreary shower unhindered falls
And sadly sound the rushing winds,
Seeming in every gust to say:
Thou, too, O man, shalt pass away.”

As we turn to leave the massive pile, we feel that Byron spoke wisely when he said that Time is “the beautifier of the dead, the adoration of the ruin.”

Down in classic Oxford, and in London and its vicinity, the literary and historic gleaner finds his field vast and almost appalling. I shall attempt only the merest mention of a few impressions of these marvellous cities. In Oxford, one visits twenty-three colleges, some dating from the thirteenth century. Each of these venerable institutions has its tale to tell of its zealous founder, of the vicissitudes it has passed through, and of the great men whose names, down through the ages, have redounded to the glory of that ancient seat of learning.

On reaching London, we went to Westminster Abbey, and there where so many of England’s glorious dead are entombed, we reverently placed a wreath of blue immortelles on the grave of the Unknown Soldier. The impressions received of the Abbey itself, of St. Paul’s, of the British Museum and the Na-

tional Gallery of the historic Tower with its grim reminders of less peaceful times, are too vast to record here, so let us pass on to a remote spot in the old borough of Southwark, where stood the old Globe Theatre in which Shakespeare played. The only indication that the theatre occupied this site is a stone slab in the wall of a modern building. I stood on the site of the Tabard Inn and in imagination saw Chaucer’s Canterbury pilgrims filing forth.

One place which left with me a lasting impression is Harrow-on-the-Hill, the famous public school which boasts of such pupils as Byron, Robert Peel, Lord Palmerston, Lord Dalhousie, Sheridan, and Lord Shaftesbury. In the old Fourth Form Room may be seen the names of these famous men carved in the oak panels. On the Church Terrace stands the Peachey Stone on which Byron loved to lie and dream. Keen was the emotion we felt when six or seven grey-headed masters of Harrow gathered in the Speech Room and sang for us their school songs. These songs illustrate every phase of the school life and every period of its history. Queen Elizabeth and the Founder, “Rodney the Sailor-boy,” Byron and Peel, Sheridan and Palmerston and Ashley among historic characters, and Jerry the fag, Willow the king, and St. Joles the saint of the Lazy Boy, among characters not historic, all find a place in these stirring songs. This touching incident could not fail to be inspiring, and we felt that our summer’s programme would have been incomplete without that memorable visit to Harrow-on-the-Hill.

Theresa O’Reilly.



A FAIRY TALE FROM CANADA

Ordinarily when the little ones crowd around the fireplace and clamour for a fairy tale, the brains of mothers and fathers, brothers and sisters, are wracked for stories from Hans Christian Anderson, and the Brothers Grimm, for Norse Legends, or old tales from Ireland, for Ireland and Germany would seem to be the favourite haunts of fairies. We think of these countries as old with centuries of memories, food for the imagination. In them may be found black forests, ghostly ruins and narrow, gushing streams upon which the moonlight may play with eerie light.

But Canada is a new land, suggesting sunlight and wheatfields, ice and snow, large cities, pioneer days, adventures and "this work-a-day world," and many may wonder how a fairy tale could come from such a land.

A fairy tale has come from Canada because fairy tales are of all lands, built of "nothing but vain fantasy." Their essence is sheer wonder. They may use the names of countries, but their content is universal. Hence "The King's Wish," by T. G. Marquis is not a Canadian fairy tale, but a fairy tale written in Toronto during the past year by a Canadian. In that few fairy tales are written in the New World, it is unique.

"The King's Wish" is 164 pages long, and throughout these pages there is not a trace of the country in which it was written. The background is suggestive of Spain and Mediaeval England, of Spain when dealing with Fedora and her fields, and the gypsy robbers, of Mediaeval England when dealing with the city of the king.

Most of the names are Spanish—José, Fedora, Zora, and Juanita—while a few are of the North, such as Lara, Haro, and Henry.

José is a little gypsy beggar sold by his tribe to Dame Fedora, a peasant, for two sheep. He is a dreamer and continually allows portions of the flock to go astray. One day while he is trying to think of a way to gratify the king's wish for an unfailing source of interest, the whole flock goes astray. José flees in fear to the woods, where he is lured to a cave by the music of the harp of the sun. Its keeper gives it to him, telling him to take it to the king, and that he, José, shall be rich and powerful if he will promise to play it only from sunrise to sunset, and know no other love save it alone. The prophecy is fulfilled. The harp gratifies the king's wish, and José is made prince. With the harp he works wonders, and restores the king's daughter to health. He is to be married to her, when on the eve of the wedding he breaks his last vow, and plays the harp after nightfall. The prince suddenly disappears, and weeks later a beggar is found on the steps of old Fedora's cottage. He is ill, but is restored to health, and marries his old playmate Zora. José the Prince is dead. Ismael the beggar lives, and is happy, and reveres the name of the José whose statue a grateful people have erected in the great square.

Florence Deacon Black, of the Canadian Magazine, says: "At last it is found that love, and simple, pure pleasures are more to be desired than wealth or glory. But this maxim will not be discovered in words; only the more thoughtful readers may glean it, and other bits of wisdom from "between the lines."

One might perhaps have wished that José could have chosen love and simple pleasures in some way that would have caused no unhappiness to the Princess. Little hearts are sure to think of her and ache for her, for it is surprising how closely children follow the career of each character in a story.

In describing the priest and the attitude of the people towards José after his disappearance, there is also a touch reminiscent of the Protestant historian of Mediaevalism that one might wish otherwise.

The story from the opening sentence, "Towards evening Dame Fedora sat in her neatly-kept clay hut, bemoaning the loss of her little shepherd," to the concluding lines, "and he was protected by the very José of the statue though he knew it not," is told in clear, simple English that is always beautiful.

"The King's Wish" is modelled upon the old fairy tale, the tale that takes a little boy

or girl through wonderful adventures, and at length brings him or her safe home, happier than before. It contains just the proper amount of dangers to prove exciting, but never nerve-wracking, and there is none of the subtle humour that is the great drawback of "Alice in Wonderland" as a story for children. Children are naturally serious about adventures, and "The King's Wish" is told seriously. As Miss Black says, "There is no talking down or moralizing. It is quite evident that Mr. Marquis has written the story primarily for his own enjoyment, and that he has a profound respect for the intelligence of boys and girls. The thought-vision in "The King's Wish" is quite substantial enough to satisfy adult requirements in reading."

Mary Frances Mallon, 2T3.

Reprinted from the "Bulletin" of the "International Federation of Catholic Alumnae."



1 Teresa Coughan. 3. Edna Duffey. 4. Curley Ryan.
2. Aileen Kelly. 5. Mary Power.

A REMARKABLE VISIT

Towards the close of November last the Loretto nuns in Canada and the United States enjoyed an unprecedented experience in the visit of Rev. Mother Raphael, Superior-General of the Irish branch of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary, whose mother-house is Loretto Abbey, Rathfarnham. Reverend Mother Raphael is the lineal successor of Rev. Mother Teresa Ball, through whose zeal and generosity the Canadian foundation was made seventy-seven years ago; it may, therefore, be imagined what joyful anticipation was caused by the announcement of the proposed visit. Rev. Mother-General was on her way home after visiting the houses in South Africa and Australia, accompanied by Mother M. Borgia, former Provincial of India, and Sister M. Victoire of Australia.

Landing in Vancouver, they proceeded to Chicago, where the three communities enjoyed a ten days' visit which was full of joy and consolation. When they arrived in Toronto a warm welcome awaited them at Loretto Abbey from nuns and pupils. Mother General quite surpassed all expectations—the ideal general of an almost world-wide order, with a broad, cosmopolitan culture and outlook. Both she and Mother Borgia were most delightful in conversation and their experiences in four continents heightened the charm of the talks with which the community were favoured during their too brief stay.

Rev. Mother Raphael paid two visits to Lor-

retto College. On the first the college students and the pupils of Loretto College School tendered her a joint reception, when Miss Clara Yates in a brief address expressed the emotions of all present who by this visit felt themselves more closely knit to the great circle of Loretto girls who all over the world respond to the same ideals. On the second occasion Mother General, Mother M. Borgia and Sister Victoire were good enough to be present at the two one-act French plays, "*Les Romanesques*" and "*Le Luthier de Crémone*," which were presented by the College.

Sister M. Victoire will make her tertianship at Loretto Abbey, Rathfarnham, afterwards spending a year or two in study at the Paris house before returning to her native land.

The visit ended all too soon, as time had to be reserved for a short stay at Niagara Falls, taking in Hamilton en route. At the former place a most enjoyable three days were spent by the guests, who were full of admiration for the beauty of the world-renowned panorama of nature and the unrivalled situation of the Convent, and by the Niagara nuns and pupils who were charmed with all they saw and heard of their guests.

On Dec. 6th, after an interesting visit in New York, which included an interview with the Cardinal, they sailed on the *Carona* for Liverpool, leaving behind them a fresh inspiration and a memory that will not die.



"DON'T YOU REMEMBER 'WAY BACK WHEN?"

Sister Johanna.

Very often we foolish mortals are made awares suddenly of this fact, that our greatest support and aid come from the most unexpected sources. Dickens, the great doctor of human nature, has cleverly confirmed this truth in his widely-read novel, "Great Expectations."

Which one among us, the pioneer students of L.A.C., will deny that the greatest comforter of our college days in every trial and difficulty was the little Sister who had charge of the college dining-room?

This little nun, with her kind blue eyes and smiling face held the key to every heart and she still holds it, for whenever she revisits her former home she finds "her girls" ready to receive her. How true it is that God often puts a big spark of His divine charity in the souls of little ones like our own dear Sister Johanna.

S. M. Annunciata,
(Gertrude Walsh, 2T9).

Do You Remember

Sister Johanna's secret store of nuts and raisins for Alice?—M.D., 1T9.

The toast and coffee served in the end room of the (I can't remember the name) corridor every night at ten o'clock?—M.D., 1T9.

The day Gen. Twomey slipped on the cake of soap and came headlong down the stairs?—M.D., 1T9.

Gertrude Walsh in her role as chief of the Six Nation Indians?—M.D., 1T9.

Claire Smyth's little room in the corridor which, as she complained, was so small she

had to come out to change her mind?—M.D., 1T9.

How we used to stop at Child's for butter cakes and coffee on our way back from the Ethics lectures at St. Joseph's?—M.D., 1T9.

The last night of the retreat in 1916, when all the seniors, juniors and even some sophs, were assembled in Mary Downey's and Ettie Flanagan's room and were busy discussing vocations and associations quite regardless of the rule for silence, and how the meeting came to an abrupt and undignified conclusion when Mother Margarita came to the door and merely remarked, "Well, really?"—M.D., 1T9.

How Betty McGrath never heard the bells?—M.D., 1T9.

The turkey dinner given by Mary Canty on American Thanksgiving Day, 1918?—M.D., 1T9.

The Truth Party in 51, when after putting out the lights, we proceeded to explain in detail just what we considered was each other's most annoying fault. Despite our solemn agreement beforehand, not to mind what was said, it was many a long day before friendly relations were completely restored—M.D., 1T9.

Do you remember the night that Dr. G. McGrady taxied the Graduation Class and the Alumnae (twenty-three in all) to the Royal Alexandra Theatre in truly Toonerville Trolley style?

In the olden days when the college was very young every time we had a party and all the college girls were together, we used to have a sing-song and go through our whole repertoire of songs. Each year we added a

few more to the old-timers.—Kath. Macaulay, 1T8.

One year we had a College Glee Club and we managed to get a good deal of fun out of it as well as some work. We sang at a military Hospital and several other places during the year.—Kath. Macaulay, 1T8.

Another favourite pastime was to get Mother B. to go to the concert hall with us and hear us sing our songs, and then afterwards we would dance. Mother B's favourite was "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" and "Clementine."—Kath. Macaulay, 1T8.

Do you remember the night before the German exam. in our second year? The class of 1T8 had forgotten(?) to translate a certain German story which was prescribed for the year's work. Rumour said there would be a portion of that book on the paper. We had written an exam, that day and were all very tired. M.M. came up and read the story through for us in English, and about 10.30 M. S. C. appeared on the scene with a tray of cocoa and sandwiches, and didn't we enjoy them?—Kath. Macaulay, 1T8.

Do you know where a certain class arrived at the idea of synopsisizing the year's work? I think it was Al's brilliant suggestion and it certainly worked out fine. Do you not remember the hours spent "At the Coil" in the hall, studying history? Then, too, the time spent on English and History in Al's room in the corridor? As most of these sessions lasted into the wee sma' hours, Kath. usually got sleepy at about 11 and was sent to bed, to which she did not object very strongly.—Kath. Macaulay, 1T8.

Who is there who does not remember Sister J's "Specials?" Some were given nuts, some apples and others cookies, and whenever Sister J. came along the hall at night there

was a grand rush to see who would get to her first and get the apples out of her pocket.—Kath. Macaulay, 1T8.

Do you remember how Florence Daley would always say she was going to be a lawyer?

When Mona Clark suggested that any member of Alumni giving speeches at dances, etc., should be given a free meal?

How we used to sell space for advertising in the programmes used at our Shakespearean plays and how well(?) we were received in different offices?

Mother Gertrude and her stamps?

How Mertis Donnelly would read magazines the night before final examinations.

Do you remember when Ellen Madigan was lost on a geology excursion?

Do you remember Madigan's Hand Book of Religion which supplanted the original text at exam. time?

Do you remember Eileen Kelly's boxes from home?

Do you remember mice in the corridor and Gen. Twomey chasing them with a broom?

Do you remember Eileen Kelly resting calmly in her room the night before a final exam. wrapped in her eiderdown, devouring the "Red Book" and "Laura Secords?"

Do you remember Mary Pickett with the bicycle as Hodder Williams in the stunt night in 1923?

Do you remember the result of the vaccinations of the vain ones who refused to be vaccinated on the arm during the small-pox epidemic?

Do you remember the semi-final rehearsal of the Dante Pageant at the Abbey with the leading lady ill in bed and irate parents calling up Mother Estelle to ask why daughters were kept so late, and Dr. Kirkpatrick coming up

to her when all was over to say, "Oh, we have just a lovely Hell?"

Do you remember the powder that flew in clouds from Margaret Kelly's wig when as Sir Anthony Absolute in the Rivals she slammed on her hat?

Do you remember Maire Hannon as Sir Toby in Twelfth Night?"

Do you remember the club-bag containing costumes for purgatory and hell, lost on the way to the first performance of the "Masque of Love?"

Do you remember making Hallowe'en decorations for the Soph.-Frosh banquet in 1921?

Do you remember how, as the rehearsals for "Twelfth Night" continued, Sir Toby's conduct was censored, and he sobered considerably?

Do you remember the initiation in '19 when the freshettes were given bread and milk before the banquet?

Do you remember Betty McGrath taking an amateur flashlight of the 1921 Graduates' Banquet?

Do you remember the 1922 Graduates' Banquet held on the eve of final exams.

Do You Remember

PRAYER OF THANKSGIVING.

For all the nuts thou hast given Al,
We thank thee, Sister Johanna.
For all "sauce" thou hast given Gen.,
We thank thee, Sister Johanna.
For all the tomatoes thou hast given Fran G.,
We thank thee, Sister Johanna.
For all the brown bread thou hast given Claire,
We thank thee, Sister Johanna.
For all the apples thou has given Helen,
We thank thee, Sister Johanna.
For all the baked "spuds" thou has given
Marion,

We thank thee, Sister Johanna.
For all the steak thou hast given Babe,
We thank thee, Sister Johanna.
For all the extras thou hast given Ettie,
We thank thee, Sister Johanna.
For all the peaches thou hast given Kath,
We thank thee, Sister Johanna.
For all the soup thou hast given Grace,
We thank thee, Sister Johanna.
For all the raisins thou hast given Madeline,
We thank thee, Sister Johanna.
For all the marmelade thou hast given Fran.
O'B.,
We thank thee, Sister Johanna.
For all the praise thou hast given Estelle,
We thank thee, Sister Johanna.
For all the sympathy thou hast given "John,"
We thank thee, Sister Johanna.
For all the private sessions thou hast given
Dorothea,
We thank thee, Sister Johanna.
For all the care thou hast given the Freshies,
We thank thee, Sister Johanna.
For all the love thou hast given Ede.,
We thank thee, Sister Johanna.
For all the abuse thou hast given us,
We thank thee, Sister Johanna.
Thanksgiving Day, Oct. 8, 1917.

Mertis and Gertrude.

Mother—Did you see Santa Claus last night, Florence?

Flo—No, but I heard what he said when he fell over my doll buggy.

Sunday School Teacher (to boy who has forgotten name of one of the Sacraments)—
What do people receive when they are being married?

Boy (brightly)—Extreme Unction.

WITH THE GRADUATE

Anna Teresa Coughlin, 1T2, with Gertrude Ryan, the first of the women students to register at a Catholic college of the University of Toronto. After two years at Rockland High School, where she held the post of principal, Teresa felt the call of the West, leaving for Alberta in July, 1919. She taught French for one year at High River High School. Her sudden illness with its fatal result is one of the few sad pages in the history of the College. But having been fortified with the rites of the Church to whose teachings she had always been singularly faithful, surely she may be thought of as one safe in heaven. R.I.P.

Mary Power, 1T5. Was appointed Director of the Child Welfare Department of the Province of Ontario shortly after her graduation and has attained international renown among social service workers as a lecturer and executive. She was responsible for the founding of Loretto College Alumnae and has always been a real friend to it and to every one of its members. She took the Mediterranean trip last summer and with her father visited the ancestral hall in Ireland.

Gertrude Ryan, 1T5. Otherwise known as "Curly." Has taught high school at Châpleau, Perth, Arthur, and is now in the Windsor Collegiate. Curly went abroad this summer and we know of no one who saw Paris and its shops as she did. She has a quite phenomenal power

of keeping all our hearts without any waste of ink.

Mona E. Clark, 1T5. Taught for a year and three months at the Ursuline College, Chatham, Ont., and then went into Military Service work. She is now editor of one of the business publications of the MacLean Publishing Company and writes occasionally for other magazines. She has been from the Atlantic to the Pacific twice since she graduated. Her rare personality retains all its old power to charm by "infinite variety." As president of the College



Freshies' Party, 1913-14.

Marion S., Mildred C., Aileen K., Mary (Babe) D.,
Florence B., Mary D., Ella C.

Alumnae she conducted a remarkably successful drive for scholarship funds whereby her successors were enabled to live comfortably on their means till the Home Bank disaster drove them to new expedients. Her presence at Alumnae meetings is said to have a tonic quality that is much appreciated.

Edna Frances Duffy, 1T6. Has taught English and History in high schools in the follow-

ing places and order: Ganville, Ohio; Lima, Ohio; Glendale and Los Angeles, Calif. "Ted" and her sister Angela went to California in 1920 for a trip and they were so enamoured of it that they remained. Since then Ted has been east three times, one of which was by way of the Rockies. Next year she hopes to go to Alaska. That she still is a devoted daughter of Loretto is one of Ted's crowning virtues. On two of her visits east she came all the way from her former home in Lima to visit her Alma Mater. Edna has seen and taken a keen interest in the best that the western coast affords in the spheres of intellect, science, art and nature.

Mary Irene Long, 1T6. Alias "Nemo" and "Emmeline" and now Sister M. Irma, has been teaching in Loretto Academy, Hamilton, and winning golden opinions. She has spent all her summers at the college. A letter which played hide-and-seek during Christmas vacation is the cause of our receiving nothing beyond her good wishes and loving regard to all L.A.C. girls.

Ellen Madigan, 1T6. Since leaving college "Nellie" has taught with splendid results in the high schools of Chapleau, Wiarton, Gananoque and Lucan. She has visited the Canadian Pacific Coast. Ellen has been ill for some time as the result of teaching, but through it all has been the bright, witty Nellie of College days.

Gertrude McQuade, 1T6. Now Sister St. Ivan, but still thought of by her college friends as "Gerty," principal of Ennismore Continuation School two years, entered Loretto in 1921, lectured in French department Loretto College, 1923-24. Now mistress-general of Loretto College School (formerly Loretto Day School).

Teresa O'Reilly, 1T6. "Little Tess" has had a very extended teaching career. Her activities have been in the high schools of Cardinal, Arthur and Napanee. In the collegiate of Vankleek Hill, where she now is, she is head of the departments of Moderns and History, not to mention Physical Training. Her spirit towards her Alma Mater is, to our thinking, wholly ideal. She has never missed a reunion. At various departmental examinations Teresa has been Associate Examiner in British History and Literature for Middle School and Upper School. Last summer she visited the British Isles and France with the Overseas Education League.

Mary Downey, 1T7. Since graduation has been teaching French and Latin in various schools in New York State, Keysville, Buffalo, Wellsville and Olean, and has paid her Alma Mater three delightful but far too brief visits. She is the same bright and merry "Rosalind" of days gone by—not even a boarding-house with a deaf and dumb landlady on the confines of a cemetery could damp that spirit. Mary has never quite become reconciled to the transference of the College to Brunswick avenue, much regretting the loss to posterity of her favourite haunt at the library table, that splendid coign of vantage just public enough for watching the trend of events and just private enough for despatching at ease one's favourite delicacy. Mary sends greetings to all and best wishes to "The Rainbow."

Esther Flanagan, 1T7. Since Faculty Ettie has been teaching very successfully in the Winnipeg Technical School, her subject still being, as we believe, Physical Culture, in which she has taken special courses in Chicago and elsewhere.

Marion Smith, 1T7. Taught at Rockland High School 1918-1919, where she and two other Loretto girls compose the staff. Since 1921 she has been teaching in Campbellford, where she is exceedingly popular. Those who remember her "Audrey" will not be surprised that she takes a prominent part in local dramatics and has even toured the adjacent towns in the interest of various benevolent schemes. She has lost none of the expression which won for her the epithet of "sunny" in days gone by.



Top—Anna, Mertis, Estelle, Gertrude, Anne, Frances R., Helen.

Bottom—Frances M., Florence, Marjory C.

Claire Smythe, 1T7. Taught in Mount Forest Collegiate and Loretto Academy, Guelph, until home duties obliged her to leave the profession temporarily. Since then Claire has devoted herself to this new task with the old unselfishness the girls of 1913-1917 will remember. Her sincere and steady friendship for her College is shown on all occasions.

Helen Mullens, 1T7. Married Dr. McGrady, 1920, since which time she has lived in Port Arthur. In another section we shall hear of her engaged in the most interesting work in the world.

Genevieve Twomey, 1T8. Foreign correspondence for a mercantile firm 1919; private tutoring at Port Credit 1920-1921; now teaching in the Normal School, Camrose, Alberta. Genevieve loves the West, teaching, golf, and riding. A vacation, change of address and a delayed notification deprived us of an interesting article from her pen.

Aileen Kelly (M.M. St. Margaret), 1T8. With the exception of one year at Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls, has been teaching at Loretto Abbey. Mistress of First and Second School 1920-1924. Those who knew Aileen at College could well forecast her success as guide, philosopher and friend to the younger generation.

Kathleen Macauley, 1T8. Writes: "As I look back over the years since 1918, in one way it seems a very long space of time and then again viewing it from another angle, a very short period. The years between 1918 and 1920 I spent at home, but during that time I was in Toronto several times trying to get rid of a certain Star which pursued me relentlessly. In 1921 I attended College of Education in Toronto, where I learned a great many things, but not the art of teaching.

In 1922 I attended the Ontario Business College in Belleville, and having obtained a certificate from that College, I am now a full-fledged stenographer and hold a position with the firm of Canadian Cannery, Limited, in their Branch Factory at Frankford, which is my home town."

Alice McClelland, 2T8 (Mrs. W. B. Horkins). After graduation spent a year in a medical course; very active in sanctuary Wood Chapter of the I.O.D.E., did much work among convalescent soldiers, and as an officer of the L.A.C. Alumnae largely aided in obtaining

scholarship fund. Married Mr. W. B. Horkins some three years ago and is now wholeheartedly devoting herself to the training of her small son, whose picture, by the way, she promised to send us. Address, 54 Keewatin avenue.

Frances Galligan, 1T8. A letter from Frances exculpating herself for sending no special article on the plea of not being a literary person, is in the face of it, "splendida mendax." She pleads convalescence to offset being a lady of leisure, which is somewhat as an excuse, for Frances has had some severe illnesses during the past years. Occasionally we hear of her in Detroit or Montreal and once she paid us a visit at the College, to which she has always shown her good-will, even when circumstances prevented her from coming to reunions. She still lives in her native town of Eganville.

Hilda von Szeliska, ex-1T8. (Mrs. Bernard Hinzmann). The Alumnae will have some idea of the way we have moved around when I tell you that our first child was born in Pittsburg, Pa., our second in Madison, Wisconsin, and our third in Poughkeepsie, N.Y. We are now back in Pittsburgh, but are probably due for another move in a couple of months to Erie, Penn. Anna Maria Franziska is nearly five, and already looking forward to her college course at Loretto. Edwin Bernard is three, and Alphonse Bruno is eight months old.

Dorothy Brady, ex-1T8, writes: "When I left college I decided to take a position downtown. The particular business niche in which I happened to alight was that of a bookkeeper in a large retail and wholesale coal company, and I am still in the employ of this firm. As to whether I like business or not, my answer is in the affirmative. While there is, of course, as in all offices, a certain amount of monotonous rou-

tine work to be done, much of my work is quite interesting, and experience has taught me that even the dulllest task can be brightened by doing it the very best I can. I have found the social side of business pleasant, having made many congenial friendships therein. I think that going to business, for a few years at least, is a valuable experience for any girl."

Mertis Donnelly, 1T9. 1919-1920 Faculty of Education, 1920-1921 Harrison High School,



Top—K. O'Connell, G. Walsh, H. Mullett,
Frances O'B.

Bottom—B. McGrath, F. Daley, K. McAulay,
M. Donnelly.

1921-22-23 Bracebridge High School, 1923-24 Barrie Collegiate Institute. Seeing life and still enjoying it. More detailed information upon request.

EXTRACTS FROM MY DIARY.

Madeline Smyth, 1T9.

(With Apologies to Samuel Pepys).

June 6, 1919—To Convocation at the University of Toronto with my friends Florence Daley, Mertis Donnelly and Grace Elston. Hence, to our own homes with mingled feelings of joy and sadness.

July 11, 1919.—Did interview the Bursar of the University, who did invite me to work in his office.

July 14, 1919.—At the Bursar's office all the day, doing much business late into the evening, as is the custom at this time of year.

July 28, 1919.—Did receive my first pay-check, which pleased me mightily.

Aug. 28, 1919.—Did hear from my friend Frances O'Brien that Grace Elston visited New York Zoo as a finishing touch to her education.

October, 1919.—Grace, from Bronxville, N.Y., writes that teaching gives her much pleasure, but the stupidity of the youth of the country is incredible.

November, 1919.—Was successfully vaccinated by my physician, but would almost prefer smallpox.

April 8, 1920.—To dinner at Loretto College, and much rejoicing at Mother Estelle's return to our company. Thence to the Royal Alexander Theatre for a happy evening.

October, 1920.—To the Technical School to join a class in Spanish, and was pleased to meet there my friend Dorothy Brady.

November, 1920.—To Loretto College in conference with Mother St. Clare and others. Alumnae exhorted to establish tuition scholarships as an inducement to future students. Plans made accordingly.

March, 1921.—"Thursday ye one and thirtieth of March, hied to ye Tabard y kept by Harry Bailee faste by ye Cloistre of Loretto."

April, 1921.—To our reunion dinner at the College, much enjoyed by all. President Mona Clark troubled a little at being forced to pay for absent members, our funds being sorely needed for other purposes.

August, 1921.—To my home for a holiday, but did suffer much from an abscessed tooth.

January 31, 1922.—To the Loretto dance at Jenkins' Art Gallery, which was a most excellent party, all the ladies in mighty rich clothes.

August, 1922.—To Detroit with my mother for a merry two weeks' holiday.

October, 1922.—Did undertake Polish settlement work at the request of the Catholic Women's League. Did marvel much at the apathy of many Polish Catholics in a new country. Not so our Irish forbears.

April, 1923.—To our reunion dinner at the Carls-Rite Hotel, our good friend, Alice McClelland, a bride-to-be of next week, being one of the company.

August 17, 1923.—Did read in the papers that the Home Bank, which containeth all our alumnae scholarship money, is now defunct. We are mighty vexed at such a loss.

June, 1924.—Did hear of the departure for Europe of Alumnae friends, Mary Power, Teresa O'Reilly and Marguerite O'Donnell. Upon examining my accounts, I find myself unable to do likewise.

October, 1924.—Up, and to the office; and so to dinner with my barrister friend, Florence Daley. Was made to stay very long from my work as she did talk much of her profession and other matters.

November 30, 1924.—To my friend Mary Mallon's for an Alumnae meeting. Dr. Kirkpatrick did take occasion to discourse about the business of the Alumnae plays, at which our friends will be entertained before the coming of next Lent.

December 21, 1924 (Lord's Day).—To church, and thence home to a good dinner. Read "The Last of the Barons" by Bulwer Lytton, a vastly entertaining book.

December 24, 1924.—At the office all the morning, thence to church to be shriven for the great Feast of to-morrow. So home to supper, much talk, and so to bed.

Grace Elston, 1T9.

Momentous indeed is the question you ask—
To answer it fully, a herculean task,
The mass of detail, I assure you most truly,
Would tire me quite and bore you unduly.

With the usual hope of the "sweet graduate"
Of startling a world that seemed all too sedate,
With Class 1T9 I left thy fair portals,
Expecting at once to join the Immortals.

Alas and alack for such vaulting ambition
I must fain be content with a lower position,
From the Station of Commerce behold! others
pass us

Sealing the heights of the classic Parnassus.

Two years did I spend in the thankless pursuits
Of imparting the knowledge of stems and of
roots,

Of Grammar and Scansion and all other parts
Of a language dear to all Collegians' hearts.

And now you will find me, with energies bent
On securing, in truth, your very last cent.

By the wile of my words, in feminine wise
Prove the old slogan, "It Pays to Advertise."

Florence M. Daley, 1T9. Graduated from L.A.C. 1919; 1919-22, Osgood Law School; attended lectures and many meetings. Nov., 1922, called to Bar and sworn in as a barrister and solicitor. 1922-23, at home doing odd jobs. Oct., 1923, to present time, running a law office in the Hamilton Trust Building, 59 Queen St. West, and enjoying it immensely. For further particulars see me personally anytime.

Kathleen J. Costello, 2T0.

I consider myself a little young to begin writing my memoirs, but since Alma Mater, like to fond parents in the movies, is wondering as to the whereabouts of her wandering children in the darkness of the night, it is ne-

cessary for me to account for a checkered career of four years

It began with a taste of library work. Then came a painful struggle to master the art of Tillie, the Toiler, and two years of pleasant employment, as a legal stenog. Finally, like to the little girls in the movies, the footlights lured me. Truth compels me to admit that I did not play the lead. I only read, revised and typed manuscripts for those who did. Theatrical careers have been known to end abruptly. When mine collapsed, the Catholic



A Wee Bit Party
and
The Life O't.

University of America, at Washington, D.C., rescued me from a life of want and penury, by making me assistant to the Editor of its publication, the Catholic Educational Review.

All the work I have ever done, I have happily found interesting, but this present "job" has been the thrill that comes once in a lifetime. I take the greatest of pleasure in looking up my own proclamations in the galley proofs, in editing staid professorial copy, in reading and reviewing books and periodicals fresh from the press. I enjoy the fine contacts the University affords and lay this flattering unction to my soul, "one of the writing craft, at last." I can hear you, dear reader, saying "Hack."

Frances Redmond, 2T0. Teaching in Durham; still finding life very enjoyable and teaching rather interesting, contrary to her expectations. Fran. sends greetings to all the Alumnae.

Gertrude M. Walsh, 2T0 (Sr. M. Annuncia).

"So nigh is grandeur to dust
So near is God to man,
When duty whispers low, thou must,
The youth replies, I can."

In June, 1920, shortly after graduation, Duty whispered to me, "Thou must," but when I impatiently asked, "I must what?" I received only silence in reply. So blindly with the "must" spirit urging me, I set forth to do, no matter what, making a first attempt in the fascinating whirl of the business world. After four months' trial in the Educational Department of Rike-Kumler's big store in Dayton, Ohio, I determined to enter the teaching profession and accepted a position in the Junior High School at Bowling Green, Ohio.

With the close of the school year, which was just one year after graduation, I had fully decided that I would find the solution to Duty's "must" puzzle in God's service only. On the 15th of August, 1921, I was admitted as a postulant into the Loretto Novitiate at Loretto Abbey, Toronto, Ont. After six months' probation I received the religious dress and two years later I made for the first time temporary vows of Poverty, Chastity and Obedience with the help of which I have resolved to do as much as I can to extend the Master's Kingdom through the medium of Christian education.

Dorothea Cronin, 2T0. Has been teaching in Haileybury for the past two or three years—and went through the big fire. Haileybury and teaching apparently seem to agree with Dorothea.

Frances O'Brien, 2T1. One of those strong-minded women for whom O.C.E. had no attraction. For the past two years Fran. has been in the library of the Guaranty Trust Company, Brooklyn, N.Y., in her own words "the largest strictly financial library in the country, I believe, and the work fascinates me, although we do work hard." Frances has been back twice for Convocation, and is still the heroine par excellence of some fourth year undergraduates.

Kathleen O'Connell, 2T1. Has been going to business since leaving college. Is treasurer of the Alumnae.

Helen Mullet, 2T1. Teaching, 'tis said, in Carleton Place, and driving her own Ford. Her zeal for learning brings her to Toronto every summer. She apparently ambitions being several different specialists.

Madeline Daley, 2T1. Teaching in Welland, proud possessor of a Ford Sedan. She says: "As for teaching, 'nuff said.' I really can't express my thoughts about it. In my last year at College my favourite expression in response to the query, 'What are you going to do?' was, 'I really don't know, but I'll never go to Faculty or teach.' But here I am, assistant in the Commercial Department of Welland High School. After graduation, spent a year at O.C.E., thence to St. Paul's School, where I taught Domestic Science. Fall of 1924 at home, coming to Welland in January, where I have really enjoyed it. So you see the unexpected does happen."

Margaret McCabe, ex-2T1. After two years at Loretto moved to Vancouver, where she graduated from the University of British Columbia. On her return to Toronto spent a year at home, then to business in a bond office. The Alumnae extend congratulations upon the announcement of her engagement to Mr. Grahame King of Vancouver.

Kathleen Lee, 2T2. Third year law student. First woman to be elected to Osgoode Hall Legal and Literary Society Executive. Corresponding Secretary Newman Club.

Eleanor Mackintosh, 2T2. After a distinguished course at the Toronto Public Library, Eleanor is librarian at the Dovercourt Branch of the Public Library. In another section she tells us an amusing incident connected with her work.

Sheila Doyle, 2T2. 1923, College of Education; 1924, teaching at Woodlawn, Chicago; January, 1925, at St. Joseph's High School.

Helen Guinane, 2T2. Has been at home except for her wonderful trip abroad this past summer. She would have told us something about it but for the illness of her mother, of which we are sorry to hear.

Anna Mullet, 2T2. Graduated in 1924 from a two years' secretarial course, and is now gaining experience in various forms of business. Anna is laying the foundations deep to build high.

Theresa Longeway, 2T2. Writes: "I have been teaching ever since graduation, with the exception of the time I spent at Faculty last year. There certainly wasn't a thing exciting about that." We may add that her pedagogical gifts have received recognition. There was question of retaining her on the city staff last year.

Claire Coughlin, 2T2. 1923 at College of Education; taught at Amherstburg last year; now teaching in Windsor Collegiate with Gertrude Ryan. She writes: "I am really enjoying teaching very much. Few very exciting things have happened." Claire made such a name for Loretto in Amherstburg that she was asked to name a successor from her own college.

Sheila Irvine, ex-2T2. Left us in 1921 to take her A.T.C.M.; 1922-23 at home; 1924-25 Shaw's Business College for no apparent reason whatever.

Anne Henry. 1922 O.C.E., 1924 teaching in Chesterville. She writes: "Continual Christmas examinations have robbed me of all originality. I suppose it comes from the continued reading of thirty-five identical answers



Marcella, Marie C., Loyola, Marjorie W., Angela O'B., Eleanor, Agnes Pireau, Eugenie Du C., McCoffee, Marian Sullivan.

to the same number of questions. My special care has been the directing of a concert, 'The Rivals,' by the way." Anne evidently thinks she is well known; she did not sign her name to her letter.

Betty McGrath, 2T2. 1923, business course in Boston. "Johnny," a short story, published in the "Catholic World." She writes from Newfoundland, January, 1925: "My official title at the Normal School, St. John's, is Registrar, Assistant Lecturer and Librarian. In other words,

'I clean the windows and I scrub the floor,
And I polish up the handles of the big front
door.'

But seriously I do everything the principal can't take on, because the rest of the staff is occasional, and sticks to its (their) own individual subjects.

When Mary wrote me I was buried in exams. Set three finals and examined ten sets, each of which represented about fifteen hours' work. When it was all over I was like a rag, and had nothing left but a rather weak sense of humour. The thought of producing scenarios, one-act plays, or short stories, left me cold." Her short story, "Johnny," has been single-starred by Edward J. O'Brien in his American Best Short Stories for 1924.

Marguerite O'Donnell, 2T2. 1923 O.C.E., Simcoe High School 1924, went abroad with the teachers this summer. Now teaching at Loretto Abbey.

Maire Hannon, 2T2. 1923 at home, 1924 at O.C.E. Now teaching in Oakville in very attractive surroundings. Enjoying it, but still aspiring "ad astra, per ardua."

Edna Dawson, 2T3. Main diversion during 1923-24, a business course at Loretto Day School, resulting successfully in a secretarial position in a prominent law office. The very active President of L.A.C. Alumnae.

Mary Mallon, 2T3. After graduation, presumably "stayed at home," but in between times took "dressmaking" at Tech.; taught in the Settlement, studied piano and organ. Now lecturing on Chaucer to first year college students.

Anastasia Hughes, 2T3. College of Education 1923-24 and now following her pedagogical bent in Amherstburg, Ont., where she stalwartly upholds our reputation.

Cicely Woods, 2T3. Brought fame to her College by winning the first Master of Arts degree yet claimed by Loretto. Now at O.C.E.

Louise Gibbons, 2T3. After spending the year 1923-4 at O.C.E., Louise is now teaching in Parry Sound. Her interviews with principals, members of boards, and other worthies in pursuit of the rare and elusive school, would have made vastly enjoyable reading could she have been induced to commit them to writing.

Dallas Legris, 2T3. Is also sharing with the youth of Canada the learning of five years' winning, in Arnprior, Ont.

Mary Pickett, 2T3. After struggling for a year at home to resist, by means of a business course, parliamentary law lectures, etc., the fatal lure of "Faculty," Mary finally succumbed, and is now quite delighted about it all.

Angela Hannan, 2T3. College of Education and begun M.A. work in Philosophy, while teaching in the High School at Loretto College School. Her thesis, "The Neo-Platonism of Dionysius the Areopagite" is likely to prove an unusually fine piece of work.

Margaret Kelly, 2T3. Attended College of Education 1923-24. At present teaching in Alexandria. Our Margaret of the "flava coma" is very much missed at Loretto, where she spent five years in residence.

Marion Sullivan, 2T4. At present in the public library, Hamilton.

Marie Campbell, 2T4. Also in Hamilton, though not obviously occupied. During the summer gained much experience as book saleswoman.

Eileen Dunnigan, 2T4. This year, Shaw's Business College. We have not lost the debating shield yet, Eileen.

Agnes Pineau, 2T4. O.C.E. at present, and in residence at Casa della guardia.

Genevieve Mulvihill, 2T4. O.C.E. and School of Commerce at night, with aim to become Commercial teacher.

Eleanor Garden, 2T4. Teaching in Hartford, Conn. The college enjoyed a visit from her at Christmas.

Kathleen O'Neaill, 2T4. Teaching in the Commercial College in Brantford. The irony of fate! Kathleen refused to attend O.C.E., fearing the logical result. And see what happened.

Madeleine Roach, 2T4. O.C.E. without resistance; even rejected two tempting offers in New England; enjoying it.



Bettie, Mary Pickett, Madeleine (?),
Marjorie Walsh, Eleanor Garden.

Elsie Irvine, 2T4. At home except for a short term flight to Tech. and now doing one graduate English course.

Geraldine Coffey, 2T4. The youngest graduate of L.A.C. Intends to enter Osgoode next year.

Lois McBrady, 2T4. At home, but intending also to enter some department of the law.

Estelle Walsh, ex-2T2. Mrs. John Kelbe. address: 168 N. Garland Ave., Drayton, Ohio.

Iota Williams, ex-2T3. Left College in Sophomore year owing to her mother's illness; returned to register two consecutive years, but the fates opposed; travelling in Europe with

her father in 1923-24; carrying on a successful business in her native town, Niagara Falls, Ont.

Agnes Ballard, another ex-2T3 from the Falls. Though now a loyal graduate of St. Hilda's, has never severed in the least degree her connection with Loretto, where she has many friends.

Angela O'Boyle, ex-2T4. Married shortly after leaving College to Mr. George Murphy, conducting an original and highly successful menage in New Northern Apts., 817 Yonge St., Toronto, of which her small son, "Timmy," is an interesting member.

Class of 2T5: Elsa Kastner, Margaret Marks, Lucy Booth, Colette Hannon, Dorothy Latchford, Kathleen McGovern, Madeleine Coffee, Camille Blanchard, Marjorie Walsh, Clara Yates, one-half the heart of Norine Kingsley, who deserted to Third Moderns at Christmas. Their futures a sealed seed plot, but we have carefully preserved.

* * * * *

THEIR LAST WORDS AS UNDERGRADUATES.

Before the cold perfection of alumaship envelops us forever we of 2T5 hesitate but a moment and glance once more at our little individualisms which henceforth must be hidden from the world. Must we for all future ages appear so much alike, we who have numbered in our ranks a brownie whose little head held verses that no hours of labour could teach the rest to write; two bits of Dresden china, one who sang and one who boasted locks the gods might envy and dared who would to sing, a little colleen who loved us all, but loved Kilkenny more, a laughing, care-free darling of the world, a delightful compound of variety who helped us all, "to make the welkin ring," a tall and stately bit of childishness whose heart

would flutter at a piece of lace, a lovable bit of bluster who never believed what she so carefully stated and then marvelled that no one else could either; "a wilful bit of winsomeness, but what a winsome bit of wilfulness"—carefully concealing her inmost thoughts from all the world except her own year—who found them out. To light our way had we one

"Whose candle burns at both its ends,

It cannot last the night,
But oh my friends, and oh my foes,
It gives a lovely light."

Over perilous ways were we so different, guided by her to whom English diplomacy was sufficient for her score of tasks. Resolutely and perhaps a little rebelliously, oh staid and solemn alumnae, we come for much must we relinquish ere we join your ranks.

FACULTY NOTES.

The College was very sorry to lose Mother M. Athanasia, who had been attached to the English staff of the college for many years. She is now Superior of Woodlawn, Chicago.

* * * * *

We are very glad to know that Mother Dorothea is recovering from her serious illness. We send her our best wishes for a quick recovery.

* * * * *

For the past two years Mother St. Claire, who had belonged to the classical department of the College, has been at Hamilton. The present freshmen year bear testimony of her success. May it continue!

* * * * *

The College welcomed Mother Bernard as an addition to the English Department. We wish her all success and happiness in Loretto Abbey College.

SOME PURPLE PATCHES

O, I was young, and life was gay, and love was
'rosy' tinted.

I said it with both flow'rs and ring, whereat
she strongly hinted

That I was but a callow youth for her to præ-
tice arts on.

I left her, thinking 'dark-brown' thoughts,
and took a drink of hartshorn.

When morning dawned I realized that it would
be a 'gray' day,

For I was 'blue' with 'black' despair, when-
e'er I thought of Sadie.

My 'red'-hot ardour made me feel that I would
e'en be well off

To kill myself by suicide, as 'Yellow' journals
tell of.

But first, to get my due revenge—make her
with envy 'green'—

I'd flirt around with Annabelle—her sister, just
eighteen.

But lo! In my tumultuous breast a sudden in-
surrection

Broke out on seeing Annabelle, the 'pink' of
coy perfection.

Within a week my second love my first love
did destroy.

She was for me the 'Rainbow' girl, and I her
'white'-haired boy.

'Tis just four months since Cupid played this
most engaging game,

And Annabelle has changed since then—in fact
she's changed her name.

Betty McGrath, 2T2.

ALUMNAE NOTES

LORETTO ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION

Patroness	REV. MOTHER PULCHERIA.
Hon. President	REV. M.M. CHRISTINA.
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Convener of Press	MISS TERESA LALOR.

The Rainbow Fair, together with the bridge and euchre, held under the auspices of the Alumnae on Saturday, November 29, 1924, in the King Edward, in aid of our scholarship and library fund, proved an unqualified success. The Pompeian Room was a pretty sight with its gaily decorated booths, vieing with one another in artistic and effective display of their wares.

The bazaar opened at 11 a.m., and in the afternoon bridge and euchre were played, over four hundred ladies being present at the tables, bright with Loretto's colors in tallies and pencils, the work of Mrs. W. T. J. Lee, the energetic convener of the bridge and euchre, to whom the Alumnae extends its sincere thanks for her splendid efforts, which were productive of such gratifying results. Many of the young people stayed on or came in for the dance in the evening, which brought to a close one of the most successful enterprises ever undertaken by the Alumnae.

* * * * *

The quarterly meeting of the Alumnae held Tuesday, January 13th, was a particularly enjoyable affair, the members having the pleasure of listening to Mr. Ernest Seitz in a programme of extraordinary variety and charm. Benediction was given in the Abbey chapel (so dear to the hearts of Loretto's old girls) after which the business meeting was held in the

assembly hall, the president, Mrs. James W. Mallon, who presided, reading a most interesting report of the convention of the I.F.C.A. in Philadelphia last October. A report of the annual meeting of the Ontario Chapter of the I.F.C.A., held in Toronto on December, 1924, and at which the Alumnae was represented by Mrs. Mallon and Miss Lalor, was read by the latter. The musicale followed, the hall being filled with the members and their friends as is ever the case when Mr. Seitz favors us.

Tea was served in the large drawing rooms, the tea hostesses being Mrs. Thomas Kilgour and Mrs. William Patterson.

* * * * *

The Alumnae extends sincere condolences to the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary, upon the death of Reverend Mother Claire; to Mrs. Harry Roesler, vice-president 1922-23, upon the death of her father, Mr. Thomas Morrow; to Mrs. Gillespie and Miss Lamb, upon the death of their aunt, Miss Katherine Clarke.

* * * * *

Felicitations to Mrs. Roderick Weir, formerly Kathleen Harkins, whose marriage took place in St. Peter's church Wednesday, Jan. 7th, 1924.

Everyone has a welcome for the person who has the good sense to take things quietly. The person who can go without her dinner and not advertise the fact; who can laugh, who makes light of a heavy weight, and can wear a shoe that pinches without anyone being the wiser; who does not magnify the splinter in her finger nor the mote in her neighbour's eye into a beam; who swallows bitter words without leaving the taste in other people's mouths; who can give up her own way without giving up the ghost—such a one surely carries a passport into the good graces of mankind.

Review of Books

The following books, published by Benziger Bros., 36-38 Barclay St., New York City, are recommended to the readers of *The Rainbow*. Librarians please read, and enter some of these titles upon your order list. You will be more than pleased with your choice:

Communion Devotions for Religious, by the Sisters of Notre Dame, Cleveland, Ohio, with a preface by Rev. F. P. Le Buffe, S.J.; net \$2.75.

All religious, especially those who receive the Holy Eucharist daily, will give this book a warm welcome, designed as it is to vary the day's preparation and thanksgiving in accord with the calendar of Holy Church. It provides 108 exercises to this end, and is prefaced with quotations from Scripture, appropriate and suggestive. Besides those chapters called forth by special Feasts of the Church and of devotion, there are many which are prompted by one's state of mind in time of calamity, trial, sickness, dereliction, need or desire of assistance in the discharge of duty. No circumstance or disposition of soul is forgotten, and those even who are independent of the printed page during their prayer, will find the mere chapter headings fruitful of thought and stimulating to fervour. This is the only collection we know of Communion Devotions arranged by Religious and directly meeting the requirements of Religious. Binding: paper, clearness of type, and disposition of matter are all without flaw. (No. 2003 imitation leather, limp, red edges, net \$2.75. No 3015 American Seal, limp, gold side, gold edges, net \$3.75).

The Hymns of the Breviary and Missal.

Edited with Introduction and Notes by Rev. Matthew Britt, O.S.B., St. Martin's Abbey, Lacey, Wash. Preface by Rt. Rev. Msgr. Hugh T. Henry, Litt.D. New, Revised, Low-priced Edition. Large 8vo. Cloth. Net, \$3.00.

This volume, selling only in a De Luxe Edition at \$6.00, has attracted the attention of lovers of the Liturgy throughout the world. The publishers now offer a new edition at a price suited to the average income, and making it available for ordinary gift purposes.

Father Britt presents the Latin text of 173 hymns, with a literal prose rendering and the best metrical translation (some sixty translators are represented). Succinct notes on the Latin text, the author, meter, liturgical use, and the number of translations of each hymn are included. There is also an historical introduction, a bibliography, a Latin and an English index, and biographical notes on authors and translators.

It is a scholarly work, beautifully printed, and will take a proud position in any worthwhile Catholic library. There could be no more suitable gift to a cultivated Protestant.

* * * * *

The Catholic Teacher's Companion. By Rev. Felix M. Kirsch, O.M.Cap., Rector of Capuchin College, Catholic University of America. With a Preface by Rt. Rev. Joseph Schrembs, D.D., Bishop of Cleveland, Ohio, and an Introduction by Rev. George Johnston, Ph.D., Catholic Sisters' College, Catholic University of America. Imitation leather, net \$2.75. American seal, net \$3.75.

Many difficulties arise in the course of the school-day which are peculiar to the Catholic teacher alone. Nor can enlightenment upon them be gleaned in books of pedagogy, for they are questions that lie on the borderland of

teaching and religion. Such delicate spiritual relations as those between the teacher and Pastor, Superior, and pupil demand infinite tact, for their proper presentation. Hence, how timely as well as indispensable for every Catholic teacher, Religious or Lay, is this attractive Manual by this learned Educationist. He has covered every phase of activity throughout the school-day, leaving behind for each a specific and sound course of production consonant with Catholic pedagogical method.

But not only does he supply directions of a spiritual nature; his practical analyses of both teacher and pupil temperament, counsels for health preservation, hints for self-improvement in the teaching process, and various other suggestions of advantage to the profession, are but a few of the many valuable subjects treated, as the general titles of the four parts of the book will disclose: The Teacher, Her Character and Her Work; Moral and Religious Education; Intellectual Education; and School Management.

No Catholic teacher should for a day be deprived of a book that must ultimately be procured.

* * * * *

Our Nuns. Their Varied and Vital Service for God and Country. By Rev. Daniel A. Lord, S.J. New De Luxe Edition. Imitation leather. 12mo. Net, \$3.00.

When Father Lord's eloquent and delightfully interesting tribute to America's Sisterhoods first appeared a year ago it attracted the admiration of all Catholic reviewers, without exception. He describes his visits and what he observed on his pilgrimage to various institutions, with continual emphasis on the personal viewpoint. The result is a record packed with human interest, varying humor and pathos, more entertaining and satisfying

to the average reader than if he had himself made the pilgrimage.

The success of the book has encouraged the publishers to offer a new De Luxe Edition, most suitable for gift purposes, bound in dark blue imitation leather and boxed. 16 full-page illustrations supplement the text.

Numberless appropriate uses for the book suggest themselves. Nuns, of course, appreciate it deeply. It has been recommended highly for fostering vocations. To inquiring non-Catholics it would give an unusual but illuminating insight into the strength and sanctity of the Church. But why give individual instances, when it is so obviously a book with a universal appeal?

* * * * *

Children of the Shadow. By Isabel C. Clarke. 8vo. Cloth. Net, \$2.00. Postage, 15 cents.

There are many unusual features in this new novel, chief of them being the introduction and effective development of a mystery element. It demonstrates strikingly that in addition to her fine technique and high ideals Miss Clarke possesses almost infinite resources of material both for plots and characterization. Not only the people of this story, but the very atmosphere, is unlike any other created by the author.

The story details the efforts of two young people, brother and sister, to cast off "the shadow," the vague but sinister atmosphere in which the crime of a parent has enveloped the family. The author sketches the characters in sensitive but clear strokes, filled with life and feeling.

There is romance, of course—or, rather, a double romance—and the outcome is happy without being forced. The end comes with a

description of a spectacular and historic scene that will thrill every reader.

* * * * *

The Awakening of Edith. A Boarding School Story. By Inez Specking. Four full-page illustrations. Net \$1.50. Postage 10 cents.

Inez Specking made her bow as a writer of Catholic books with a highly significant sketch of child-life entitled "Missy." In writing it, she preserved the adult's viewpoint, and adults will appreciate "Missy" more than children possibly could.

Right on the heels of "Missy," her publishers bring out another book by the same author—"The Awakening of Edith." It is marked by the same deep insight, the same gentle humor, the same variety of incident, but unlike "Missy," it is intended for the young people themselves, for girls from twelve to eighteen years.

Edith would make a welcome chum for any Catholic girl. She is quick-tempered but sympathetic, strenuously active most of the time, adventurous, infectiously happy and fundamentally devout. She forces the reader not simply to love her, but to believe in her.

The story follows her through two years of convent-school, including a vacation on her father's ranch, and gives a faithful, attractive portrayal of the atmosphere of the Catholic academy. The action is, in the foreground, a quick succession of entertaining incidents, typical of school life; in the background the character of Edith gradually develops to a superb climax.

* * * * *

Where Monkeys Swing. An American Boy's Adventures in India. By Rev. Neil Boyton, S.J. 12mo. Cloth. Frontispiece. Net \$1.25.

Father Boyton's latest boy's book indicates

rather definitely that he plans a travel series. Each of his three books tells of adventures in a different country. It is certainly a worthwhile venture to provide our youngsters with a set of books that take them, under proper guidance, on an exciting trip to the far corners of the earth. As an accomplished globe-trotter himself, Father Boyton is qualified to supply his young readers with thrilling yarns and make interesting observations.

"Where Monkeys Swing. An American Boy's Adventures in India." Can you imagine any fourteen-year-old maintaining his composure at sight of a title like that? Especially when he realizes the same author who wrote "Cobra Island" and "Whoopee!"

"Mousie" Moran's excursion into the jungle of romantic Hindustan makes a corking story. He came near death a number of times, but most of his experiences were pleasant, and all of them carried a thrill. He encountered the deadly brait, and the black panther; he watched the weird ceremonies of the pagan natives, he saw the missionaries setting up the Cross in savage villages; he chased wild apes, traded in the bazaars, and inspected the ruins of ancient fortresses.

We recommend the story to every boy who cannot arrange an immediate trip to India.

* * * * *

Three-Minute Homilies. By Rev. Michael V. McDonough. 8vo. Cloth. Net, \$2.00.

In most of our churches conditions make brevity the prime requisite in sermons. Father McDonough here demonstrates that brevity need not be the only virtue of such sermons.

These talks are not homilies in the strictest sense, but nevertheless they explain the chief lessons of the Gospel for every Sunday, every holy day and the chief feasts of the year. Although compact, and rich in suggestions for

longer sermons, they are entirely suitable for delivery in their present form.

An interesting feature of the book is that the Gospel of the day precedes each sermon. This makes the use of other books unnecessary in reading the Gospel at Mass.

Many priests whose varied duties permit them to devote little time to their sermons are looking for just such aid as this conveniently arranged volume offers them.

* * * * *

Yearning for God. The Path to the Peace of the Soul. By Rev. Joseph J. Williams, S.J., author of "Keep the Gate." 12mo. Cloth. Net, \$1.50.

Father Williams has a vigorous style that transforms spiritual sluggishness and indifference into enthusiastic ardor. This is true not merely of various pages or chapters, but of the book itself as a whole.

"Yearning for God" is a militant conception of our part here and in eternity. The author treats the struggle, both for one's own salvation and for the salvation of others, as a military campaign, demanding courage, loyalty and sacrifice, but with rich rewards for victory.

As he develops his theme, he is content merely to suggest many fruitful lines of meditation. Opening the book at random, one is certain to discover some trenchant thought that will repay an hour's consideration. Father Williams draws liberally from scriptural sources and from church history, with emphasis on the Crusades.

"Keep the Gate," by the same author, considered the efforts of the soul to cast aside the burden of sin. In this new book Father Williams leads the newly cleansed soul to a more intimate union with God.

SISTER MARY OF CALVARY.

At Loretto Convent, Niagara Falls, in the early morning of December 9th, the beautiful soul of Sister Mary of Calvary went forth to receive the reward of a long life in the loving service of the Master. The sufferings of her last illness were borne with a patience and resignation truly remarkable. Throughout those trying weeks she gave many proofs of the dauntless faith and tender charity which had ever been her most noteworthy virtues. Even when consciousness had gone the prayer which had been so often on her lips all her life, seemed to repeat itself, for without apparent effort it came: "Praise, honour and glory be to God."

Eighty-three years ago Sister Mary of Calvary was born in the Township of Brackrabbeg, Manorhamilton, County Leitrim, Ireland—her parents, James Meehan and Mary McGowan. Five of her immediate family devoted themselves wholly to God's service. A brother, Father Daniel Meehan, who on his ordination day volunteered as chaplain in the American Civil War, died in a few short months of cholera. A sister, who came to Canada in her youth, entered the Community of St. Joseph, where, after a brief, fervent term of two years, Sister Dorothy's young life ended. The other three became members of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Sister Macrina of loved memory died at Niagara Falls twenty-two years ago. In a grave adjacent to hers the mortal remains of Sister Mary of Calvary were laid to rest. The only survivor of this devout family is Sister Marianna of Loretto Convent, Guelph, to whom sincere sympathy is extended in this recent bereavement.

A LAMENT.

Vain are the notes of the wood bird's song
 As she seeks for her missing mate, along
 The fir tree tops where he used to sing
 His lilting songs—last Spring.

Futile the words that fall from my lips,
 The desire to touch your finger tips,
 Memories only can I bring
 Here where we loved—last Spring.

Grace Elston, '19.

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THE CURE OF ARS



Earth's noblest thing—a woman perfected.

VOL. XXXII.

TORONTO, APRIL, 1925

No. 2

Spring

FRANCIS LEDWIDGE

The dews drip roses on the meadows
Where the meek daisies dot the sward.
And Aeolus whispers through the shadows,
"Behold the handmaid of the Lord!"
The golden news the skylark waketh
And 'thwart the heavens his flight is curled;
Attend ye as the first note breaketh
And chrism droppeth on the world.

The velvet dusk still haunts the stream
Where Pan makes music light and gay.
The mountain mist hath caught a beam
And slowly weeps itself away.
The young leaf bursts its chrysalis
And gem-like hangs upon the bough,
Where the mad throstle sings in bliss
O'er earth's rejuvenated brow.

Envoi.

Slowly fall, O golden sands,
Slowly fall and let me sing,
Wrapt in the ecstacy of youth
The wild delights of Spring.

THE CURE OF ARS

IN this Holy Year of Jubilee, as if to give the event greater significance and publicity, the Church deems it wise to raise to the honor of her altars one whose lowly spirit was singularly out of harmony with the materiality of our times. It is not unlikely there will be present at the ceremony of Canonization, old people who well remember the Curé of Ars. What testimony could these bear of him—apart from his sanctity? Probably they would describe him as an ordinary little old man, singular and awkward; careless of his appearance—even to shabbiness; unaffectedly indifferent to the rules of grammar in conversation and pulpit speaking as well. But let only his virtues be touched upon, and then—how beautiful would be their stories! This gentle priest, in whom was combined the holy solitary and the active spiritual laborer, has ever been for them a bright flame lighting up the way to the eternal city.

When God wishes to achieve a great work through human means, it would seem that His predilection is always—as in the instance of His Mother—with a regard to lowliness. The weak, according to the world's valuing, become powerful forces when energised by His gracious touch.

Among the peasant children round about Dardilly, God's eye rested on a certain little boy, and God's grace prepared that little boy for the stupendous work he was later to accomplish as a priest of Holy Church. This child, Jean Marie Vianney, was born on Mary 8, 1786, near Dardilly, a small country parish belonging to the Diocese of Lyons. He was blessed from the beginning in the religious atmosphere

of his home. A good Christian father and mother strove, by word and example, to impress in his youthful mind the incomparable worth of virtue. It is not surprising, then, that even in early childhood, he was distinguished by his love of our Lady and his charity to the poor. It is told of him that he carried about in the fields, where he tended his father's sheep, a small statue of the Blessed Virgin. The other little shepherds long remembered how sweetly he exhorted them to love one who has a mother's love for us all. In his concern for the poor he almost surpassed his generous parents themselves. The homeless who turned aside from the highroad were sure of food and lodging in his father's house. A tradition is held with pride to this day among the villagers that God's good vagabond, St. Joseph Benedict Labré, once found shelter under this roof. The blessings it was the custom for that grateful mendicant to call down on his benefactors, fell in even greater abundance than usual on the Vianney family.

When the parents learned that their son felt a vocation to the priesthood, at an immense sacrifice to themselves, they sent him away to school. As a student, however, he has no record of a brilliant career. On the contrary, his understanding was dull and books were not to his natural taste. At the tomb of St. Francis Regis he prayed fervently for assistance to acquire enough learning at least to pass the examinations for ordination. In answer sufficient light came to reveal what it would have taken his intelligence too long to see for itself. We rejoice to find here that human aid came to him through his brilliant fellow-sem-

inarian, Matthias Loreas, who later became the first Bishop of Dubuque—a welcome link connecting our Saint with America.

Notwithstanding all help, human and divine, it was more on the merits of his virtues than of his learning that he was finally admitted to Holy Orders. He was fortunate in being assigned at once as assistant to the saintly Abbé Belley, the friend who had used his influence when there was question of his intellectual worthiness for the priesthood. On the death of this kind patron two years later, Abbé Vianney was appointed to the small parish of Ars.

This little out-of-the-way village was, at the time of his taking charge, in a lamentable state of spiritual neglect. It would appear, however, that from the first many of the parishioners realized they were privileged to have a saint for a curé. They responded to his efforts to draw them to God in a manner almost beyond human expectation. They came eagerly to listen to his fervent instructions. The love which transfigured his countenance, when he spoke of our Lord in the Sacrament of the altar, kindled many a heart. His face on these occasions was lighted up by a soul, burning straight away towards Infinite Charity. At first a few remained before the tabernacle to adore the Occupant. By example the number grew until the Curé saw his opportunity to establish perpetual adoration of the Blessed Sacrament. His people flocked to daily Mass and to evening prayer. Sunday, hitherto disregarded, became to them a holy day of devotion.

But for all these spiritual favors the pastor had to pay the usual price. He fasted, he prayed, he imposed on himself terrible scourgings; the short sleep he allowed himself was often taken on the bare boards. He bore meek-

ly and joyfully the sufferings that were imposed on him by others. Added to these, for thirty-five years he was subjected to diabolical persecutions—an affliction which usually the active laborer in the vineyard is spared. The Curé was not this only, but a hermit as well; therefore he was obliged to carry his double cross.

One wonders how this gentle, unoffending priest could have stirred up feelings of envy, and yet the tongues of slanderers caused him to fall a victim to hatred and calumny. It made the trial the more bitter that those who were responsible were the very ones from whom he might naturally have hoped for sympathy. His sufferings became very dear to him when he discovered their purchase value in his commerce with Heaven. "When I suffer," he used to say, "God gives me everything I ask." He studied well his Divine Model, Who always "set His face steadfastly towards Jerusalem." Without Crucifixion he knew there can be no Resurrection. So daily he offered in sacrifice the chalice of his life and he kept faithful watch on Christ's Calvary.

Only one who placed his whole trust in Providence could have wrought the wonders the Curé did at Ars. Without levying any peculiar toll on his people, he was able to renovate and beautify the parish church, to build an orphan asylum and supply its daily needs. In numerous and surprising ways his childlike trust in God was vindicated. On one occasion when he was praying for money to cancel the large debt he owed for wheat he had procured for his poor, a woman stopped him on a country road and asked, "Are you the Curé of Ars?" "Yes, my good woman." "Here is some money which I was told to give you." "Is it for Masses?" "No, only your prayers are asked for." The woman went away with-

out giving her name after leaving in the priest's hand the amount he had only then been praying for. Many a miraculous gift he attributed to St. Philomena, to whom he was tenderly devoted.

His fame for sanctity spread far beyond the limits of his parish. Crowds flocked from all parts of the land to consult the man of God. The suffering in body and the spiritually sick sought out this consoler of hearts. They came to him with their sins and their sorrows; they left him refreshed—their load removed, and their souls strengthened by God's own healing absolution. He was forced to admit that his first knowledge of sin came through the confessional grate. Often from eighteen to twenty hours a day he was obliged to listen in unspeakable torture to avowals of outrages against the holy virtues so dear to his unsullied soul. It is not surprising, then, that here, where one could not be too pure for such work, his best influence for good was felt.

In dealing with souls the Curé had such an accurate instinct as to amaze his penitents who could only set it down to astonishing information. His one book of studies, we know, was Jesus our Lord, and we know, too, that this Book contains a knowledge of all that is in man. Small wonder that he who was indifferent to secular learning should be so proficient in the science of the saints.

His daily talks to his people were intensely practical, though never melancholy or depressing. Rather were they homely little sermons intended to be exhilarating—a stimulus to send them happily along on the great enterprise of salvation. Usually in these exhortations he took a subject dear to himself: the love of God, the Bread of Immortality, Our Lady, Purity of heart, The Cross of Christ. It seemed to be in his power to place our Lord

in all His loveliness before them and then—He drew their hearts to Himself. Flickering faith lighted up, hope penetrated darkness, love warmed tepid souls and brought them peace. Those who came from afar, carried back to their own parishes a devotion for the universal sacrifice of the Mass that spread throughout the country.

Père Lacordaire, the celebrated Dominican, when he was at the height of his fame as a pulpit orator, came from Paris to listen to the Curé's catechetical instructions. It is related as a touching incident that the famous preacher gave reverent and rapt attention to the almost inarticulate words of the "lowly parish priest of Ars." He felt the holiness of the simple discourse—every word of which was fraught with rich meaning. It could only be, he thought, that the preacher spoke from inspiration. The parish priest, on his part, was astonished at the sight of the famous Dominican among his congregation. "All that is greatest in learning," he exclaimed, "came in the person of Père Lacordaire to bow down before all that is lowest in ignorance. The two extremes have met."

His was not another case of recognition for sanctity being delayed until death intervened. In his lifetime there was veneration for the saint as well as affection for the man. His singularly charming smile, which altered suddenly at a tale of woe, revealed the tender human heart. Many fell conquests to his holy magnetism. Numbers who came only out of curiosity, before leaving his presence made definite resolutions for the future to do penance and to do well. A holy priest of Paris—possibly living still—tells of what he saw when he visited Ars a few months before the Abbé's death. The visible wonders did not surprise him, as curing the cripples and giving

sight to the blind. "But," he exclaims, "who could reckon the thousands of invisible marvels seen by the angels above—hopeless conversions, sudden relief from spiritual anguish apparently incurable, effulgent and instantaneous light to discern a vocation or disentangle the most intricate affair! He saw into the past, read the future and discovered the inmost secrets of the soul. God indeed rendered His saint marvellous, the wonder worker of the nineteenth century."

The crowds who came to him, though incapable of disturbing the tranquility of his soul, yet occupied all his days and a large portion of his nights. Realizing the supreme importance of leisure for silence and prayer, he resolved to take refuge in flight. He hurried away to the home of his childhood. But his delicate conscience was almost immediately stricken with remorse, and back he came to continue his wearing, absorbing labor among souls. He must have known that his earthly pilgrimage was nearing an end, still he worked on. The burden seemed never too heavy for his indomitable spirit, but the poor body, weak and broken, sank under it at last.

It had been his custom for many years to rise in the night after two or three hours' sleep and hurry to the church, where he was sure to find crowds waiting about his confessional. He had never permitted that they should wait in vain, until the morning of July 29, when he made a supreme effort to rise and go to them as usual. But the attempt was

fruitless,—he fell back helpless on his bed. "I think this is my poor end," he remarked to one who had hurried to his assistance. He would allow no one to be disturbed, saying it was not worth while. He continued to live on for several days until his Bishop and many priests arrived at his bedside. To outward appearance there was nothing extraordinary about his death—just one such as might be expected of any good Christian who realized he was about to enter the Presence.

The news of the death, which took place on August 4, 1895, spread rapidly over the country. More than six thousand strangers came to look on the face of the old priest. He who had shunned honors his life long was surrounded by them now,—honors greater than princes could command. By popular acclaim he might have been canonized on the spot. But the Church, acting under the direction of Divine Wisdom, moves slowly. She has waited until this conspicuous year to raise the lowly priest to her highest honors.

It may seem incongruous that this age of science and philosophy should be singled out to do honor to an illiterate Curé. But he had wisdom, whereas the learning of the day stands merely for some doubtful knowledge. In spite of all the head thinking the land with desolation is still laid desolate. How the face of the earth might be renewed, if men would rise like the holy Curé of Ars whose thinking was done in his heart!

M. Paulina.

Loretto, Niagara Falls.



FOR PEACE

By M.M. SALOME, I.B.V.M., Rome

FEBRUARY 15th, 1925, was a family day at St. Peter's. The Father of all the faithful prayed in the midst of his people before the most Blessed Sacrament of the Altar. An invitation had been issued some time before for all to come to St. Peter's to make an hour's adoration for the peace of the world, and thousands answered the call. To insure order and decorum tickets were issued and barriers erected down the huge nave, forming a wide path for the passage of the Pope. With our blue tickets in hands we made, according to directions, for the left door, and being in very good time—an hour before—we secured a place in the second row where we could see the high altar of the Confessional and the whole route the Holy Father was to take. Punctually at 4.30 the Holy Father left his apartments in the Vatican, and went straight to the Holy Jubilee Door, where, kneeling on the threshold with a lighted candle in his hand, he intoned an antiphon, which was followed by the "Miserere." From our place about the middle of the nave we could only hear what seemed to be a wail of treble voices far away in the distance. The crowd consisting of all classes and all ages, was surging behind us. Valiant old women, mumbling prayers, stood for hours in patient expectation; fathers held babes in their arms; nuns told their beads or said their office—some carried camp-stools, but dared not use them, for fear of being smothered in the throng. A stalwart, silent youth in a thick frieze coat jostled his neighbors pitilessly, but quite unconsciously. He wanted to see and be comfortable and get some air, and he sought

these things irrespective of the claims of others. More than once he brushed my face with his soft tweed cap, as he lifted his arm for a stretch. He trod on my neighbor's feet with forcible precision, yet not a word did he say. But when the awaited moment came he shouted, "There! the Pope!" and waved the tweed cap in the air with boyish enthusiasm. "Ah, a countryman," I thought, "and a kinsman, though like Mark Twain's, a distant one!"

He was right; there was a stir, a brief military command, the red curtains screening the Blessed Sacrament Chapel were drawn back and the procession, imposing in its simplicity, filed out. Venerable Cardinals were there, bishops and monsignors, canons of St. Peter's, choir boys; members of the Papal Court in splendid dress and liberally decorated. Then, preceded by the Noble Guard, came the Sedia Gestatoria with the white figure of the Holy Father raised high above our heads. A low murmur gradually rose from the multitude, but the Holy Father stretched out his hands in sign of deprecation; he had come for a definite purpose, his mind was bent on prayer.

Up the nave went the chair with the stately bearers in crimson damask, firm of tread as they need should be, for the motion is said to give acute malaise to the august occupant. On reaching the high altar he walked straight to the prie-dieu placed in front. Kneeling around the Sovereign Pontiff were the Cardinals in their rich red, the Canons of St. Peter's in their grey mozzettas, Patriarchs of Eastern sees, and bishops from the west, the Pontifical Court and representatives of Embassies from

all the world over; members of the royal houses of Saxony, Bavaria and Belgium.

In the midst of a solemn hush the Blessed Sacrament was enthroned upon the altar where it could be seen by all in the basilica, and the Holy Hour began. A choir of students, chosen from different colleges, rendered motets appropriate to the occasion, alternating with a preacher's short discourse. To the humbler ones standing in the nave with eyes turned reverently towards the Blessed Sacrament, too compressed even to kneel bodily, but with souls prostrate in adoration, the strains of Gregorian music floated forward like music far away, and the words of the preacher reached the ear as a sound so muffled as to be hardly audible. So vast is the basilica.

No one would venture to interpret the thoughts of the Holy Father during that fruitful hour of prayer. Consecrated upon "peace," they must have been, because that was the object of the special service, but how deep they went, how far afield, how near at home they were, how minute, how wide and grand, who shall say? It was a joy to think at least that we were actually associated in time and place and intention with the successor of St. Peter, with the Vicar of Christ, helping him as a child might help its Father to carry a burden such as none other in the world is called to bear.

After rather more than the hour's prayer, the "Tantum Ergo" was intoned and taken up by the crowd as by a congregation; a cloud of incense arose round the little white Host and dispersing, tinged the air with sweetness; a military command was issued; the Palatine Guard fixed bayonets, presented arms upon bended knee. Then there was silence. Our Lord was in very truth blessing His children near and far, the great and the humble; the

old and young. We can measure the graces showered upon earth because of that united prayer. The Eucharistic Hymn was sung, followed by "Tu Es Petrus," both of which the people made their own. The procession formed again with dignified order and, as the Sedia Gestatoria was seen round the bend, the people gave vent to their emotion without restraint. The air rang with "Evviva, Evviva!" "Papa, Papa!". This time there was no deprecation. His Holiness simply blessed and blessed once more, to the right, to the left, over and over again. Pius XI. had knelt before the Sacred Host with his people, unburdening his heart; he read their hearts aright. The cry was but "Tu Es Petrus" in another key, "Thou art indeed Peter."

The Lecture

It's very trying; here am I
 Endeavoring to find out why
 (From this Professor Know-What's-What)
 Some verse is good and some is not;
 I look attentive, I am sure,
 My countenance is most demure,
 My feet set primly side by side,
 My telltale mouth most dignified,
 But I shall never learnedly
 Talk on poetic symmetry.
 And I shall never, never scan
 As fast as this Professor man!
 I fear he would be very sad
 To see the scribbles on my pad,
 And know his stentor voice was drowned
 In such a tiny crooning sound;
 But close outside my window-pane,
 With all his tender might and main,
 A small professor in a tree
 Is singing poetry to me.

Guelph. Anne Sutherland (Globe).

A POSSESSION FOR EVER

NORA and Angela Hilmore were plunged deep in historical research. Nora, active and eager, was perched on the library ladder scanning the names of books which might afford coveted information; Angela, satisfied with less exertion, was seated on the floor examining the ponderous volumes of Irish literature which had not hitherto aroused her curiosity.

The door opened quietly and Mrs. Hilmore entered, looking greatly pleased to see her daughters so assiduously at work. She knew very well that the unusual application was in consequence of a prize offered by the Gaelic Society for the best paper in connection with Irish History, and she finally realized that the clever, ambitious Nora had every chance in the competition.

The Hilmore family had always lived in a literary atmosphere. Mr. Hilmore prided himself on his library and his wife and daughters shared the delight of happy hours in intellectual enjoyment. With genuine sympathy, therefore, on entering the room the fond mother asked, "Well, girlyes, how are you succeeding?"

Angela promptly answered: "Oh, I don't expect to succeed at all; I'm only helping Nora. When I find anything pretty I just jot it down, especially if it's poetry. You know, mother, it sounds awfully nice in a composition to have an apt poetical quotation, don't you think so?"

The mother smiled at her dreamy daughter and wondered if she would ever become prac-

tical, then looking up at Nora, inquired: "And what is your research work, Nora?"

"Oh, I'm looking for facts, mother dear," answered her more systematic daughter; "I think I have hit on something for a foundation and I wouldn't be surprised if you can help me to erect the structure."

"I'll be delighted to help in any possible way," replied Mrs. Hilmore; "what do you want me to do?"

Nora descended the ladder with a book in her hand, her dainty little handkerchief resting between the leaves to mark the passage she had been reading.

"You see, mother," she proceeded to explain, "I want my paper to assume the aspect of a story—historic, of course, and something that would bring out Irish character, or strong faith, or honoured tradition; I hadn't exactly decided. I knew I should begin with the fact, and here is something which appeals to me, listen: 'In August, 1649, Oliver Cromwell came to Ireland with 10,000 men. . . Drogheda was captured and its garrison put to the sword. A month later the same fate befell Wexford. . . When he left in May, 1650, Munster and Leinster were in his hands . . . In the beginning of the rebellion many Englishmen subscribed money to put it down, stipulating in return for a share of the lands to be forfeited, and thus hatred of Catholics was mingled with hope of gain.'

The English Parliament accepted the money on the terms proposed, and the subscribers became known as "adventurers," because they adventured their money on Irish land. . . The

best of the lands east of the Shannon were for the adventurers and soldiers, the dispossessed being driven to Connaught.' Do you hear that sentence, mother?"

"I do, indeed," was the emphatic reply, and Mrs. Hilmore looked particularly grave.

"Now, mother, here is where I am sure you can help," said Nora eagerly. "When you and dad 'talk Ireland' as Angela and I term these confabs, and *entre nous*, which I now regret not having listened to more attentively, you certainly mention the Shannon and Connaught in connection with stories that Grandma Linehan told you in your girlhood. Mother, darling, don't you think you could remember a real, true story about Cromwellian days,—something thrilling that happened? I could touch it up, you know, using the privilege of historic novelists, but I can't invent the plot; that must be true."

"Did I ever tell you about Matilda Linehan and her 'Possession Forever,' as she called it?" asked Mrs. Hilmore, solemnly.

"No, never," answered Nora excitedly; "oh, mother, there is a story, then; sit right down in this arm chair and tell it. Angela and I will be the best listeners you ever had."

"Well, my dears," began Mrs. Hilmore, "I had this story from my mother, and she assured me it was traditional in her family for over two centuries and they all believed it firmly and even had proofs to substantiate it.

"In the early 17th century a family of the Linehans settled on the banks of the Shannon river on a beautiful estate called Glenrath. They were prosperous and ambitious for all that money could procure them. The sons went away to college, and while in those days the daughters had not similar advantages, the Linehan girls kept pace with their brothers and were helped by them in the long vacation,

so that finally they were almost their intellectual equals. The three or four younger girls were quite unspoiled by their superiority over their neighbours and mingled with them in pleasant intercourse, but Matilda, the eldest of the family, became very proud and began to think there was no one good enough for her. In consequence, she drifted into old-maidenhood, growing daily more and more imperious and distant. Her own family were the last to notice this change, until it was brought home to them in a most unexpected and terrible manner.

"As you just read to me, Nora, Cromwell indeed came to Ireland in 1649. You know his treatment of the Irish and you know what happened along the east side of the Shannon to give land to the 'adventurers.' But you know it as a general historic statement; now, listen to one particular story.

"The Linehans were among those attacked and without further consideration were ordered to leave Glenrath. There was one stipulation, however, that if they abjured their faith (the faith dearer to them than life), they could retain their property and live unmolested.

"Realizing the futility of opposition, when the whole countryside was helplessly bearing the brunt of Cromwell's injustice, Mr. Linehan bowed beneath the cruel blow in a manner worthy of his innate high principles. He assembled the family, and addressing them in true patriarchal fashion, begged them all to accept the persecution for their religion as the martyrs accepted their sufferings for Christ's sake. He announced that they were given but a short time in which to collect personal belongings, and then with hundreds of their neighbours, they were to face the world as outcasts."

"Utter stillness reigned in the room for a few

moments, as all were too overcome for words. Matilda alone looked hard and defiant, and when her father broke the silence saying, 'Well God be praised, we have each other; let us cling together in our sorrow,' to the amazement of all, she stood up and exclaimed:

"No, I will never leave Glenrath!"

"But there is no alternative," said her father; "we are driven from our home."

"Not if we deny our faith!" cried Matilda.

"Glory be to God!" said Mr. Linehan, "and who would think of denying the Faith of our Fathers?"

"I!" shrieked Matilda, and as they all recoiled from her in horror, she faced them, exclaiming: "Glenrath shall never pass out of our hands,—it will be a possession forever! Thucydides will not be alone in uttering these words, I tell you all, Glenrath will be a possession forever! I am ready to deny my faith, to conform to whatever these tyrants ask, for it is better that the soul of one old maid should go to hell than that we should lose the estate that must go down to posterity, a glory to our family name! When the trouble is over, you younger boys can come back to claim the place and it will be waiting for you to hand down from father to son—yes, a possession forever!"

"Pleadings and exhortations were in vain; Matilda remained resolute. She faced the intruders with the fact that she would keep the property on the conditions stipulated, and then locked herself in her room until the sorrowing family joined the throngs who, like themselves, were being driven to Connaught."

Nora and Angela were huddled together on the sofa, too terrified to speak, while Mrs. Hillmore paused a few moments and then continued:

"The rest is soon told. On emerging from her room, Matilda found herself absolutely

alone in the house. She rang for a maid, but none responded. The faithful servants had gone into banishment with their master,—at least those who were free to go; the rest on hearing of the fatal decision, sought other service.

"Sure the curse o' God 'ud be upon us if we worked for that traitor!" they exclaimed, and fled as quickly as possible.

"Matilda eventually succeeded in getting Protestant servants, but before long was forced to realize her inability to manage a large estate. By degrees Glenrath assumed a very neglected appearance and its owner foresaw that the future meant desolation and ruin. The apprehension so preyed on her mind that her health quickly gave way; one morning she was found dead in her bed, and so it was never known what passed between her and God at the last. The property was soon in the possession of the 'adventurers,' and though they made something of the farm lands and surroundings, it was said that no one could ever pass a night in the house on account of the wailing that was heard in Matilda's room.

"The banished family prospered in time, but of course did not keep together. As they married they separated and some of them even came to America, but not one ever thought of laying claim to Glenrath, for they felt that the spirit of Matilda Linehan would haunt it, and in their strong faith they would have nothing to do with the place that was bought at such a price."

Mrs. Hillmore paused and the girls, deeply impressed, thanked her enthusiastically for the story.

"Oh, mother!" exclaimed Nora, "it will work out so effectively. I shall look up all the reliable histories and get the details of Cromwell's attack upon Ireland, and of course I

shall intersperse a few romantic details. Oh, it will be just splendid!"

"And I'll search the Irish poets," chimed in Angela, "for something biting on traitors and something glorious on being true to the faith of our fathers!"

A month later the Gaelic Society highly complimented Miss Nora Hilmore, the winner of their prize, on her short story entitled: "A Possession Forever." She was given ample

credit for painstaking research, for keen sympathy with her subject,—and incidentally, for her familiarity with the Irish poets from whom she so aptly quoted,—but above all, for the ring of truth in her tale with its indisputable Irish atmosphere, bespeaking an impressive tradition handed down from one generation to another.

M. D. Barry.



Poverty

By Anne Sutherland, Guelph.

I met her in the street to-day, and she
 Just turned her lovely eyes away from me.
 But ah! I can forgive her, for I know
 If she seems dull, what things have made her
 so,—
 She is so closely wrapped in costly fur,
 No tingling wind has ever quickened her;
 She never felt warm rain upon her face,
 (Her motor takes her round from place to
 place).
 That slender hand, bright with its jewelled
 ring,
 Has never searched the damp, sweet earth in
 spring
 For little growing things; nor have those
 eyes
 Been tender with the light of sacrifice;
 She may not laugh, nor weep, nor cry aloud,
 The vogue is to be blasé in her crowd;
 She thrills not to the promise of the dawn,
 She greets the hush of starlight with a yawn,
 And life has sheltered her, poor thing! poor
 thing!
 From all the holy joy of suffering!
 Perhaps she feels the sting of poverty,
 And that is why she does not bow to me!

THE EYES OF FAITH

By M. ST. G., Loretto, Brunswick Ave., Toronto

Directions:

SCENERY.

Scene 1—A section of a city street. A curb-stone or step of a building on which "Discouragement" sits.

Scene 2—An ordinary drawing or living room, furnished in the usual manner. A picture of the Sacred Heart with vigil light may form part of the decorations.

COSTUMES.

Our Lady's Helpers—A Crusade Unit, consisting of about twelve or fourteen girls, ranging in age from thirteen to seventeen. Any simple costumes, suitable to school girls.

Angel of Good Deeds—A tall girl of about sixteen or seventeen. Long, flowing gown of white or very light material. White or gold wings. Bandeau or crown of silver. Spray of paradise blossoms (any white or pale pink flowers with long stems) to be worn in girdle. Book of good deeds—a fairly large, white book with silver tinsel edge.

Selfishness—A blonde girl of seventeen or eighteen. Dress as rich as possible, red or flame coloured satin. Corsage. bouquet of red roses. Jewels in hair and on hands and arms. Eyebrows darkened and arched upwards as those of demons are usually represented.

Discouragement—A girl also about seventeen or eighteen, with long black hair. Long, flowing gown of soft black material. Hair worn flowing on shoulders. Bandeau of dark green satin over forehead. Eyebrows also arched upwards. Face pale and drawn.

Little Black Sheep.—A small child, boy or girl, about four or five years old. Blackened to represent a negro. Bare feet if possible. Ragged dress of old potato sacking. Hair sticking up in little braids here and there.

Child Angels—A convenient number of little girls from six to twelve years old. Long, white dresses. White wings. Gold bandeau.

Little Yellow Brothers—At least thirteen little boys, ranging in age from six to ten or twelve years. To improve chorus others may come and range behind these.

Cast of Characters.

1. Our Lady's Helpers—A Crusade Unit.
2. The Enthusiast—President of the Unit.
3. The Twin Demons—Selfishness and Discouragement.
4. The Angel of Good Deeds.
5. The Little Black Sheep.
6. Child Angels.
7. Little Yellow Brothers.

ACT I.

Scene—A City Street.

(Discouragement seated in a dejected attitude on the curb-stone or doorstep. Enter Selfishness).

Selfishness—This will never do! Come, Discouragement, let us bestir ourselves. Satan, our master, is fast losing ground. The Children of Light are wise at last. They have done what we might have told them to do ages ago. They have issued the call to arms to all the children of the Catholic world. And what is the result? Our great King, Satan, is forced to flee from his

ancient strongholds. China, Africa, India—all are slowly but surely throwing off their allegiance. He is set at naught by battalions of noisy school boys and giggling school girls. Even the starving street arabs and ragamuffins are a power against him, because they lift their hands in prayer. Shall the kingdom of Satan fail? Come, Discouragement! Let us arouse ourselves.

Discouragement.—Willingly, my sister. My mind and all my powers are bent to aid him. Where are those presumptuous infants, those ragamuffins, those street-gamin you speak of, who dare lift their puny voices against Satan, our master? We have spoils powerful enough, you and I, to deceive the truest, and to cast down the most hopeful. Come, let us away!

Self.—Yes, my sister spirit, most true and loyal. You and I shall go hand in hand. But, let us be systematic! Let us attack one point at a time!

Dis.—Where is there a point to attack? Show it to me.

Self.—The most powerful Crusade Unit in town is "Our Lady's Helpers." The members attend Mass and receive Communion every morning for the salvation of souls. That is why I say the most powerful. Besides this, their prayers and acts of self-denial are numberless. They are only one among thousands of such Units, and they alone are working havoc on the kingdom of Satan, our master.

Dis. (eagerly).—How shall we attack them? Selfishness, what is your plan?

Self.—Well, they meet to-night at the home of their President, the Enthusiast. There is no hope of our prevailing against her at present.

Discouragement.—She is too wise, too clear-sighted. She sees the world as it is, a bubble—one that takes a long time to burst, it is true, but that bursts at last like all bubbles. There

is no hope of misleading her. But we may wean from her sway the weaker spirits who assist her, and thus, little by little, her army will be separated, and in the end brought to ruin.

Self.—Difficult! Pah! You are not expected to throw cold water on the plans of your sister spirits, my dear Discouragement, but only on the white-hot fervours of the pigmy race of men. Difficult! why! Cannot you play your old trick? Cannot you cause their hearts to sink by representing to them the impossible weight of their task? As for me, well, you know my plan, Discouragement. A bunch of roses, a pretty gown with sparkling spangles on it, a jewel giving out its magic lustre on the white hand (she holds up her hand and admires it), or in the meshes of my lady's soft hair,—with these I have slain my thousands. With these I shall still slay my thousands till the end of time. Come, let us try them on Our Lady's Helpers. See how quickly the babies of China, and the wretched pickaninies of Africa will fade into the background. What heart of girlhood is there strong enough and pure enough to resist me! None, I tell you, none! Come! Let us throw ourselves into the fray! Let us fight for Satan and the reign of his darkness. (They pass out, hand in hand, while the curtain descends).

ACT II.

Scene 2.

(A room in the home of the Enthusiast. Some of the Crusaders are seated around a table, others on a couch, some in rocking-chairs, etc. At the back of the room stands the Angel of Good Deeds, busily writing in the book. A small table is near the Angel).

The Enthusiast.—Girls, here is a letter from the Philippines. It came during the week—from Father Mazin. He has sent us some snapshots, too. Look, here is one of his church,—a

mere shed, to judge by its photograph. And yet, see the Cross of Christ is on it, and Our Lord is there. Here is another of a little Filipino, baptized just the day before, and here is his school and his class of children. (At appropriate moments she passes snap-shots which the members look at with interest). He is their teacher as well as their priest. Now, I know you would like to hear his letter, and, as our secretary is absent to-night, I will read it for you if you wish.

Members (lightly)—We wish. Let us hear from the little Filipinos.

The Enthusiast—(Reads the following letter).

My dear children, Helpers of Our Lady.

What a beautiful name you have chosen! It is in itself a prayer, because God takes the will for the deed.

The box of second-hand prayer-books and toys all reached me in good condition. (Here noiselessly enter the spirits of Selfishness and Discouragement, still hand in hand. They separate. Selfishness softly glides around the room, and kneels by one of the easy chairs. Discouragement stands by the table, and listens with an air of interest to the letter). I wish you could have seen my little children when they were presented with the prayer-books. Their black eyes danced with joy as only a Filipino's can.

Catholic reading matter of any kind will be gladly welcomed as an antidote to the heretical pamphlets, many of them attacking our Holy Faith, which are plentifully circulated among our people. Do not throw away any Catholic paper or magazine, however small,—it may contain the seed of salvation for some soul that can be reached in no other way.

May God bless you, and the great work you are doing. You will be remembered in the Holy Sacrifice by

Your grateful servant,

Francis Mazin.

The Enthusiast.—Let us see if we can find some more prayer-books, girls. We sent him only two dozen, and they would supply only that many. How grateful he is for so little, poor struggling priest!

Discouragement (Standing with hands pressed on the table, and speaking earnestly)—What is the use of all this, girls? What can you do? All your prayers, and your money, and your prayer-books are but a drop compared to the great ocean of effort needed to convert the world. Why, here now (picking up a mite-box from the table) here is Jacky Mite-box that you make so much fuss about. What has he ever done? It says on the cover, 400,000,000 pagans in China. It has said that on this same cover for the last five, ten, fifteen years. And yet you have been praying and paying with all your might. But the vast 400,000,000 still remains a hopelessly stationary mass; not even one less in spite of all your efforts. What's the use?

First Member.—It sounds quite reasonable, what this stranger says, girls. Don't you think so?

Second Member.—Very reasonable, I fear. They say there are more pagans in China alone than there are Catholics in the whole world.

Third Member.—Yes, and even the box says (picking it up and reading it) that 4,000 die daily without baptism. Really, our efforts *do* seem as if spent in a hopeless cause. It is as if one were to try to quench the stars, or number the blades of grass.

Dis. (eagerly)—Hopeless, indeed, my dear young friends! Why, we have considered

China. We have said nothing at all about India with its teeming millions of demon worshippers, or Hindustan, and Africa, sunk in depths of misery that no human aid can fathom. What's the use?

Enthus.—Dark Spirit,—for such I perceive you to be,—you are right. No *human* aid may reach them. Therefore, we do not proffer it. But the grace of God may reach all poor souls on this side of the grave.

Dis. (angrily)—The grace of God! What have *you* to do with the grace of God? Has He made *you* its dispenser?

Enthus.—No, sad spirit, but we are His instruments, and He wills to send His grace in answer to our poor prayers.

Dis.—How do you know He does? Have you ever seen any fruit of your labours, your getting up in the cold to go to a cold church and kneel through a cold Mass on week days when you don't have to,—your giving up candy and girl-ish pretty things, your wearisome prayers and high-strung efforts? Tell me.

Fourth Member.—True, she speaks sensibly.

Fifth Member.—It was awfully cold at St. Patrick's this morning. I thought my poor bones would never stop shaking.

Sixth Member.—Me, too. I would have given all I ever owned to have stayed in bed.

Other Members (in chorus)—Me too! Me too!

Fourth Member.—She speaks sensibly. Even the Enthusiast is silent, and can find no answer. But listen, her companion would speak to us also. Let us hear her.

Self. (advancing and smiling)—My sister, Discouragement, has spoken to you words of wisdom, my young friends. You do well to pay heed. Now let me present to you another aspect of your case. But if you do not give up this insane idea of converting the world, you

will in the near future find your beauty marred by too much Mass-going, combined with hard study. The tensivity of modern life makes too great demand on nerve and body nowadays without these hardships. In order to keep those starry eyes and rose-leaf cheeks, you need plenty of sleep, especially in the morning.

Enthus.—Our wise grandmothers said different, dark spirit. "Early to bed and early to rise" was their adage.

Self.—They lived in different times, my pretty one. I tell you the generations are growing weaker.

Enthus.—And *I* tell *you* it isn't from early rising, or too much praying.

Self. (addressing members)—Your President is a woman, I perceive. She *will* have the last word. Well, let her have it. I grant it as a concession to her weakness. But I leave it to *your* common sense to decide whether a sleepy, chilly, suffering Mass, filled with the distraction of weariness, is of any use to yourselves or anyone else.

Seventh Member.—Really, girls, that same thought has often occurred to me.

Eighth Member.—And me!

Remaining Members.—And all of us, indeed.

First Member.—It is, indeed hard to be fervent when one is half awake, half frozen, and half starved.

Self.—Then, my darling pretty ones, you have been doing another foolish thing. You have been denying yourselves the things that are yours by right,—dress, amusements, and even candy, so necessary to the human system, in order to send money to the missionaries. They, I may say in passing, always have their hands outstretched for alms. There is no satisfying them. It is always "more, more, more!" Some of you, poor soft-hearted dears, have even

gone so far as to perform your own shampooing and massaging in order to save money for these importunate beggars. Your appearance has suffered, I assure you. You owe it to yourselves and to your future to look your best, you know. Youth comes only once. "Gather ye roses while ye may." You are taking life and God and your souls much too seriously. God never meant you to be anything but gay and thoughtless at your age. I read a little poem the other day, written by a wise virgin, that expresses exactly what I mean. Let me recite it for you. (She takes the roses from her girdle, and holds them aloft, looks at them admiringly and recites dramatically). Mendelssohn's Spring song may be played softly during the recitation:

The roses of earth burn bright
In the golden air;
They fill the day and the night
They are everywhere.

Gaudy and brave they gleam,
To our senses dear;
O, who would follow a Dream
When the Real is here?

Let's turn our gaze from the skies;
They are chill and far;
Let's turn from the vast surmise
To the things that are.

Let's sing the Song of the Rose,
With its heart of fire,
That trembling widens and glows
Like a Heart's Desire.

Enthus.—I can answer you, Spirit of Evil. I can recite poetry too. Listen and hear your answer. (She recites dramatically. "Melody in F" may be played).

We stay not the eager hand;
We clutch the bloom
And sudden the summer land
Is filled with gloom.

The petals wither and die
And coldly fall;
And chill is the bitter sky
That watches all.

They beckon in every clime,
Earth's phantoms fair;
But thorns are the fruit of Time;
They are everywhere.

That is your answer, Spirit of Evil—and I pray God to send His angel to banish you from our midst, and to obliterate from our minds the falsity of your advice. Infinity of God, be our refuge!

Angel of Good Deeds—(Advances, bearing in her hand the spray of heavenly blossoms, which she removes from her girdle. The Book of Good Deeds is left on the little table at the back of the room). Begone, Spirits of Evil!—Selfishness and Discouragement! Too well do I know you! Begone! Begone! (Exit Selfishness and Discouragement). There, at a word they have departed, my little sisters—so weak and impotent are they. But I perceive you need cheer and encouragement after so doleful an encounter. Your spirits are sad and drooping. Let me dispel the doubts that have arisen like mists in your souls. Let me show you a small portion of the good you have done. This blossom from the gardens of Paradise has the power to dispel the barriers of Time and Space, and to open earthly eyes to the things of the Spirit. (She passes around and touches the eyes of each with the blossom). Now you see truly, dear children. Your eyes are open. (She then

turns to the stage entrance, and makes mysterious motions in the air with the blossom, as if conjuring a vision. The music of "Lead Kindly Light" is played very softly. Enter the band of child angels and with them the Little Black Sheep. Two of them hold him by the hand. The members stare in amazement, as the angels slowly advance).

Enthus.—Who are you? Where did you come from?

Ninth Member.—They are angels. See their wings!

Tenth Member.—They are not all angels. Look at the little black child with them. What does it all mean?

One of the Angels.—Yes, we are angels. We have come to cheer you because the Angel of Good Deeds told us you were sad. We will sing you the song-story of this little black child we have with us. It is a pretty story and you will be glad to hear it.

(The Angels sing to the air of "Kentucky Babe.")

1. Once there was a little lamb, little baby lamb,
Black as black could be (they look at the
child, who puts his finger in his mouth
and hangs head);
And he wasn't nice at all,
Bold and black and bad—
Not like you and me.
And he used to run away, wilder than the
wind,
And he used to hide all day where 'twas
hard to find;
Knew no God above him;
Had no one to love him (the child covers eyes
with arm as if weeping);
Luckless little lamb!
Black and wild,
Getting lost forever in the darkness and the
night;

Poor, bad child!

Who will show him where the path
Leads to life and light?

Oh—oh—oh—oh—

Oh—oh—oh—oh—

Luckless little lamb!

(Piano plays humming).

2. Once there was a little girl,
Nice like me and you,
Prayed a little prayer,
Just a teeny-weeny prayer,
With a purpose true,
Darting through the air.
Soon the little black sheep felt the brush of
angel wings. (The nearest angel puts
her arm around him and he lays his head
against her).
Opened wide his eyes to see a million happy
things (the child blinks his eyes),
Knew our God above him,
Had someone to love him (the child lifts the
angel's hand and kisses it).
God's own child!
Saved he is forever from the darkness and
the night.
God's dear child!
Destined for the Kingdom of Everlasting
Light.
Oh—oh—oh—oh—
Lucky little lamb! (they smile at the child,
who smiles at them in turn).
(Angels withdraw softly and slowly, hum-
ming with the piano till the last line is reached,
when they repeat softly, "Lucky little lamb.")

Eleventh Member.—It was a pretty song. I
feel better now, don't you girls?

The Enthus.—Pretty is not the word. It was
sublimely beautiful. Think of a soul, a soul
saved.

Eleventh Member.—Yes, but there was only
one.

Angel of Good Deeds (Quickly)—The poison that Discouragement gave you is still at work, I see. "Only one soul!" God would die a million times if, by doing so, He could save only one more. Such is its value in His eyes. But I will condescend to your weakness, O earth-children, and tell you that the little black lamb you saw is one among thousands, saved by your prayers, and the prayers of others like you. Nay, I will do more. I will show you another vision that will silence the human cry of "only one." (The angel again makes passages in the air with the paradise blossom. The piano plays softly "Come with me to Toyland." And the Little Yellow Brothers enter and bow low to the members, who stare in amazement).

Angel of Good Deeds (continued)—Your good friends do not recognize you, my dear little children. You must tell them all about yourselves, and where you come from. (The children bow low again and they sing to the melody "Come with Me to Toytown.")

1. From the Rising Sun-Land

O'er the big blue sea,
We have come to greet you
Most joyfully. (They bow again).
We will love you always
Till Life is done
And the splendour passes from the Rising
Sun.
You ask who are we,
O sisters true;
We're your little brothers
Who are saved by you.
May God e'er bless you,
Till Life is done,
And the splendour passes
From the Rising Sun.

Enthus.—Welcome, our little brothers!—a thousand welcomes! Will you not tell us your

names? (The children sing again, each one bowing as his name is pronounced).

2. We're your little brothers,

- (1) Wun-Lung, (2) Tu-Lee,
- (3) Hi-Wong, (4) Tee-See,
- (5) And Yan-Tse-Kiang,
- (6) And Ling-Tu-Ling,
- (7) And Wan-Wee Wung,
- (8) And Tan-Yan-Sing,
- (9) And Clee-Li-Hong-Ko,
- (10) And Cli Lee-Hang,
- (11) Wee-Wing, and (12) Tong-Ho,
- (13) And Wung-Tww-Wang;

God bless you ever,
Till Life is done
And the splendour passes
From the Rising-Sun.

(The last four lines are repeated while the Little Yellow Brothers withdraw).

N.B.—It is suggested that if the second stanza be found hard to memorize the children pin copies of it around their cuffs.

The Angel of Good Deeds.—Poor and despised are they in the eyes of the world. But precious diamonds are they in the coronet of Jesus Christ, Who died to save them, and Who loves them with an everlasting love. You have helped to save them, my dear children, by your generous prayers and self-denial. What your reward will be, not even an angel's tongue may tell.

Enthus.—You have given us comfort, Heavenly Spirit. Stay with us always and we shall never doubt again.

Angel.—True, I shall stay with you always, but you will not always see me. But I will leave with you this blossom from the gardens of paradise. When you are tempted to remove your hands from the plough, and to look backward, touch your eyes with it, and they will immedi-

ately become the eyes of faith. (All kneel while the angel presents the spray to the Enthusiast, who kisses her hand when receiving it. The curtain is lowered during this action. In a moment the curtain rises. All have disappeared except the Angel of Good Deeds, who comes to the centre of the stage and addresses the audience. She bears in her hands the Book of Good Deeds).

Epilogue:

Gentle mortals, you perchance have wondered
What within my book of deeds is written (holding up book)
What fair fruits recorded in its pages.

So—to make you merry in your exile,
I, this little much, will freely tell you.
Little selfless fruits are here most golden,
Little hidden prayers and aspirations
For the dear relief of Him who thirsted
Long ago upon a blood-stained mountain.
Gentle mortals, still He thirsts among you;
Still for souls, more souls He strongly thirsteth.
Will you help assuage His age-long thirsting?
Help by prayer and selfless aspiration
To uphold the hands of those who labour
In the white fields of the ripened harvest?
So your golden fruits shall shine forever
'Neath the loving eyes of God and angels;
And your names shall be forever written
In the Heart of Him Who died to save you.



The Electric Sweeper

Our baby thinks this giant toy
Was simply built to give him joy,
He wants to see it go all day
And cries when it is put away.

Poor Tim, the Irish puppy, fears
The dreadful roar that greets his ears,
The vanished dirt makes him quite vexed,
'Tis plain he thinks he will be next.

But when I clean the library,
Our yellow birdie sings with glee,
That this big shining bumble-bug
Should sip of blossoms on a rug!

Anne Sutherland.

Guelph.

The Sparrow's Toilet

A splash into a silver brook,
A dainty little dipping,
A dart into a quiet nook
With all his feathers dripping.
A little shake, a little tweak
To stir up every feather,
A pretty preening with his beak
To lay them all together.
A stretch of wing, some fluffy shakes,
A flash—he's flown away,—
That is how the sparrow makes
His toilet for the day.

I. Roscoe.

Loretto Abbey.

LAY APOSTOLATE IN ENGLAND

ONE of the most interesting and effective movements of the present day is that which has been undertaken by a corps of lay workers, under the name of "The Catholic Evidence Guild."

It is an organization which was started and kept going by some Catholic laymen of England, whose object it is to remove the dense ignorance existing in the minds of the great mass of the people, as to the principles and doctrines of Catholicity. Instead of lecturing in halls and churches, these ardent orators speak in the parks and corners of the towns and cities, and prove by their methods that the aim is not conversion to the faith, so much as clearing away the falsehoods that have obscured the Truth for so many years, and built up a prejudice which is wholly unfounded. Ordinary men and women get up and explain in a rudimentary way the simplest points of doctrine—and answer questions put to them by the ignorant, the wise and the vicious, with a quiet, patient heroism that is truly admirable. Are they getting results? Yes, far beyond their highest hopes.

A meeting is conducted on very simple lines. The speaker chooses a spot where he thinks he is likely to attract a crowd, gets up on a box, says his opening prayers and begins to talk on any subject at all. Soon one stops to listen, then another, and gradually a crowd collects. Occasionally this fails. But there is one excellent point about Englishmen: they have ears, and are not afraid or ashamed to use them, so it is not hard to gather an audience once a beginning is made, for though they may rail and loudly denounce all forms of religious

belief, Catholicism above all, they come. On one occasion when the subject struck the public fancy particularly, an immense crowd stood ankle deep in slush for two hours.

But all do not come to listen, however, interesting the discourse. There is always the agitator whose aim is to disturb the speaker and make the meeting a failure. One lay apostle tells this story: Not far from where he was addressing the crowd there was a Baptist church, the pastor of which had paid forty little Sunday school pupils a penny apiece to come and disturb the meeting. So they came and they played and shouted and otherwise tormented the speaker. They filled his trouser-cuffs with gravel, removed his shoe laces, and, as a final effort, got under the temporary platform and tried to upset it. But a Catholic Evidence Member is used to this sort of thing, so he pays little attention to it.

Again there is the agitator whose aim is to rile the speaker by asking him nonsensical questions. Of course, before the Guild workers face the public in this way they are thoroughly trained, not only in the art of catechising and presenting the truths of religion in the clearest possible terms, but in the virtue of patience. Most of their tormentors are profoundly ignorant of the doctrines they abuse so bitterly, so that to engage in argument with them would only open the door to endless wrangling. A Guild Speaker's aim is to explain, not to triumph over his opponent, and above all he must avoid idle arguments. After all, what is the use of arguing with a child, they say, and many of these agitators are no more than children in their knowledge. Take the man,

for instance, who confronts the speaker with the statement that the Church is cruel in her treatment of the nuns. After a little questioning it comes out that he has read in a Catholic paper the account of a nun's death, in which it is said that the priest found it necessary to administer Extreme Unction. The reader took the word "Extreme" to mean "cruel"—having heard it in other connections with that meaning, and not being familiar with the second term.

Another type which causes not a little annoyance to the orator is the man who comes and merely makes a noise to drown the voice of the speaker. He either shouts or sings or, maybe if he has a good memory, he learns a number of verses from Scripture and shouts them out at regular intervals. Occasionally the police come to the rescue and put such a one out.

But the crowd is not wholly composed of people of this ugly spirit. There are some indifferent ones whose curiosity makes them pause for a while and then turn away. And lastly, to justify the existence of this wonderful organization, there are a great many silent ones who come night after night, listening eagerly, now and then putting in a question,

and sometimes ending up in sincere conversion. The main object of the Guild is not conversion in the strict sense of the term, but to break down the wall of prejudice formed by three centuries of unbelief, and for this end its members work untiringly.

You will say that the Guild speakers are very wonderful men and women, if they can get up and face the gibes and insults of noisy crowds like this. That may be, but "to whom much is given, much will be required," and the descendants of English martyrs who faced the rack and unspeakable tortures in Elizabeth's reign, are not likely to quail before a few words of abuse. Much patience and fortitude are needed for the work, but they are trained for their end, in a very severe school. Also, before appearing in public they are thoroughly grounded in the essentials of theology and they learn how to express themselves simply and forcibly, and to accept all manner of rude and unkindly treatment without visible disturbance.

The Church is setting a higher and higher value upon the Lay Apostolate, as it is convinced it is doing a work which no other mission work can accomplish.

Winnifred Gauthier.

Loretto Abbey, Toronto.



“ENA, MENA, MINA, MO”

I SLIPPED into my smoking jacket and slowly descended the thick-carpeted stairs.

The house looked gloomy. The very richness and grandeur of the dining-room oppressed me. The shades were drawn and Stephens stood ready to draw my chair back.

I sat down heavily. What was the matter with me these days? Why couldn't I rise, ready for whatever the day might bring, instead of feeling that I hadn't slept for a week?

Stephens set a baked apple before me. A baked apple! And every morning for breakfast I had been served with the finest of imported fruits. I regarded the apple thoughtfully. It did remind me of some one. The smooth skin folded and drooped as—what? I remembered: Aunt Betty. My dear aunt Betty whom I had adored in my childhood days. I could see her now in her rusty brown satin dress, folding and clinging around her ample, motherly frame. She had understood little boys as no other aunt possibly could.

I recalled the time that I had pushed Cousin Donald off the woodshed roof. My other aunts, who were there for a family reunion on Grandmother's sixtieth anniversary, predicted a terrifying future, cut short by the gallows, or prison at least, for a boy who would deliberately push his cousin to certain death. Especially was this the verdict of Aunt Rachel, Donald's mother. But Aunt Betty had asked me why I did it. And she told mother that there was a very brilliant future ahead for a boy with the imagination I had. I was sorry Donald's leg was broken, and remembered doing all I could to amuse him while he was laid up. We had been

pretending that there was a fire, and as Donald was supposed to be the door, I, as the fireman, could do nothing but knock him down. The game had been simple and interesting and I think Donald was just as simple or he would never have allowed me to cast the characters as I did.

Other memories flooded my brain as I sat looking at the apple. Then a thought struck me. Why not go and see Aunt Betty? I had not been to Lanlay for five years and Aunt Betty had written often asking me to come. But I had put off and postponed the visit while I was so very busy with my two new books. The publishers demanded much of my time, and the illustrators. And so during the past two years I am ashamed to say I had forgotten all about Aunt Betty.

“Stephens, this apple has given me a happy thought. Have my bags packed and see about trains. I am going to Lanlay for an indefinite stay.”

“Yes, Sir.” Stephens departed and I finished my baked apple. It was the first real breakfast I had eaten for a long time and I really began to feel a change that put new life into me.

Aunt Betty's home was on the corner at the cross-roads. It was a large, grey-stone house with an enormous veranda. I had not let her know that I was coming, because she would likely go to a lot of trouble getting ready for me. I strode across the velvet lawn and crossed the terrace. And then I stood stock-still.

“Jim! Andy! anybody! I can't get down. I'm stuck!”

The cries came from the orchard, and I

dropped my grip and started in that direction. The cries were coming from the heart of my own old apple-tree. I had built a house among its branches many years before and it rather hurt me to think that it had become the property of any one else.

"What's the matter?" I called.

"Sin and I are stuck and we can't get down," a melodious voice floated down through the green leaves. "I have been up and down here hundreds of times, but I am sure I can't manage it with Sin. And I can't leave him here to starve."

I was already climbing the tree, so familiar to me. A tiny, white-clad foot and ankle met my gaze. And as I climbed, a russet-coloured frock and a leghorn hat, hanging on a branch, came into view. Giving myself a final hoist, I came face to face with—Rosalie!

I did not know who it was then, but I did know that before me was a vision with rumpled auburn hair and flushed cheeks. Enormous brown eyes and a pair of ruby lips smiled at me. But her mouth was not of the "rose-bud" variety that you hear so much of. It was a trifle large, but so sweet and good-natured. I then and there resolved that she should be the heroine of my next book. On her shoulder was perched the sauciest little kitten I had ever seen. And black! Well, it was as black as—Sin.

"You see," she smiled at me, without the least embarrassment, "a strange dog chased Sin across the orchard and she flew up here, out of harm's way, and she refused to come down. I think she's just terrified. Would you mind getting down a little further and I'll hand her to you?"

I slid down and Sin was deposited on my shoulder. I put one hand up to steady her and started my downward course. But that wriggling little imp of night clawed its way into

my collar and up the back of my neck. I would not have let Rosalie know that I could not manage such a tiny thing as a kitten. But then Sin sprang onto my innocent head and I slid to the bottom with those torturous little claws embedded in my thick hair and in my skull.

I was just freeing myself from this curse when Rosalie slid to my side and held out her hand.

"I don't know how to thank you. You really have been most kind. But how did you happen to be here?"

"I was just about to call on my Aunt Betty Ross," I said.

"Is Miss Ross your aunt?" she said. "Then you must be—Are you David Kyle, the great writer?"

"I am David Kyle," I answered. "I write but I am not the great writer."

We strolled towards the house and the girl said, "I am Rosalie Rysden. I have lived with your Aunt Betty for two years now, ever since father was killed overseas. She was a great friend of mother's, who died when I was very young, and Aunt Betty is my guardian."

I recalled now that Aunt Betty had told me about Colonel Rysden's death, but I had forgotten about it.

I spent three glorious weeks with Aunt Betty. I mean with Rosalie, in Aunt Betty's house.

Last Saturday I asked Rosalie to marry me and I told her all about my home. She said she couldn't stand a cheerless home, even if it were a rich one. I admitted that it was cheerless. So I am having it redecorated and Rosalie's breakfast room is to be done in bright chintz. I might add that we will have baked apples every morning because this is the way it all happened.

After returning home I said one morning to Stephens:

"Stephens, how did I come to get a baked apple that morning?"

"I don't know, Sir, the cook sent it in. She said all you needed was a change. She's new, sir."

"Send her in, Stephens."

"Yo' send foh me, sah?" An old coloured mammy waddled into the dining room. "Mah name is Mandy."

"Yes, Mandy, I sent for you. Will you tell me why you gave me a baked apple that morning when you knew I was accustomed to fresh fruit?"

"Well, sah, it was dis way," she drawled. "Dey all said as how yoh was ailin', so ah says, says ah, what he needs is a change. Yes, sah. So ah done made a list of breakfast fruits and I done say, 'Ena, mena, mina, mo,' and de baked apple got it, sah."

I laughed heartily and raised Mandy's salary on the spot. So Mandy's a firm believer in the old game, and I, after being a hopeless bachelor, am now a happy benedict. I shall leave Rosalie to speak for herself.

Isobel Griffeths.

Loretto, Niagara Falls.



Mother

Whose love can equal the love of a mother?

Whose devotion so loyal and true?

Who suffers so much with joy for another

Who works with such pleasure as mother,
for you?

You hail with delight the friendship of others;

You revel in love of the sweet-heart you've
won,

Yet, where do you find a friendship like mother's,

Unbroken till death calls and life's work
is done?

V. Parcher.

Loretto Abbey.

HOLY YEAR OPENING

The following letter, giving a graphic, first-hand account of the opening ceremonies of the Holy Year, comes from the pen of a student of Propaganda, Rome, Mr. John J. McCarthy, nephew of Sister M. Ligouri of Loretto, Niagara Falls. We are printing it without the writer's knowledge or permission, relying upon his generosity in sending these details, to waive the one and presume the other.—Editor.

Rome, Italy, Jan. 18, 1925.

My Dear Aunt:

No doubt you will have heard from home all that I am about to tell you. However, I hope my news will not lose any interest it may have, in the re-reading of it. I am going to begin by telling you of my visit to the Vatican on Sunday, December 21st, for the formal opening of the Missionary Exposition.

I was certainly very lucky to get to this event, as only about twenty fellows in the college received tickets. The first Sacristan and myself received tickets from Archbishop Marchetti, Secretary of Propaganda and President of the Exposition. The function was very simple. It was colorful, though, as all Vatican functions are, there being present some twenty Cardinals, over two score Bishops and Archbishops and many Monsignori, besides the various members of the Vatican Court. The robes of the clergy and the bright and vari-colored uniforms of the Court officials made a very pleasing and imposing appearance. After the Holy Father had walked in and had taken his place on the throne erected for him in one of the great halls of the Vatican, Cardinal Van Rossum, Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda, made a short

speech, in which he outlined the objects of the Missionary Exposition, for the Supreme Pontiff had asked him to bless it and all who had labored to assemble it, as well as all those who were laboring in the Mission Fields. His Holiness responded with a long and very eloquent address, the gist of which was, that he was happy to bless such a grand work, and hoped that this Exposition would inspire in the hearts of all who should see it, a greater love for the Missions and be productive of much good, not only for the Missions themselves, but for the Church in general. At the conclusion of his speech His Holiness and the Cardinals went to the Vatican Gardens to inspect the Exposition. We were not able to see it that day, as it was not open to the public. Before coming home that Sunday morning we took a run into St. Peter's to see the preparations that were being made for the opening of the Holy Door. The balconies for the members of the Diplomatic Corps and other members of the "Italian Four Hundred" were already in place. So, too, was the Papal Throne, right near the Holy Door. In fact, practically everything was in readiness for the great ceremony of Wednesday morning, the Vigil of Xmas.

Well, the Vigil came, as Vigils and other great days have a habit of doing, and brought with it, among other things, an Ordination in our Chapel. Three of our students were ordained priests by Cardinal Van Rossum, our Cardinal Prefect. The ceremonies were, of course, very impressive. The parents of one of the ordained were present at the Ordination

Mass, which I imagine added greatly to the happiness of this young priest. After the Ordination we all hurried off to St. Peter's for the big ceremony there. I was "in luck" again, for the Secretary, Archbishop Marchetti, gave myself and seven others special tickets which admitted us to the Atrium of the Basilica where all the ceremonies of the Opening of the Door took place. The other fellows from the College were able to secure tickets only for the Basilica where they could see only the procession and the passing of the Pope. You should have seen me, strutting around amidst all the diplomats and other high dignitaries! I've had to get a new hat—my head has been so swelled since then! Ha! ha! I was very glad to have been present at these ceremonies, as they certainly were interesting and rather historic, too, occurring as they do, only once every twenty-five years.

The function was due to start at eleven o'clock and it was but a few minutes after that time that the first of the procession appeared in the hall of the Vatican leading to the Atrium of St. Peter's. I thought it like one of those regal pageants you see sometimes in old pictures. First came the penitentiaries (those who hear Confessions in St. Peter's) of the Basilica, then the Canons of St. Peter's. Each held a lighted candle in his right hand and it was a beautiful sight to see the long line of moving, flickering lights. They walked down an aisle, on either side of which were Swiss Guards, in their multi-colored uniforms and with their halberds at the position of "Attention." After the Canons came the Bishops and Archbishops. They, too, carried lighted candles, and wore white copes and white mitres. I think there were nearly eighty of them and they certainly made a fine appearance. Following the Bishops walked the Cardinals,—

about forty of them—including Cardinal Mercier of Belgium. This is the first time I had ever seen him. He is a grand man—so kindly of face and so saintly-looking. The Cardinals wore white copes over their red robes, and on their heads, white mitres. In their right hands they carried lighted candles. During the procession the choir, led by Monsignor Perosi (Director of the Sistine Choir) sang the "Veni Creator Spiritus." The music was fine and was very effective, as the choir was divided—one part of it was already placed in the atrium before the procession started—the other part walked in the procession. They alternated with each other in singing the verses of the hymn. When the Cardinals and Bishops had taken their places near the Papal Throne—the Cardinals to the right of it—the Bishops to the left—the band of the Palatine Guards struck up the Papal March, and to the strains of this, His Holiness was borne in on his "Sedia Gestatoria" (this is a sort of a throne which is carried on the shoulders of the attendants of the Pope). When the bearers arrived at the throne, they stopped, the Holy Father descended from his chair and ascended the throne. Here he remained until the hymn was finished. Then Cardinal Giorgi, the Major Cardinal Penitentiary, presented to His Holiness the golden hammer to be used in opening the Holy Door. (Cardinal Giorgi, by the way, was buried on the 2nd of this month. He died suddenly on December 30. How little he thought when he knocked on the Holy Door, after the Pope, and asked that it be opened to him, that a few short days later he would be knocking at the Doors of Heaven, asking them to open to him! May his soul and the souls of all the faithful departed rest in peace! He was a fine man and a great friend of Propaganda and Propagandists). After the reception of the

hammer the real interesting part of the function began. The Holy Father, leaving the throne and mounting the steps leading to the Holy Door, struck the Door three times. At the first blow he sang, "Open to me the Gates of Justice," and the choir responded, "Having entered through them I will give praise to God." The second time he sang, "I will enter into Your Dwelling, O Lord," and received the answer from the Choir, "I will prostrate myself near Thy Holy Temple in fear of Thee." At the third blow he intoned this versicle, "Open to me the Gates, because the Lord is with us." The choir answered him, saying, "He Who hath done wonderful things in Egypt." When he had finished these three verses, the Sovereign Pontiff returned to his throne. (It was now that Cardinal Giorgi also struck the Door). A few seconds after the Holy Father had resumed his place in the throne, the Holy Door, which had been previously cut all around the edges, fell slowly backwards into the Basilica. A small truck had been attached to the rear of the Door before it fell, and on this truck it was borne away to another part of the Basilica where all might see it afterwards. As the Holy Door was carted away the penitentiaries of the Basilica, with sponges soaked in Holy Water, washed the jambs and threshold of the Door and wiped them with linen cloths. Now the bells of St. Peter's began to peal forth the merry tidings that the Holy Door had been opened and that the Year of Jubilee had begun. They were joined by the bells of all the other churches in Rome and for nearly half an hour the message of the bells was carried to every nook and cranny of the Eternal City. The choir then started to sing the hymn, "Let all the earth raise its voice in praise to God," and at the conclusion of this, the Holy Father, re-

turning to the Holy Door and mounting the first step leading to it, knelt down and intoned the first words of the "Te Deum." The choir took up this glorious hymn of thanksgiving and the small atrium thundered to the wonderful burst of melody it poured forth. His Holiness, after the first verse of this hymn had been sung, rose and entered into the Basilica, alone. Shortly afterward the Cardinals entered the Basilica through the Holy Door, then the Bishops and others who had taken part in the procession. Each as he entered reverently kissed the jambs of the Door. It was now the turn of the Diplomatic Corps and other members of the *élite* to enter. I camouflaged myself as one of the "swell set" and managed to squeeze through with the rest of the diplomats and nobility. Well, after getting in the Basilica, the next question to be decided was, where was I to go next? I began to feel like the fellow at the wedding banquet who didn't have on the wedding garment and was wondering if the Master of the Feast would come and give orders to "have him bound hands and feet and cast out into exterior darkness where there was weeping and gnashing of teeth." I guess I must have looked harmless, though, as no one bothered me, and so I wandered along in the wake of several Ambassadors and their ladies quite as though I belonged there. I went about half way up the middle aisle and stopped there, as I could see everything just as well from that point as anywhere else. Pretty soon along came the Pope and all his Court. They had gone to a side chapel in the Basilica to pray before the Blessed Sacrament while the rest of the procession formed a double line reaching from the Papal Altar to the front of the Basilica, down near the door. In this double line were the Parish Priests of all the churches in Rome, representatives of the various Religious

Orders here, and delegations from the different Men's Sodalities. These latter had their flags and banners and were rigged out in their official (and to our eyes, somewhat outlandish-looking) costumes. Some of them wore what appeared to be old sacks, and had enough rope girdled about their waists to lasso a steer. Despite their queer-looking outfits, these people do a vast amount of good among the poor of the city. Among their members they count some of the noblest and richest families in Rome. But to get back to the procession proper, which was coming down the aisle formed by these two lines of clerics and sodalists, as well as another double line of Palatine Guards, who with rifles held at "Present Arms" stood just behind the other lines. (This description is a bit confused. I hope you will be able to get what I am driving at—the Palatine Guards formed a double line at the outer edge of the aisle—the clergy and the others I have mentioned formed a double line inside that formed by the Guards — there—how's that?—sounds like a description a Scotchman would give, doesn't it?) I have seen quite a few grand processions in St. Peter's since coming to Rome, but I honestly think that the one I saw that morning was the finest I have yet seen. You have undoubtedly seen pictures of similar ones — a long line of Bishops, Archbishops and Cardinals, all wearing white copes and white mitres, and attended by their secretaries and train-bearers; another long double line of Papal Chamberlains, in satin knee breeches and velvet jackets with Elizabethan ruffles around the neck; Canons, in purple and white; Papal Knights; members of the various Religious Orders, their coarse garments of black, brown or white contrasting strongly with the rich purples and crimsons of the Prelates who preceded and followed them! Swiss

Guards, in their picturesque uniforms; a whole Company of the Pope's Own Noble Guards, walking four abreast,—dressed in high helmets, flaming scarlet coats and white trousers and long black boots—and finally,—the Pontiff himself, wearing a white cope and white mitre, adorned with precious stones, and, as he is carried along in his "Sedia Gestatoria," smiling and slowly raising his hand in benediction upon the vast crowd that is clapping at seeing him. Ah, indeed, that's a picture to be long remembered. I wish I had the faculty of describing it to you in all its magnificence, but that, alas, is beyond my powers. I hope you will be able to gain some faint idea of its grandeur from this poor attempt at description.

Some of the boys here don't like to see these processions. They say that so much pomp and show does not seem right or entirely conformable to the exalted position that the Pope holds. To them it seems that he should do away with all this regal splendor and live a life of privation and sufferings as did Christ, Whose Vicar on earth he is. But somehow, I never could hold that view. I glory in the magnificence of the Papal Court and functions and would have them even more majestic and imposing than they are. The Pope is the Vicar of Christ on earth, and Christ while on earth lived a life of poverty and suffering, that is true. But is it not also true that Christ is a King?—aye, the King of Kings? And if Christ Himself were visibly reigning in the Church to-day, would anyone object if honors which are given to every earthly sovereign were paid also to Him? Would anyone worthy the name of Christian say that too much pomp and splendour were attached to His Court? I don't think so. Why, then, should any objection be made to the honors which are given to the Visible Representative of Christ?

(Continued next issue).

A STORY OF SUNNY ITALY

By ANNE SUTHERLAND, Guelph

GENOVA, la Superba, the city of marble, lay steeped in the pale yellow sunlight of a June afternoon, Anno Domini, 1903. The broad sky, of such a deep blue that the clear azure waters of the Mediterranean seemed almost murky by contrast, cupped itself tenderly about the city walls, as though to enhance, by offering itself as a vivid background, the dazzling white beauty of Riviera's Queen. Far in the distance a low line of mountains blurred the sharp outline of the blue, and below the picturesque jumble of white-domed palaces, marble terraces, colonnades and gardens that were alive with color, a network of crooked, winding alleys led down to the harbour, where the whites and browns and ambers of flapping sails, huddled in bright confusion, made a very garden on the sea.

In the Piazza San Dominico, where the sun spread a white-hot sheet on the square, dark flag-stones, crowds were jostling each other in good-humored and noisy comraderie, for it was one of those numerous festa days that gladden the hearts of a pleasure-loving nation, and the Genoese peasantry and tradespeople, decked in their best and laden with the massive gold jewellery that is the Italian's pet hoard, had left their villas and cottages early, not to miss one moment of the vivid, colorful scene second only to Carnival. The atmosphere of the street was a sweet, hot mingling of scent from the lime and acacia trees and the magnolia that hung yellow over booths where holiday-makers sipped of iced drinks, and the dusty odor of ancient velvet draperies looped about balconies where perfumed signoras and dark-

eyed signorinas sat and languidly watched the scene below.

In a corner secluded a little from the incessant and boisterous traffic and where a purple Judas tree shaded her wares from the blazing sun or the rough caress of the dust-laden Tramontana that occasionally whirled coolly through the sun-baked court, lifting the voluminous skirts of a passing contadina, Rosita Bezzari, the favorite flower-seller of the district, sat guard over her colorful baskets. Rosita was slim and brown, erect and supple as a young willow. Her eyes could flash merriment, blaze with anger or shadow into a sombre reserve almost in a moment. The sleek black braids wound high about her head were the envy of half the Genoese maidens, and her rare and radiant smile disclosing rows of white teeth between red lips, the despair of many a young gallante who hovered about her flower-stand until ordered off by this spirited maiden in no uncertain tones.

Rosita was pensive to-day. Even while her slim, brown fingers skilfully wired the delicate Neapolitan violets and fragrant twigs of myrtle into a stiff cross for the Church of Santa Luca, or exchanged bright carnations for the dirty soldi which she dropped into a capacious pocket in her blue homespun gown, Rosita's eyes wandered absently out to the mountain-jagged horizon that marked the boundary of Genoa and rested on a grayish-white dome that thrust itself imposingly into the blue. Passing broughams sometimes impeded her vision, the occasional clink of centimes on the pavement, tossed by some gracious padrona to

old blind Ricardi who sold filbert-strings and bunched chestnuts in his corner, jangled into her consciousness, but from every interruption the girl's eyes returned to the far prison-dome, and they were large and dark with a speechless sorrow. Youths who attempted to arouse her learned her mood to their discomfiture. Finally Ricardi, privileged by reason of his age and blindness, leaned over her and whispered, "Still frowning over the ill-fortune of Giovanni, Figlia mia? Ah! The Italian law! Despite them, it is not always just."

Rosita, jerked out of her reverie, flushed a warm-rose beneath her olive skin and tossed a scornful head. "Giovanni! Cosa me ne fasso? (What is he to me?)" But the next instant her brown eyes filled with tears and she touched the old man's sleeve penitently.

"Ricardi! Forgive me. My thoughts are indeed of Giovanni, the victim of another's cruelty and deceit. Indeed, Ricardi, 'tis that beast of a manente from Ruta who should languish behind prison-bars. Ah! Povera me! and our wedding was to have been to-day. Parents have I none, but Margherita was to bestow on me linen of her own weaving, and her Honor, la Contessa, who buys the blossoms, promised to me a chaplet of silver filagree and a silken kerchief. Now, alas! old Ricardi, my poor Giovanni in prison and the little house he had made beautiful for me, empty of our love!"

"Per Bacco! 'Tis a shame and a disgrace!" mutters the old man, shifting his burden of small wares to the other shoulder. "But keep heart, cara mia! Some good fortune may yet release our brave Giovanni!"

Rosita turned away sadly. The bright day was fast sinking into the bluish half-light that marks the approach of sunset in Italy. The merry-makers were dispersing to their homes or to the steps of the Cathedral to await the

Angelus. It was time for the fioraje to sweep up the scattered petals from her little square, swing the empty baskets to her head and take the road homeward. She smoothed the glossy braids of hair, re-knotted the crimson kerchief about her throat, blew a kiss with a cheery bravado she was far from feeling, to the hovering youths and set out.

Her road lay through the paved court, past quiet shop-windows where, on buying days, silver and gold filagree and lengths of gay flowered silks lay exposed to inquisitive fingers; by little restaurants set in clumps of acanthus trees and cooled in the twilight heat by fountains where marble nymphs let the shining water slip through their slender fingers. down flights of grimy steps that open into narrow, crooked streets close to the fishing quarter where the sea-water lapped slimily on the dirty cobble-stones and shrill-voiced boatmen quarrelled or jested with equal vigor over the evening tasks; up again to the East side where the dingy houses of the sea-folk gave way to little clean and trellis-covered cottages set picturesquely among miniature terraces, bright with the bloom of lilac, laburnum, banksia roses and the waxen-sweet orange-blossoms.

To one of the neatest and prettiest of these went Rosita, for here lived Margherita, strongest, cheeriest and most efficient of spinsters, who, on the death of Rosita's widowed mother, had taken the girl into her home and heart, lavishing upon her all that rich, maternal love of her nature that had never had an outlet. Margherita earned a scanty enough pittance at her lace-making, the shrewd Genoese shop-keepers paying her a reluctant franc for the mezzo palmo (five inches) of exquisite lace that was the work of several hours, but with Rosita's hard-earned soldi and the produce from the neat-furrowed garden behind the

little villa, the two managed to eke out a comfortable enough living.

The girl swung gracefully, if a little wearily, up the rough-paved pathway, and as she entered was greeted by the savory smell of frying fish and mushrooms. Margherita was stirring polenta in a shining copper cauldron, but she turned and gave the girl a cheery greeting. A large Maltese cat stepped down with a certain majesty of movement from the deep window-sill where spicy carnations bloomed in a box, received Rosita's caress with dignity and selected with some deliberation a cosy spot beneath the rough oaken table, whence she viewed contentedly the preparation for manestra. This was Marrina, Margherita's one valuable possession, a cat of sleek silvery beauty, clear turquoise eyes and a truly remarkable intelligence. Margherita laid out the daintiest bit of fish, carefully stripped of bones, for Marrina's consumption, and the two women sat down on homely wooden benches to the frugal but appetizing repast.

"Rosita!" said Margherita, noting the girl's listless air and indifferent appetite, "Fret you still about Giovanni? Truly, 'twill be more than mallow must heal that heart of its wound. Tell me, what says the street of this matter of his imprisonment?"

"Ah, Margherita," answered Rosita, sadly, "The street knows only this beast manente's story, this Pietro who swears that Giovanni was treacherous and a swindler! And when I think 'twas for me, to make soldi for my wedding-gold, that Giovanni rose at dawn and brought the little white heifer to market, When he fell in with this beast menente!—ah, misericordia!"—down went the shining black head on Rosita's hands in a sudden burst of passionate weeping.

Margherita's calm face clouded with tender

compassion. She was a tall, somewhat heavily-built woman with grey-blue eyes, a great coil of grey hair and a generous red mouth. The hand that she laid on the girl's head was large and brown and capable.

"Weep not, cara mia!" she comforted, "a rough place is the cattle-market at all times. What with the wine flowing and the loud words, the roistering and quarrelling and knocking upon tables, 'tis small wonder the wits of Giovanni were not sharp enough to defend himself from lying accusations! But patience, Rosita bella! His worship, the Mayor, passed again to-day and again stopped to fondle Marrina. 'Tis by his work the key turns in the gaol-house door. Margherita will intercede with him."

At this new hope Rosita dried her eyes and lifted an eager face to her companion. "Ah, Margherita, amica mia," she said, fervently, "Our gracious Lady lend her benizen to such a mission of love! For truly, the heart of Rosita is heavy, and Giovanni too must look to us for succor."

But when, a little later, returning with a dripping copper cauldron from the little wooden-troughed stream that bubbled out suddenly among the twining sarsaparilla in Margherita's garden, and gazing across the blue-black hills of Albaro where the moon lay white on marble domes and bathed in a sickly light the greyish-white cupola of Giovanni's prison-house, the young Italian girl's passionate fear for her lover shook the slender brown column of her throat and suffused the dark eyes with hot tears. The great golden gourd-flowers about the doorway had shut themselves carefully into mantles of green leaves and Rosita suddenly ground one beneath her shoe in a very excess of rage. "You!" she muttered in a fierce whisper, for Margherita's ears were

keen, "You may shut yourselves away from the night and the shadows and the loneliness, but Rosita must bear her heart to it all. You are yellow and cowards—bah!"—and she sent an angry splash from the cauldron on the offending blossoms and stepped indoors, where, with a sudden change of mood to hide her grief, she took a spray of winey Judas-blossoms between her lips and danced for the benefit of Margherita and the placid Marrina.

The following afternoon Margherita swept up her little hearth, strung up her lineful of dripping homespun in the garden, dressed carefully in crimson gown and white thread stockings and established herself with lace-pillow and bobbins on the little terrace to await the passing of the Mayor. A young walnut tree shaded her from the fierce sun and the rich, sweet scent of orange-blossoms made her languid and drowsy. But the strong figure sat erect and the nimble fingers wove and twisted amid a very labyrinth of threads as Margherita worked out from memory an elaborate floral design for the lace that would adorn the petticoat of some fashionable padrona. Presently a broad shadow fell across the sunny cobblestones and Margherita rose and curtsied with a swing of her golden earrings to Il Signor Veri, the stout and pompous little Mayor.

"Your servant," said Margherita, respectfully, dusting off a rush chair with her ample petticoat, "Come you to see Marrina? See, there she lies, all drunk with this heat of June, under the walnut tree."

"I go to see our good Fra Anselmo, my dear Margherita," returned the Mayor, "but I will stay and rest a moment in this charming spot, and Marrina shall rise and do her tricks for me."

The Maltese cat, with no further invitation,

opened her wondrous blue eyes, stretched luxuriously, rose and walked to the Mayor's feet, where she rubbed herself ingratiatingly against his ankle and lay down as if to resume her interrupted slumbers.

"Marrina says the heat is too great for any show-spectacle, Signor," said Margherita, "but I—if you will grant me a moment of time, have that to tell you which weighs heavily on my mind."

"As you will, Margherita," returned the little Mayor, graciously, "Heaven is to be thanked for equipping me with wide ears to receive the woes of the citizens,"—and he settled his rotund little form more comfortably and caressed the silver fur of Marrina, little knowing that she, wise cat, was but submitting to her mistress' will in refusing to engage the Mayor's attention when a more important matter should claim it. Margherita, needing no further encouragement, forthwith plunged into the tale of Giovanni's quarrel with Pietro in the market-place over the sale of the brindled heifer, Pietro's accusation verified by witnesses who were jealous of Giovanni's betrothal, and the latter's subsequent imprisonment. Rosita's charms and her sorrow over her lover's plight were also dwelt on at some length until the little Mayor began to fidget at Margherita's garrulence and her insistence that something must be done to help the lovers out of their plight.

"Ah, Signor, your honor," pleaded the good woman, clasping her hands with all the fervor of Italian feeling, "Could you but see the little Rosita's grief—pitiful it is, and but a few days ago she was mad with joy, singing, dancing like a fairy, ravishing San Dominico with her wit and charm so that her posies sold like magic and every dandy this side of Albaro wore her violets on his neck-scarf! 'Margher-

ita,' says she to me, 'La Contessa promises silver filagree and il Signor Marchese del T— a shawl of finest cashmere; Giovanni has said no daughter of Italy shall have such heavy wedding-gold; we are to journey away to the Apennines where the gorse is golden and the ragged-robins will hold up their little fingers to us, and there, in the white rice-plains of Lombardy, the little house awaits us.' Your Worship," avowed Margherita solemnly, "A lucky youth is this Giovanni. Rosita is beautiful and wise, and in the bargain can knead the maize smooth and iron a man's shirt with any woman!"

"Margherita!" the little Mayor interposed, sternly, "all this is beside the question. I doubt not the charm of this maiden nor the manliness of her lover, but to these disorderly brawls and shady deals in the market-place a stop must be put. An example must be shown to the traders. Your Giovanni—he is the example. His imprisonment shall not be long and it will work much benefit for Genoa. The city's laws of order will be well-advertised, for the streets will talk!"

"Yes," said Margherita, with bitterness, "the streets will talk." She gathered up a handful of threads and made as if to resume the task she had abandoned in the earnestness of her conversation. Marina rose from the Mayor's feet and took shelter behind Margherita's ample skirt. The Mayor, as if sensing unspoken rebuke in the atmosphere, got to his feet, somewhat disconcerted, said a few deprecatory words of farewell, received Margherita's stiff curtesy, looked askance at Marina's rigid back and forbidding aspect, and departed for Fra Anselmo's in a somewhat disturbed state of mind.

However, on his next journey to the assistant priest's, Margherita awaited him at the lit-

tle walnut-tree, smiling and curtesying, with a gift of silk lace and one of Rosita's stiff entrancing nosegays for the Lady Mayoress. No mention was made of Giovanni, but the Mayor was mollified and quite forgave Margherita her sullenness of the preceding day. Thereafter, Marrina was always on the terrace ready for his caress, her silvery fur shining in the sunlight, an extravagant silken bow at her proud throat; and Margherita plied the Mayor with iced drinks and thin wafers, and once a red earthenware platter of yellow and blue plums from her own pet tree in the garden.

A week had thus gone by when suddenly one memorable afternoon a sad-eyed Margherita greeted the Mayor at the front of her little terrace with the news that Marrina was missing. Away went dignity to the four winds of heaven! Off came the Mayor's tight checkered neck-scarf and down he went on his knees in Margherita's garden, crawling about among the gourd-vines and the peas and asparagus in a vain search for his beautiful pet. Compelled at last to give up the fruitless quest, he took an unhappy leave of Margherita, promising to keep a sharp look-out on the road to the Padre's. The valley of the little Bisagno was bright with the gaudy petticoats of peasant women, standing ankle-deep in soap-suds and pounding their wash with thick wooden batons against the stone, but there was no silver-furred Marrina watching them lazily from her turquoise eyes, and the Mayor, hot and breathless, was presently arriving at the door of the old priest in much too disgruntled a temper to receive with his usual equanimity his old friend's affectionate reproach for his not having made use of a brougham on such a long journey.

Margherita's grave countenance broke into a smile when the Mayor's back was turned.

The disappearance of Marrina worried her not at all. Marrina had ventured forth before this and Margherita knew the very path her feet took. But the Mayor's evident sorrow and dismay boded good for Margherita's designs. Did not old Teresa down the road have a son who was in prison with Giovanni? Could she not be inveigled into a pretence that she knew Marrina's whereabouts and would "find" her for a consideration? and when they were on the high-road to the prison, she and Teresa and the Mayor and lovely Rosita—would it not be possible to convince him that two locks yielded as easily as one? Margherita's eyes gleamed greedily in the gloaming. Well—she must prepare manestra for Rosita, but to-morrow—to-morrow—.

Late that evening, when Margherita slumbered heavily with her greying hair in two coarse braids on her shoulders, and the firm mouth relaxed into more youthful lines, Rosita bound her shining head in a thin pezzotto veil and stole out into the fragrant, moonlight night to do a commission that had been the subject of her thoughts all day. It was a rarely beautiful night even for Italy where nights are full of charm and witchery. A round white moon hung low in the sky, flooding the marble city with pale radiance and etching the black cypress trees with silver. There was a ragged road of silver across the distant bay and a silver sail upon the water. The tall spires and shining white domes loomed mysterious and beautiful in the pale half-light. The little villas, crowding each other in slumber, were steeped in a very heaven of fragrances. From some hidden gondola a pure tenor voice floated out in the warm air and became part of the night, "O moon of my delight, that knows no waning."

Love lent Rosita wings as she clutched the

disguising veil tighter about her throat and hurried through the night. Certainly this gracious moon must not fade ere her mission was accomplished. Past the sleeping villas, up steps to the highroad that looked upon the wide Bisagno valley, its dwindling stream still flecked with the grey foam of soapsuds, on through the darkness that shimmered sometimes into the silver splashes of olive-trees, until at last she stood beneath the porch of Fra Anselmo's cottage. A low call brought the old man to his balcony and Rosita was soon blinking in the candle-light of the Padre's study.

"It is—it is a letter I would like written," she blurted forth nervously, for the Padre was also the scrivano of the district and had laboriously indited many a love-letter for the simple Genoese maidens. Ere the old man could reply, from the shadowy corner a portly little figure arose and came into the circle of candle-light.

"A moment, Signorina," said a cheerily pompous voice, "If it be in the nature of a love-letter"—Rosita could hear his low chuckle—"it is not fair that others should hear what was meant only for the ears of one!"

Fra Anselmo twinkled at the girl's blushing confusion, but he bowed low and solemnly and effected his courtly introduction. "Your Honor," he said, "was pleased to listen this afternoon to the recital of the love-story of a little fioraji, Rosita, la belle dei Portici. It is she in person. Figlia mia, His Worship, Genoa's Mayor!"

Poor Rosita! And yet fortunate Rosita! She little knew how lovely she was, there in the candle-light of the musty old study, the crimson scarf slipping from her shining hair, her mouth drooping, her dark eyes full of that wistful appeal. If the ears of the Mayor were

large to receive the woes of the citizens, his heart was not disproportionate, for right into it in that moment of silence walked pretty Rosita, and though she knew it not the key turned that instant in the prison door.

The two old gentlemen plied her with questions of the flower selling, of Margherita, of Marrina.

"Ah, the beautiful one!" said the little Mayor, sorrowfully, "she has left us and 'tis unlikely that we shall ever see her again, for she needs but to appear with her majestic air, her silvery fur and her wonderful turquoise eyes, to have men realize her distinction and her value. I shall give notice of a large reward to tempt the finder, but I have little hope of seeing her again."

Rosita held her peace, for she had been forbidden by Margherita to enter into any discourse on the subject of Marrina. But while the old priest pulled forth his treasures of ancient books and musty atlases for the entertainment of his guests, anxiety grew within her for the fate of the letter which she had set her heart on despatching to Giovanni that evening. She feared, too, that Margherita might awake and find her gone. At last she could bear it no longer.

"Padre mio," cried poor Rosita, plucking nervously at the old man's sleeve, "I must go. Margherita does not know I am here. I must go and perhaps—perhaps I may come—to-morrow—"

"But the letter, bambino," put in the old man eagerly, feeling for the poor little thing's disappointment.

Now, even the civic dignitaries, given perhaps to a certain pomposity of mien and manner, must sometimes waive the formalities and have their little joke. So in the embarrassed silence of the moment fell the Mayor's voice,

taut with effort to repress his chuckle. "I will write that letter for you, Signorina."

It is hard to say which appeared more ill at ease then, Rosita in her blushing confusion or the old priest, fussing and fidgeting at this untimely appropriation of his task.

"More, I will take the words from your mouth, Signorina," continued the Mayor, jocularly, dipping pen in ink and proceeding to write, "Like this—you see—."

Rosita watched, open-mouthed.

"And you shall affix your signature, Signorina," taking the girl's slender wrist in his big, plump hand and placing the pen in her fingers. Dumbly, Rosita places her cross beneath the script.

"Now, my good Padre," says the Mayor, with a flourish of the sand-box over the paper, "do you glance over this epistle to verify its correctness and the fee is yours."

Gratified, the old man seizes the paper and reads. Bewilderment, incredulity and delight chase each other across his seamed old face. He folds it, hands it to Rosita.

It is a warrant for Giovanni's release.

Three days later, in the golden heat of late afternoon, the portly figure of the Mayor appeared on the cobble-stone road leading to Margherita's villa. His pudgy hands were knotted tight across his ample chest, his bristling moustaches were appearing and disappearing with startling rapidity between his teeth, for the Mayor was making an awful effort to preserve his gravity in the face of what he knew would prove to be an almost unbearable merry scene. He was so much in earnest over this effort that his beetling brows were drawn together in a black and forbidding frown. He knew that Margherita would be waiting for him, all smiles and gratitude, that Rosita would be there on her lover's arm, all smiles

and blushing confusion. No doubt Fra Anselmo would be there too, rejoicing in the general rejoicing, and lending the young couple his blessing. The Mayor chewed violently, making hideous grimaces.

As a matter of fact, what greeted his eyes when at last he dared to raise them, was neither Margherita's crimson homespun gown nor Rosita's crown of black hair shining in the sunlight. Down the ragged brick pathway between the colorful masses of red and white camellias, came, majestically, the large, silvery-furred Marrina, her blue eyes gleaming with a new pride, carrying by the scruff of its neck a miniature replica of her beautiful self. There were three other kittens in her litter, but Marrina had apparently settled within her own mind which one should be her gift to the Mayor. She dropped the kitten at his feet, saw him stoop and pick up the lovely little creature, then turned and walked contentedly back up the path. On the terrace Giovanni, the

fiery-eyed, the beautiful, and his Rosita smiled into each other's happy eyes. Fra Anselmo rubbed his old hands delightedly and wagged his head in true wonderment at such wisdom in a feline; but Margherita, having dropped her low curtesy to the Mayor, stepped inside her low-ceiled kitchen and rummaged among the contents of the cupboard for a piece of fish.

Perhaps she felt that Marrina did not part so easily from the little one of her heart; or perhaps she merely thought that such a diplomatic stroke should be rewarded. For thus had Marrina, most sagacious of cats, won for Margherita a valuable friend in the years of her declining; assisted in bringing Rosita's romance to a happy ending; and crowned her achievements with the presentation to her mistress of a most timely gift—for what of happiness is to be found in a villa bereft of young things?

Note: The author acknowledges her indebtedness for some descriptive detail to Mrs. Comyns Carr.



JOURNEY'S END

A single rider emerged from the tangled growth of the forest and wearily dismounted, giving the horse his rein. Before him a little lake lay like a silver shield in the hollow of the shadowy hills, flecked with purple and orange by the rising sun.

The man was tired. With his horse and his leathern wallet he had crossed a continent by long and terrible stretches, biding the day in some nauseous hiding-place, and riding in fear and the extreme of physical discomfort through countless nights that made him shudder at their remembrance like an evil dream. Somewhere in the back of his tortured mind lay a confused impression of a stifling night, a crowd of roysterers, a whispered slander, a blow,—then darkness and a hubbub of excited voices and hysterical shrieks. Friends had assisted him on his way, for the other man, in falling had struck his head and was in danger of death. The morning found him, haggard and years older by the telling strain, with a horse beneath him and money in his purse, one of the mad seekers carried on to California by the resistless impetus of the gold-hunt.

Now at dawn, at the end of this inexpressible ordeal he found himself in this secret nook of Paradise, where Eve might have wan-

dered and angels strayed. Behind him was sordidness and ruin; ahead stretched long vistas of unlimited opportunity in a country that was largely virgin. So that in his heart was peace, for a little while at least, and his eyes shone out of the grimy face with a steadfast light.

Suddenly on the crest of the hill was silhouetted one solitary, motionless, bronze figure, seated on a horse that might have rivalled Bucephalus. One by one the silent, terrible redskins appeared on the brow of the ominous hill. The unsuspecting white man below turned towards the glowing East and for a moment was stunned by the barbarous majesty of the splendid savages, carved against the flaming pageant of the sky.

Then the arrows of the Indians took flight.

Ten minutes later there was no sound to break the unruffled calm of the lovely valley. In the wet grass by the margin of the peaceful little lake, lay the man who had fled from justice, a score of arrows still quivering where they had struck and his half-parted lips still smiling.

Peggy Meehan.

Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls.

DEATH OF MOTHER M. ISIDORE

The following words, reminiscent of one who, after a period of suffering extending over many years, passed to her reward on March 24th, gives a picture at once graphic and ideal—just the one her friends would have, but none could draw with the insight and skill of the writer, Mrs. K. M. Bottomley:

It is not often that the passing of a gifted and admired friend moves one to nothing but pure thanksgiving, yet, I think that must be what the announcement of Mother Isidore's death produced on all sides.

To hear that she was still "cheerful and hopeful" in 1925, though year by year every avenue of relief had been pitilessly closing itself against her, simply means that her fine soul was being liberated at last with the blessed passport of a true martyr; and who can grieve when death brings that Viaticum to crown a life of heroic submission?

I have ineffaceable memories of the mid-summer holiday in 1918 we spent together at Niagara. One does not walk day by day in a convent garden, arched by the 'Rainbow' and splashed with the wind-tossed spray by the Falls; with the diapason of their grand plain chant forever in one's ears, and with all the delights of the Niagara Peninsula,—the vivid kitchen-gardens, the teeming orchards, the alluring vineyards, the birds and the flowers; the eventful sunshine and the enchanting moonlight as a setting for one's intercourse, without revealing, consciously or unconsciously, whatever there may be to reveal, there where one's treasures have been "laid up."

Nothing is so interesting to the privileged secular visitor as the discovery that, underlying the apparent uniformity of religious communities of men and women, is an almost start-

ling variety of human types and temperaments, reaching with corresponding differences to the same religious routine. Outsiders are far too apt to think that a formulary effaces individuality, whereas in an atmosphere such as the I.B.V.M at all events, has created, the rule and dress seem rather to be enclosures which safeguard the personality of each member from the vitiations of the world's conventions. I have spent many a happy hour in many a happy convent enjoying these surprises of feminine diversity behind an external conformity. To feed the friendly chickens at a noon recreation with M.M. Angels, inspecting the ripening patches of glowing tomatoes, and the bulging, naked shoulders of giant pumpkins lazily lying in the sun as we picked our way to the expediently remote poultry-run, was not less charming nor uplifting than the frequent excursions into high and holy realms which always resulted from M. Isidore's tap on my door, or when we strolled in groups under the shade trees on the peripatetic side of the garden. It always seemed to me that everybody enjoyed and appeared to benefit by those conversations, as each of us used to produce from our private hoard something new and useful to another, and though the work of the Destroying Angel was perceptible even then in the encroachments the cruel malady was making on Mother Isidore's nerves and appearance, no one was cheerier or happier than she was on the days when she was able to be with us. It was her environment which kept her alive; the environment of a household where no one owes the other anything but "to love one another." I used to think that she was deeply impressed with this, for she had a passionate

devotion to the I.B.V.M., and used to glow with pride and enthusiasm when she talked about it. Her fine artistic temperament and her brilliant musical gifts made enthusiasm inevitable, and as perilous, no doubt for her as it always is to those who "have music in their souls"; but I noticed from the first that she did not fritter hers. She had invested it once for all in a religious allegiance, and it grew and overflowed within fixed limits always.

Sometimes no doubt there is danger in looking back for those who have set their hand to the votive plow, but, there are some whose consecration to religious life is entirely an affair of sacrifices ahead; whose youthful vows are a sort of promissory note to be paid with overwhelming interest in the years to come with a mature body and a disillusioned mind. And I often felt that Mother Isidore was one who if she had died in the novitiate could never have known what the content of her vows might be; and might easily have believed that the "childish things" she had put away were the essential sacrifices of a soul committed to the service of God. Instead, she grew into the fulness of mature womanhood, expanding and perfecting the scope and beauty of her gifts, diffusing herself in the schoolroom, and through an ever-widening circle of admirers and friends, until, at the piano, and in all her

varied contacts with pupils and people, she had become the living antithesis of those splendidly endowed women whose gifts are their destruction.

"It can be done," one said, as one listened to her inspired playing so full of feeling and refined skill, "a woman can charm and uplift; can be as sorrowful and yet always rejoicing; as needy, yet enriching many; as having nothing and possessing all things." Why should they ever stoop to conquer?

But it was when the previous gifts had to go in payment of the debt of submission and sacrifice that one saw Mother Isidore's ultimate harvest. There was much to look back on then when the ploughing was all done; and I think she had great accesses of encouragement from the beatitudes within whose compass her sufferings so obviously brought her. She could never have known one physically happy moment for the last eight or nine years of her life. But she often smiled; and in her Community the Good Samaritan is never too busy to turn aside and minister to the prisoner of the sick-room, so her devotion to it was reciprocal to the last. But if she spoke to us now she would surely say, "If you loved me you would be glad that I have gone to the Father," and I who did love her am truly glad. May she rest at last, in peace!



A Nun's Dream of Death



The sun is setting, but the golden west
 Has merged into sombre grey,
 And twilight robs the slowly fading tints
 From the departing day.
 Upon a bed of pain I watch the gloom
 Steal round me silently,
 Falling like mist, in formless aspect first,
 But soon a shape I see!
 Hooded and shrouded, 'tis a gruesome sight—
 Fleshless its bones, and drear
 The eyeless sockets and the hard pinched
 face—
 A thing to loathe and fear.
 Out of the shadow it comes creeping on,
 Deepening the gloom for me;
 'Tis the dread Visitant, too well I know,
 Come from yon shoreless sea.
 Nearer he glides through ever-falling mist
 That sprays my pallid face;
 His mission too, I know, ere he will deign
 His noiseless steps retrace.
 From out the folds of his dark mantle will
 A skeleton, cold hand
 Reach mine to lead me far away from earth:
 Naught can that touch withstand.
 In grinning mockery he seems to say:
 Renounce this life and come;
 Leave friends and everything that you hold
 dear,
 This is no longer home!
 Can I serenely clutch that clammy hand?
 Can I that form embrace,
 Ready to take my heart's last drop of blood?

I watch his hideous face—
 Loathsome he is,—but yet a messenger
 To greet with happy smile!
 Where are my friends and all that I hold
 dear?
 I meditate a while
 Upon the long, long years now sped away,
 Since home and friends I left
 To follow Him, Who now will be my all,
 When I am whole bereft.
 Here is my hand, O Death! Take it in thine:
 'Tis but a moment's space
 Ere I behold my royal, heavenly Spouse
 And meet Him face to face!
 E'en as I gaze at the grim Visitant,
 The mist rolls soft away;
 The shroudings fall from off that gruesome
 form,
 A smile begins to play
 About the lips now ruddy; tender eyes
 From out those sockets gaze;
 A light shines round the beautiful fair Brow
 Illumining the haze;
 The pressure of a loving hand on mine
 Sets my faint heart aglow.
 It is my Spouse Himself Who comes for me
 To take me home I know!
 The golden west is all aflame again,
 And naught save beauty can I see;
 Away as if on wings of love I soar!
 O death, where is thy victory?
 Retreat, Loretto Abbey, 1924.

Dorothy B.

P E A C E

IT was eventide. With the dusk a soft and tender melancholy seemed to enfold the familiar objects, and a sighing, shivering little breeze rustled the poplars. Wearily two men trailed up the hillside and paused at the top, resting on their staffs. One was a man of middle height and in middle life. He wore an aspect at once grave and wild, which was in direct contrast to that of his companion, who was tall, slender and seemed fair, almost to effeminacy in comparison with the other's swarthy darkness. He carried himself with a dignity that had in it something of arrogance, though this was belied by his eyes, which were blue as the sea and deeply thoughtful and a mouth both sweet and firm.

David, the older man, turned to Lazarus and his face was stony in its locked and terrible repose. He tried to speak, but the words refused themselves. He stretched out his hand and laid it on the boy's shoulder and his fine head dropped on his chest. For a moment there was no sound but David's laboured breathing, then with a terrible effort, Lazarus spoke, a look of ineffable suffering in his eyes.

"Peace be to you, my brother," he said, and there was a pleading note in his musical voice. "Look, David," and turning, he pointed to where, away in the distance, three black crosses were etched bleakly against the sad west, on the summit of rocky Calvary; "See, was that in vain?"

David raised his tragic face.

"Oh, Lazarus, you are young and hopeful. I—I saw the Master die!"

"My friend, it is hard and life seems empty, but it is only the seeming. Can you, can any of us believe that God came down and dwelt

with us and suffered agony upon the tree, and that is the end?"

"Lazarus," again David's voice was bitter with pain and despair and his dark eyes mournful, "The dawn of promise was fair indeed, but look ye, even now night falleth around the lonely mountain where He died between two thieves." A struggling animal-like sob broke from him, "The burden is too heavy, my heart is breaking!" A light, that is not often seen, beautified Lazarus' face, but he said nothing; there were no words for this he knew. Suddenly he felt a Presence near and he turned. Silently, and apparently from nowhere, a white-robed figure had appeared. "Peace be to you, my brothers," said the stranger, and His voice was like the rippling of water and the singing of birds, with a benediction in every syllable. Lazarus tingled all over, his whole being afire and athrill with a strange, intense excitement.

"Peace and good will, Stranger," he answered, then eagerly, "Will You not bear us company on the way? We go but to a cottage nearby where we may obtain food and shelter for the night." Silently the Stranger glided forward, and as He came nearer Lazarus' heart leaped in his throat and his pulses pounded with a dizzying, glorious exultation. At His approach David turned a trifle surlily, but his dark, haunted eyes met those two beautiful ones, that were wells of hunger and suffering and love and wisdom, and involuntarily he stretched out his hands and cried out passionately. Still the Stranger spoke no word. At their feet lay the peaceful valley cupped in the shadowy olive-covered hills, beacon lights burning steadily, kindly from the little red-

roofed white cottages that nestled close to the earth's verdant breast. For a moment He embraced that lovely scene with His calm gaze, then "Come," He said, and they followed Him down into the land of promise, David and Lazarus walking as in a dream, breathing a new, intoxicating ether, while their companion seemed to float.

At the foot of the hill He stopped, "This is your destination," He said; then very, very softly, "David—My son Lazarus, know ye not Me?" A blinding flash of lightning smote

them and somehow the two disciples were on their knees and their grateful tears bathed the shining wounds. "Peace be to you, My children," He said, and when they looked up, the Son of Man was gone.

Night had fallen on Judea, but the crescent moon was high in the heavens, the new, enchanted, young radiance relieving the black crosses. And in the hearts of David and Lazarus was a new-born peace.

Peggy Meehan.

Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls.

CLOSING ACCOUNTS

IF was just a little drab old man in a faded coat that the world labelled "failure"—one of the many who go through life striving and striving, but never seeming to reach anything higher than their present lot. There was a pathetic wistfulness about his faded blue eyes; discouragement could be suspected in the droop of the shoulders under the old brown coat.

Until yesterday his failure had not been made public though many a time his friends had predicted with the usual sad sigh and ominous nod of the head that, "Mortimer was losing his hold on business." But when the crash did come these as well as the world in general, went on their way and promptly forgot him.

It was a sad moment in the old man's life when he tacked on the door the neat little card announcing to the world that Mortimer Barton (until recently wholesale tailor) was closed for business and the shop being taken over

by another firm, all accounts must be paid at once.

That evening as the old gentleman began his solitary walk to his still more solitary little flat at the other end of the city, his mind reviewed back and forth the events of the past few years. Being in rather a dazed state of mind, he scarcely realized that he was heedlessly permitting himself to be carried along with the crowd, even when they, answering the bell's summons, entered the little church at the corner of the street.

In a vague way Mr. Barton saw that Benediction was about to begin, but his troubled mind soon wandered again and rested on his present difficulties, his unseeing eyes the while gazing upon the Sacred Host. Mortimer never knew distinctly what happened, but it seemed to him as the priest lifted This on high he could see the Face of the Crucified looking down at him with an expression of concern and tenderness. He felt his heart glow with love

as the Sacred Figure gradually came nearer to him. At length It approached close, close to where he was sitting. The congregation did not exist for him now, nothing earthly did, he was alone with Jesus.

Presently his Divine Friend had opened a Book before him. A Book with fair pages, illumined only by deeds of love and faithfulness. Mortimer gazed in wonder at the beauty of the Book. Then he realized that he was reading the life account of some good man. "Happy, happy mortal," thought he, "to have such a record in the Book of Life." But his joy was unbounded when his name shone forth at the top of the pages.

He was aroused at last by the commotion of the departing congregation. Where was he? Then he remembered the Vision. He rose, then knelt again. Father Moran passing through the church noticed him. As it was no uncommon thing for a parishioner to remain to pray a while after Benediction, he gave him just a casual glance and walked on. But soon his attention was attracted to him again, for the old man had arisen, touched his sleeve and made him understand in a few broken words that he wished to speak with him.

The priest led the way to the vestry and they sat down together. Briefly the old gentleman told of his experience in the church that evening.

In the few questions he put to him the priest discovered that his guest had been a daily communicant for many years. Mortimer felt wholly at his ease and opened up his heart to Father Moran, telling him the pitiful story of a life of failures.

"I have made little success here," he finished with, "but this afternoon has given me a hope that in the eyes of the Only One Who counts, all is not lost. Father, will you hear my confession?" The priest agreed readily, and after making his confession, Mr. Barton left the church, feeling happier than he had felt for many a long year.

As he climbed the stairs leading to his little flat he felt a sharp twinge of pain, but scarcely noticed it, absorbed as he was in his present happiness.

The following morning when he was missed from the breakfast table downstairs, one of the other lodgers went to call him. A knock on the door failed to rouse him. It was repeated and still no reply was heard from within. Then the door was opened and Mortimer was found lying on his bed, a smile of peace and great joy upon his face.

His accounts were closed. That there was a great surplus to his credit, who can doubt?

Catherine Shea.

Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls.



The Passion Play of Chicago

By Marie Antoinette de Roulette

TO appreciate the significance of the Passion Play of Chicago, it is not sufficient to regard it in its actuality alone; one must also consider it in its implications and in its relation to the movements of which it is a symbol and to those phases of American life which it epitomizes.

It is in tracing its history and in studying its construction that one realizes keenly the Chicago Passion Play is an evidence of the growing tendency toward religious drama, as well as an instance of the particular form taken by the Catholic consciousness of Chicago.

The restless seeking of an age that does not know the fulfillment propounded by St. Augustine, when he said, "O Lord, from Thee we came, and our hearts are restless till we rest in Thee," finds expression and attempts solution in mystical drama, much of which is false and unsound, and represents a step taken in the dark, in an effort to take one in the right direction.

These attempts, made sincerely by those who may be said to belong to the "soul of the Church," or commercially by those who would turn to their own account the spiritual yearnings of an unsatisfied world, are more than surpassed by the recent Renaissance of Catholic religious drama.

During many years Oberammergau,—and other Passion Plays, not so well known,—testified to the vitality of the Catholic Tradition of religious drama in the Old World, but it was only in comparatively recent years that the

revival of the California Mission plays, the productions, here and there, of "Veronica's Veil," and "The Upper Room," and the establishment of Passion Plays in Los Angeles, California; Milwaukee, Wisconsin; Madison, Wisconsin; Buffalo, New York; Washington, D.C.; Weehawken, New Jersey; and Hoboken, New Jersey, proved that the Church in the United States kept pace with the needs of the times.

The Passion Play of Chicago is a manifestation of this widely felt impulse towards the re-creation of drama of the kind that was one of the glories of the Middle Ages, while the manner of its production, on a generous scale, is characteristic of Catholicity in Chicago.

In its earliest form, the Play was given in the Parish Auditoriums of Chicago churches during two successive Lenten seasons. A revised and enlarged version was staged in the Auditorium Theatre during Lent, 1924, under the auspices of the Holy Name Society, which sponsored an extended run of the Play in the same Theatre in March, 1925.

A dramatic, artistic, and aesthetic triumph on a stage that has known stars of such magnitude as Geraldine Farrar, Amelita Galli-Curci, Enrico Caruso, John McCormack, Sarah Bernhardt, and Eleonora Duse,—to mention only a few of the memories that constitute the tradition of the Auditorium,—the Passion Play of Chicago owes the technical perfection of its production to the inspiration of Mr. Francis J. Bridgeman. Mr. Bridgeman, as dramatic director, was distinguished for his vision in conceiving effects, and for his "infinite capacity for taking pains" in achieving them. In this

he was materially aided by the assistant-director-and-assistant-stage-manager, Mr. Ray O'Connell, who in private life is athletic director at Loretto Academy, Woodlawn.

The cast of the play was the focal point of a number of Catholic organizations, whose members contributed vitally to its success. Each performance was accompanied by music furnished by the Catholic Casino of Chicago, a magnificent male chorus, recruited from the various parish choirs, and whose association is vivified by love of music and by mutual friendship. The musical program rendered by the members of this group included a number of selections from Gounod and Palestrina, as well as the Passion Play Music composed for the occasion by Mr. Joseph N. Moos, the Director of the Casino. The haunting cadences of its recurrent motifs added to the impressiveness of the production.

The actors were drawn from the ranks of the Joyce Kilmer Players; from the cast of Loyola University's "Pageant of Youth"; from the Paulist Fathers' production of "Veronica's Veil"; from the student body of Mount Carmel High School, from the pupils of Loretto Academy, Woodlawn, and from the Hull House Players,—the latter, not officially a Catholic group, though its membership is predominantly Catholic.

It is not alone as an evidence of co-operation between diverse Catholic groups that the Passion Play of Chicago impresses one; the component parts of its organization serve as well to illustrate the universality of the Church, and to stress a certain aspect of American life—that of a multi-colored fabric, whose threads are drawn from many parts of the world.

Of these threads, the first might be said to be the Rev. Casimir N. Pijanowski, author of the Passion Play, and the prime mover in the

effort to make such drama part of the Catholic life of Chicago. Father Pijanowski is himself a Chicagoan, having been reared, educated and ordained in that city.

The second of the threads that are woven to form the Chicago Passion Play, is Mr. Francis J. Bridgeman, the dramatic director. Formerly a member of the Irish Players, Dublin, and later associated with Sir Martin-Harvey and with Sir Herbert Beerbohm-Tree in England, Mr. Bridgeman has, in this country, identified himself with numerous phases of Catholic dramatic art.

Another thread, and one which serves to link the recent American development of religious drama with the traditions of Catholic communities in the Old World, is the presence in the cast of the Chicago Passion Play of Mrs. Marie Mayer-Becker, who enacted the rôle of Mary Magdalene in the Oberammergau Passion Play of 1910.

Other members of the cast represent, more or less remotely, as many lands and countries as they do forms of Catholic activity.

Yet it is not only in its connotations that the Passion Play is of interest. As a literary work it is admirable, combining as it does a rare skill in the handling of emotion, a perfection of detail in the manipulation of its theme, and that thorough knowledge of the Scriptures with which our separated brethren seem unable to credit Catholics.

The actual production of the play was satisfying, not only for the spiritual values that it conveyed, but also for the well-conceived and beautifully-executed settings; the histrionic ability of the actors, and the consummate stagecraft that the effect, as a whole, evidenced.

The play opened upon a street in Jerusalem, just without the house that held the "upper room." St. Peter and St. John sought the

master of the house, who bade them enter and prepare the Pasch for their Master. Then the child disciple, Judith, seeking Jesus of Nazareth, interrupted the Scribes and Pharisees as they plotted Christ's destruction. Gamaliel strove in vain to dissuade them from their course, but their hatred of the "Prophet of Nazareth" seemed augmented by the triumphal entry into Jerusalem, which closed the episode.

In the following scene Mary Magdalen and the Holy Women intercepted Judas on his way to the Temple, and sought to learn his purpose and bring him to repentance, but in vain.

The Sanhedrin scene was remarkably effective. The splendour of the Temple of Jerusalem formed a fitting background for the arrogant "judges of Israel," who clamored for the death of Him Whom they mockingly dubbed "the King Messiah." The tottering form of Annas, who seemed old in iniquity, contrasted with the active malignance of Shammai, and of Caiaphas, who urged:

"Delay not, I repeat! The matter allows of no delay! Followers He may have that continue to flock to His side from Idumea and the wilderness on the south; from Perea and Decapolis on the west,—yes, even from the heathen districts of Tyre and Sidon on the north—but we have the law in our hands and may adjust, sanction, and interpret the same as we will!"

Each impersonation was masterly, yet the most outstanding were those of Nicodemus, by Clay D. Chunn, and Gamaliel, by Oren Lambeau. The fire which Mr. Chunn portrayed and the impetuous Nicodemus balanced; the finished artistry with which Mr. Lambeau embodied Gamaliel's caution, his concern lest "our ways be not according to justice and the law"; his defense of Christ, and his hesitancy to commit himself as a disciple, all were without flaw.

In spite of the remonstrances of Nicodemus and Gamaliel, the "Masters of Israel" concluded their ungodly bargain with Judas, and the following episode represented the Agony in the Garden and the subsequent apprehension by the mob, which, led by Judas, swirled horribly about the Patient Figure of Our Lord.

Christ's condemnation by the Sanhedrin, during the meeting of which Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea protested incessantly against the injustice and illegality of the proceedings, and finally, proclaimed their allegiance to the "King Messiah," thereby incurring the curse of the Council—which Gamaliel would not join in pronouncing, though neither did he withdraw from the Sanhedrin with the others—was followed by Judas' despair in the Temple; and by the Pilate scenes. During the latter Mr. Maurice Cooney gave a moving and satisfying interpretation of the Roman procurator. Particularly artistic was the manner in which, after washing his hands, he shook them, flinging the water over the mob, as he charged them:

"I am innocent of the blood of this Just Man; look ye to it!"

In this same scene Joseph of Arimathea, in his eloquent defense of Christ, gave voice to the most striking lines of the entire play:

"Of a surety, there be no disease of body, nor anguish of spirit, nor yet bruise of heart, which He hath not healed and soothed! Ye men inconstant! For which of these good works do ye crucify Him?"

The Passion Play proceeded through the tensivity of the Cenacle scene, in which the Blessed Mother comforted the repentant St. Peter, and Veronica showed her Napkin to Mary Magdalene, to the stark tragedy of the Crucifixion.

Three crosses were silhouetted against the

lowering sky, across which lightning flashed ominously, while Our Lord's Last Words to the Sorrowful Mother who stood beneath the Cross with St. John, were punctuated by the rending bursts of thunder and the rumbling of the earth's upheaval.

This, and the earlier scene of Judas' despair, in which the Veil of the Temple was rent to reveal a vision of the True Cross, were not only singularly beautiful from the spectacular viewpoint, but were also vivid instances of the skill

with which the Director created atmosphere to reflect the mood of the drama.

To afford a clear realization of the sufferings of our Lord; to stimulate and sustain the fervor of Catholics, and to bring the world in general closer to the Spirit of Christ, as manifested in His Church—these are some of the purposes of the Passion Play, which was, in addition, a living illustration of the canon that the greatest Art is that nourished by Faith as well as by genius, and dedicated to the service of the God Who gave Art to mankind.



Per Crucem

No embassy from Heav'n had e'er
Revealed to me His Face;
I had not heard His accents 'mid
The whisperings of grace:

But once I climbed a desert height
Empty of all I prize—
And naught but a stark, wooden cross
Between me and the skies.

Since then His form, His face, His voice
I everywhere discern;
I need not take the Emmaus' road
That my cold heart may burn.

—C.A.C.

A PROVIDENCE AFTER ALL

IT was a fine summer evening and Policeman O'Reilly, otherwise "No. 298," of the Boston Police Force, was leisurely pacing his beat. He had done nothing more thrilling that day than kill a few flies, so he was not feeling very ambitious.

He turned the corner of Rose avenue, and just as he did so, two little ragged boys ran full tilt into him. Not far behind, a large, angry, untidy woman panted. In her hand she held a broom which she flourished from side to side.

"Eh, an' what's this? It's near knocking me breath out ye be, ye young rascals!" Saying this, he caught one of the culprits by the arm, gave him a good shaking and several cuffs, and was just going to release him when a shrill peevish voice said: "'Rest 'em, Officer. Stick 'em in the coop. It's takin' a pie from under me very nose they was. Away with 'em. Take 'em off to the Jail, the young thaves!"

"What's your name?"

"Micky, plase sor."

"And the wee fellow?"

"Jimmy, Mr. Officer."

"The soize of ye to be stealing pois! Most loikely ye're a hardened young scamp. Come on the both of ye. I can't be spending me toime gossiping loike an old loidy. It's to the Jail ye'll be goin' this trip, sure."

So saying, he grasped the boys by their arms and hurried them along the street. People stopped to look at them; children left their games to follow the two miserable little prisoners who cowered in near the policeman when the rough ones jeered at them.

Jimmy and Micky had shuddered on their

way to prison, but not nearly as badly as they did that night when the rats came out to play hide-and-seek with one another on the cold cement floor of their cell. Neither could sleep, of course, and Jimmy, just turned six, cried nearly all night from fright, cold, and loneliness.

Would daylight never come! It seemed an endless age to the little boys before the first streaks of grey marked the sky and proclaimed that another day was dawning.

About nine o'clock an officer came to the door of their cell. He looked at them and smiled. Then he said: "So you're the terrible law-breakers I'm to take to court, are you? Well, cheer up and come along."

Jimmy was not afraid of him and placed his small hand confidently in that of the big man. This seemed to please him, for he smiled at Jimmy several times.

When they arrived at the court room they had to sit at the back and wait their turn. Finally they were conducted to the front of the room and the Judge said to Micky:

"What are your names?"

"Jimmy and Micky Murphy, Yer Honor."

"How old are you?"

"I'm eight and Jimmy's six."

"Where do you live?"

"Nowhere, Yer Honor."

"Have you ever appeared in Court before?"

"No, Yer Honor."

"Where are your parents?"

"Mother's dead and Pa's in jail."

"Where do you work?"

"Nowhere, Yer Honor."

"What are you here for? What did you do?"

"Well, it's this way, Yer Honor. Two days ago I got work. Well, that paid for supper and beds. Yesterday I walked all over but I couldn't get any work. I felt so sorry because Jimmy's hands was all blue with cold and his feet was near frozen, 'cause his shoes had big holes in 'em. He was cryin' an' the tears was all frozen on his cheeks. Then, Yer Honor, I thought how Mother wouldn't like to see Jimmy hungry an' cold, so I knelt down an' prayed. You see, a couple of days ago a good chap told me about a God that lived away up in the blue and loved little boys an' would do anything for 'em He could. So I prayed, but I guess it wasn't loud enough, fer He didn't help us. Then I thought if He didn't help us I'd have ter help myself. For a long time after that we looked fer work, but didn't have no luck. All the time Jimmy was crying away. So I went down the street to a store. Just inside the window was a table with about twenty pies on it, and on another table was a lot of cakes. I looks around and sees no one, so I scoots to the door and grabs one. Then the lady sees me and I beats it and bumps inter one of yer cops. He was going to let me go when the lady butts in and tells him the whole story, so he brings me here and puts

me in one of the cells and Jimmy too. That's all, Yer Honor, 'cause you know the rest."

* * * * *

"Discharged, did yer say? Jimmy, pinch me to make me sure it ain't no dream. An' we're to have work all summer an' fall?—and yer going to give us clothes and 'dopt us? Pinch me, Jimmy, again. Ou! ou!—say, Jimmy, there's sure a God after all, an' our prayer got there all right."

* * * * *

Many, many years have passed away, and Jimmy, no longer a small boy, but a man of thirty-six years, has left all to follow the One Who heard his childish prayer so long ago. He has taken the habit of the White Fathers and is to leave this afternoon for Africa. They are lucky heathens who are getting him, for his words are like those of one inspired. This morning he witnessed the marriage of his brother Michael to the old Judge's daughter. Poor Michael! He is torn between sorrow and happiness: sorrow at parting from the beloved brother whom he may never see again, and happiness on account of the dear wife God has given him. Unabashed, the tears course down his cheeks as he whispers tender words of affection into the ears of his dear playmate. They talk till the porter calls out the train number. Then Jimmy leans over and kisses his brother, who can only murmur: "Good-bye, Jimmy boy, God keep and love you, good-bye!"

Margaret Morin,

Loretto Abbey.

Senior Fourth Class.



ALUMNAE NOTES

LORETTO ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION

Patroness	REV. MOTHER PULCHERIA.
Hon. President	REV. M.M. CHRISTINA.
President	MRS. JAMES W. MALLON.
First Vice-President	MRS. W. T. J. LEE.
Second Vice-President	MRS. V. A. McDONOUGH.
Treasurer	MISS IRENE FINN.
Recording Secretary	MISS FLORENCE DALEY.
Corresponding Secretary	MISS MABEL ABREY.
Convener of House Committee	MRS. W. B. HORKINS.
Convener of Entertainment	MISS HELEN SEITZ.
Convener of Membership	MRS. ROBT. RANKIN.
Convener of Press	MISS TERESA LALOR.

The next Quarterly Meeting of the Alumnae will be held at Loretto Abbey Day School, Wednesday, April 15th, at 8 p.m., when the members will have the pleasure of hearing an illustrated lecture on Art by Mr. E. Wylie Grier. Miss Kathleen Gorrie will contribute some vocal numbers.

* * * * *

Congratulations to the children of St. Anthony's School! At the meeting of the Ontario Division of the Canadian Red Cross Society held at Government House, Toronto, they received great praise for their share in the programme for which they were specially chosen to symbolize the work of the Junior Red Cross.

* * * * *

The death of Mrs. W. S. Milne, late Vice-President of the Alumnae, came as a very severe shock to all her friends and fellow-members of this association. The Alumnae, remembering her faithful service on the executive, and her charming personality, wishes to convey its sincere sympathy and condolence to her daughter, Sister M. Alicia of the I.B.V.M., to her son, Mr. Thomas Ridout, and to her sister, Mrs. Emma O'Sullivan, first President of the Alumnae. May she rest in peace!

* * * * *

It is with sincere regret we record the passing away of one of our oldest alumnae mem-

bers, Miss Rose Traynor. Miss Traynor was a pupil of Loretto in its early days in Toronto, and had been a staunch member of the Alumnae since its inception, being a faithful and interested attendant at all the meetings, where she will be sadly missed.

* * * * *

Sincere sympathy and condolence are extended to Rev. Mother Pulcheria upon the death of her brother, Mr. Farrelly of Lindsay, Ontario; also to the Institute of the B.V.M. upon the death of Sister Mary of Calvary and Mother M. Isidore, both of Loretto, Niagara Falls; and to Mother Ethna and Misses May and Helene St. Charles upon the death of their father; and to the Misses Canning upon the death of their sister, Irene.

* * * * *

The good wishes of the Alumnae are extended to Miss Katherine Lambe, whose marriage to Dr. John McKenna took place on Tuesday, April 14th, at Holy Family Church.

* * * * *

Congratulations to Mrs. John Keenan (Nora Teahan) of Owen Sound, upon the birth of a son; to Mrs. Leonard Dandeur (Victorine Rooney) upon the birth of a daughter; to Mrs. Charles Gage (Rilla Devaney) upon the birth of a son; to Mrs. William Boyd (Violet McCausland) upon the birth of a son.

* * * * *

In the recent survey of Child Welfare Work held in Toronto, Miss Annie Coxwell, General Secretary of the Catholic Big Sisters, received honorable mention. Miss Coxwell is an old Loretto girl and a member of our Alumnae. We congratulate her upon this appreciation of her work.

LORETTO NOTES

Note: The January issue of Rainbow carried no Loretto Notes other than those which referred more or less directly to the College Alumnae, which accounts for the early dates in the following:

Oct. 25.—A lecture by Mr. Sheed of Catholic Evidence Guild, London, England. Winnifred Gauthier gives an account of it in this issue.

Oct. 26.—Basket-ball match between Loretto, Brunswick, and Abbey teams. Result: 17-5 in favor of Brunswick, a result so disturbing as to stimulate the Abbey team in the duty of "looking to their laurels." Congratulations on the fine playing of our opponents! The challenge must come from us next time.

Oct. 31.—Hallowe'en—a date never overlooked or half celebrated in boarding schools though the rest of the world should drop from the calendar. "The Pipers' Pay," presented with capital setting and a cast which could make the reputation of any play. The characters assumed their parts with a naturalness truly refreshing.

Nov. 25.—**A notable and unique event:** the arrival of Rev. Mother Raphael, Superior-General of the Irish branch of the I.B.V.M., whose Mother House is Loretto Abbey, Rathfarnham. She was accompanied by Mother M. Borgia, former Provincial of India, and Sister M. Victoire of Australia. Their visit was an unmixed delight, though it had one serious flaw—its brevity. The remedy suggested for this is that the route from foreign Provinces via America will often be found "the shortest way home." A short account of this visit will be found in the January issue of Rainbow.

Dec. 4, 5, 6.—Retreat conducted by Rev. Father McCaffrey, S.J., during which a large spiritual harvest was gathered.

Dec. 6.—Forty Hours' Devotion made the Altar the favorite rendezvous for all.

Dec. 7, 9.—News of the deaths of Mother M. Clare and Sister M. of Calvary, both of Niagara Falls. May they rest in peace!

Dec. 17.—Little Children's Concert and Christmas Tree—an annual blending of the imaginary and the real, almost as much enjoyed by those who look on as by those who are of it as well as in it.

Dec. 18.—A play, "The Christmas Bride," was staged with great success, and before an audience who paid the tribute of tears no less than laughter. Congratulations to each member of the cast and to the excellent training to which each part bore eloquent witness.

Jan. 13.—Recital by Ernest Seitz, at Alumnae Meeting, one which was unique and quite above all comment. He was enthusiastically applauded and the honour of being present was deeply appreciated by all.

Jan. 23.—Annual holiday in honor of the Foundress of I.B.V.M., Mother Mary Ward, beginning with a Mass offered for her cause, now in the hands of a postulator at Rome, and ending with a banquet and dance.

Jan. 24.—The greatest celestial phenomenon of late years, a total eclipse of the sun, occurred to-day. Weather cloudy, but good view obtained when clouds rolled away.

Same date—Fine views of Rome thrown on screen in Auditorium helped to console those who would fain join the pilgrimage to the Holy City for the Jubilee Year.

Feb. 5.—A very touching and edifying letter came to-day from the Trappist Monastery, "Our Lady of Gethsemane," of Kentucky, announcing the death of Rev. John Baptist, O.C.S.O., known seventeen years ago as Father Plante, S.J. The deceased Father was known

and loved by many in this part of the world and revered by some as a saint. May he reap the full reward of his holy life and pray for his friends on earth!

Feb. 14.—A delightful evening spent with "The Literary" of the Abbey, who read pages of a class paper full of local items spicy and clever, and some witty stories which made their audience rock with laughter.

Feb. 24.—A play, "The Bride's Maids' Party," given by the Second Unit of C.C.S.M.C, the proceeds of which discharged the balance of indebtedness for Student's room at China Seminary. The play, in spite of the short time allowed for preparation, was a success and all are congratulated on attaining the full objective, special patrons, who assumed the major part of the sum, particularly.

March 10.—Sincere sympathy is extended to Mrs. Coffee of Montreal upon the death of her son Robert, who was taken off in so sudden and painful a manner to-day, in consequence of an accident at a hockey game. He was but fifteen years of age, and was one of the most promising students at Loyola College, and a favorite with all who knew him.

March 17.—Someone has asked "if the hand that rocks the cradle rocks the world, what about the play that rocks the audience?" This was in reference to the one produced on this historic and national date, called "Too Much Paddy," which at times was in doubt whether it was going to be allowed to proceed, so persistent was the laughter at the well-played rôles. Congratulations to every member of the cast!

March 24.—Mother M. Isidore, after many years of suffering, passed away this morning, and was laid to rest in the cemetery of Our Lady of Peace, on the beautiful feast of the

Annunciation. See article in this issue by Mrs. Bottomley.

March 25.—Evelyn Lee gave a Recital this evening. Her program comprised the following: Ballade, op. 47, Chopin; B flat minor Sonata, Chopin; The Swan, Cradle Song and Valse Mignonne by Palmgren; Etude in A flat, Moszkowski; Concert Etude in D flat, Liszt; Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 13, Liszt. Her playing is growing more masterful every day and she is displaying more breadth of interpretation while retaining the sweetness and soulfulness so characteristic of her earlier work.

April 23.—Rev. L. O'Reilly, D.D., of St. Augustine's Seminary, gave an illustrated lecture this evening on "Lourdes," adding to a subject so beautiful in itself the inspiration of his eloquent words and many views both accurate and rare. His audience was deeply edified and grateful to the reverend exponent.

April 26.—**Monthly Meeting of Mission Crusade**—First Unit of Loretto Abbey. The Secretary's report proves that both spiritual and temporal interests during the past few weeks have been revolving around a mysterious "snow-ball" which is destined for some kind of exhibition in the Holy City. Great enthusiasm is manifest in the making of these snow-balls—though the season for such things is well in the back-ground, as far as Nature is concerned; but the mere making of them is not all. They have to be rolled along until they multiply their own size indefinitely, and the bigger they grow, the happier are the makers. They take the present opportunity of thanking those who have added to the girth of these snow-balls so generously, realizing at the same time that the true way to increase happiness is to share it with others. Returns are not half in yet, so definite acknowledgements would be premature, but thanks are never so, and these are recorded most warmly to all benefactors.

Review of Books

The following books, published by Benziger Brothers, 36-38 Barclay St., New York, are recommended to the readers of *The Rainbow*. **Librarians, please read and enter some of these names upon your order list. You will be more than pleased with your choice:**

Communion Devotions for Religious, by the Sisters of Notre Dame, Cleveland, Ohio, with a preface by Rev. F. P. Le Buffe, S.J. (Net, \$2.75).

All religious, as well as all who desire to vary their preparation and thanksgiving devotions in keeping with the Liturgy of Mother Church and their own frames of mind, as the days go by, will give this book a warm welcome. Those who approach the Holy Table daily will find it an indispensable aid to devotion, providing as it does 108 formulas, prefaced with quotations from Scripture, both appropriate to the occasion and suggestive to the mood of the moment. Besides those chapters called forth by the great feasts of Mother Church, there are many which are suggested by such occasions as calamity, sickness, dereliction of soul, stress of need or desire, temporal or spiritual. No circumstance or disposition is forgotten, so that even those who are independent of such helps as the printed page affords, are sure to find the mere chapter headings fruitful of thought and stimulating to fervor. This is the only collection of Communion Devotions arranged for Religious and directly meeting the requirements of Religious. Binding, paper, clearness of type and disposition of matter are without flaw.

Mary Rose, Sophomore, by Mary Mabel Wirries, author of "Mary Rose at Boarding School." 12 mo. cloth, with frontispiece. (Net, \$1.00; postage 10c).

Those who were introduced to *Mary Rose* during her first years at Boarding School will be glad to follow her into the delights and responsibilities of her Sophomore days. They will find her very much the Junior to the end of the chapter, with all her former buoyancy of spirit and capacity for excitement and variety. The tendency to exaggerate the trifling and occasional episodes of convent life to the exclusion of its normal or ideal phases, is, we think, a mistake, no less than that other tendency of allowing so much of the pleasure of school life to consist of disobeying or slighting the regulations. We could wish that the cultural tone of the book were a trifle higher, and believe it could be so without lessening its appeal to youth. The age-old question arises here: should the reading of our young people be on a line with their present unformed taste, or should it tempt that taste a step higher?

* * * * *

Short Character Studies from The Merchant of Venice, by Brother Gabriel, F.S.C., B.A., M.Sc., with an introduction by Herbert W. Irwin, B.A., Longmans, Green & Co., 210 Victoria St., Toronto. (Net, 25c).

Students of Shakespeare, no less than teachers, will hail this very interesting and enlightening study, the first of a series by a writer and teacher whose power of creating enthusiasm among his pupils has been remarkable for some years past. The characters of the play mentioned—Shylock and Portia—are discussed in a manner both simple and scholarly. The characterizations are clear-cut and original, leaving just the right amount of margin to in-

vite reply and challenge personal opinion. While taking into full consideration the wealth of learned comment and opinion on the character of Shylock, the author gives us the result of investigations clearly his own. He sides neither for nor against the Jew, but presents his case in a series of steps, and draws such logical and common sense inferences therefrom that most of the problems seem to solve themselves, and the reader is furnished with a wealth of material for his own investigations. The case of Portia is especially interesting and proves the author's exceptional grasp of psychology. We recommend these two studies to our readers.



THE RELIGION I WANT

"I want the same religion the twelve apostles had."

"I want a religion that does not teach one day what it will probably deny the next."

"I want a religion whose priests preach the Gospel and not politics."

"I want a religion that will permit me to hold communion with my dear departed relatives and friends."

"I want a religion that is equally acceptable to rich and poor, to high and low, to the master and the servant, to the king and the peasant."

"I want a religion that will give me a plain and reasonable way of obtaining pardon for my sins, and show me how I can obtain a sure absolution."

"I want a religion which teaches that God

will reward a man according to his works, and not condemn him for what is not his own fault."

"I want a religion which teaches that God is good and kind to all His creatures, that He has called men to salvation, and thus leaves no man to despair."

"I want the same religion that the hundreds of thousands of martyrs believed in who were slain for the faith of Christ during the great persecutions of the Roman emperors."

There is a worthy tendency nowadays to search out and applaud the mothers of illustrious men. There is a rising inclination to decorate the achievements of mothers and to acknowledge, at the true source from which it springs, the greatness or the nobleness of their children. If one could search the hidden ways of history and could find the very beginnings of the eminence and the goodness which it chronicles, one would have to pass through many devious ways and to spend weary hours in exploring the hidden springs of character and nobility. But through rough ways and plain, one would find that the goodness and greatness which have blessed the world come, in most instances, through the training of a devoted and prudent mother.—Father Garesché.

Charming Young Lady: The worst of me is that I am so apt to be run away with by an inference."

Shy Young Man: "Oh, how I wish I were an inference!"





God's myriad motherless—fain to abide
'Neath the sheltering arm of their angel and guide;—
While she, who heeds none but a Heavenly Call,
Finds room in her motherly heart—for them all.



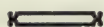
Earth's noblest thing—a woman perfected.

VOL. XXXII

TORONTO, JULY, 1925

NO. 3

Thanksgiving



I cannot give
Aught to Thee save what is already Thine.
The breath and spirit's flame by which I live,
These, Father, are not mine—
Not even gratitude, till Thou dost bless
My heart and waken it to love and thankfulness.

And yet Thy heart
That longs to hear me, "Abba Father!" cry,
Contrives with infinitely generous art—
Such is thy Courtesy;—
To take with sweeter thanks than I can show
As though it were a gift, the unmeasured debt I owe

And when I bring
Oft grudgingly, some trifle of the whole
'Tis not Thy treasury I enrich, my King,
But my impoverished soul,
Which, giving, takes again Thyself as dower,
And hides its gifts where neither moth nor rust devour

—Theodore Maynard

VALEDICTORY

JUNE the 5th, 1925, has at last arrived! We have donned those white robes! We carry those roses! We possess that precious scroll! All which we have dreamed of for so long and thought, like all castles in Spain, could never be actually realized. But no! It is not a dream; our castles are solid; we stand here in that long coveted place; that place which in previous years we envied so to those who filled it. And what sentiments; what joy; what extreme happiness we thought would be ours when—if—the time should ever come. And it has come! But what are our sentiments now? We are happy, yes, and proud! Proud of what we have achieved, both for our parents' and our teachers' sakes. Our hearts throb with supreme joy, but deep within those hearts is hidden a pain which no words can express, which no one can realize except one who has experienced the peculiar mingling of joy and sadness which accompanies graduation.

We realize how difficult it is for others to appreciate our feelings. Perhaps to them it is but a display of sentiment, a transitory emotion, which will soon be forgotten. But on this, our graduation night, we affirm with implicit confidence that it is no mere sentiment, no fleeting little thing, but that we shall always love and be faithful to Loretto.

Our strongest assurance of this, our firm conviction of our persevering loyalty, lies in the fact that never yet has Loretto had one unfaithful daughter. The love her graduates bear her is the highest honor she or any college can boast of. And we who have had many

more advantages than our predecessors surely cannot fall beneath the standard set us. I need not mention these advantages which we have shared. Loretto's high position, her superior academic standing, her advancement in all fields literary, athletic, dramatic, cannot be questioned. Loretto is the youngest of the colleges and yet the one which has perhaps achieved most. Her reputation has spread within the last few years, and when, later, we who now stand here, return once more to look upon those who are filling our places, we shall see Loretto grown out of childhood, standing in the glory of her maturity, and there will she ever remain.

To-night we stand on the threshold, the threshold of life, I might say. For, till this night, we have been guided by our parents and teachers. We looked to them in every trouble, in every difficulty we did not feel capable of conquering ourselves. And these last four years, these four years when we have been more or less separated from our parents and have had a second home in Loretto, have meant more to us than all others in the formation of our characters and in the preparation to go forth into the world and prove ourselves ready to confront all difficulties and to undertake every high enterprise. It can be understood then why our joy is checked, why we are sad and timorous. We stand on the threshold hesitating whether to step without or to withdraw once more. But life beckons us onward, with a smile, and we follow. Yet that smile is grim! It is not the smile we see when our glance turns back to those who are bidding

us farewell. In that smile there is kindness and love, happiness and sorrow—and it is that endearing smile which makes us hesitate, makes us lose our courage and feel that never can we leave those loving arms to throw ourselves into the cold, unfeeling ones which the world offers us. But we must go! Those loving ones have taught us courage; have made us confident, and we read approval on their brows; approval to go forth and accomplish now, that of which they have made us capable.

We say farewell—and only with those words do we realize what graduation means! It is the separation from our dearest, our truest and most devoted friends—those who have taken our mothers' places and who have spared no effort, indeed suffered pain and anxiety, when we fell short of their hopes and refused their kindness. How sad it is that not till the time of departure does all become clear and do we appreciate one another! So, full of sorrow and joy we say farewell and step confidently beyond the gates of Loretto.

Perhaps we shall all travel in different directions; perhaps we may not meet again, although we shall always hope for the best. But though we be far away no distance will ever separate us, for there is a link—a link which has no end; a link which extends to the farthest corners of the earth and back to Loretto. Nothing, not even Death, can unclasp this link; for it is love: Love for Loretto! And love for Loretto means love for one's teachers, and love for one another. Though far away we shall live together in thought! We shall always belong to one family and in our saddest and our gladdest moments there will always be the consolation that there is a home ever waiting with its portals open wide, where loving arms are outstretched to embrace us with warmth and smiles and loving words. There, amongst the truest of hearts, may we ever seek the happiness and shelter elsewhere denied, while the world with its shapes that appal and affright us, shrinks back before a higher power, which is love.

Camille Blanchard, 2T5.



THE GRADUATES' BANQUET

There are two occasions in the life of any university class when it appears before the college as guest of honour—the first time to be welcomed, the last to be bidden God-speed. When at the initiation banquet in the fall of 1921 the traditions of Loretto College were explained to the "Insects" of 1925 they, being rather speedy animals, were slow neither to realize their privileges nor to make use of them; traditions seemed branded on their brows, so great was the influence of their immediate predecessors.

It was not until the Graduates' Banquet that they realized that their happy college days were over and gone; "glimmering through the dream of things that were," is that last occasion on which 2T5 was the guest of honour.

The classes that had welcomed her were gone, but those taking their places had assembled to wish her well.

The happy memories of that event will always remain with 2T5, for it did not seem until that evening that in reality the "Insects" of 1921 were the graduates of 1925. Nor until then did 2T5 realize what she had obtained from her four years' association with the college, for not till then did she realize all her college meant to her—in the words of Shakespeare:

"That what we have we prize not to the worth
While we enjoy it, but being lack'd and lost,
Why, then we rack the value, then we find
The virtue that possession would not show us
While it was ours."



Jonquil

By Lola Beers, Alumna.

At this small desk I've come to know
A grand dame wrote long, long ago,
And then, as now, in a caprice
Her candle flame felt its release
And danced out to the garden wall
And rooted there, a jonquil tall.

I try to write by candle-light
In vain, in vain on such a night—
Abroad a vagrant April wind
Seeking what mischief she may find,—
And tauntingly I hear her shout
"Come out you, Yellow Flame, come out!"

MARGARET MARKS.

High praises of this maid we
sang,
She liked them not a bit.
We sang them twice, we sang
them thrice,
Now let the maiden pay the
price;
We'll quit.

MARGUERITE M.
RUNSTADLER.

*"Where did you get those eyes
so blue?"*

Marguerite has:
Spent most of her life in Toronto.
Received her preparatory education at Loretto Day School.
Spent one year in the General Course.
Spent four years in the B. & M. Course.
Won our admiration by her charm and friendliness.
Marguerite will:
Graduate in Medicine in 1928.

MARJORIE MAUDE WALSH.

*"My candle burns at both its
ends,
It will not last the night;
But ah my foes, and oh my
friends,
It gives a lovely light."*

M. CLAIRE YATES.

*"Whose blood and judgment is
so well comming'd
That she is not a pipe for fortune's
finger
To sound what stop she
please."*

When 2T5 L.A.C. came into existence its first act was to choose Claire president. Witness the wisdom of this choice in that she is now president of the Lit. and has various other executive positions.

CAMILE M. BLANCHARD.

*"She is so winsome and so wise
She sways us at her will."*

Characterized by strong mouth, uptilted chin, quick wit, and dainty manner. Matriculated in Lindsay, 1920. Awarded Spanish prize 1921. Proved her worth by academic work, potent influence, and dramatic skill. Impersonated characters from ridiculous to sublime, as the pathetic hero of Coppées "Le Luthier de Cremone."

LUCILLE M. BOOTH.

*"She hath a skill to hide her
true ability."*

Lucy's flippancies conceal her true depth. Always revolutionary and original in her concepts, she realizes the humanness of all human nature. Her sophistication has a naive quality, combined with a charming roguishness.

*"A lively smile and ready wit
that does us all beguile.
Oh, what a depth does there lie
hid."*

MADELEINE COFFEE

*"For my purpose hols
To sail beyond the sunset and
the baths
Of all the western stars."*

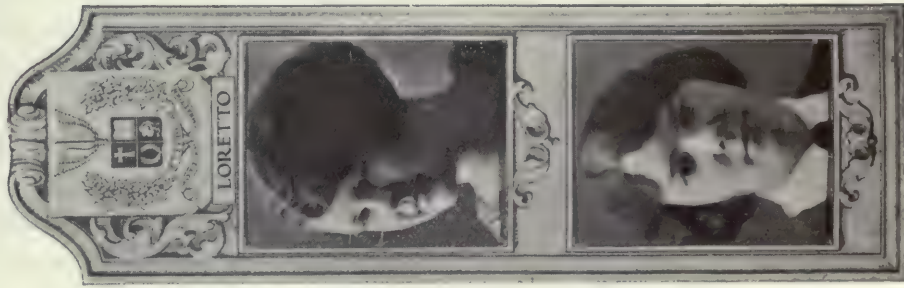
That may sound ambitious, but Madeleine has already made numerous trips, including rambles in many fascinating, old world places. At college she will be long remembered for her keen support of athletics, particularly hockey and basketball in which she showed exceptional ability.

COLETTE HANNAN.

*"Groans part of the time,
Laughs most of the time,
Prays the rest of the time
And loves through it all."*

Ireland claims her birth, likewise her patriotism. Canada responsible for her youth and most of her education. Matriculated from Loretto College School; entered Arts Course St. Michael's 1921. College spirit outstanding mark of her career. Ambitions as yet a secret.





MARY E. HARKINS.

*"Happy am I, from care I'm free,
Why aren't they all contented like me."*

With optimism Mary has danced her way through life, enjoying all phases of college days with perhaps a little more attention to the college nights.

ELSA KASTNER.

*"The poet's blood
That ever beats in mystic sympathy
With nature's ebb and flow."*

The spirit of youth in her idealism and passion for knowledge and freedom. Born in London, Ont., 1904. Matriculated 1920 from Loretto Day School. Entered English and History, St. Michael's, 1921. Hockey representative 1924-25.



DOROTHY LATCHFORD.

*"Part truth, part fiction,
Much thought, some whim,
And all a contradiction."*

The cares of life are best borne gaily, is Dorothy's philosophy. Do the unexpected is her motto. She has always been very popular on executives and in all phases of college life has not coaxed success, but taken it by surprise.

KATHLEEN MCGOVERN.

*"She is a little self-willed,
Goes her own sweet way, I fear."*

Kathleen's originality and her artistic ability have smoothed the way for many of 2T5's endeavours. Her tactful management of College affairs is but a promise of future difficulties conquered.

KEEPING UP WITH THE TIMES

ISOBEL GRIFFITHS

THE velvet curtains parted and Barby-Lou stood laughing on the threshold.

Aunt Linda gasped and Henry rattled his newspaper nervously. "How do you like it, Aunt Linda? Isn't it rather keen? You like it, don't you, Dad? Why, it's the latest wrinkle." And she pirouetted on the toes of her dainty silver slippers, letting fly the loose folds of her creamy sequin gown.

"Wrinkle, humph! Well, that just about describes it." And Aunt Linda drew her crocheted hug-me-tight closer around her thin shoulders and shivered perceptibly. "Henry, you are not going to allow the child to go out that way, are you? Why, if Sofia Brewster, or Clara Beggins ever see Barby-Lou in that get-up I'll never be able to hold my head up in this town again."

"Of course I'm going out in it, 'cause there's Mick's horn now, and I haven't time to change," and snatching a light wrap from the chair, the girl darted out the front door. In a moment Mick Dillon's roadster rolled down the gravel driveway and silence fell upon the old house.

"Henry," Linda's voice was rather terrible.

"Now, Linda, it's just because you're not used to it. If you had lived in New York as long as I have you would be quite used to keeping up with the times."

"If you call that keeping up with the times I prefer to remain frightfully old-fashioned, and no one has ever called Linda Sylvester a frump. I may be old-fashioned, but I am not medieval. Barby's get-up was barbarous in its lack of modesty. And Henry, I am going upstairs and on my bended knees shall I ask

the good Lord to deliver your daughter from the evils of the age in which she has had the misfortune to be young. My knees are rheumatic, Henry, but also I shall ask the good Lord to see that Barby-Lou is elsewhere tomorrow afternoon when the good ladies of the Aid meet to discuss the wisdom of investing in a new vestry carpet." And Aunt Linda swept out of the room, determined to do her duty by the child so in need of spiritual guidance.

Duty played a large part in Linda Sylvester's life. If she felt that it was her duty to perform a certain task, no power of heaven or earth could move her. It was with the same determination that she earnestly prayed for Barby-Lou's welfare, regardless of her rheumatic knees.

Henry watched the retreating back of his sister somewhat dubiously. He wondered if he had made a mistake in bringing his daughter on this trip. Aunt Linda had seen Barby-Lou as a child and each vacation she had asked Henry to bring dear Barbara next time he came to Tawny Town. Henry Sylvester was interested in iron ore fields north of the small town and his visits were short, but quite frequent. Tawny Town and New York! Well, Barby-Lou was from New York. Henry let it go at that. But somehow it was rather hard to ignore Aunt Linda's disapproval. It was evident that she did disapprove strongly; she left no room for doubt. Linda-like, she had disapproved with her characteristic thoroughness.

Henry sighed and switched out the library lamp. Bringing up a daughter was no joke,

especially when that daughter's mother had peacefully closed her eyes after one longing look at the obstreperous youngster with snapping black eyes. And Barby-Lou had become just a little more vivacious and her eyes had snapped just a little more each day through her nineteen strenuous years of life.

The next afternoon Linda fastened her opal bar pin into the creamy folds of her jabot—real cluney. The black satin dress was from Boston. She hoped Sofia Brewster would notice that; most likely she would go about telling folks that the material was bought at Judd's and the gown made by Maisie Adams. Never mind. She knew for a fact that such was the truth of Sofia's brown silk. And Linda sighed rather wearily. Why must women always dress for each other? Why? Just to still gossiping tongues. And for just the same reason Linda hurriedly descended the carpeted stairway to see if Addie had forgotten to dust the rubber-plant.

On the stairs she met Barby-Lou, breathlessly ascending, two steps at a time.

"Dear child, that's bad for your heart," admonished the astounded lady. "More slowly."

"My heart's all right, Aunt Linda. I'm in a frightful hurry. Mick and I are going over to the Bay for a swim. Would you like to come?"

Mick was the son of Henry's old-time pal, a college boy, home for vacation and glad to find anything so lively as Barby-Lou within the sleepy boundaries of Tawny Town.

Barby-Lou took the last three steps at a bound and disappeared down the long, dark hallway. Linda supposed she would have to change from the sport sweater and skirt into something a little more elaborate to drive over to the Bay. It was fully twelve miles and Barby-Lou had worn the same outfit for all of

two hours, Linda remembered when it was a case of a week-day gingham and a Sunday satin.

The ladies of Tawny Town began to assemble in the dignified old parlour. They exchanged pleasantries and unpleasantries until the entire force had assembled. After arguing conscientiously for five minutes about the vestry carpet, they began with sighs of delight to ruin reputations. Linda sat at the tea table, a little removed from the rest, occasionally contributing a word to the conversation, but taking no part in the lively gossip that was bantered back and forth.

At the moment when Sofia Brewster was relating with relish the goings-on of Tobias' oldest girl, there was a lull in the conversation. Aunt Linda glanced up quickly and saw Barby-Lou standing in the doorway. She wore a long, black cloak and a crimson turban and tiny crimson shoes. Linda looked curiously at the shoes. They were canvas and my land! the child had no stockings on! Aunt Linda, flushed and ashamed, arose and walked quickly to the girl's side.

"Barbara Louise, my niece," she said rather defiantly and led Barby around the room to meet the disapproving occupant of each rocking chair. The girl smiled at each one in turn and then threw herself unconcernedly on the chesterfield.

"Don't mind me. Go right ahead with your meeting. I'm just waiting for Mick."

The horrified ladies could not tear their eyes from the couch. Barby's bathing suit was the topic of animated conversation for at least three months afterward. The ladies of Tawny Town were denied the pleasures of summer bathing, as the Bay was some distance away and not many of the youths had in their possession such a roadster as Mick Dillon's. But

excitement reached such a pitch when Barby-Lou casually lit a cigarette that there was almost bloodshed in the frantic attempts to reach the door. Each lady was determined to be the first to tell the story. Oh! the joy of seeing hands go up and mouths open and popping eyes and to hear gasps of horrified and delighted surprise. What a choice morsel for all Tawny Town! The ladies had barely taken time to say "Good-bye, dear Miss Sylvester. I'm sorry I must rush away like this, but really I have so many things that I must do."

Aunt Linda watched Barby-Lou leave the house and step into Mick's car. She said nothing to the girl, but there was an excited flush on her thin face and a dangerous light in her eyes. Barby-Lou had shamed her before the eyes of these women, which, of course, meant before the eyes of the whole of Tawny Town. Linda thought of Sofia's face when Barbara had lifted the cigarette to her lips and blown the scented smoke up into the face of austere old grandfather Sylvester, who frowned from behind his whiskers in the hair-wreath frame. The expression had been one of horror mingled with delightful anticipation.

Aunt Linda compressed her lips in a thin, determined line. It was her duty to reassert herself in Tawny Town—her duty! She smiled slightly and went to the telephone. In about twenty minutes she hung up the receiver for the last time and was satisfied. The list was again checked over and with something that resembled a chuckle, Linda ascended two flights of stairs to the musty old attic.

Henry had gone north for a few days and so Aunt Linda maintained a dignified silence throughout dinner. Barby chatted of this and that and mostly Mick.

"He's a dear, Aunt Linda. So interesting. You know, Aunt Linda, some of the boys at home have such a ridiculous line that I really

find Mick quite refreshing." With the blasé air of a dowager Barby-Lou discussed the boring habits of "some boys." "I really wish you could meet some of my crowd—oh, gee! I forgot all about it. Teddy Alastair wired that the bunch was motoring through to-morrow on the way to Pleasant Point. They'll be here to-morrow afternoon sometime. Would you mind much if I served tea, Aunt Linda? You know, just a little something. Nothing elaborate. You wouldn't mind, would you?"

For the second time that day Aunt Linda chuckled.

"No indeed, Barby-Lou," she said cordially. "Of course I don't mind. You just ask the young folks and I'll see that you have a real nice tea."

Barbara flew around the table and kissed Aunt Linda breathlessly.

"You're a dear, Aunt Linda mine," she cried.

"Am I?" asked Linda. "Maybe."

For a second Linda Sylvester weakened in her purpose. But for a moment only. It was her duty.

The next afternoon Barby-Lou met the gay crowd at the door and led them into the garden, where the young people of Tawny Town had already assembled.

"Why all the festivity?" Teddy Alastair had demanded. "Surely not for us, my Barby-Lou?"

"I may not love you, Teddy, but I wouldn't inflict this on my worst enemy," Barby whispered confidently. "Aunt Linda's idea of a good time. Pipe the élite society of Tawny Town. The wild younger generation out for a good time. Evidently it was all arranged before I knew that you were coming through. Aunt Linda didn't spring it on me till last night and then it was too late to do anything.

If you want tea you'll have to make the best of the scenery."

"It's going to be fun," Teddy declared. The young people of Tawny Town and New York seemed to forget their differences and rather enjoyed themselves. Of course the Tawny Town belles eyed their ruffled white frocks dubiously and rather wished for one of those tight fitting sport suits which seemed to be quite the thing in New York.

Barby-Lou led them all inside to dance. Things were becoming a trifle hilarious when Aunt Linda descended upon the crowd. Barby-Lou's first impulse was to scream with laughter, and the next to scream with rage.

Aunt Linda smiled sweetly and swept across the room to the chesterfield, her yards and yards of silk petticoats swishing as she walked. The effect was enhanced by a very obvious bustle and balloon sleeves. Around her thin neck was a mangy, moth-eaten feather boa that hung in limp, discouraged coils to her knees. A large velvet hat of excruciating size was held in place by jet hat-pins and faded rats of light brown hair. Grey feathers drooped languorously to her shoulders and lost themselves in the ancient boa.

"Go right ahead, children. Don't mind me," she said gayly. "I just love to see you having a good time."

An audible snicker went through the crowd. Barby-Lou became faint with rage and clenched her fists desperately. She looked sideways at the group of New Yorkers who were eagerly taking Aunt Linda in in every detail.

Teddy grinned.

"We're crazy about it, Barby," he whispered. "Can it talk?"

Aunt Linda drew from her silken bag, oh so casually, a cumbersome silver snuff-box and proceeded to sniff it vigorously. The Tawny Town crowd wondered what the joke was, be-

cause everyone of them knew what a good sport Linda Sylvester was.

"Would you like some?" Aunt Linda passed the box to Adair McNab. Barby bit her lip. Adair of all people! Well, this was the end of her. She'd never hear the last of it.

"I would," said Teddy. "I'd like some, Miss Sylvester. May I try it? Let's see, now, how do you manipulate this stuff?"

Aunt Linda proceeded to demonstrate and then sneezed daintily into her handkerchief. Teddy followed her instructions and did likewise, but not so daintily. Then with much laughter the girls and boys fell on the snuff box and sampled the novelty.

* * * * *

When the crowd waved good-bye, Aunt Linda crossed the grassy terrace and watched the cars out of sight.

"Wasn't she the greatest old sport you ever laid eyes on? A trifle old-fashioned and odd, but O.K. with me," said Teddy Alastair with conviction. "And she's asked us back. What say we drive up pretty soon?"

They said yes.

Barby-Lou looked curiously at Linda as she entered the dining-room. She was again Aunt Linda.

"Barby-Lou," said Aunt Linda, quietly, "Do you see now?"

Barby nodded, close to tears.

"You see, dear, it's just that way with me too. It's just that my friends were not any more used to your type than your friends are to the old frump I tried to be this afternoon. I'm sorry, Barby, but I had to reassert myself in some manner. Do you think they all hated me very much?"

Barby-Lou choked back a sob and flung herself on the old lady.

"Hate you? Why, Aunt Linda, they loved you, and oh! I love you too."

STUDIES IN THE TRIANGLE OF PLOT

I.—OLD MORTALITY

OLD MORTALITY" is one of the series of thirty famous "Waverly Novels," written by Sir Walter Scott during the years of 1814 and 1831. At this time there were a great many men of genius appearing on the horizon of literary England; Keats, Shelley, Coleridge and Byron were producing masterpieces which were to make the "Victorian Age of Literature" stand out as a "Golden Age of Literature." But the phase of writing then being applauded was that of poetry and historical or philosophic works, and the novel—an ordinary romance—was a work held to be undignified on the part of any serious "advocate of literature!" Thus it was that Sir Walter Scott had his novels published anonymously, but the splendid reception which they received prompted him later to disclose his identity. His novels raised such a flurry of interest and created such an enthusiasm in the reading public that the future of the novel as a distinct form of literature was assured and its popularity firmly established.

Any novel is built up of two parts, namely, background and theme. These parts are not thinkably separate, and are often so interlaced and interwoven that it is difficult to say where background merges into theme and theme fades into background.

Considering the part, background, in the novel "Old Mortality," we find a setting of an historical nature. The scene is laid in Scotland at the time of the obstinate struggle between the Covenanters and the Royalist forces in the years 1679 and 1689. At this period the English Parliament had sent Royalist forces into Scotland to suppress uprisings, while they

were trying to make the people accept the Anglican form of worship, and, on the other hand, the Covenanters—the people who had signed the Covenant of the Presbyterian Church—were upholding the right of the Scottish people to worship as Nonconformists.

The second part, or theme, may be divided into two sections. That is to say, a novel is built on either (a) character analysis or (b) on the career and exploits of some central character. This latter division is the theme of Scott's "Old Mortality." It is the story of a young Scottish man of gentle birth who is, by a mysterious influence, drawn into a struggle when his sympathies are equally divided between both sides of the question at issue.

Besides these fundamental elements, the novel has one main structure. It is built upon a triangle. Indeed the action of every novel, when the covering of description, incidental touches and balancing embellishments are removed, will be found to be based on a triangle. The vertices of this triangle represent respectively the hero, the heroine and the villain. There may, or may not, be an enlarged triangle of augmented plot and action. Let us apply this triangle structure to the novel, "Old Mortality."

In this romance, we are quite justified, I think, in giving the main vertex of the triangle to the hero, in the character of Henry Morton. It is into this character that Scott has poured the forces of his reason and his educated moral feeling and he portrays the young man's character with deep understanding and sympathy. Through the whole novel Morton's figure is the pervading one, and his actions the most

outstanding in the development of the plot. The right vertex, the second important point, we assign to the villain, John Balfour of Burley. These two characters are connected early in the action of the novel, when Balfour asks shelter of Henry when they meet at an inn where Henry is celebrating his victory of winning the contest of the Popinjay. Their relations are more closely interwoven as the plot widens and Balfour wins Henry over to the side of the Covenanters, in the rebellion Burley is organizing against the English, and had started by murdering the Archbishop Sharp. With Henry's joining Burley, the two points are closed. The third point of the triangle is given to the heroine, Margaret Bellenden, who is living with her grandmother, Lady Bellenden, a staunch Royalist, who had entertained King Charles "at breakfast." Margaret and Henry have met before the action of the novel begins, and they are deeply in love with each other, although they have never openly expressed their love. But the tie of love binds these points. The points of the villain and heroine are joined late in the novel, by Burley's connection with the Bellendens and bringing about their ruin and even driving them away from their old home. Thus the simple triangle is closed. But there is an extension of the plot, which forms an enlarged triangle or more complicated plot. At the vertex below the villain may be placed the party of Covenanters, comprising the warrior preachers, Mucklewrath and Macbriar, and the peasantry who joined the insurgent army, including Cuddie Headrigg, Morton's personal squire. These are connected to the hero by virtue of his joining their ranks and acting as their leader and envoy in the struggle. Burley is also joined to them, as being one of their chief leaders and incitors. The lower left vertex under the

heroine represents the Royalist body, of which she is a member, including Lord Evandale, a noble cavalier and Margaret's suitor, and Cloverhouse, leader of the Royalist forces. Margaret is connected with this group through her birth and heritage and more personally to Lord Evandale, who wishes their friendship to become of a warmer nature. Henry Morton becomes connected to this group by his being brought to Castle Bellenden, on his arrest for sheltering Burley, and is saved from death by Lord Evandale, on Margaret's pleading. Lord Evandale and Morton become more closely united by several times later in battle being instrumental in saving each other's lives. Thus the points on the left side of the triangle are joined. Henry Morton brings the lower points together, when as one of the leaders of the insurgents he acts as an envoy to present their demands to the Royalist leaders, and also leads the Covenanters against the Royalists at the battle of Loudon Hill and again at Bothwell Bridge, the two climaxes of the historical action. The climax in Morton's life, which also brings the Covenanters and the Royalists together, is the trial to which the insurgents submitted Henry, believing he had betrayed them. They decide to kill him and are about to carry out the sentence when Cloverhouse with Royalist troops, who had been warned by Cuddie, come to Henry's rescue. So the triangle is completed and the vertices joined.

It is rather interesting to note that the title "Old Mortality," is quite misleading and unique, as the story proper has nothing bearing on the character, "Old Mortality," as described in the Preface.

This curious old man to whom the nickname of "Old Mortality" was applied, was by rightful appellation Robert Patterson, who spent his life carefully chiselling and re-chisel-

ling the names of the men who died to uphold their beliefs. It was to repay this old man for his devotion and to show his admiration for his loyalty that Scott bestowed lasting fame on the "singing carver," by using his name as the title of his novel.

Among the Waverly Novels "Old Mortality" stands out as Scott's greatest portrayal of character. All his novels contain realistically-drawn characters, but in this book he seems at his best. We see the unfailing and universal sympathy of the man, in the treatment of the great host of characters from the noble Lord Evandale through all degrees of society to simple Goose Gibby; from the clever Jenny to querulous Mrs. Alison Wilson. There is the art of the natural, yet unusual, character such as Kettledrumle and Maus Headrigg.

The style may be, in places, cumbersome and the action very slow, but it is more than recompensed by the abundant and beautiful descriptions and exciting situations into which the characters are precipitated.

In this novel Scott has shown his genius as a story-builder which has placed him among the great writers of his period and all periods.

Victor Hugo has achieved greater pathos and at times greater force; Alexander Dumas has a more excited tone and more realistic touch, but Scott has in a great degree their points, to which to add his sympathy and understanding, two qualities which to my mind place him above these two great French authors, who are recognized.

Many great English authors, masters of novel-writing, are very enthusiastic in their praise of Scott's work, and especially of the novel "Old Mortality." Thomas Hardy says of it: "It gives an inestimable view of human nature, influenced by local circumstances with enthusiastic appeals to the passions and the imagination." Lord Tennyson, who was noted for his precision and fastidiousness in literature, says: "I think 'Old Mortality' is his grandest and best novel."

Thus we have "Old Mortality" in its beauty of description, its elevated moral tone, its chivalrous spirit shining through every line; and we have a masterpiece to add to our best beloved books, to be for us ever a teacher, a joy and a delight!

Victoria Mueller, 2T8.

Continued on Page 158—Second Study



Magnolia

Oh, God makes May nights dark and sweet
 To hold magnolia bloom,
 And all along the fragrant street
 It shines in the soft gloom,
 And seems in its shy glimmering,
 To us who greatly care,
 The white soul of the young sweet spring
 That hangs in blossom there.

Anne Sutherland.

LETTER FROM CHINA

[The following letter from China will delight our ardent "Crusaders," bring back to the "Unit" at Niagara Falls some of the pleasures they derived from the author's late visit, and renew the good inspirations received therefrom.—Ed.]

Catholic Mission,
Tawoli, Kiangsi, China,
April 21, 1925.

Dear Sister Paulina:

It was very thoughtful of you to write to me so soon after my visit to Loretto. It was one of the first messages I received from the States. I found it awaiting me on my arrival in Kanchow. After staring at "laundry cheks" and stuttering and stammering in foreign languages for three or four weeks, it was a great relief to talk English with someone who could understand, and to read a bright, newsy letter in my native tongue. I enjoyed it immensely;—and I trust it will not be the last.

I am afraid it will be some time before I shall have an opportunity to meet Father Ford of Maryknoll. I have heard a great deal about him, and have read many of his interesting letters in the "Field Afar"; but a formal introduction to him is a pleasure I have yet to experience. I know quite a few of the Maryknoll Fathers; in fact, my last night in America was spent at the Procure in San Francisco. Here in China their Province almost touches the southern extremity of ours. Only the Salesian Fathers are between us. However, a hundred miles over here means as much as a thousand in America. Still the world is small; and if I should by some chance come in contact with Father Ford, I will not forget

to tell him about the good Sister in Loretto, who remembers when he was too small to be carried to Niagara.

Your amusing story of the eclipse recalls our experience during the phenomena. We viewed it from the wheat fields of Kansas. Father Bonanate, who is quite an astronomer himself, had prepared for the occasion an assortment of smoked glass. At four o'clock in the morning he disturbed the peace of the Pullman by lugging his paraphernalia to the back platform of the train. There he waited for the circus in the sky to begin; but his patient vigil was in vain. A dense curtain of fog, mist and clouds obscured the heavens and hid the performance from his eyes. I am sure he would have given anything to have been with the privileged few in the tower of Loretto on that eventful day. After days of keen anticipation, he arose before dawn to see only a Kansas fog; and he had to be satisfied with the pictures in the newspapers, and the accounts of those who had been more fortunate. Such is the life of an astronomer!

No doubt you would like to hear some of my experiences since my arrival in China. If I were to tell you all the adventures of that delightful trip, I would be writing till doomsday. It took just eighty-one days to reach Kanchow. We travelled in all kinds of boats, from the gigantic ocean liner to a wobbly sampan; we lounged in limousines and bumped along in rickety baby-carriages called "jinrickshaws"; and rode in every kind of vehicle that was ever invented. We encountered contrary winds, contrary waters, and last, but not least, contrary coolies. We ran aground

on a sand bar, and stuck fast for a whole day. For three days we were held up by a flood, and watched the people climb to the roofs of their houses while the waters took possession of the first floor. But after it all we arrived safe and sound at our mission, and made our triumphal entry on Palm Sunday morning. It had been a long trip, but not an unpleasant one; and I must say I enjoyed every minute of it.

At present I am spending a few days with Father O'Shea and Father Erbe at their mission in Tawoli. I have been appointed to assist Father Moehringer to entertain the bandits up in the mountains of Lung Nan (the place made famous by Father McGillicuddy and his feather duster). Before settling down to work, however, Father O'Shea has very thoughtfully suggested that I visit the different missions and spend a few days with each of our American confreres. I have been here at Tawoli about a week; and it has been by no means a time of inactivity. I will try to tell you some of the things that have happened. It will give you some idea of the life here in China.

This mission dates back over two hundred years. Only in 1907 it underwent a persecution, and Father Candulia, C.M., and many Christians were killed. Father Candulia's cause has been presented at Rome. Like your holy foundress, this saintly priest will soon, please God, be raised to the altar. His glorious death has not been without fruit. Practically the entire parish come to the church every day for morning prayers and Mass; and one-fifth of them receive Communion daily.

But this parish, like every other, has its back-sliders. The curse of this section of the country has been opium. When Father O'Shea took charge here a few months ago, he found

that many of his Christians had fallen into this habit. It did not take him long to start rooting out the poppy and its worshippers. He raided one dive after another and seized all the pipes, lamps and opium they had in stock. At first he conducted his raiding parties in the day-time. In one morning he cleaned out five establishments. When the proprietors realized he meant business, they closed up their shops in the day and confined their operations to the night. But this did not stop Father O'Shea. He surprised one or two of them in full swing, even though it meant going out in the dark. Slowly and surely he is weeding out the evil. He has a regular hospital here, where he receives the smokers who wish to reform. Many who have been heavy smokers for years have become fervent Christians; and many pagans have profited by their stay at the mission to study Catechism and be baptized.

There were still a few houses on the black list when I arrived here last week. Saturday evening Father Erbe suggested that we pay one or two of them a social call. I did not need a second invitation, so we started out. One or two reformed smokers led the way. For a half hour we picked our way over a net-work of tiny paths through a sea of rice-paddies. Occasionally the way led through a little hamlet and a hundred and one dogs howled a protest against the nocturnal prowlers who came to disturb their dreams. Finally the man leading signaled to dim the lantern light; and we proceeded to tip-toe in the darkness to a little hut along the road. Father Erbe and I hid in the shadows while the men knocked on the door. After considerable shuffling about and scraping of bolts inside, the door was opened and the men entered. Father Erbe and I pushed after them, and proceeded to search the house. I had expected to find a half dozen

fellows lounging about on couches, dreaming sweet dreams over a six-foot pipe; but we were fooled this time. Everything seemed orderly, and there was no evidence of drugs. The place had been raided twice before, and all sorts of stuff collected. The proprietor claimed he had reformed, but we had good evidence that he was still operating. One of the men whom Father O'Shea had almost cured was enticed out the other night and caught puffing away as of old. So we knew some of the places were in full swing, and we had reason to suspect our friend. However, he had a clean slate, so we gave him the benefit of the doubt. He did not seem to resent the intrusion and accompanied us half way back to the town.

As it was still early, we decided to visit a couple more of the dives on the list. This time we caught them with the goods. We pussy-footed over another pagan hamlet where two houses were known to be operating. There were the usual manoeuvres of dimming the light and a short, hushed conference at the door. Finally the bolt swung back, and a haggard face was revealed in the doorway. The men entered and Father Erbe pushed in after them. The bleary-eyed proprietor did not realize what was happening. He thought he had a few more customers, and was just about to close the door again when I thrust my shoulders in and proceeded to follow the others. When he saw my six-foot self brush past him he knew we were not regular customers. Being experienced, the men led us right to the chest where he kept the preserved poppies. Father O'Shea has every model of pipe on the market now; and the latest additions were soon tucked away in his miniature museum.

The following morning the men we had raided were in for medicine. Father Erbe doctored them up and gave one fellow a supply

of rice. It is really a pity to see the grip that this drug obtains on these men. Unless they were properly treated they would die without it. But slowly and surely our priests are driving it out of this section of the country; and the better element of the pagans thank them for it.

I have been interrupted about twenty times since I began this letter. Once it was to hustle out with Father O'Shea and Father Erbe to round up three bandits who were molesting some of our Christians. We tied their hands behind their backs and trailed behind them single file to the mission. Here we found two officers awaiting us. They recognized the bandits as soldiers of their disbanded army. When we explained that we had caught them extorting money from our poor people, the officers took and flogged them publicly before all the assembled Christians, and then sent them on their way. The officers themselves had come to beg a meal and a few cents to help them on their way. They belonged to a disbanded regiment, and are making for home with their men. They have permission to beg their food along the road; but the fellows we went after wanted to walk away with the whole town.

These are a few of the things that have happened this week. I could relate some more, but time does not permit. We don't miss the movies over here; we are acting for them every day. It might read like a heavy dream to you, but it is not half as serious as it sounds. There is a good bit of comedy mixed in; and we really enjoy the work.

Please remember me to all the good sisters at Loretto and thank them for their prayers. Our priests are convinced that the great success that has thus far crowned their efforts has been due mainly to the prayerful interest of friends such as these. May God reward

you all most abundantly for your charity.

Kindly convey my best wishes to the Mission Unit also. I appreciate very much the cordial reception they extended to Father Bonanate and myself on the occasion of our visit, and the interest they manifested in our mission.

Once more let me thank you for your letter and your prayers. If you could realize the great pleasure a bright, cheery letter such as yours brings with it, I am sure you would remember to send one occasionally over in this direction. If they are not answered promptly, you may be sure it will not be from lack of appreciation, but rather from a hundred and one causes that daily delay the mail (and sometimes the missionary) in a country like China.

Do not allow all the nice things Father Garcia had to say, delude you into omitting the prayers. None of them will be wasted—and you might beg a good many more from your friends.

With very best wishes from Father Bonanate and myself,

Very gratefully and sincerely yours
in St. Vincent,

William J. McClimont, C.M.

My future address will be "Catholic Mission, Kiangsi, China." To avoid confusion, you may, if you wish, use the old address at Kan Chow, and one of the priests will forward to me.



Naim

A long farewell to her dear son,

She follows close with bended brow;

Where is the widow's comfort now,
For he is dead, her only one?

The cortège nears the city gate;

The Master meets—He lifts His hand.

At sight the weeping mourners stand,
And moan the Healer comes too late.

With quick and dead He shares His grace:

"Weep not!" a touch: "Young man,
arise!"

Her son He gives—before all wond'ring
eyes—

Into his mother's fond embrace.

M.P.

Faith

Past.

Up Calvary's steep my heavy cross I bore,
The burden sweet and light,
For I could trace His footsteps gone before,
Redemption on the height.

Present.

Up ragged steep I bear my heavy load,
No footprints guide the way;
The night winds howl along the lonely road,
Nor star imparts a ray.

But Faith that sees beyond the blackness round
Gives cheer to faltering tread;
Howso' the night winds and the dark confound
I know He leads ahead.

M. P.

JANIE'S BEDTIME STORIES

THE attic looked particularly forlorn, not that it ever looked anything else—because such a thing as comfort is unknown where two cots, three chairs, a table and a stove constitute the furnishings.

Janie looked at it as she stood in the doorway. This same meagre room had been her home ever since she was two, when her mother had died. She was now nine.

Janie lived with her father, or rather her father lived with Janie. He could make no move without his little daughter's assistance, for he was blind. He played the violin exquisitely, but because of his lack of ambition he had never attained the eminence to which his talent might have helped him.

This afternoon he was playing at Leonora Ashley White's wedding. Janie was patiently awaiting the stroke of five for then she would go to lead him home and hear all about the gorgeous costumes and lovely decorations, which he could not see, but of which his vivid imagination painted a picture equally as beautiful as the reality. Then for days Janie would imagine she was the bride, the dingy attic the drawing-room, and the shabby old broom she held stiffly at arm's length, the adoring groom.

Janie heard a step on the landing. That was Miss Mary. Miss Mary was her neighbour and dearest friend. There was an air of mystery about Miss Mary. She was kindness itself to Janie and the other children of the tenement—but it always puzzled Janie why a person, so seemingly well-to-do should live in a tenement, eat the plainest of meals and have no pleasures at all, as Miss Mary did.

Janie ran to the door.

"Miss Mary," she called, "May I come in and talk to you a little? I have to go for Daddy at five."

"Certainly, dear, bring your sewing," came the cheerful reply. Janie entered the room. It was considerably cozier than her apartment. Bright curtains and flowers helped a great deal. Janie sat herself down at Miss Mary's feet. She sat silently sewing buttons for a moment, then suddenly she looked up.

"Miss Mary—have you ever been in love?"

Miss Mary colored and did not answer for a minute.

"Why do you ask, Janie?"

"'Cause I've been reading about Jo and Laurie in 'Little Women.' I think she was mean to him sending him away like she did."

"But, Janie dear, it was far better for her to send him away even if she knew he would feel badly, than to marry him if she did not love him. We all make mistakes and we all live to regret them. I had a very dear friend at one time and we disagreed about such a trivial thing—as time goes on I realize how utterly small it was—and we have never seen each other since." Miss Mary stopped to brush a tear away, and then went on. "It was not all my fault and it was not all his—but I guess—perhaps I have awakened to those facts a little too late." A sad smile broke over her face and she shook her head. "Hasn't someone at some time said, to think before you speak? Oh, how I wish I had."

Janie was looking at Miss Mary with wonder-filled eyes. Miss Mary, her own brown-

eyed Miss Mary—was somebody's sweetheart! It was all too lovely for words. Janie fell at once to castle-building, but the clock reminded her that it was nearly five.

"Good-bye, Miss Mary. I'm sure that your very dear friend will come back." Janie smiled her sunniest smile and ran out.

It was a foggy day and at five o'clock all was dark. The street lamps threw long, ghost-like rays out into the mist. The October trees were dripping wet and far over in the west the storm clouds were gathering. It was a cheerless night, but Janie was alive with a new feeling. The golden glow of romance had settled upon Miss Mary. She reached the church just as the town clock struck five-thirty. The people were already filing out of the church. On the step stood her father, violin in hand.

"Here I do be large as life and twice as happy." Janie accompanied her words with a smile—which though her father could not see he must have been able to feel.

"I've got such a pretty bedtime story for you, daddy. I can hardly wait to tell it."

"That's nice, my lass; I will tell you of the wedding. Let us hurry home, for it is damp."

They were just turning off the main road when a closed car drew up to the curb, and a man leaned out.

"Would you like to ride?" he called.

Janie accepted without hesitation and her father, not knowing whether it was a friend of Janie's or not, offered no objections. They climbed into the car. In the dim light Janie saw the man was tall, with a grave and good-looking face.

"I was at the wedding—and I offered before to drive your—?" He looked at Janie, inquisitively.

"Father," smiled Janie.

"Father home," he went on, "but I'm

afraid he did not hear me. He plays beautifully."

"Oh, I am so glad you like it. I love to hear him play, but then that's only natural. He doesn't hear very well—you usually have to shout. Do you live near us? Don't let us take you out of your way."

"No—just tell me where you live. I have no place to go—and nothing to do. I—"

"Haven't you a home?" interrupted Janie.

"No, little girl—just a house."

The remark was slightly beyond Janie's nine-year-old intelligence, but she felt sorry for this stranger.

"But where do you eat your dinner and supper?"

"Anywhere—sometimes at the house and sometimes at a restaurant."

"Couldn't you come with us to-night? We're only going to have toast and tea, but I do wish you would come. We'd like to have him, wouldn't we, Daddy?"

Janie's father, being the father of Janie, nodded assent.

The man sat smilingly silent for a minute.

"I have a terribly nice bedtime story for daddy. You sees he goes to bed every night at nine o'clock, and I always tell him a bedtime story. I usually tell him something I have seen or heard during the day. And I did hear something I liked so much to-day. Miss M—oh, but I mustn't tell you. Please stay and you can hear it all."

The man was still smiling.

"Yes, I'll come. Thank you for asking me."

"Then tell your man to drive to West Eighty-Third Street. We live in a six-floor tenement on the top floor and there is no elevator. Do you still want to come?" Janie

looked as though afraid her new acquired friend might back out.

"Oh, yes, I want to come very much. I am most anxious to hear the bedtime story.

They finally reached the house and ascended the stairs. Janie bustled about and in less than fifteen minutes tea was spread. She was apparently a good housekeeper—and in an hour supper was over and the work all ended.

Janie seated herself at her father's feet.

"It's just seven o'clock. I can't keep my story another second. Would you mind if I started now?"

Both men smiled and told her to begin.

In her dear child's way, she told the story of Miss Mary's romance, her imagination flowering it in places and making up what had gone before that Miss Mary had not spoken of. She was not interrupted once and when she had finished she looked up to see her stranger friend gazing at her with earnest, oddly lighted eyes.

"What was Miss Mary's last name?" he asked.

"Martin," said Janie, simply.

"And she lives on this floor, right next door?"

Janie was astonished at the peculiar behaviour of her guest.

"Yes, and I reckon she's home now. She never goes out nights."

"Go and ask her if I may see her. Here, give her this, please." He hastily scribbled a few words on the back of a card and handed it to Janie.

Janie delivered the card, and when she saw Miss Mary's face grow pink her hands began to shake. It suddenly dawned on her. The stranger was Miss Mary's sweetheart.

But it was not until three weeks later, when she was flower girl at the loveliest wedding of the season that she fully realized it.



CONFESSIONS OF A MONOMANIAC

FOR the past four years I have been suffering from an extraordinary vile disease, named by a very shrewd and lucid writer of the nineteenth century, "intensive self-contemplation." You see I am not its first victim. I have a host of illustrious predecessors and not a few contemporary fellow-victims. Among the former I may mention Matthew Arnold and his gloomy companion, De Sevancour, men in whom contemplation of self became the substitute for contemplation of a lost religion.

To-day I have a most sympathetic fellow-sufferer in Mr. George Moore. How do I know it? I picked up a copy of one of his masterpieces of self-contemplation. On the threshold was Mr. George Moore himself confronting me with two soft, tearful eyes, a weak, simpering mouth and an expression which told me more plainly than his appended message, "Always yours," could ever tell, that George Moore was going to make me the receptacle of his unique thoughts and emotions whether I liked them or not.

I proceeded to glance through the book. I found to my discomfort that George Moore was indeed afflicted with my disease, only in a chronic and hence much more malignant form. In me this peculiar disease had so far worked devastation that I delighted in talking about myself to myself. In my more pitiable fellow-victim it had reached that perilous and almost incurable stage where the sufferer is obsessed with a mania for talking incessantly about himself to everybody else. The resemblance between our respective cases was sufficiently striking, however, to cause me no little alarm.

Horrors! Suppose this monomania of mine should attain such gigantic proportions that I should feel it my duty to spill my "ego" over five hundred pages! The thought was intolerable. I decided then and there that my ailment must be cured in spite of the fond ties which bound me to it. I must do something. If I must talk, I will talk about other people. I will talk, for instance, about my fellow-monomaniac, Mr. George Moore.

But perhaps I am doing Mr. George Moore a gross injustice by merely recognizing in him a monomaniac like myself. After "sizing him up" more accurately, I find he has not only that one obsession—himself; he has another and more interesting one—Catholicism. Years ago, apparently, Mr. Moore made a great endeavour to say good-bye to Catholicism. He did succeed in abandoning the reality, but its shade has been a colossal gadfly relentlessly pursuing him ever since. Maddened by its sting, he has at intervals turned around and told that gadfly what a mean, detestable insect he, Mr. George Moore, considers it to be. "You are a humbug!" he cries. When the gadfly protests, he calls in a London Bobby to prove it. He first shows the Bobby the text, "And on this rock I will build my church," etc. He then shows him the spectacle of Catholicism claiming that text as its divine basis. The Bobby in characteristic English fashion slowly turns the matter over in his mind and finally admits that it looks "pretty fishy." That text, if genuine, would be such an astounding proof of the authenticity of Catholicism that it simply cannot be genuine. It must

be a monstrous fabrication. And so Mr. George Moore with the superadded assurance arrived at by consultation with a London Bobby, cries out, "Humbug!" more bitterly than ever.

Mr. Moore also confides to me in a moment of advanced monomania that Catholicism will never produce any of the great writers of the world because the pressure of its dogma on the intellect tends to stamp out every impulse to speculation. Speculation about life has been the seed-ground from which the greatest literature has sprung and Catholics, according to Mr. Moore, refuse to speculate. This life, or any other life, is for the Catholic no enigmatical problem which may or may not have a solution. To those questions, "Why am I here?" and "Whither am I going?" questions so perplexing to inquiring minds, dogma has once and for all given a decided answer. Pos-

sessed of this answer, the Catholic can at best be only mediocre as a thinker. These observations, though devoid of that quality of certitude which observations invariably lack, are nevertheless very interesting. They are particularly interesting to a monomaniac whose mania may some day reach that final and desperate stage where the head, balloon-like, swells to such a magnitude that of necessity it bursts and pours its contents over five hundred pages. Should that time come, what a death-blow to the writer should he find those five hundred pages labelled by Mr. George Moore in black, forbidding letters, "Mediocre!"

But, shade of Hercules! I am no longer a monomaniac! I am more than one, for I have two obsessions—myself and George Moore. In fact, I am another George Moore.

Elsa Kastner, 2T5.

Youth

Like silver icicles strung on a slender bough,
The shining years go by for me;
I am so beauty-rapt I touch them now
Almost worshipfully.

When, wise-eyed, I shall hold them in my eager
hand,
But newly broke for my desire
To search their beauty and to understand
How ice is blent with fire,

Shall I still find them lovely as I find them
now,
With the dear joy of wondering gone,
Or shall I wish them back upon the bough,
Luring my fingers on?

Anne Sutherland.

To Camille

The biting blasts of March are blowing
 Cruel and keen;
 The snow-flakes smite each other
 In very teen
 That they should desolate the earth,
 And sorrow bring,
 When sunlight should be genial
 To herald Spring!
 Somewhat despondently I watch the snow,
 The dull, grey sky;
 With vernal hopes they seem
 So out of sympathy!
 "The whole world is indifferent,
 And no one cares
 About another. All are selfish, deaf
 To others' prayers!"
 I say within myself; when lo! a tap
 Is faintly heard
 Upon my door; a messenger it is
 With pleasant word,
 Bringing me lovely, fragrant flowers,
 Of rich, warm hue,
 My flagging spirits with new life
 Now to imbue!
 A message and a name complete the gift,—
 "Somebody cares,
 Someone is not indifferent," I say,
 "This offering bears
 The proof." Repenting of my sinister mood,
 With other eyes,
 I see the world, the wintry winds, the storm,
 And realize
 They have no power to blight my hopes;—
 Sweet flowers will bloom
 Despite the blasts, the dreariness
 Of clouds that loom
 On my horizon. "Only trust,"
 Whispers my heart;
 What tho' the world may be indifferent,

There live apart
 From its vain, fluctuant ways,
 Those who are still
 As constant as the northern star,—
 Such is Camille! Dorothy B.

The Quest

The noise of arms again is heard,
 Again the cannon's roar,
 The human army marches on
 To combat stern, once more—
 To combat stern, but triumph sure,
 Does Christ, the Captain, them allure.
 Not for the love of sceptre's sway,
 Nor aught of earthly gain;
 Not for the glamour of success;
 Nor honour, yet, nor fame;
 But souls to save from ruin dire
 Does Christ, the King, our aid require.
 He gives us weapons—strange they seem—
 To our unseeing eyes;
 He points the way of our advance—
 The Cross before us lies.
 The path is rough, bedewed with red,
 For Christ, our Guide, has gone ahead.
 And still, yes still, He goes before,
 In this stern but noble quest;
 He asks of us not e'en one stroke
 Till He has stood the test.
 Oh! can we then our hearts refuse
 When Christ his own strength doth infuse?
 No more to falter—though we know
 With Christ, we choose His Cross,
 But close beside this noble form
 We'll fight—nor count the cost;
 For though with Christ, life here is pain,
 With Him we'll share eternal gain.
M. St. L., 1T6.

JOY, THREE PARTS PAIN

Ireland!

It meant years of laughter and tears. It meant green fields with dank, sweet turf beneath. It meant home—that was peace. It meant Noreen—that was love.

And next month, Mike was going there—just next month.

The voyage!

It meant happiness, and sea-sickness, and anticipation. It meant smoky steerage dreams at night, and hot sunlit dreams by day—dreams of Ireland, damp with the sprays of giant seas, and green with the beauty of shamrock, and grass and growing things. It meant also two years of scrimping and saving, squalid lodging, worry and loneliness; and two deep wrinkles between Mike's eyes, that had, for brothers or cousins (as you like), two white hairs, which Mike, with Ireland's proverbial superstition, had left there, lest, in the extracting, the seeds, roots, and all other growing material for twenty other such hairs should find permanent residence in his round, curly, close-cut auburn head.

Oh, yes, Mike was Irish.

There were jobs and jobs, of course—but all filled up. There were shops and shops, of course—but they had no need of clerks. There was money and money, of course—but it wasn't Mike's.

That is how Mike, on his arrival, found America—the land of jobs, shops, and money.

Whereupon—being despondent, he sat himself down, and wrote to Mom, and Noreen, all about the great American millionaire, who, suddenly attracted by his face, had hired him—then and there—to do for him (the millionaire)

work of gravest importance. Soon he wrote, they'd see him again—here he gulped, blinked, and wrote, "Yure luv'ing son, dater, and swateheart, Michael Anthony O'Mara." Mike was blue, therefore his smile was bright—and his eyes fairly dazzled.

America! Of course—Mike's America was New York.

But then—though he was lonely, there was Ireland's outstretching mother-hand. Mike always trusted to that. He called it—luck.

Finally, desperate from loneliness, and a new kind of bewildering shyness, Mike suddenly encountered the map of Ireland, dressed in a blue uniform, brass buttons, and a shiny cap. He dashed towards it, magnetized. "Why, Tim Mullarty, if it ain't yerself I been looking fer all over America." And Mike's arm stretched out. The map of Ireland glared—looked puzzled, then grinned, as a great light spread over it. "Hullo, Brane, old scout, how is it with ye?" And his hand reached out, grasping Mike's in a painful, comforting grip. For, after all, Ireland is Ireland, isn't it? Even though your name is Pat O'Rourke, not Tim Mullarty, and even though you've never glimpsed this bold-faced, lonesome son of Erin in all your life. Sure—the fields are still green and you're going back some day. And then—they're all honest in Ireland.

Hence, Mike was dragged heartily, and with a pleasant warmth stealing around his heart, to a clean little fourth-floor flat, where a horde of young Mullartys—as he thought, but O'Rourkes in reality—dashed out and greeted him, first shyly—then, when he smiled, boisterously.

Next day, with two O'Rourkes hanging on his arms, one on each side, Mike saw his first show. His laughter was so hilarious, his tears so copious, that even the hardened O'Rourkes laughed and wept from sheer sympathy.

Three days later, with the aid of some papers, much persuasion, and more blarney, Mike, to his vast content, had joined that huge army of Ireland in New York—the police force. Immediately on receiving the uniform, he had his “pitcher took.” (A rich uncle had sent Pat O'Rourke, junior, a camera, which to Mike, was nothing in the world short of a marvel). Which “pitcher” having been duly developed, admired, and signed, “Yure loving son, dater, and swateheart, Michael Anthony O'Mara,” found its way across the Atlantic, over wide stretches of green fields, to the eager hands of Mrs. O'Mara and Noreen, who kept it under an old blue statue, and prayed for its reality to come back.

After a week, having avowed eternal gratitude to the O'Rourkes, he refused an urgent invitation to stay with them—Irish means pride, sometimes, and simple humility at others, but now, Mike's eyes were firm as he gently explained that—well—Noreen wanted him to be—er—independent, and so did Mom, and so did he. That this was inconsistent with his actions of the past few weeks, Mike did not want to see. He wanted just to do what was best—what Noreen and Mom said. He was Irish—he would explain.

The first pay day came a month later. An envelope was mailed to Mom, signed, “Yure loving son, dater, and swateheart, Michael Anthony O'Mara,” bringing not only one-third of his pay, but also the information, “Here's a wee trifle for ye.” This last for the greater honor and glory of his august employer, whom he familiarly dubbed “Uncle Sam,” to the im-

mense consternation, joy, and pride of the folks at home.

Now, having mailed this letter, and having blinked back some tears—because he couldn't go with it, he counted up the remainder of his money, adding it painstakingly on an old slate, until it made four hundred. Eight months it would take. Already he saw a little tidy cabin, with Mom and Noreen waiting for him. Eight months was a long time.

Thereupon, feeling the need of cheer, he dropped into Rathsky's pool-room, whence he emerged an hour later, poorer by one dollar and twenty cents, and richer by two cigars and a smile. Then as he traversed his lonely way back to his lodgings, a sudden happy thought struck him. Why not see a show? Alone? Here he frowned. Take the whole O'Rourke tribe? Great! Accordingly, and yet later, behold Mike, very happy now, ensconced in Tony's with an army of O'Rourkes, eating indigestible sweets with the keenest of relish, the bright tears yet in his eyes at the thought of the sad plight in which he had left the serial queen. Then—back to Mrs. Mavitz's boarding house, where he was met at the door by that admirable lady herself, a ponderous hand extending an ominous-looking script. Mike took it, dazed. It was his lodging bill, including laundry. He hadn't thought of that. Nevertheless he paid it then and there, without a murmur, even smiling; and few could smile in the face of Mrs. A. Mavitz, board and rooms, gents only.

Well, anyway, he had made someone happy that night, and wasn't that what Noreen had said to do?

Noreen! The thought of her caused him to stop, and as he remembered, his pockets grew lighter and lighter, till they seemed to shrivel away, and his heart became heavy, and

sank till his feet were laden with the weight of it.

An Irishman's propensity for saving is proverbial. So also is his stubbornness. That first month, Mike saved ten cents, which he dismally subtracted from four hundred dollars. Discouraging—truly! But, having made up his mind, Mike frowned and shook a miserable but resolute head as he stamped by the movie show, bright with the promise of serials, and past Rothsky's, where, being a good loser, he had been, therefore,—“A good fellow.”

Firm resolutions were made—and broken. Days came and went and Ireland seemed farther away, together with the little cottage where he and Noreen would be so happy, with Mom.

Finally, loneliness, sickness, and joylessness took away Mike's smile. True—his wit was sharp, and woe to the man, woman, or child whose brains were matched against Mike's. But then—sure—it was all professional.

However—he saved more.

Then—came to-day—when the glorious sum and total of four hundred dollars was reached, and cancelled on the old slate, when a steerage passage was booked and paid for—when Mike's brightest American dream would be realized in just one month. He felt happy. He smiled. He was going home.

Of course, Mrs. Mavitz fell ill. That was

concern of Mike's, because it was no one else's. Always, she said, she did something wrong at the wrong time. She had no—how you call it?—tact. Her back hurt—no doctor—no monee—no fren'—why was she born. What would the house do? She thanked Mike profusely, with many promises of quick restitution, as five of her ten long, greedy, dirty fingers closed over five crisp, new, ten-dollar bills.

No one could realize Mike's agony. It wasn't the giving; he would have done anything in his power for just a hurt dog. But it meant cancelling his passage—to Noreen—to Mom. There was enough left now to go there—but 'twould be a fine thing to go back without even an installment on their cottage—now wouldn't it?

So, smiling grimly, Mike walked slowly up and down his beat, all night; and he thought and thought, and wept a few dismal, shameful tears. But then—it was dark—and people can't see—even tears—at night.

A letter—bright, and full of cheer, travelled slowly across the Atlantic, far over stretches of green fields, to the eager hands of Mrs. O'Mara, and Noreen. It joked, and laughed, and said, at the end, “Another year, or less, perhaps, and O'll be with ye.”

It was signed, “Your loving son, dater and swateheart, Michael Anthony O'Mara.”

Genevieve Bibby.

Loretto, Niagara Falls.



HOLY YEAR OPENING

By J. J. McCARTHY

(Continued from last issue)

Or why should it be thought strange that in his court are to be found much of the pomp and magnificence that are admittedly a part of every earthly monarch's household? The representatives of earthly kings usually try to reflect in their establishments the dignity and majesty of their sovereigns. Doesn't it seem but proper and fitting that the Pope, the representative of the Sovereign of Sovereigns should do likewise? I always have thought so and will continue to think so, too, until someone can show me, by good arguments, that I should change my belief. With me, the regality of the Papal Court is maintained, not to honor the person of the Pontiff himself, as a man, but solely to honor Him Whom he represents. Thinking thus, I enjoy to the limit the gorgeous processions and other inspiring and imposing ceremonies in which he and his Court take part. And when I see them I feel proud and happy to think that I belong to the Church which can present such wondrously beautiful spectacles to man, while at the same time she can lead him to despise the things of this world for their own sakes and teach him that they are to be used for the honor and glory of God alone. Another reason why I like these functions so much is because they seem to me to raise one's mind and heart to God and the marvellous things He has in store for us in His heavenly kingdom. Really, at some of the grander functions, you would indeed think you were getting a foretaste of heaven. One such function was the ceremony

of the Beatification of The Little Flower—another, a Pontifical Vesper service at St. John Lateran during the recent sixteenth centennial celebration. The gorgeously-colored vestments, the masses of flowers on the altars, the heaven-like music, the blaze of light coming from hundreds of candles and electric lamps, the majestic movements of the Sacred Ceremonies themselves;—all combine to carry one out of one's self completely for a while and transport one to the ethereal spheres, where the angelic hosts chant a perpetual oratorio of praise to the Lord and Creator of all things, and where the company of the Blessed render unceasing homage to the Holy and Adorable Trinity.

But, going back to the procession, which I left wending its way down the long aisle: As the Holy Father entered the Basilica, the Papal Trumpeters, who were stationed in a balcony above the great bronze door at the entrance, began to play the Papal March. It is a stirring piece of music in itself, and played under such circumstances, never fails to send little thrills of pleasure up and down my back. The procession passed by me and moved up to the sanctuary which had been made around the Papal Altar and the Tomb of St. Peter. Here the Holy Father knelt for a few moments in silent prayer. During this, the choir sang "Tu es Petrus" (Thou art Peter). At its conclusion, one of the Cardinals read the proclamation of the Holy Father that granted to all who were present (and were in the state of

grace or fulfilled the necessary conditions of Confession and Holy Communion) a Plenary Indulgence. His Holiness then gave the Papal Benediction. This concluded the ceremonies, for immediately afterwards he was carried out of the Basilica. The procession of Cardinals, Bishops and others followed him out, and as there was nothing more to be seen, I tagged along with the crowd. When I got out into the atrium again I met a bunch of fellows from my Camerata who were trying to get through the Holy Door. I thought I might as well stay around for awhile and perhaps get another chance to go through it. After much squeezing and shoving and pushing about, we were told that we could not enter the Basilica by the Holy Door, but that if we entered by another we would be able to come out through the Jubilee Door. So into the Basilica we rushed and got into the jam that were trying to push their way out. Foiled again! We could not go out that way, but must go around by one of the other ordinary doors. That "got our Irish up" and we resolved to attain our object if we had to remain at the Basilica all the afternoon. We finally succeeded, but only after about half an hour's hard work. In the scrimmage we managed to secure several tiny splinters of marble and cement from the Holy Door. I have a few which I am going to keep as souvenirs. Well, that finished my experience at St. Peter's for that day. I had quite an eventful and a most enjoyable morning and was certainly very glad to have been there.

I was up to my eyes in work all afternoon, after returning from the morning's celebration, getting things in shape for our Xmas Eve services. They commenced about ten o'clock. We (that is, the community at large), went to chapel from the refectory. As is the custom here on Xmas Eve, the supper

is a long affair, as there is always a lottery and some music after the usual meal. Three other fellows and myself played a couple of numbers on the violin for the amusement of the boys.

The ceremonies in the church began with the singing of Matins. As this was concluded, the Bambino (I think I told you about this before)—it is an image of the Infant Christ in which is placed a piece of the Crib in which He was born—was brought in, placed up over the tabernacle and incensed. Then Solemn Mass was begun. The celebrant was one of the priests who had been ordained that morning. His parents were present at the Mass and received Communion from him. We also received Communion from him at this Mass. You may be sure that you received a most special and particular remembrance in my Communion and in all the three Masses at which I had the pleasure of assisting on Xmas. After Midnight Mass, Lauds was chanted. The community then went off to bed, but the sacristans still had a bit of work to do, so it was nearly two-thirty Xmas morning when I crawled into bed. As I had been up since about a quarter to five the morning previous, I considered that I had put in a pretty fair day's work. I don't mind the work though, as it is interesting and not very difficult.

I got up shortly after seven on Xmas morning. Breakfast was at nine, and a real fancy breakfast it was too, this year—fried eggs and cocoa in addition to the regulation bread and butter. After breakfast there was general recreation for awhile to give everybody a chance to wish his friends a Merry Xmas. Our community Mass was at ten-thirty. This Mass, also, was said by one of our newly-ordained priests. Immediately following this came the Solemn High Mass, which was sung by the

third of the new priests. All three of them got through their First Masses very nicely. The Xmas dinner was a real good one, though, of course, not just the same as one would get at home. After dinner, the three of us Americans had recreation together for awhile, then as one of them (the fellow who came over with me) wanted to go to St. Peter's and the other Basilicas, we got permission and started out. The Vice-Rector came with us. As we had only a couple of hours in which to get around, we thought the best thing to do would be to hire an automobile. So we started out on a search for one. You would think in a city like Rome a car wouldn't be hard to find—especially on Xmas Day. But the Italian chauffeurs, unlike their American brothers, like to rest on holidays as well as the rest of the laboring class. As a result, we had to walk about six blocks before we could locate a car. It didn't take us long to reach St. Peter's once we secured the machine. There was a great crowd at the Basilica. We passed in through the Holy Door, and after making a short visit before the Blessed Sacrament, went over to the chapel where Vespers were being sung and stayed there for awhile. There was some good music but nothing extraordinary. We couldn't stay long, as we had a good bit of ground to cover yet. From St. Peter's we sped up to St. Mary Major's. We entered by the Holy Door there too, and of course made a visit to the Blessed Sacrament. Vespers were just being finished. We were sorry that we could not stay for the procession with the Relics of the Crib, which was to take place right after Compline, but our limited time would not permit this. We had a good view of these holy relics, though as they were exposed in a glass case up on the high altar. As we were leaving the Basilica I thought to myself how privileged I was to

have heard even a part of Vespers on Xmas Day in two such famous churches as St. Peter's and St. Mary Major's. Even the thought of such a thing some years ago would have filled me with pleasure, and now here I was actually enjoying the reality. God has surely been very good to me all my life, and particularly so in the past few years. It was only a few minutes' ride from St. Mary Major to St. John Lateran. We nearly missed our chance here, as the place was just about to be closed up. Seems funny, doesn't it, to hear of a Catholic church closing up for the night at about half-past four in the afternoon? Practically all of the big basilicas here close after Vespers have been sung, or at the latest, unless there is some very special function going on, right after the "Ave Maria" (which as you know corresponds to our "Angelus"—only the time for it changes, instead of it being fixed as it is at home). We dashed up to the Lateran in our machine, dove out of the car and into the church, taking the first door we came to—we had no time to bother about the Holy Door—it was locked already anyway,—said a few Hail Marys before the Blessed Sacrament, and then as the sexton was becoming impatient and was loudly clanking his keys and telling us that the place was already closed, we had to leave. We still had St. Paul's to visit. As this is a mile or so outside the city limits, we knew we would have to hurry if we wanted to get in there that night. So we told the driver to go as fast as he could. He did, all right, and we whizzed along at a rate that recalled to me the ride we took from Naples to Pompeii. The chauffeurs in this country certainly know how to handle a car and shoot through tight places. Despite all our speeding, we arrived at St. Paul's only to find everything locked up tightly. We thought we

would have to come back home without getting in the basilica, but the Vice-Rector knew how to get around the difficulty. He took us to the Benedictine Monastery which adjoins the Basilica (the Benedictines have charge of St. Paul's). The monks kindly allowed us to go up into one of the small tribunes overlooking the high altar and there we made our fourth visit of the day. I think we had an extremely nice Xmas afternoon, don't you? The drive home from St. Paul's was a pleasant one. In fact, we would have been delighted to have had it prolonged for a couple of hours more. However, we had no cause at all for complaint, as we certainly had a much better Xmas celebration than most of the boys here. Solemn Benediction in our chapel closed the day's festivities. It was a day of great joy and happiness for me in more ways than one, as you can plainly see from what I have written. I really look upon it as the finest Xmas I have yet spent over here.

" 'Twas the morning after Xmas—six a.m.,
Not a creature was stirring in all the Sem."
(Except the sacristans—they're always supposed to be around).

After the crowd did roll out and come down to breakfast, our Cam. decided to go to St. John Lateran's and St. Mary Major's. So off we hiked—no autos this time. There were many pilgrims at St. Mary Major's. I noticed several clusters of them grouped around some of the side altars where priests, evidently of their parties, were offering up the Holy Sacrifice. There was one large group down near the Altar of the Crib. This is in a crypt-chapel, down under the high altar. With the relics of the Crib up over the Altar, the grotto-like appearance of the chapel, and the devout attitude of the worshippers, it did not require much imagination to call up a vivid picture of the

Cave at Bethlehem and the wondrous scene that was enacted there two thousand years ago. Many Masses were going on at St. John's, too, when we arrived there. We were able to enter by the Holy Door this time. (The Holy Doors in the three Basilicas of St. Mary Major's, St. John Lateran's and St. Paul's were, as you know, opened by Cardinals specially appointed for this purpose, by the Pope. We had a good morning's outing, visiting these two renowned old Basilicas. Although I have been in them countless times now, they still hold the same fascination for me that they did when I first passed through their doors and gazed on their manifold beauties.

That afternoon we took a trip to the Vatican Missionary Exposition. To avoid writing a description that would resemble one that you could find in any guide-book, I am going to pretend that you are accompanying me on my visits to the different rooms of the Exposition. I guess Reverend Mother will give you permission to make the journey with me, won't she? We can invite her along, too, if you wish.

Here we are, then, in the first of the little stucco buildings specially constructed in the Vatican Enclosure to house the Exposition. (This particular group of buildings we are now entering are in the courtyard known as the "Cortile della Pigna"). The first building is devoted to exhibits from Jerusalem and the Holy Land. Here are maps and diagrams of all Palestine showing the location of all the present-day basilicas as well as the location of the Temple and other places of interest that existed in the time of Our Lord. Miniature models of the Basilicas of The Holy Sepulchre, of the Crucifixion and of the Transfiguration give us a good idea of these famous temples. Enclosed in glass cases are various exhibits

from the Missions of Jerusalem—beautiful work in ivory and mother-of-pearl; lovely fancy work, done by the orphans; rich vestments; hand-painted pictures of the country and life in the Holy Land and a host of other interesting articles that we do not have time to examine properly. What we see in this room is an excellent preparation for the marvellous and truly magnificent displays which are to be seen in the other apartments of the Exposition.

From the Holy Land exhibit, where the missionary work of the Church was begun, we pass to another room in which there are gathered a great series of charts and diagrams illustrating graphically the History of the Missions from the time of the Apostles down to the middle of the nineteenth century. By glancing at these accurately prepared charts we can see immediately how great the Church has grown in these nineteen centuries. The parable of the mustard seed, narrated in the Gospels, is truly verified in Her. Starting with a mere handful of followers in Jerusalem, she has spread until there is hardly a place in the known world to-day that does not witness the offering of the Holy Mass and listen to the Words of Eternal Life uttered by her devout ministers.

This statistical room does not detain us very long. We are anxious to see more of the Exposition, so we pass into a third room, which is called "The Hall of the Martyrs." Here we find much to interest and impress us. Hanging upon the walls are scores of paintings representing the martyrdom of many a brave missionary. In China, in Japan, in India, in Oceania, in Africa—in fact in practically all of the missionary countries are pictures of the sufferings and death of some hero of Christ. The exhibits include relics of many of these martyrs. One

that particularly interests us is the cincture of Blessed Theophane Venard, who was martyred in Tongking, Annam. Have you ever read his life? It is a beautiful one. I have it and treasure it as one of my most precious books. In it is one passage that came instantly to my mind on seeing so many relics of martyrs. It is that referring to the emotions that come to him when he entered for the first time, the Hall of Martyrs in the Paris Seminary of the Foreign Missions, where he studied for the priesthood. He spoke of how the cangues, and pincers and heavy chains and all the other instruments of torture that were used on the martyrs were shown to him and his companions to prepare them for what they might expect to meet when they, too, went forth into the mission fields. And he speaks, too, of how the sight of these things only serves to increase his love and zeal for the missions and make him desire still more earnestly to begin his labors among the pagans of China and Annam. The sight of these gruesome articles stirs up something in me and makes we want to do something great for God. I am sure I will love the Missions more than ever before after this visit. We all can't be martyrs as these favored souls were, but we can and should help those whose every-day life is a living martyrdom. To see properly all the interesting articles in this room would require a whole afternoon in itself. We have time only to glance around at some of the more important exhibits before we pass into the adjoining room.

This room is called the "Ethnological Museum." In it are collected a great display of articles of various kinds which illustrate the different grades of culture of various peoples who have been converted from Paganism to Christianity. Charts and diagrams go into much detail of this interesting phase of Mis-

sionary work. We do not linger long here, though, as other exhibits are calling to us.

On leaving the Ethnological Museum we find ourselves in a room which has an especial attraction for us. This is the room devoted to the Missions of North America. Among other things we take particular notice of are some fine blankets woven by the Navajo Indians; many fancy baskets and a lot of bead work done by some of the other Indian tribes of our own great West and Northwest—sleds, snowshoes and articles of clothing by the Esquimaux of Alaska; similar things from the Indians in the Hudson Bay District and several photographs of Indian Schools in Arizona, Oklahoma and other Western States. Some life-like statues of the American Indian and a very fine statue of Father Marquette (modelled after the one in the Capitol at Washington) help to make us feel quite at home here. A glance at our watches reminds us that the time is flying by and warns us that we must hurry if we wish to see the entire Exposition in an afternoon. So we reluctantly bid good-bye to the room in which there are so many reminders of the good old U.S.A. and pass into another room which is called the "Central Hall of the Congregation of Propaganda."

The exhibits in this room are interesting in the extreme, as they transport to us Annam, India and the other countries under the jurisdiction of the Congregation of Propaganda. From the charts on the walls we gain a good idea of the vast amount of territory subject to Propaganda. We see more detailed exhibits of these countries beckoning to us from the adjoining rooms, so we hurry along to them. On our way we pass through a little corridor in which there are gathered many interesting things from Paraguay and the other countries of South America. There are many life-size figures of

the natives of these countries besides specimens of the flora and fauna to be found there. Some of the butterflies displayed are magnificent,—one would never believe such wonderfully delicate coloring were possible did he not actually see it. The huts made of rushes and straw, in which the natives live; the efforts of the Missionaries to teach them the truths of Our Holy Religion,—all are reproduced with great fidelity. All of the work on these exhibits (as well as on all of the other things on exhibition) were made by the Christians of the Missions. They are a wonderful tribute to the patience and skill of the hard-working missionaries, men and women, who are teaching these poor souls the arts of civilization as well as the Words of the Gospel.

But here we are now in the rooms devoted to the Asiatic Missions. When we see the extent of the exhibits here, we wish we had a month to spend looking around instead of only a couple of hours. As our time is so limited we will only glance here and there and stop before the more noteworthy of the exhibits. The Indian Room is very fascinating. Horrible-looking pagan gods; wizened old fakirs playing their flageolets before a cobra who raises its loathsome, hooded head; models of pagan temples, Catholic churches, schools and orphanages; curious work in ivory; magnificently worked vestments; and lots of other things meet our eyes as we try to take in the whole exhibit in a hurried walk around the room. Plenty of photos and models of the natives in their picturesque costumes beg us to stop and examine them more closely, but we must refuse, as our time is speeding by and we have much to see yet. So on we move and next find ourselves in the apartment devoted to displays from Indo-China. The general run of the exhibits is the same as that we saw in India, though, of

course, it is distinctly native to Indo-China in Character. Their gods and divinities are peculiarly their own; their mode of living, as exemplified in the various models on exhibition, has a style which is different in many respects to that we observed in India. The number of really excellent Catholic churches, cathedrals, schools and hospitals in this country is indeed a pleasing revelation to us who had no idea that the Church was so well established there. The blood of Theophane Venard and the heroes who both preceded and followed him has not been shed in vain! Please God, Indo-China will one day be entirely converted to the True Faith of Christ! As we are looking at the various objects displayed here, we notice one young Annamite (a Propagandist) who has discovered a model of his own Cathedral, and another who has found a fancily-worked Benediction Veil which his sister, a nun in Annam, made, and about which she wrote him. But we are losing too much time here, and we have no time to lose. So let us go to the rest of the Exposition Buildings which are to be found in the Vatican Gardens.

The first of these that we enter is the one dedicated to the Medical Section of the Missions. While this is rather a forbidding place to visit, still it will do us no harm to go in and have a look around. We shall know more about some of the dread diseases to be found in these far-away countries, which so far in our lives, have been but mere names to us. Yes,—here are charts and slides of practically all of the contagious and dangerous diseases to be met with in missionary countries. Malarial Fever, Small Pox, Typhoid Fever, Yellow Fever, various kinds of nasty-looking sores and itches, different species of consumption,—the terrible ravages wrought by these awful diseases are vividly brought home to us by the colored slides and

pictures shown here. Here, too, for the first time, we see the effects of that horrible disease, leprosy. What a sickness! Poor, bleeding stumps of fingers and toes; nostrils, mouth, eyes, the whole face dropping away bit by bit; the body a mass of festering sores;—poor creatures, what a life they must have;—what a death is theirs! And look at that sweet Nun (she was sweet once, but years of nursing these unfortunates have left their mark on her)—look how her face is beginning to be covered with the sores that tell their own story;—she, too, is now afflicted with leprosy. I know you have heard of Father Damien, who was the first to go out and nurse the lepers in the leper colony of Molakai. Here was a real hero for you! I forget now, how many years he labored among the lepers, alleviating their sufferings in every possible way and teaching them, at the same time, to be resigned to the Holy Will of God, but it was a good many. Inevitably, of course, he contracted the disease himself, and died, a martyr to his love for the poor abandoned lepers of Molokai. Since his death there have been many, many priests, brothers and sisters who have devoted their lives to nursing the lepers, and God alone knows the comforts, both temporal and spiritual, they have brought to these unfortunate victims of the wrath of the Almighty. We come away from the Medical Building thinking to ourselves that the Age of Martyrs is not yet finished, when men and women will gladly offer to condemn themselves to the living death of nursing the lepers.

I've always had a sneaking desire to see China. How about you? Has the "Celestial Empire" any charms for you? I hope it has, as here we are;—right in the midst of "Old Cathay." China has about the largest and finest display at the Exposition. (So far, at any rate,—Japan and some other places have not

been heard from yet). There are big pagodas and little pagodas; miniature Chinese temples; fierce-looking Chinese gods; Chinese houses; models of Chinese funeral processions and the old pagan funeral pyres (the latter made entirely of paper—a really marvellous piece of work) a plastic representation of the twelve grades of punishment in the Chinese Hell; beautiful Chinese silks; fancy lacquer work; quaint little articles carved out of precious woods;—in fact we are quite bewildered at the extraordinary display of wonderful, interesting and beautiful things. We learn more about China and her customs in the few minutes we spend in this room than we could in a month of Sundays from a book. Our visit to the Chinese apartment is made more agreeable through our meeting a Father Considine, a young priest from Maryknoll, America's own Foreign Mission Seminary, located at Maryknoll, New York State. He is here with the exhibit sent over from Maryknoll, showing the work done by the Fathers who have gone to China from there. Say! did you notice that Chinese bed? *Some* bed, isn't it? Big enough for Jon Ting-a-Ling and his whole family, and exceedingly fancy in appearance. But I imagine it is not so very comfortable, as there are no springs in it. Poor John and all the little Johns must lay on hard boards. I don't know whether or not the Chinese are a stiff-necked race of people, but they surely ought to be a stiff-backed one if they all use this kind of bed. We would gladly give more time to this fascinating Chinese exhibit, but it is drawing near closing time and there remain two or three buildings yet to see. So let us bid good-bye to the Land of the Rising Sun for to-day and journey on to Africa. On our way there we will stop for a minute or two in the little room where the Carmelites have erected a replica of life in Bagdad.

This is quite interesting, too. There is a miniature bazaar, with all the merchant's wares spread out to the gaze of the prospective purchaser; several street scenes; a couple of scenes showing the interior of a house in Bagdad; one represents the apartments of the women; the other the apartments of the men. To increase the reality of the exhibit, a graphophone plays several selections in Turkish.

So this is Africa! It's a part of it at least, transplanted to Rome for a year. There are plenty of sights here to interest us. The huts of the natives; the rudely finished churches and schools; a goodly supply of specimens of tropical fruits and vegetables; real banana and palm trees; massive tusks of ivory; a quantity of cleverly-done figures in ivory;—these are only a few of the things gathered together here. We determine to spend the rest of our time examining the articles collected from Africa, when suddenly we recollect that we have forgotten to visit the Library. Africa must wait until another day, as we want to see the Library to-day. This is back in the group of buildings in the Cortile della Pigna, so we have to hurry to get in before it is closed up for the day. We reach there all right.

To one interested in books, and more particularly books concerning the Missions and the work accomplished in the missionary fields, this Library is a veritable treasure-house of delight. Here are collected books, papers and pamphlets in practically every language known under the sun. There are dictionaries and catechisms and books of instruction in Arabic, Syriac, Chinese, Japanese, Hindustani, and all the other strange tongues of the Oriental peoples, to say nothing of the books to be found in Latin, Greek, French, German, Italian, Spanish and English. Among the historical books is one that has an especial interest for us. It is a re-

cord of the early Jesuit Missions in New York State. The book is open and its yellowed pages tell us the story of the torture and martyrdom of Father Isaac Jogues and his companions by the Iroquois Indians. A rude cut illustrates the event. We might profitably spend hours browsing about these historic tomes, but the official in charge warns us that he is about to close up the place, so we must leave.

Well, Auntie, now that you have seen the Exposition, what do you think of it? Isn't it a truly magnificent one and doesn't it give you a wonderful idea of the extent of the Missions, the hardships endured by the Missionaries, the splendid results obtained by them in their work, the customs and manner of living of the peoples among whom they labor? I enjoyed my trip immensely and I hope that you did too. I wish that I might have the pleasure of taking you to the Exposition in reality instead of just in imagination, as I have done now.

As usual, we had a big celebration here on the Feast of the Epiphany. Cardinal Laurenti said our Community Mass and gave us all Holy Communion. Needless to say, you received a special remembrance in both the Mass and Communion. The Mass was, of course, very nice and impressive. At the conclusion of this Mass the Oriental Masses began. We had Mass in practically all the Original Rites. The Armenian Patriarch celebrated Mass in the Armenion Rite at the high altar after our Community Mass. He is, as you know, of the same rank in the Oriental Church as is a Cardinal in the Latin and wears a red zucchetto, the same as a Cardinal. Masses at the other altars included one in the Chaldean Rite; one in the Syrian Rite; one in the Coptic Rite; one in the Roumanian Rite; one in the Malabaric Rite; one in the Maronite Rite. Masses in our own Latin Rite were also celebrated at the various

altars. I greatly enjoy seeing these different Masses and think them most interesting and instructive. They are indeed a magnificent proof of the Unity of the Church. Although most of these Oriental Rites are extremely pretty, from a ceremonial point of view, I don't think they can compare with our Latin Rite. They are, of course, more ancient and have undergone less changes in the rolling on of the centuries, but somehow there seems to me to be something majestic about our Mass that distinguishes it and places it far above the Oriental Masses. Now that I am in the sacristy I am learning a great deal more about them than I ever knew before.

Pontifical Mass was celebrated at ten-thirty. We were greatly honored in having for the celebrant, Archbishop Cieplak, Archbishop of Moscow, who, as you probably recall, was sentenced to death by the Bolsheviks in Russia about two years ago. Through the influence of Father Walsh, S.J. (an American) of the Papal Relief Mission operating in Russia, and also of the action of all the civilized countries in the world protesting against such an outrage, he was reprimed and sentenced to life-imprisonment in one of the Soviet prisons. Some time last year he was set free and came to Rome. On his arrival he was met by Cardinal Gasparri, Secretary of State, and several other Cardinals and prelates and taken at once to the Vatican where he had a special private audience with the Holy Father. It is said that His Holiness wept when he saw him. He is a pleasant-faced man, not so very tall, but well built and more sprightly than one would expect for a man of nearly seventy. His hair is snowy white and he looked every inch the venerable soldier of Christ that he is. I count it a great privilege to have kissed his hand and to have spoken to him, for he is, indeed, one of the

modern heroes of Catholicity. Except for a few wrinkles in his forehead, and even these may be only the marks of increasing age, you would never think that a little over a score of months ago this man, who now was singing the Mass in a voice as clear and distinct as many a young priest just ordained would be glad to possess, had stood before a tribunal of leering, mocking Bolshevik soldiers, on trial for his life. Nay, more—had been lodged for two years in a filthy Russian prison exposed to every indignity and submitted to harsh and ignominious treatment by a band of creatures who called themselves “Saviours of Russia,” but who were only a pack of human wolves, intent on destroying every vestige of morality and religion in the land. The account of his mock-trial (and that of his companions, many of whom were taken out and shot for the horrible crimes of teaching Catechism to the children, saying Mass and refusing to stop exercising these duties of their calling at the command of the Bolsheviks) came vividly to my mind on meeting this silver-haired Confessor of the Faith, and I felt that I was in the presence of a true martyr and saint. He was truly a “Martyr of Desire” for he smilingly and joyously accepted the sentence of death which his torturers meted out to him. God, in His Providence, ordained that he should not win the martyr’s crown just then, and spared him, perhaps, that he might perform still greater things for His Honor and Glory and win further merits for himself. After Mass he took dinner with us, and when he entered the Refectory, it would have done your heart good to hear the applause he received. I think we all felt the inspiration his presence seemed to emanate. It is not every day one has an opportunity to meet and dine with a man who personifies in himself those glorious heroes of

Pagan Rome who defied the Imperial Caesars, even as he had defied the blood-thirsty Reds of Russia, and were ready,—even anxious—to give up their lives for the Faith they possessed. It is certainly an inspiration for us to meet such a one, for it seems to bring us closer to those noble souls and at the same time give us a forceful example of what shall be expected of us, when, as Priests of God, we must go about doing good in spite of all opposition and be ready, at all times, to sacrifice everything, even life itself if necessary, when called to choose between God and Mammon. The Archbishop officiated again at Pontifical Vespers in the afternoon. We were to have had Bishop Allan, of Mobile, for these, but he took sick the night before and was unable to come, so Archbishop Cieplak substituted for him. The Vespers went off very nicely—we really surprised ourselves by the fine way in which we got through the Psalms. Our chapel, according to custom, was open to the public all day, from eight in the morning till five-fifteen in the afternoon. Quite a crowd of visitors were in for the various Masses and during the day. Solemn Benediction, given by our Rector, closed the day’s ceremonies. It was a busy day for me, but a happy day as well, as I did enjoy all the different functions.

We were up to the Vatican last Tuesday morning for our annual Mass and Communion from the Pope. The Mass was, as usual, most impressive. This is the third time now that I have had the great privilege of assisting at Mass said by the Holy Father and of receiving Holy Communion from his holy hands. I was as deeply thrilled at the Mass last week as I was at the first Mass. At the audience after Mass His Holiness came around to each of us giving us his ring to kiss and then presenting us with a nice little book. The book is

about St. Leonard of Port Maurice, who has been appointed Protector of Missionaries (those who give missions in churches, similar to those we have at home—not those who are laboring in the Mission Fields among the pagans) by His Holiness. He also gave us a very nice little talk and was quite jolly and

democratic with us. I thought he looked a bit worn and tired. He has aged considerably in the two years in which he has been Pope. It must be hard to be confined to the Vatican as he is, especially after being used to such an active life before. May God long preserve him to rule over His Church!



OUR "SNOW-BALL" RECEIVED AND ACKNOWLEDGED

Institute B.V.M.,

Via Venti Settembre 5. Rome 5.

June 15, 1925.

To the Community I.B.V.M. and Children in America.

Dear Mother and "Children,"—

You hear of people across the water, whose work is in urgent need of funds. You do not know them; they are not your kin. But you take up their cause and give and beg (which is more than giving) till you accumulate between you a heap of money and can write a cheque for \$300. It has reached me, this bright, yellow slip of paper, and has been put under the crucifix on my desk. Special things go there—letters with bad news, letters with extra good news; letters telling of people's sorrows; also such as tell of great joy. Little gifts of money going out to persons needier than ourselves, rest under the crucifix to get blessed, and so fructify in the spending. Gifts coming in lie there too.

And yours has come and lies there under the sacred feet as offered to the Master for whom we all work, as "if praying dumbly" for the dear contributors. And I, sitting here at my desk, look at our Saviour with His treasure, and feel your generous gift was given straight to Him for His work here in distant Rome; and I ask Him to bless you all and each in the way you each need most, and to bless the work you want to help.

The little community join with me in thanking you all for your great generosity. Three hundred dollars expanded into (perhaps) 7,500 lire, will be put into the bank until God gives us the rest of the wherewithal to buy the house we so much need.

Very many thanks again, dear Mothers and Children of the Institute B.V.M.

Your devoted

M. Salome, I.B.V.M.

A NIAGARA LEGEND

In those far away days before the white man invaded the red man's possessions, among the noted chiefs of the great Indian tribes, the one who was held in highest esteem was Tomohawk, who lived in the beautiful country near Niagara Falls. It is not, however, with Tomohawk our story deals, but with his fair daughter Lilliha. Many a young warrior fixed his heart on her, though they had already learned that her father had made a solemn vow she should remain with him always, and never be another's squaw.

In spite of insuperable difficulties a brave young warrior, Fleetfoot, resolved to defy the father and win the maiden. Lilliha was in no way opposed to his intentions and would gladly have exchanged her father's wigwam for the home of Fleetfoot.

Tomohawk somehow became aware of their secret meetings and in an angry rage ordered the warrior to be shot to death with arrows, and his daughter to be put under guard.

Many a night after this sad event was Fleetfoot seen by his old comrades riding at the edge of the forest just as he had often done in life, with the exception that horse and rider seemed to be shrouded in a thin white mist.

After some months, Chief Tomohawk, having no longer any fear for his daughter, allowed her to roam the woods once more.

One beautiful spring day she wandered listlessly along the banks of Niagara. When she reached Table Rock she rested awhile, gazing at the mighty waters. Above the roar she heard the distant echo of galloping horses. She turned her head to find the horses quite close to her, though the echo still sounded very far away.

In the rider she recognized her own Fleetfoot mounted on one white horse and leading another—all enveloped in a white mist that spread and rose toward the sky.

As Fleetfoot neared, he reached his hand to her and bade her mount. The hand she raised to clasp his, closed on—nothing. In the instant an arrow whizzed through the air took aim for her heart. She reached up again, and without any difficulty took the hand of Fleetfoot and mounted the white horse that stood waiting for her. They spurred on together directly over the brink, down into the giddy whirl of waters. Away below they found the happy hunting ground.

The mist that enveloped horses and riders still rises from the spot where they sank—have you not seen it? And the horses still champ below—have you not heard them?

Gertrude Banahan.

Loretto, Niagara Falls.

THE IDLER

Mellow sunlight penetrated through the trees, so burdened with leaves that their branches bent lazily down-ward, and changed yellow, dark or sandy heads alike to gold. Beneath the spreading foliage the progeny of the best and worst of Potterstown shouted and squabbled and laughed and with utter indifference obstructed the passage of an occasional touring motorist. All at once the mingled hubbub became one shrill voice:

"Bill, Bill, here comes old Bill!"

Then the entire horde, from Georgie-Porgie, the mayor's boy, to—just Johnny, who was nobody's boy, made one mad dash to the corner.

Idly sauntering, so idly, so aimlessly, that he seemed to drift with the wind; just as he had drifted since the most ancient citizen of his home-town could remember; just as he had drifted since the dreaded hereditary taint had sent his adored sister into exile, and the darkness of the tragedy had dimmed Bill's young eyes, had loosed his grip on the tiller of life, and made him bitter in his pride against all but the children who were his friends. Out from the bar and idly round the corner drifted Old Bill. His finely moulded forehead was seamed with thought, his rugged jaw was like iron, a half smile curved his strong mouth, but his kind, tired old eyes were slightly bleared, his step unsteady, and his voice hesitating and ashamed as he called in answer to the eager greeting.

With the unseeing eyes of innocence the boys flung themselves upon him, as had their elders before them, panting, and struggling

and demanding a new game and a story in one breath. Old Bill gently disengaged himself, and, as he had done every summer's day since years before they were born, sat down on Mallon and Burke's rickety steps, clinched his teeth firmly on the pipe which possessed the most abominable odour in the world, put his hands—a musician's hands—in his tattered pockets and gazed around, half smiling on the eager, joyous faces that imprisoned him in their midst.

"What shall it be?" he asked for the thousandth time. The clamor broke out afresh at this, but red-headed, freckled-faced Johnny, with the velvety Italian eyes, and the rich brogue, which he had acquired, heaven knows where! wormed his way to Old Bill's side. Johnny was no one's boy but Bill's, and they loved each other with single-hearted devotedness. Old Bill's face lighted up, but he only laid his hand on the boy's shoulder as he slid into his accustomed place on the step below him.

"Tell us a thrue stor-ry, Bill," said Johnny, rolling his "r's" deliciously.

"I should say I won't," said Bill, and a shadow passed over his eyes like a fleecy cloud over the sun. "My true stories, the only ones I know, are not the kind of stories for a village tramp to tell the off-spring of the leading men of the town on a rare June day like this. Anyhow, real people in Potterstown are not nearly as entertaining as made-up people. Most of us like it best when people do as we want them to, and though even made-up people, the children of our brain don't always do just that; they're

much more satisfactory than real people, at least the people of Potterstown, except always you, Johnny."

As usual, before Bill had told three words of his story, he was rambling on to himself with an occasional half-mocking aside to Johnny, who chewed a tooth-pick meditatively and gazed up earnestly into the old man's tragic eyes and twisted face. Bill always talked like this when he came out from his morning visit to the bar, was always caustic about the townspeople who exiled him and even hesitated in allowing him his one delight—the company of their children. He spoke flippantly this morning, but the children heeded him not at all. Only Johnny's Irish sixth sense and his Italian sympathy detected something bitter and acutely unhappy behind the barrier of careless words.

Johnny knew that something was wrong with Old Bill, knew that something was always wrong, and all his passionate nature rose up in him, strong in love, to contend against it. A spasm of pain convulsed his angelic face, and unwilling that Bill should know he suffered—though he did not analyze the impulse—he slid away as quietly as he could and started

to cross the street, quick tears blinding him and an aching lump in his throat.

Then it happened.

Johnny had a sudden vision of a shining black monster descending upon him; the screeching of brakes was in his ears. In the flash of an instant Old Bill was there. The mist of the years was cleared from his eyes, his mouth was set in the old firm line as he dashed into the street with all the vigour of youth and forcibly hurled the boy to the side of the road. The next moment the sleepy old thoroughfare was alive with people hurrying to the centre of the excitement. In the middle of the road Old Bill lay, his grizzled, bleeding head on Johnny's knees, Johnny's tears falling on his face, Johnny's agonized sobs in his ears.

Feebly Old Bill took the hand that clutched his sleeve and tenderly whispered, "Good-bye, old man!" For a moment his face was contorted with pain, then it passed, and it was Old Bill again, who had idly, aimlessly drifted into eternity.

And who shall say aught of his title—Over There?

Peggy Meehan.

Loretto, Niagara Falls.



THE COLONEL

It was a very glorious June morning. Colonel Alder, frock coat, broad-brimmed hat, and picturesque back-ground was strolling down the maple-shaded street on his way to the beacon-light of all good citizens of Alderville, the *Daily Star*, owned and "personally, fondly, if poorly, suh, managed by youah humble servant, James Alder. Business men, hurrying housewives, ragged urchins, everyone hailed him, "'Morning, Colonel," and to each he smiled benignly and repeated graciously, "'Mornin', suh," "madam," or "young man," as the case might be, and each passed on his or her way with a respectfully, almost reverentially kind thought for the Colonel, God bless him!

But though the Colonel's exterior was as bland and flawless as ever, his interior was fairly seething. In the days of his grandfather the *Star* had been a brilliantly twinkling member of the literary firmament, but since then it had struck firmly to its five points and its methods of twinkling, whereas, its rival luminaries had grown in splendour and become rather lurid in colour. But the Alderville *Daily Star* had remained true to the traditions and usages of the Alder family, and therefore, to put the truth plainly, bluntly, the coffers of the house had run low. Meanwhile the *Eagle* had established its precarious eyrie, and at present was occupied in soaring persistently and successfully towards the *Star*. The old régime, as a matter of course, supported the *Star* as always, but these were thinned out now, and the fast-swelling influx of new people with new ideas, together with some bearers

of distinguished Southern names, found food for their over-reaching, shrewd and typically modern minds in the columns of the *Eagle*. All of which is why the Colonel strolled on his way that fair June morning, outwardly as ever, and inwardly seething.

To add to the Colonel's troubles, his tempestuous daughter was due that evening. Amantha had left the Bluegrass country to go north to college four years ago, and was now, at the close of her school years, a blend of fascinating contradictions; but Amantha's voice was still a soft and lovely drawl, her face very charming, her aureole of flaming hair a real glory, and her heart pure gold. Nevertheless did the Colonel, who at the moment was sore worried lest he should not be able to pay the office staff that Saturday, alternately dread and long for the coming of this wholly delightful, but rather dangerously expensive daughter. Suddenly a cheery voice at his elbow broke in on his consciousness, "Good-morning, Colonel!"

A pleased smile lit up the old man's face as he turned to greet the newcomer. It was a daily occurrence, the meeting with this young stranger with his clear eyes in tanned face, his laughing lips, and his broad, muscular shoulders. The Colonel did not know the young man's name, since he had never volunteered it, and the Colonel was over-nice about such things, it seemed likely that he never would. As usual, they walked a few blocks together, chatting agreeably, and then separated and went their ways, the Colonel bowing with courtly grace, and the breezy young

stranger taking off his invariable gray felt hat, and sweeping the ground with it in a grand and formal salutation which puzzled the good Colonel sorely. To-day, just before they reached the corner, the young man said very casually, "Amantha is coming home to-night, isn't she?"

Startled and rather offended, the Colonel said with some stiffness, "Yes, my daughter returns from college this evening, but sub—"

"Fine girl, Amantha," interrupted the young man with total disregard for convention. This remark rather gave the Colonel a jolt; he only spluttered. At length he articulated, "My dear young gentleman, I was not aware that you knew my daughter!"

"Never mind, Colonel," said the young man soothingly, "I have the best of references—the very best, they're very far away. And then, too, Colonel, there's no denying, Amantha is a fine girl." Then looking around, he said regretfully, "I'm afraid I must leave you, sir! Good-bye, Colonel," and, doffing the battered hat as if it were plumed and velvet, the young man was gone as suddenly as he had come.

For a moment the Colonel stood watching the long, lanky figure as the agreeable stranger dove around a corner; then he shook himself. "My word!" said the Colonel. And, obviously somewhat distracted, he went on his way, his step a trifle slower than before.

Shortly he was joined by his contemporary and life-long friend, Judge Thompson, who, ordinarily inclined to be rather verbose, was unduly silent. After a moment the cause came out.

"'Didn't know you knew Andy Dover, Jr.," said the Judge, a trifle gruffly. (Andy Dover was the editor, owner, manager, the chief reporter of the Eagle).

"Know Andy Dover! Why, I wouldn't speak to him!" answered the Colonel hotly.

"Wouldn't speak to Andy Do—, well, well," and the Judge, chuckling softly, changed the subject.

Amantha being Amantha, had wired somewhat incoherently that she was coming home, but had made no mention whatsoever of the train. Thus at seven-thirty she arrived tempestuous, bewildering, fragrant and beautiful; her red-gold hair rendered more startling than ever by a black and white and yellow costume, in itself a trifle amazing; needing no herald but the sound of her high, clear young voice.

In a few moments she had the whole town flocking in to see her, and the Hall was bedlam until at length, by much diplomacy and skilful manoeuvring Amantha got every one out, and, sending her delighted and rather overwhelmed father upstairs to dress, she went straight to the telephone.

"2908!—Yes, please. Hello, may I speak to the Judge? if you please; this is Amantha Alder talking. Hello, Judge! This is 'Mantha—M-hm! I should say so,—just as I expected. All right, just as we originally planned; yes and hurry! Right away, quick! Bye-bye."

Musing, she stood a moment, then she laughed, a happy, excited little laugh, and moved slowly up the stairs, a light in her eyes.

Less than a half hour later the Colonel from his room heard the mellow notes of the old piano from the drawing-room below, and smiling proudly to himself, hurriedly gave a last anxious look in the glass and proceeded downstairs. As he neared the drawing-room he heard the sound of voices, Amantha's clear one and her infectious laugh rising above the piano and the others. The Colonel stopped in the doorway. His daughter, radiant in shimmering green, had her back to him at the

piano; Judge Thompson was standing facing him at the right, and from a deep chair beside Amantha, the long, bronzed and amazing young man of the Colonel's morning walk, uncoiled himself.

"Allow me to present Mr. Andrew Dover, Colonel Alder," said the Judge sonorously, "And the man I'm going to marry, Daddy," called Amantha over her shoulder, "And let us hope," gravely said the surprising Mr. Dover, "the co-editor of the Alderville Daily Star and Eagle, Colonel."

Amantha broke off precipitately and swung her silver feet around the piano bench. "That's not much of a name," she objected, "can't we think of a better one than that, people?"

All of which explains satisfactorily, I think, why the Colonel did a strange and uncourteous, but literally unavoidable thing, and sat down while his two highly-esteemed guests were still standing.

Damaris Keats.

Loretto, Niagara Falls.



II.—"THE RETURN OF THE NATIVE"

(Continued from page 128)

Thomas Hardy ranks among the most powerful exponents of the realistic novel. Moreover, his works are thought to contain the most thought and substance since George Eliot. Psychology, as well as real life, supplies him with material for his stories. Hence, they deal, not with the great clear emotions, but with a complication of them. The greatness remains, but the clearness is gone. For the study of these passions, Hardy supplies an appropriate natural setting, frequently Wessex. Consequently one group of his novels is called "The Wessex Novels." The fifth book of this collection, "The Return of the Native," is one of his best.

Technically, every novel is made up of two parts, plot and setting, closely interwoven to form a harmonious whole. The structure of the plot, however complicated, is based on a triangle. Its vertices represent the principal characters, the lines connecting these vertices, the accomplishment of the plot. Let us con-

sider the "Return of the Native," in this way.

The upper vertex of a triangle must be allotted to the character whose development plays a most important part in the plot. We, therefore, assign it to Eustacia Rye, for it is her capricious pride and ambition that cause the entanglement of the other personages in the story. Clym Yeobright, the hero, is placed at the right vertex, while the left belongs to Wildeve, the "villain." In the case of this book, the right side of the triangle must be extended to include Thomasia Yeobright, Clym's cousin, and his mother. Early in the novel the connection between Wildeve and Eustacia is shown. Wildeve and Thomasia had gone away to be married, but owing to some mistake in the license, the ceremony could not be performed. Thomasia returned home with the riddleman, Renn, who serves as a connecting link between the other characters. Eustacia, to gratify her vanity, reasserts her old influence over Wildeve to prevent him from marrying

Thomasin. Finally, through the agency of Renn and return of Clym, the marriage is accomplished. Eustacia, who has seen in this returning native the personification of the gaiety of Paris, tries to attract him. His mother is opposed to her, but they are married. Thus the action of the plot is complete.

Then the counterplot, which serves to disrupt the connection established by the main plot, begins. The brief glimpse of innocent joy shown during their early married life, tends merely to deepen the shadow of the impending tragedy. Clym's ideal is to establish a school for the education of the peasantry. Although Eustacia has remained silent, she has cherished the hope of prevailing on him to return to Paris. Her ambitions are rudely shattered. Clym loses his sight through overstudy and becomes a furze-cutter. In the meantime Wildeve has received a legacy. This occurrence gives him, once more, a strong attraction for the disconsolate woman. The climax of the tragedy takes place when, by evil chance, Clym's mother is turned from her son's door on her first visit. While recrossing the heath, she dies. As a result Clym and his wife quarrel and each return to the old home. Both are heart-broken.

One dark, rainy night Eustacia sets out to run away with Wildeve. She cannot, however, bring herself to commit such an act. Insane with despair, she chooses a course which seems almost natural in one of her wild, impulsive nature, and leaps to her death in the stream of the Weir. Clym, who has been warned of her strange movements, arrives at the same moment as Wildeve. Both attempt to rescue her. Wildeve is drowned, but Clym is saved by Renn. Thus, the three sides of the triangle are broken with one sweeping stroke and the tragedy is complete.

The plot is impaired, however, by the addition of the sixth book, "Aftercourses." A lukewarm happiness is conceded to Renn and Thomasen, while Clym realizes his ideal by becoming an itinerant preacher.

The natural setting of the story is very appropriate. The sombre monotony of the health blends into the moods of the characters portrayed, heightening their intensity, and at times even producing them. This constitutes the physical background, rich in detail, but with that detail, duly subordinated to the plan. Mingling with it so intimately that they form an intricate part of it, are representatives of the Wessex peasantry—Christian and Granfer and Susan Mousuch. They give the comic relief to the general sad tone of the story.

In the first book the author gives us an impression of the tremendousness of bleak Egdon Heath. Then across the picture silently floats a panorama of the country folk. There is a wild scene, depicted with quaint, almost grotesque humour and full of strength. Thus Hardy, at the beginning creates the right atmosphere which he sustains all through the novel.

Hardy has bestowed much attention to the portrayal of character development and its reaction to environment. His characters express a very pessimistic, pagan philosophy of life—"What fates decree men must needs abide, It boots not to resist both wind and tide." All through the book we are conscious of an ever-present third person, emphasizing all the gloomy, hopeless things.

"The Return of the Native" gives us a fairly true picture of life of the time, overshadowed, however, by expression of revolt against existing conditions. The story is told with an almost classic simplicity, unity, austerity and singleness of effect.

Frances Fitzpatrick, 2T8.

THE BELATED LETTER

The twilight hour brings memories, but of all those that fill my thoughts, the school-day ones are the dearest. I like to sit at the window and watch the twinkling lights of the city appear. Each recalls to me the memory of some friend and when darkness settles down upon this tired and weary land and the twinkling beacons in the distance have ceased to appear, my wandering thoughts return to Ann Gray.

She was at school when I arrived and I soon learned that she was loved and respected by all. Being of a curious turn of mind, I set about to discover the virtues with which she had won for herself such great admiration. Whether my interest in her was evident or whether she became interested in me, I cannot say, I only know that we became fast friends. The following years served only to strengthen our friendship, nor did it end till there came to Ann that final call which took her across the Great Divide into the Great Beyond.

When Ann was eighteen she went to spend her vacation with her aunt, who lived in the south. We wrote to each other regularly. At first her letters were filled with the praises of Aunt Laura and the admiration of that land of blossoms. These were succeeded by descriptions of parties and dances she had attended, and finally the name of Paul Murray appeared on every line. Gradually the letters came less frequently. Then one day came the announcement of her engagement to Mr. Paul Murray and a note begging me to come to her as soon as possible. I set out immediately and arrived two weeks before the wedding.

Ann met me at the little station alone, and during the drive to Aunt Laura's, she told me of all the happiness that had come to her since we had parted. Her fiancé was, in her mind,

a model of beauty and goodness. Of course, he wasn't a financial success, but then her money would support them. This piece of news took beloved Paul down a step lower in my estimation, but I held my counsel and listened to dear Ann painting their future in roseate hues.

That evening brought Paul, tall, debonair and so courteous! He was all that one could desire in outward appearances, but after conversing with him for half an hour, I decided that good looks do not necessarily make the man.

The days sped by as if on wings and at last the day of days arrived. The little church was picturesquely decorated, but through all the flowers and satins, Ann's sweet face alight with immeasurable happiness, shone like a star against a midnight sky. The ceremony was soon over and the happy couple amid their friends returned to Aunt Laura's.

While Fair Fortune was playing its part at the church, Fate in its mysterious manner was bringing to Ann a letter from far away India. It came from the captain of her father's battalion, bringing the crushing news of his death and the loss of all his worldly goods. Dear Ann, orphaned and penniless, turned to her husband for comfort. Then Paul dropped the mask and showed his true colours. He heaped reproaches upon her innocent head, sympathized with himself and under the cover of darkness, fled and was heard of no more.

Aunt Laura and I discovered that the letter should have reached its destination a week before it did. We do not question the ways of Destiny, but I can't help wondering why that fateful letter was delayed.

Bernice McInnis.

Loretto, Niagara Falls.

DATES WITH MY DIARY

May 29, '26.—I, Diana Margot Barry, on this, my seventeenth birthday, have come to the conclusion that life is not all that it's cracked up to be. Last night Dad called me to bed at 10.30 when Terry Kerr was here. And that's not the worst of it, either. He actually said, "Kickey, it's time you were in bed; it's 10.30." Kickey, that terrible baby name! I just know Terry won't understand how it is to be the baby of the family and to be treated as such. Dad always calls me Kickey, although I have asked him several times to be very careful when there is any one around. He, Terry I mean, is quite old—twenty-one, I think—and I'm sure he is not used to calling on girls who are told when to go to bed. But somehow I'm not as sorry as I thought I would be, because I never noticed till to-night that Terry has a slightly receding chin. I'm not sorry that they are moving away. And the more I think of it the more I see how silly I was, even at the beginning of this, to care whether Terry ever comes again or not. You see the new railroad is going through Linsley and the government is buying houses right and left. I will just die if ours ever goes, though Dad says he can't hold out against the government if they give him the price. Kerr's house was among the first to go. And when I heard that old Mrs. Arlan's had been sold to make room for the bridge, I just wept barrels. That dear old lady has lived there ever since she was a little girl, and to think that after all these years they are going to take that old house out by the roots and move it over to Heath street! It just makes me boil. I don't see why the contractors could

not have been more considerate and build their bridge somewhere else. But she is facing it bravely, and says, "What is must be," in which I don't altogether agree with her.

My birthday present hasn't arrived from Kantick yet, but Dad says it ought to be here this evening. I shall be very much surprised if it's not a rattle.

May 30, '26.—Oh! my dearest Diary! I can't talk fast enough to tell you what the present was. And you'll never guess. A Stutz Bear-cat! Isn't that perfectly gorgeous? Oh, and how it can go! Dad had a man all the way from Kantick to teach me to drive and I have been out all morning. It was awfully easy, because I have driven Terry's for miles. Although his is not a Stutz, but a Buick. It doesn't make much difference, though, because once you learn to drive any car you find the others are very much the same. I must tell you about it. It's grey and long and low. The upholstering is dull scarlet leather and the trimmings are all shining nickel. There is a little cubby-hole in the back large enough to hold a picnic basket and other things. It has balloon tires and the brightest of lights. The doors do not open, but you step over, and when you sit down in the seat you sink about a mile. The engine purrs like a charm, and oh! I am just crazy about it. I've decided to call it "Rip," because that's what its going to do. This sleepy little town is surely waking up. They started work on the new bridge to-day, which will go across the river from Mrs. Arlan's to the pasture. Dad says the government is looking for a site for offices now. They simply must overlook our house. I love it so,

standing way up here on the hill. How I would miss looking down on drowsy little Linsly first thing in the morning and last thing at night. I must leave you now, dear Diary. I hope you won't be neglected in the days to come, but with 'Rip' it's going to be awfully hard.

June 2, '26.—Well, old dear, what do you think has happened? I had a blow-out. Yes, a regular one, way out in the country. It was wild, I tell you, because balloon tires are about three times as hard to change as the others. Rowdy, that's my dog, you know, or do you, Diary? Dad brought him home from the war. He was then a tiny pup, a Belgian police dog. He's my best chum, outside of you and "Rip." Well, as I was saying, I was whizzing merrily along the Soddem Road when bang! and my heart went down to my sandals. I made a desperate attempt to fix it and succeeded in getting the tire off all right, but I had not the vaguest idea of how to put it on. You see, the man from the city was to come out to-day to give me a lesson on tire changing, but he didn't turn up, so I didn't bother waiting for him. Nana, my dear old nurse, who has taken care of me ever since my mother died, sixteen years ago, packed me a most delicious little luncheon and I ate it at Halfway, under the old elm by Poets' Delight. Rather a silly name for a stream, don't you think? No doubt some long-haired person, who considered himself a poet, named it. Well, it was on the way home, about three o'clock in the afternoon that this happened.

After struggling for half an hour, I looked like the tail end of a mis-spent life and had accomplished nothing. I was just about ready to weep when Rowdy jumped up and barked sharply. I listened and heard a "chug?-chug-y" noise; it sounded like a motor cycle,

and, oh joy, it was! I hailed the rider eagerly and he came to a halt beside the car.

"Is there anything I can do for you?" he asked me. He had an awfully nice voice and he was very, very, very good-looking.

Just my luck to meet somebody like that when I am covered with oil and grease.

"Would you mind sending a man out from Flanagan's garage to fix this?" I pointed to the dismembered tire. But he hopped off his motor-cycle and had the tire fixed in less than no time. I was very grateful and told him so. He asked me if I thought I could get home all right or would I like him to ride near in case of any accidents.

"You are Miss Barry, aren't you?" he asked me. "I have seen you tearing around town in the Pussy. I am Bruce Starr, in charge of the new bridge."

I had heard Dad say that Starr was a very clever young architect. But I could never really forgive him for taking Mrs. Arlan's house. I was angry then in spite of the fact that he had fixed my tire. "You are the very person I am looking for, or at least I intended looking for," I said.

He bowed low. The part in his hair was lively and straight, Diary dear, and he wore those knickers that all the movie stars wear. Nobody has them around here except Mr. Doane, who comes down from Kantick to spend the summer. Anyhow, he's about forty and wears plaid ones. There is really no comparison between his and Bruce's brown ones, all tucked into shining leather leggings. But his straight part and knickers could not excuse him for taking Mrs. Arlan's house from her, and I told him so, only not exactly in those words. He promised to see what could be done about it and said that he might let me know in a day or two. I wonder if he will.

June 5, '26.—You can't imagine what Dad did last night? He brought Bruce Starr home for dinner. It was terribly humiliating after what has happened. You will understand better in a few moments. You see, I have been speeding out on the country roads a good deal lately. One really must learn to go fast on account of the hold-ups and robberies that you read so much about. I know there are no cops on around Linsley, so I am not afraid to let "Rip" rip. I mean, I was not afraid. Yesterday afternoon I had her up to 45 when I happened to glance in the reflector and what should I see but a speed cop following me. I was really angry at myself for I knew that if I received a summons Dad would refuse to let me drive beyond a certain speed. So I stepped on the gas, hoping to evade him by the short cut at Kelm's Corners. But no hope. Those patrolmen know their business. In a few moments he drew up beside me and told me to stop. He looked very stern and forbidding in his goggles. He took my name and threatened to have my license taken away. I argued with him: "There wasn't a car in sight, Officer. There never is out this way. Not even a chicken. And I never speed when there's danger of hurting anything. I haven't had enough experience yet. But I'm getting on fine," I added cheerfully.

And then he became terribly angry and ordered me to turn around and follow him into town at the speed of ten miles an hour. Imagine how ridiculous I would feel going down Main street like a lawful prize of war, following the victor! We stopped in front of the City Hall and I was angry enough to weep. A whole crowd had gathered around and then the officer started preaching to me about driving at that rate always. I was mortified to death, and then that creature took off his goggles

and it was Bruce Starr! I just hate him now. He certainly thinks he's about "It." I must go now, as Norah Vair is coming in for dinner.

June 17, '26.—Do you feel terribly neglected? I'm sure you must, Diary, because I have not paid much attention to you lately. But the truth is that Jimmy Vair brought three boys home from college with him and Mrs. Vair had a house-party for them. It was really lots of fun. We spent most of our time over at Gregory Lake. The new Casino is paying wonderfully because they have hired an orchestra of young college boys who can play dance music to perfection. But the house-party is not the most important thing that has happened. Neither is the fact that Terry came up to say good-bye last night. I saw him go without a pang. It makes me laugh when I remember how I once thought I should hate to see him go. I am saving the big surprise till the last. Bruce came up last night about 9.30 to show me his new plans. By some slight change the tracks are to skirt Mrs. Arlan's property and come down by Milton street. I don't think for a minute that my words had anything to do with the change, because the town sent in a petition asking that the poor old crippled lady's house be left untouched. The fact that it is a beautiful old mansion and has been handed down for generations, carried weight, I imagine. Anyhow, old Mrs. Arland is very happy about it. Bruce is very intense and I like him a good deal better than Terry. His chin is anything but receding and he talks well, which is something that Terry couldn't do, except about himself.

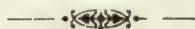
May 29, 1944.—My darling old Diary, do you know that it is just eighteen years since my pen last touched your dear paper. Eighteen years! Such happy years they have

been! Full of joy and happiness and a little sadness. Do you know what I would like to say now? I believe that I am the happiest woman alive. Bruce and I have been married fifteen years and we are still in love. My daughter Beverly is not yet, thank goodness! old enough to own a bear-cat. She is a sweet, sunny, little child with curly hair and blue eyes. But little David looks like Bruce. He is

a sturdy little chap of four happy summers, with solemn brown eyes, but no part in his hair, as yet. Good-bye, dear Diary, for awhile, and let me whisper something in your ear: I, Diana Margot Starr, on this, my thirty-fifth birthday, have come to the conclusion that life is "all that it's cracked up to be, and more."

Loretto, Niagara Falls.

Isobel Griffeths.



THANKSGIVING, 1924

By ANNE SUTHERLAND

"O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is Thy name in all the earth! Thou hast crowned the year with Thy goodness . . . I will offer to Thee the sacrifice of Thanksgiving."

For the cycle of the year's and each season's dower of beauty and richness—spring and the sweet earth's awakening, the stir of young life in clean soil, fragrant air and clear sky, bursting bud and building nest, and the bubbling river's little liberty song; vivid green on far hilltops and blushing dawn and quickened heart-beat; then the earth's lovely girlhood, and June, months of lovers, a great scattering of rose petal confetti and a mighty burst of marriage-song from feathered throats, and summer is upon us. Summer, the world's festival time, when dawn is a rose and noon-time drenched with molten gold, and dusky eventide finds the world a monastery garden of a million perfumes and harmony of song fit for an angel's ear! Graciously, beautifully, the summer matures, till, in every yellow field and laden garden and fruited orchard, Canadian harvest calls for garnering. Winter follows and the world is hushed, white-robed, starry-

eyed, awaiting and then proclaiming the miracle of the Christ-Child's birth! Each season comes just when, as the wise Creator knows, human hearts are ready for a change, to take its part in the slow-unfolding panorama of God's bountiful year! And now, at Thanksgiving time,

"Our common mother rests and sings,
Like Ruth, among her garnered sheaves;
Her lap is full of goodly things,
Her brow is bright with Autumn leaves.
O, favors every year made new;
O, gifts with rain and sunshine sent,
The bounty overruns our due,
The fulness shames our discontent."

Genius finds also, in Canada's youthful and vigorous beauty, inspiration untold to frame her dainty verse, tint her gorgeous picture, build her stirring sermon and weave her sweet cadences of song. The poet patriot looks on her fair face and cries from the depths of his heart, "Lord of the worlds, make Canada Thine own!"

For him who is less concerned with the sentimental beauty of his country than with the actual intrinsic value of her material gifts, there is equal cause for rejoicing and thanksgiving. The land of his birth is youthful, virile, ambitious; immeasurably blessed by nature; marvellously dowered with all the riches of the earth and the waters under the earth. Her mineral production annually is valued at well over \$170,000,000. Her farm wealth exceeds 7 billions. Her fisheries employ a capital of over 44 millions and a personnel of 105,000 engaged in handling fish products. Her exports for a year approximate one and one quarter billion, 77 per cent. of which is Canadian goods. These are the statistics, but he who would thrill for the glory and the bounty of his country must travel from Eastern seas to Western mountain ranges, from Arctic limits to Southern lake shores, must see the crimsoned orchards of the Annapolis Valley weighed with their perfect fruits, the "eternal rocks" with their hidden treasures, the prairies golden with grain, and studded with elevators of which nearly 4,000 are in operation on Canadian soil; the rivers that teem with fish; the green depths of forest that, in its original state, covered most of the Dominion, and from which an immense lumbering industry has grown. The manufacturing establishments for the Dominion number over 42,000, wherein the capital investment is somewhere in the neighborhood of 3 billions. Her coal beds are rich and her enormous water energy, estimated at 20,000,000 horse-power, is by degrees being harnessed to constitute her fuel, light and manufacturing supply.

Science, too, is always making its contributions, the value of which can hardly be computed at the present time. Mr. John Nelson, in his splendid book on "The Canadian Provinces," enumerates a few of the discoveries

recently made. Science, he says, has evolved a super-Marquis wheat, the use of which may mean to the Western Provinces an added revenue on the same acreage of 100 million dollars. Science is working on the production of a beardless barley, a rustless wheat, a perennial Swedish clover, the extraction of gas from straw, a means of rendering concrete immune to the injurious effects of alkali water, and the halting of sawmill waste in Canada, equivalent to nearly two million tons of coal. Verily, God is to be thanked, Who doles out slowly and wisely His wonders when "science reaches forth her arms to feel from world to world, and charms her secret from the latest moon."

Canada thanks God that, hand-in-hand with her problems, come her visions, that flood with hope the pathway of her people and inflame the hearts of her statesmen. Standing on expectant tip-toe, she sees with starry eyes the vision of many dreams fulfilled; she sees her youth ripened to a lovely and gracious maturity, her soil producing to its utmost and the produce transported via many channels at reasonable rates to receptive markets; she sees the great Hudson Bay passage linked up to Western exporting points and the vast prairie lands peopled by contented natives and by the safest, sanest and fittest of immigrant settlers; the physically and mentally unfit and those of revolutionary tendencies having been eliminated by wise legislation. She sees her already admirable public institutions and educational facilities further improved, her young men so fully occupied with the development of their home provinces that the great Republic to the South has but little lure for them; she sees for every swing of the axe in Canadian forests a reinforcing virginal growth; she sees inter-provincial affection and sympathy, already strong, still firmer in the knowledge of inter-

provincial problems settled, to the satisfaction of all. Meantime young Canada, I think, rather glories in her problems and looks with pride upon her citizens, farmer, soldier, capitalist, "all the dusty ranks of labor in the regiment of God," most of whom have recognized "the rose that He planted here in the thorn-crust soil, that heaven is blest with perfect rest, but the blessing of earth is toil."

Canada gives thanks to-day for manifold other blessings; for the kiss of love and the sympathetic tear higher than any commodity in the world's great exchange. More influential than church, court or college, Canada counts her greatest asset—the Canadian home. From the perverted tastes and twisted codes and distorted standards of war-days, slowly but surely our young nation is coming back to her love of the natural, the beautiful, the holy. And for the indubitable fact that God preserves in the hearts of men the ancient longing for their "aim inglenook," "the wee cot and the cricket's chirp, love and the glad, sweet face of her"; for the instinct in mankind to build, preserve and govern; for the instinct in good women to transform houses into homes, to crown them with beauty, order and Godliness, and to thrill with an age-old adoration over little hands and little garments; for the laws of health by which sensible men may abide; for our pioneer ancestry and our glorious traditions; the brawn of the worker, the brain of the thinker; good books and sweet love-songs and stirring sermons; the warmth of youth and the wisdom of age; faith and romance and logic and opportunity, and courage

to attack the problem, and all the many blessings peculiar to each individual Canada bows a grateful heart to-day.

And lastly, but chiefly important, our young and beloved country rests in the haven of a faith too ancient and too sacred to fail. Throughout all change her one great fundamental stronghold remains the same. Before her, individually and as a nation, walks One Who knows every step of the way. All along the road His signposts cheer and guide us. Sometimes in all the throng that peers onward, the little people must look to the seers and the prophets to decipher them, but the Leader inclines His ear to the voice of supplication of every separate heart. "More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of—for so the whole round earth is every way bound by gold chains about the feet of God."

Thus it is that for life and love and duty, for health and wealth and pleasure, for beauty and romance, and the great joy of the struggle, this day we render thanks to the Creator.

"All He wills Who wisely heeds
To give or to withhold,
And knoweth more of all my needs
Than all my prayers have told;
Enough that blessings undeserved
Have marked my erring track,
That wheresoe'er my feet have swerved
His chastening turned me back;
And so the shadows fall apart,
And so the west winds play,
And all the windows of my heart
I open to the Day."



A WORD FOR A BATTERED CAUSE

I want to take up to the best of my ability the battered cause of the present generation—the younger part of it. It has been discussed and picked to pieces and championed and defended until it seems little more than presumption on my part to put in my word. But the temptation is irresistible and for this once I am like the man who declared he could resist everything but a temptation.

Numberless things have been blamed on the war. It stands a wordless, fiery exclamation point in history. It shattered conventions, it broke up homes, it forced woman out of her hallowed sphere into the world of commerce and business and political strife. It revolutionized organization. For a few years there was no real social life. This was all the fault of the war. And yet society is blamed for this great change, this breaking down of recognized conventions, brought about by the great upheaval which society was powerless to prevent.

To some minds, the term 'universal peace' means universal stagnation. So time moved on and in its inevitable cycle the crash came to startle the world. Those four years were like a period of delirium, after which the fever-racked body had, in utter weakness, to let time and nature do the work. In America after the war, all the books that were written, all the scandals that were published, pointed to general social degeneration. According to the immutable laws of nature, reconstruction had to follow, and naturally enough, even now is still going on. The vibrations of the awful crash still echo around the world and here, in America, we feel the tremors and hear the echoes, but are not afraid. People may say

that we are not normal, that we are blinded and crazed by the glare of the lights, but I believe it is rather that our eyes are becoming accustomed to the searching ray, and are beginning to penetrate into the gloom beyond.

To the younger generation has been left the work of building up a new and glorious structure upon the ruins of the old. If demobilization has been synonymous with demoralization, by one whose eyes claim to be able to decipher the times, at any rate, out of the wreck of the old regime, many good points are being drawn, and from present needs of body and mind, new points are developing and a new code is forming. Custom has not yet set her sanction upon the new order of things, but Nature has. The world is expanding, broadening out, and with the expansion comes a wider vista, a new scope of vision for the youth who are destined to be the future men and women of America.

The cry of our elders is, "Give us a real school-girl." My answer is: "All life is a school, and if, in the early years we are brought face to face with the realities of life, sooner than pre-war custom had ordained, we must learn our lessons as they come. Human nature revolts from the mad, hectic onrush of events, and the cry of the human heart is for the home. As modern boys and girls grow older they tire of the pleasure hunt and their eyes turn to the haven of home. Progress is domestic as well as public. The individual follows the man who is ahead of his age, but it is the man of the age who must take the step, and it is in the home, by the fireside, that the step is taken.

I think that the modern generation has

solved its own problem as it alone can do. The cry for new blood, new enthusiasm, is heard from all parts of the country. Our young people have learned much which does not contribute to their happiness or content. So earlier than their fathers and mothers they must learn and realize the other things which balance those, and face to face with the fundamentals of life, they must work out and find their own salvation. It is a sublime work, a mighty task, but if they are true to the principles and practices of their faith, and to the well-being of their country and home, they are making the world safe for their children, and future generations will bless them.

Peggy Meehan.

Loretto, Niagara Falls.

Three Blues

Three blues there are that are dear to me—
The blue of the heavens, the blue of the sea,
Your eyes, twin blue bells bathed in dew,
And out of them shining the soul of you.

The skies grow grey with the teeming rain;
The sea foams white as it moans in pain;
Your eyes, though bright with a smile or tear,
Show ever the same true blue, my dear.

Grace Elston, '19

LATIN LISPINGS

Ex 45 ad 68.

Te amo, non possim quin dicam, sed non me amatis—eheu—¹amore mihi repudiato, facio hanc ²precem—fuge ex amicis simulatis—per-³fugere in 29 aut 45. Pauci ⁴violetes—eheu—non possent aequare “a flare” ‘Latin.’ Haec qui violets dat etiam si lispeth suam Englisham dulciter in sua lingua non posset, ⁵cognoscere unam ⁶Latinum verbum. Our ⁷facere toastam sua,—jube hanc scribere latinam prosam poem similis hujus, tum postquam risus astis diligere inter nos!

1. Alb. absolute.
2. Ablative of absolutely necessary separation.
3. Adverbial accusative of invitation.
4. Nominative of contempt.
5. Subjunctive of absolute impossibility—very dim future.
6. Historic infinite—here used to express intense surprise.
7. Another construction may be used here with ‘impero,’ but it would have even less effect on the recipient of the toast.





Raphael Merry del Val



Earth's noblest thing—a woman perfected.

VOL. XXXII.

TORONTO, OCTOBER, 1925

No. 4

The Episcopal Silver Jubilee of Cardinal Raphael Merry Del Val

THE Jubilee of His Eminence, Cardinal Merry Del Val was an occasion for rejoicing on the part of the entire Catholic world, but it was of special significance to the members of The Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary, whose privilege it is to have him for their Cardinal Protector. The celebration of the event at St. Peter's on the twenty-fifth of last June drew the attention of all English-speaking people in particular, while it stirred the hearts of his friends, and of his children of the Institute, the world over.

A response to the felicitations sent to His Eminence from the American branch of the I.B.V.M. was written by his own hand, in words of fatherly kindness and affection. It was accompanied by a folding card, bearing in artistic and beautiful design the chief records of his distinguished career as priest and prelate of the Papal Court.

In character of Papal Legate, His Eminence came to Canada a short time before he was raised to the Cardinalate, in connection with the Manitoba School Question. The picture on the opposite page was taken then. His stay in the capitol of the Dominion is a memory which will not easily fade from the hearts of his hosts. The brilliant qualities of mind and

character which even then distinguished the youthful Prelate and gave promise of his subsequent elevation to the Sacred College, were a striking object lesson for the Protestants of this part of Canada, and must have dissipated much of the prejudice entertained by them towards the Church and her position in the world, a prejudice, due more to ignorance of her doctrine and claims, than to any defined opposition thereto.

That the Cardinal was an honoured guest at Loretto Abbey, and Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls, and a frequent visitor at Loretto, Bond St., forms one of the proudest records in the archives of these institutions. It is hard to conceive that more than a quarter of a century has rolled by since then, and harder still to believe that Time has taken, or will take, its usual toll in the case of our Cardinal. We learn from several of the Holy Year pilgrims that he has lost nothing of that early vigour and animation of manner which characterized his youth, while his keenness of vision and spiritual enthusiasm have grown, rather than diminished with the years. His hosts of friends believe this to be so, in spite of the severe labour and responsibility that must have fallen to his lot when he was Papal Secre-

tary of State, and in his present position of Archpriest of St. Peter's.

We followed with eager interest the notices from the press of this great Jubilee ceremony at St. Peter's. It must have been an imposing and beautiful sight: the entire apse of the vast Basilica blazing with electric lights, and the procession of sixteen Cardinals headed by the Dean of the Sacred College—Cardinal Vannuttelli—all in their gorgeous robes of state, making their way across that sacred pavement; and besides these, the great concourse of representatives from every department of Holy Church; the full Chapter of the Basilica, Archbishops and Bishops in endless numbers, as well as members of the Diplomatic Corps; the order of Malta; the Roman nobility, and the heads of all the Catholic clubs and associations which His Eminence has helped, including one of which he is not only a member, but has been the special protector and friend ever since he was a young prelate.

The procession must have been both impressive and colorful—perhaps a little forecast of the glory that awaits so faithful and efficient a prelate of Christ's own Church. One account says that among those who sang the *Te Deum* with the greatest fervour and happiness, were the surviving sisters of Pius X., of saintly memory. The Mass was a simple, low one, merely accompanied with organ-playing by the Cappella Giulia, one of whose selections was an "O Salutaris Hostia" composed by the Cardinal himself — proving that eminent churchmen and statesmen may also be eminent musicians. The *Te Deum* followed; then in the sacristy the Chapter gave their Archpriest the special medal struck for the occasion, with an eloquent address of thanks and homage. This was responded to in terms still more graceful and eloquent by the distinguished Jubilarian.

The Tribute of His Holiness to the Cardinal

—for a translation of which we are indebted to The London Tablet—was as follows:

"Beloved Son, Health and the Apostolic Benediction. The completion of your Episcopal Jubilee will bring you great happiness in the thought of the goodness of God in that you received the fulness of the Priesthood at an age which granted so many years of youth and strength for its exercise, and it gives Us at the same time opportunity, heightened by the benevolence which We feel towards you, to share with Our congratulations and good wishes in the joy of the event. We know well the fidelity with which you served Our Predecessor of immortal memory, Leo XIII., both at his side as Private Chamberlain, in carrying out more than one special mission in his name and with his authority, and for some years directing the Academy of Noble Ecclesiastics. In all these charges that were laid on you you showed such faithful care and prudence as to lead Pius X., as soon as he was raised to the Chair of Peter, to raise you to the dignity of the Purple and entrust to you the public affairs of Holy Church. Without need to dwell on the fame of sanctity daily growing in the minds of the world, history itself, master and witness of truth, will in its time bring to light more and more clearly the merits of that great Pontiff, and above all will exalt and magnify the magnificently unfailing determination with which he showed in their true light, the spirit and the true designs of the enemies of the Church, defending with true heroism the integrity of the Faith and bringing innumerable benefits to Christian society. And now there can be no doubt that the Divine Founder of the Church will write down in your praise all your unfailing help to that great Pontiff in such a heavy task. And We too must express our deepest satisfaction at all your work in the direction of the Supreme Congregation charged

with the safeguarding of Faith and Morals as in your care as Archpriest for the glory of the Vatican basilica. Looking back, then, with happiness and all trust, now that five lustres of time have passed, on the day when the grace of Episcopal Consecration was laid on you, We pray that Almighty God may increase and multiply it in you so that every day you may possess in greater fulness and every day exercise in greater measure the holiness of the

Episcopal Order to which you were raised twenty-five years ago. May all good, then, come to you from this notable occasion for joy and happiness to which We join Our glad congratulations. Culmination of all the comfort of the anniversary, for you and all who love you, be the Apostolic Benediction which, with all affection, We impart to you, Beloved Son, as pledge of heavenly gifts and testimony of Our special benevolence."



Our Lady's Troubadour

By grace of God, I, troubadour,
 In love most rich, in riches poor,
 Make vow that of no Damoselle
 But one, my lute and song shall tell.
 For when her blessed name I sing,
 Low bends my puissant sire the King,
 All noble dames make courtesy,
 And fierce proud lords bow graciously.
 The battle knights who ride away,
 With pleading to their ladies say:
Dear love, I pledge my troth to you;
Till my return, oh, love, be true!
 I have no need of such sad prayer,
 Who have sweet cause to know, where'er
 My long road lead, my halting be,
 My sovran lady waiteth me.
 At morn, while yet faint dawn-stars shine,
 I greet her in some wayside shrine.
 'I find her, when noon shadows fall,
 By castle porch or convent wall.
 And when from close thronged streets at
 night,
 Our flare the lamps and torches bright,
 Then in some still cathedral space,
My fond eyes meet that pure, pale face.
O douce Marie, ma bonne, ma belle,
Ma bienaimée, ma damoyssel,
 Heart of my song, how will it be
 'When that still day shall come to me
 When I am old and scant of breath,
 Waiting by some lone hearth for death,
 Too weak of limb to wander far
 Beneath the morn or evening star;
 My fancy dulled, my singing mute,
 And torn the sweet strings of my lute?
 Why then my feeble hands I'll lift
 And in my attic room make rift,
 And thou, on some fair eventide,
 Will push the clustering stars aside
 And from thy heavenly mansion bend,
 And down thy lackey angels send;

And bid them haste most graciously,
 And bring that broken bard to thee;
 And smilingly at heaven's gate,
 Thy songless troubadour await.

Mary Elise Woellwarth,
 English S.H. Messenger.

The Martyrs' Grave

Among the many tributes to the Canadian Martyrs which have appeared in print, none strike us as being so graceful and so filled with the atmosphere of the place where their relics are enshrined, as the following, by P. J. Coleman, in the Catholic Register:

Maple and elm with interwoven green
 Above their grave a vault of verdure lift,
 With lancets slim their cloistral shafts be-
 tween,
 Wherethrough the gold and rose of morning
 drift.
 Soft-footed silence keeps the gates of noon,
 Save where a robin breaks the brooding
 hush,
 Or gently creeps a timid wind to croon
 Its miserere in the sighing bush.
 Or, when grey twilight haunts the shadowy firs
 And moist sweet smells of marsh and meadow
 brings,
 A silken murmur in the cedar stirs
 As if God's angels folded there their wings.
 As if with sigh of unseen pinions dim
 And silvern garments on the dewy sward
 From deeps of night the starry seraphim
 Had earthward dropped, the holy place to
 guard.
 And June's wild rose and autumn's goldenrod,
 Where blushed of old the blossoms of their
 blood,
 Breathe o'er the turf that 'tombs the saints of
 God
 The fragrant benediction of the wood.

A VISIT TO LORETTO, NIAGARA FALLS

OLD RELATIONS RENEWED AND REVIEWED

By RUTH C. GOETTER, Alumnae

SPEED limit twenty-five miles. How many times one seems to see that sign as the road is being left behind at the rate of forty-five miles an hour! Never had the rabbit been known to hop along at more than forty-five, but one is always hoping and so I pulled the gas down a few more notches, and when I say "pulled down" instead of "stepped on" you can easily guess the name of the car. But whatever else one may say about it, the universal car does get one there, and that was the only important thing—to get there. After leaving Loretto behind me for two years except for flying Sunday visits and those of memory, I was coming back to school for part of my vacation.

Would it be much changed, I wondered. Two years—it seemed so very long. Of course, none of the girls would be there, but I was rather glad of that, because to come back and find all new faces would make it seem very strange and I'd feel at least seventy.

Was it only two years ago that I was poring over school books? The happiness of those school days! Memory's scroll unrolled before me. I had come to Loretto, very much frightened because of the newness of it all, fully determined to dislike everyone and everything and to stop at nothing short of a prison offence so that I'd be sent home within a week. Those awful first few days when everyone knew everyone else and happiness bubbled all around me! Why the girls were happy I couldn't understand, but they were so. To

the oft repeated question, "Are you homesick?" my "No" would start out courageously and end in a funny little quaver while I blinked my eyes very fast to keep back the tears.

"Homesick?" Oh, I was desperately, unthinkably homesick, and it didn't help a bit to assure myself that I was much too big to be acting such a baby. The girls, individually and collectively, told me I'd lose the feeling in a few days. How could they think that? Perhaps they had forgotten that lost feeling, but I knew I couldn't. I couldn't, but I did. The first few nights found me so sleepy at eight o'clock that I gladly went to bed early and instead of having my pillow wet with tears, only a few trickled down my cheeks, and these I shed merely from a sense of loyalty to that first impression of dislike.

How much there was to learn—to exit from a room with just the proper half turn. It took me days to master this before I could back out without looking behind me to see where I was going to fall; the lines that formed for everything; study, at the unthought of hour of eight in the morning. So many new things to learn and do!

The days, weeks, months and years that followed, how crowded they were with joy and happiness and wonderful experiences. The nights we went skating until nine o'clock,—what fun it was to finish all our study in the afternoon and then after supper to dash upstairs for coats, caps and skates. The laughing

haste to be the first one ready so that not a minute would be lost and then out into the soft, black hush of the winter night. The stars at such vast distances were not so far away but they could twinkle at us as though they too entered into the fun. The ice, glistening, glassy smooth in the uncertain light; the swiftly moving figures of the skaters, that somehow, in spite of gay talk and constant laughter, seemed quiet in the stillness of the night. And after a time it began to snow,—great, feathery flakes that covered the ice with billowing softness which we couldn't sweep away quite fast enough. How soon it seemed when we heard the nine o'clock bell ringing and after a last swift skate around the pond, tingling with the joy of the sport and the beauty of the night, we hurried in doors, and after shaking and brushing all the snow off each other, we tiptoed quietly upstairs, or rather we were supposed to be quiet and we tried to be, but why is it when everyone else is in bed and the house is hushed for the night, the silliest things seem so very funny? However, we finally climbed the stairs to the dormitory, where pillows helped to smother the laughter when it was too loud, and we had a feast of biscuits and the most delicious hot fruit drink that sparkled in ruby clearness in each glass.

Then there was the time we had the sleigh ride party which might have turned into a tragedy, but didn't, when the side fell off one of the sleighs and there was a wild waving of legs and startled "oh's" and excited askings of "Are you hurt?" But we rolled into the soft snow, and after picking ourselves up and making sure that no bones were broken, we continued the journey, minus part of our sleigh.

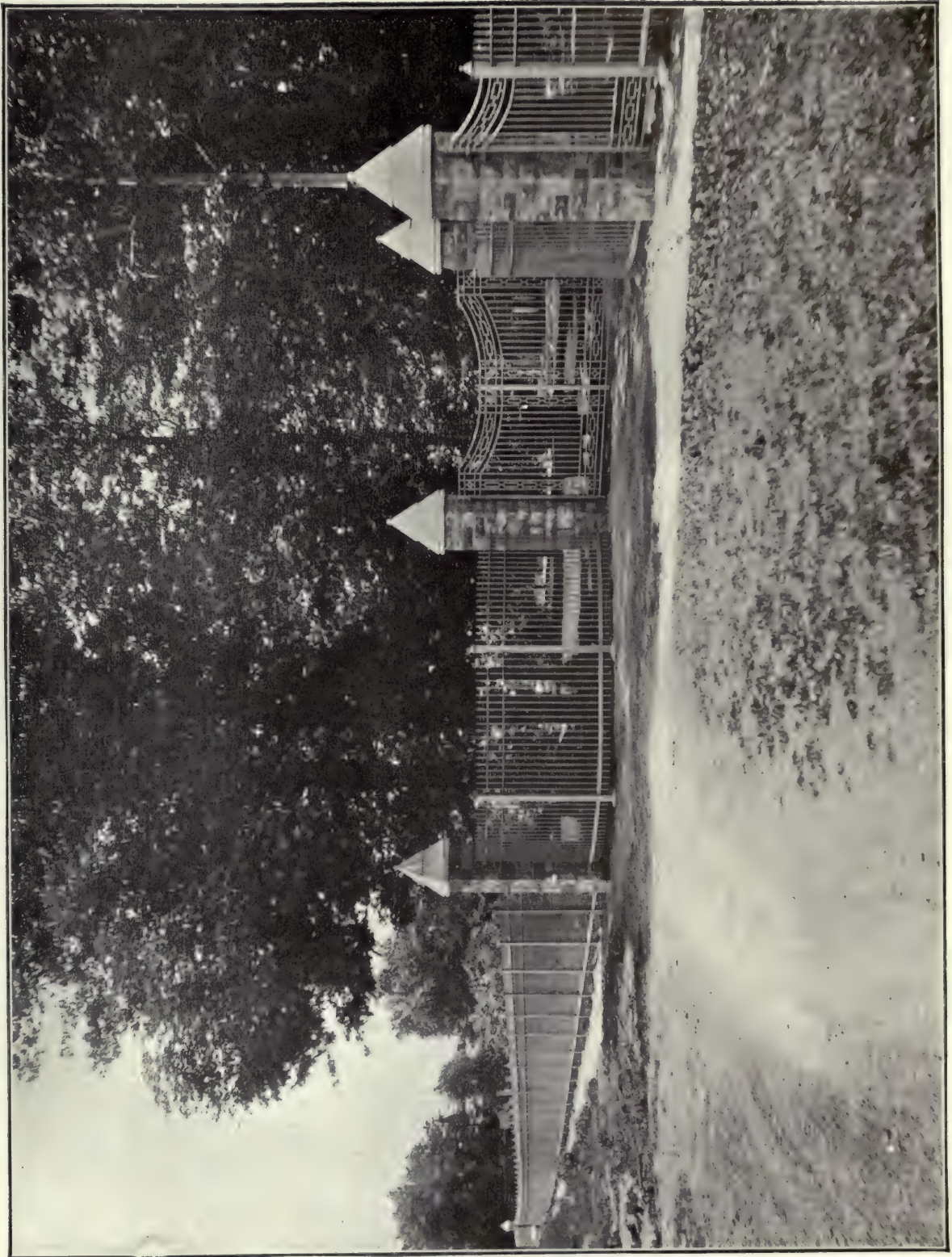
Springtime came, when we picked violets on our afternoon walks, when study was so

hard and the end of the last class came as a great release and we rushed out of doors to play tennis and basketball or just to stroll up and down the gravel path.

That dear old gravel path! How often it was the stage of tragedy or comedy! The friendships that came into being and grew, as we wandered arm in arm on its gray roughness; the plans that had their inspiration there for parties, excursions across the river, picnics, basketball games, literaries, everything. The occasional sad times when a girl hadn't received a looked for letter, or an expected visit from someone at home hadn't materialized, and she walked morosely up and down the path sometimes with a sympathizing pal and sometimes, if she felt very much abused, she walked by herself. Happiness or sorrow, the gravel path played a part in it all.

Then there were days when the east wind would howl greedily around the building and the spray from the Falls would freeze on trees, bushes and wires which made the out-of-doors look like a crystal scene from Fairyland, and the sun shone in dazzling beauty on everything. But the hottest of roaring fires could not keep it warm indoors, on these days, so after supper we'd dance the Virginia Reel, play tag, sing all the songs we knew and some we didn't, until seven o'clock came and we went to bed very tired and a little glad that it was too cold to study.

There were those wonderful sunsets—more beautiful than any I have ever seen, when we'd stand at one of the upper west windows and watch in awed silence, the gorgeous pageant of colours as it melted behind the shadow of the trees on the distant horizon. As the last radiance faded from the sky and the haze of twilight descended, we'd sing all the beautiful old songs we could remember. Jazz? No, one couldn't mar the beauty of a sunset



LORETTO, NIAGARA FALLS

*By courtesy of Mr. A. R. Lundy, Toronto,
who erected the fence*

VIEW OF THE NEW MAIN ENTRANCE AND IRON FENCING

with jazz. When the heart is touched one sings the lovely old songs that will live forever.

School days, like all things, must end, and soon that big, momentous, long-dreamed-of and planned-for day comes—graduation. The rush and excitement of hundreds of things to do, packages that failed to arrive until the very last minute; dresses that wouldn't stay properly hooked; gloves that insisted on wrinkling; but with that surprising quickness with which things straighten themselves out when the excitement is greatest, all of us were finally ready, and from a seemingly infinite distance came the notes of the march to which we slowly and with a dignity befitting the momentous occasion, walked down the aisle and on to the stage. The whole school sang the opening song, but I have never been able to recall what it was. Then the graduates were crowned, and that seemed truly the biggest moment of my life. This was what we had studied for, struggled for—why it was a crown of accomplishment, of victory. It was the end, but, also, it was the beginning. It was the start of that journey into the uncertain future for which these years of training were the preparation. Our crowns were symbols of the weapons which we had acquired to help us in our flight along a road whose end we could not see. The words of the "Ave Maria Loretto" were poignant with new meaning that night and we sang it as we had never sung it before—as we would never sing it again. We who had been so close together had come to the parting of the ways and that was why, though graduation was a night of happiness, it held a suggestion of sadness, as the end must always do.

These things I thought of, as the Rabbit kept on its way over bridges and around curves until a bend in the river showed me,

not so far away, the cross on the cupola of Loretto. How unchanged it looked! Into my mind flashed the word "Home." Why it is home, isn't it? It stands for all that makes home dear—love, shelter, peace, dreams, ideals, understanding, and oh, most of all, the presence of God.

Very soon I was ringing the bell and heard its echo through the house. Here at last! How good it was, and how familiar everything looked as I waited in the parlor for my presence to be announced. It seemed so strange to wait in the parlour instead of walking right in. But it didn't seem so strange when I turned to the door and there—oh, it was—Donna! She had been able to come too, and after the first five minutes of jumbled exclamations of "How are you?" "Oh, it seems so good to see you!" "When did you get here?" we stopped long enough to pick up my bag and go upstairs.

Our vacation had started, but we were too tired to do anything that night except talk until very late and then fall asleep in our little white beds. Those little white beds—what magic do they possess which gives such refreshing sleep? Softer beds there may be, and more beautiful ones, but none have I discovered that better serve their first purpose, that of rest.

The next morning we started on a tour of inspection. What changes there were! It wasn't hard to realize that two years had made a difference. They were all wonderful changes, but it made an old graduate feel centuries older.

First, there is the new fence and the gates to replace the hedge that always managed to show a bare spot at intervals. The fence gives the desired privacy and yet doesn't give a feeling of shut-in-ness. And the gates—a wide one for automobiles with a smaller one

at the side for people at one end, and a small one in the middle of the front grounds, which sounds rather mixed up, but isn't intended to be, and then a wide one at the back entrance. They are artistically simple, pillars of rough stone, and the gate itself of black wrought iron. They suggest the mediaeval. One can imagine a plumed knight riding up on his coal-black charger and clanging at the gates for admission. Plumed knights are found only in books and imagination now, but I am so glad we still have gates and that they are as artistic as those of Loretto, Niagara.

Words fail me when I try to describe the statue of the Sacred Heart that has been placed in the velvety green of the circle before the front entrance. It seems so much to belong there that at first one does not notice it as being new. There is something different—yes, but one fails to realize what it is. And then, "Why the statue of the Sacred Heart is new! Isn't it beautiful?" And it is—very beautiful, of bronze and on a white stone pedestal, it fills one with awe at first, and then with love at the compassion and love in that divine face.

Inside there are changes too. A new clock replaces the old one in the study hall, but I couldn't help wondering if the new one ticks as benignly and in as friendly a fashion as the old one did, especially at study hour when the minutes fly swiftly and sometimes too slowly past. There is a big, new, shiny desk on the throne. How memory recalled incidents of the old one!

Upstairs there is a handsome line of white, glistening wash stands, with running water in them and a long mirror over them. The big dormitory has given way to private rooms, but the wardrobes haven't disappeared, which made me glad.

We felt very important—Donna and I—going up and down the middle stairs where we

could never go except on very special occasions. Eating in the guests' refectory was an event too, but I missed the bells and the tense hush just before permission is given to talk, and after which there is the breaking of a wave of noise when everyone speaks at once, for the first minute or two. And I missed washing my own silver in the dear old battered, shining tin that was to us the "Seedecutlery dish"; the soft white mop and the strong smell of clean, soapy hot water.

The days of our visit went by quickly, and before it seemed possible, the eve of home-going came. That night we went to the cupola to see the illumination of the Falls.

Crawling carefully up the stairs in the darkness, we lifted the trap door and were soon looking at things from the sky. Below us things became but miniatures of themselves. There was the long sweep of the river flowing through the darkness of the night until it came to the falls, where it was changed into liquid colour of indescribable beauty. It left one breathless, that wonderful display of colour. There was a most delicate shade of soft Nile green that suggested coolness, and then warm, glowing red that deepened and made one think of Dante's *Inferno*. There was a beautiful orchid shade and combinations of colour effects that adjectives could not begin to describe. It seems so fitting that the Falls which have given so much to man should receive in return this marvellous beauty.

Truly things had progressed since my day. As I watched the lights my imagination tried to picture the Loretto of the future. It will expand to bigger buildings, but the city must never encroach on its location. New boarders will arrive in airplanes which will park on the roof instead of in automobiles forming a quene in the yard. Radio will be used for class instruction. The school-girls of to-day will be

the mothers and aunts of the future. They will be very much shocked, I suppose, at the younger generation, and when their children come home for the holidays they will make comparisons beginning with, "When I was a girl."

The future holds huge possibilities and Loretto will play a big part in that future. It is Loretto that will stand firm in the midst of atheism, and the struggle for material things, Loretto that will guide young feet in the paths they should take, and through its pupils give ideals to the world and the secret of true living. Loretto's spirit will last as long as the world and after that into eternity, because eternity is its reason for being.

Time for leaving—my visit was ended. I

hated to say good-bye, but perhaps it won't be for two years this time. I was rested, and best of all I had found a new peace. Dreams that I had thought dead were urging me on to the old goal—that goal of my school days—the best, not almost as good, but the best. Loretto has given me so much. I must prove myself loyal by giving to others the very most that I have. Ideals, friends, beauty, a greater capacity for appreciating the good, the beautiful and the true—these and so much more I owe to her.

Loretto, how the hearts of those that have known you belong to you! One may forget much with the years, but never you. Loretto—Alma Mater.

Longing

Quiet and evening calm and not a stir
Of leaf on tree;
Twilight and loneliness and aching heart
For me;
Not because four grey walls keep me imprison'd
On a bed of pain,
Away from every joy of earth, alas,
Now on the wane!
Not because friends forget, or interest flags,
Or memories die,
Or because others come and go, while here
I lie
As if a feather, all unnoticed dropped
From full-fledged bird,
As if a grain of sand were blown away,
As if a word
But lightly spoken, floated on the air
When scarce begun—
For men turn from worship of the setting
To the rising sun!
These things may be hard to nature, I confess,

But not to grace.

Lord, all the loneliness, the heart-aches come
because—

I cannot see Thy face! Dorothy B.

A Mystic Song

There is a song within my heart
Unsung;
The words have never been uttered
By my tongue,
The music has never been played
On harp or lyre,
But the silent song
Has set my soul on fire!

In quiet passiveness
The song is there:
Needing not words nor softest melody,
It soars in prayer
To Him, its Inspiration, who intoned
Its first sweet notes:
To Him, this song of love
Forever floats! Dorothy B.

CRIMSON HEELS

By ISOBEL GRIFFETHS, '26, Loretto, Niagara Falls

LYNN pressed her little nose flat against the dusty pane of the pullman-car window. Her fascinated gaze halted abruptly on that part of the worn wooden platform directly beneath Pop Hewson's ticket-office and her head nodded as she looked. The porter, standing at her elbow, looked too, then scratched his head in disappointment and touched Lynn's shoulder.

"Next stop, Benedict, Miss," he said.

"Thank you," the girl replied, never taking her eyes from the platform.

The porter shambled off down the aisle, thinking the "young miss shuah was mighty queer." For where Rastus had seen only a tall, well-dressed woman standing by the ticket-office, with her back to the train, Lynn had seen—crimson heels. They had walked straight into her heart and they now beat a strange little tattoo in her head. She loved them.

The other passengers were somewhat surprised to see the girl start suddenly from the place and grasping her baggage, rush down the long corridor to the door. Then the observation car disappeared around the bend and Lynn was left alone in front of the little wooden station.

Alone! for red heels had gone. They had vanished into thin air. She might never see them again. Lynn picked up her bags and walked slowly towards the wicket. Pop Hewson smiled benignantly from behind his gold-rimmed spectacles. "Good-day, Ma'am," he said pleasantly. "How do you do?" Lynn made answer, "Where am I?"

"Where are you? Why—" He looked at

her curiously. "Land o'Goshen!—you don't look—" Here he tapped his wrinkled forehead significantly.

"Oh, no!" Lynn laughed heartily.

"Nothing like that. You see I got off the train in a hurry. I wasn't put off," she added hastily. "And I hadn't time to notice the name on the other side. What town is this?"

"This is Deer Falls," declared Pop, proudly. "The fastest growing little town in the state. Of course, the falls dried up thirty years ago, but it's too late to do anything about the name now. You've heard of Deer Falls?"

"Yes," said Lynn, "I've heard of it."

"Of course, everybody hasn't yet, but they will. Yes siree, they will, soon."

Do you happen to know where I can get a room, Mr.—ah—" Lynn paused.

"Mr. Hewson, Pop Hewson in these parts. Wal, now, there's room and rooms for nice young leddys." He paused to clean an imaginary speck from his glasses. Lynn wondered if he ever put new adhesive around the ear-piece. "Now, mother and me; we'd be right glad to see you settled in our front room. That fly-away school teacher went home last Tuesday with the mumps. We was right glad to see her go, 'cause she was allus sayin' as how Deer Falls was too slow fer her. But I'm sure you'll like it here, Miss—"

"Cavers—Lynn Cavers," the girl supplied.

"Yes, siree. You'll like it here, Miss Cavers. You look like a sensible girl. Now, that Miss Emerson had yaller hair, the colour that God never gave no one, and

she was all painted up like a house. She used to make our house look shabby, and, I tell you"—he emphasized each word—"it was just painted this last spring, the pertiest corn colour you ever seen. I was just going home to supper anyways. You come right along with me."

He stepped back into the office and appeared a moment later with an old derby on the back of his head. He locked the door and pocketed the key.

"Come 'long now, Miss Cavers. Mother'll be right glad to see you."

They turned up the broad, elm-shaded avenue towards the old station-master's home. Comfortable frame houses were set well back from the road amongst large, old trees. The sun was sinking in the west and the gleaming windows were golden and black. The evening was hazy and Lynn felt the first fallen leaves beneath her feet.

"Mr. Hewson," she said suddenly, "who wears the crimson heels?"

"The what?" asked the old man in a puzzled tone.

"You know, the lady with red lacquer heels on her shoes. She was standing at your wicket when my train pulled in. Don't you know who she is?"

"Why, you mean that rich-lookin' leddy with all the furs on? Furs this time o' year! Some people has no idea of the fitness of things. Last week I was up to the city and—"

"Don't you know her? She lives here, doesn't she?" Lynn looked at the old man eagerly.

"No, she don't live here," he said. "I never seen her before until to-day. She came up to my wicket and asked me would I post a parcel to New York for her in the morning. Seems the post-office was closed and she didn't have time to wait for stamps. I seen Judd

takin' Emily Day away in his buggy this noon. It's a scandal the way she deserts that post-office. It'll be a good thing for the gov'ment when they're married and quit runnin' off to picnics 'stead of tendin' to business. Yes, siree."

"Of course," Lynn agreed, "but this stranger—"

"She had a car and shuffer as big as a locomotive. The car, not the shuffer, I mean. It was standin' out at the back there. They was off up the road like a shot just afore you stepped off the train. What you be planning to do round here?" he went on, apparently not interested in Lynn's lady of the crimson heels. "You aint goin' to take charge of the new library, are you? I was kinda hopin' the little Pike girl would get it, seein' as how she has a club-foot."

"I'm not going to be librarian. In fact—" and Lynn eyed the profusion of flowers dubiously—"Maybe its going to be rather hard to be just what I would like to be. By the way, Mr. Hewson, do you know where Glen Christie's green-house is?"

"Right up Ellum street there," the old man pointed to a street that ran across the avenue. "But it's been closed this year since Glen was drowned. You see, it was this-away." "I know." The girl grew rather pale. "He was my uncle."

Pop did not question the girl further, for they had turned in at a little white gate. Great trees threw shadows over the gravel walk and there were flowers—flowers everywhere.

"Here we are," he cried. "Come on right in." Lynn loved the broad veranda with its deep wicker chairs and grass rugs. They were made of sweet hay, and filled the air with perfume.

"Mother!" The old man raised his voice.

Mother came hurrying through the hall-way, drying her hands on her pink gingham apron as she came.

"You're home early to-night, Pop, but I'll have some biscuits in the oven in a minute." She paused in the doorway as she caught sight of the strange girl.

"Mother, meet Miss Cavers," said the old man, with a flourish. "She's going to have our front room and we're a-goin' to take care of her. She's just come from—ah, from—"

"I have just come from a farm near North Dayton," Lynn explained, "where I have worked for my board ever since I was left alone." She volunteered no further information. "I would be very grateful if you would allow me to stay with you."

"Glen Christie's niece," chimed in Pop.

"Well, well," the old lady smiled.

Lynn thought her silver hair was beautiful and her apron matched her cheeks.

"We all liked Glen," Mrs. Hewson continued, "and we were sorry, dear." She patted Lynn's hand. "And now," she added briskly, "I suppose you will want to freshen up before supper."

She led the way up a broad, carpeted stair-way and along a small hall. At the end of the passage she threw open the door leading to the front bed-room. "This will be your room, Miss Cavers," she said. "I hope you'll like it."

Lynn stepped across the room to the large west window. The sun had slipped behind the hills, leaving in the sky the warm glow of hot coals.

"Oh, it's just too lovely," she whispered, looking at the daffodil paper and the cosy chairs.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Hewson, but I haven't saved much and I can't tell how long it will be before I am making good here. In the

meantime I guess I'll just look for a smaller room."

She gazed wistfully at the big bed with its snowy covers, and remembered her place of rest in the attic of the farm-house, with its chipped enamel showing ugly scars of black iron beneath the paint.

"Indeed you won't," said Mrs. Hewson, emphatically, "Pop and me, we don't have to keep a roomer; we like to, because we get lonesome when winter sets in. You can pay when it's convenient and not until it is. Glen Christie's niece is more than welcome here. Will you stay?"

The kindly face swam before Lynn's eyes and an uncomfortable lump rose in her throat.

"Yes, Mrs. Hewson," said the girl, "I'll stay." She could not trust her voice to say more.

And so Lynn Cavers became installed in the home of the kindly old station-master and his wife. They soon learned what had brought her to Deer Falls. Of course, every one knew about Glen Christie. His disappearance had caused no little excitement in the surrounding district. The owner of two small green-houses, one in Benedict and one at Deer Falls, he had struggled somewhat to keep them in existence. Then last fall, when things had begun to look up a little, he had gone away on his vacation—and he had not come back. Nothing could be done about the green-houses. They had simply been closed and the disappearance of Glen Christie was completely shrouded in mystery—a subject for conversation and lively speculation during the winter months. Then with the spring thaws his body was found in a northern river. He had fallen in while fishing, for a reed basket was slung over his shoulder. The green-houses had been left to his only living relative, Lynn, on condition that she would retain at least one of them. The lawyers

had had a hard time locating the girl, as her home was said to be in London, England. Finally they had traced her to the North Dayton farm where she was living with people who were anything but kind.

Lynn knew nothing of the condition of the green-houses except that they were there; that they meant a means of escape from the sordid life she was leading. She had saved a little money, but not enough to support two places of business, so she very sensibly sold the greenhouse at Benedict, and with the money thus gleaned she renovated her little house of flowers on Elm street and christened it the Garden of Eden. She found it hard to explain to the old couple why she had happened so suddenly, from the train, into their town when her ticket said "Benedict." She raised her trim little brogue-clad foot and decided that they could never understand what the flash of crimson heels had spelled for her: romance, adventure. But that had been only a fleeting dream, vanishing with the shine of the crimson lacquer, and Lynn had never again seen the lovely stranger.

The days passed and Lynn patiently waited for an opportunity to establish herself. The flower gardens still bloomed with autumn blossoms and the house-wives were not given to ordering hot-house flowers. Lynn pinned her faith on the funeral of a considerate old Scotchman, but the pin became badly bent and finally broke altogether, for she received only one order for a fresh-flower wreath, and that was from the Hewsons. The rest were all for waxy things that Lynn hated to touch.

"Dead things," she muttered savagely to Roger, the silver-gray kitten that blinked at her from the end of the table as she patted waxen leaves into place. "As dead as John Turnbull himself, and what could be deader? About one month more of this, Roger, and

I'll be making these for my own personal use." She fastened the gold-lettered banner into place which bore the inscription, "Rest in peace."

"According to orders," murmured the girl. "But it requires an iron constitution."

One evening Lynn sat before the roaring grate fire in the cozy living room. It was late November and chill winds gave promise of coming snow. Pop looked up from his newspaper. "'Tis time you was having a beau round here, Miss Lynn," he said, pleasantly. It was just Pop's way. "I was down to the bank to-day," he continued, "and Royal Johnson—you know Royal—he says to me: 'Miss Cavers needs a man to help her in that greenhouse. Do you 'spose she'd like to have me call?' I says, 'Wal, now, maybe she would,' and he says—"

"You tell Mr. Johnson," interrupted Lynn, thinking with distaste of the effeminate young bank clerk, "that I am quite capable of managing my own affairs, and if I did need a man he's the last person I'd think of calling on for assistance."

"But you got a dozen beaux right now." Pop beamed on her.

"No," said Lynn, quietly, "I was engaged once. He was killed overseas. I shall never care for anyone else," and she left the old couple. In her room above she heard Pop being properly raked over the coals for "blundering like a fool man," as his loving wife expressed it.

Lynn was happy with the Hewsons and she had made many friends at Deer Falls. But more and more she found herself forced to face the probability of failure. Some time she would have to acknowledge defeat and then—what? She found herself unwilling to visualize a future away from these kind people when no one cared what became of her.

One evening Pop came home with the exciting news that Countess de Touro, a wealthy widow from New York, had bought the old Ferguson estate on the corduroy road about a mile and a half north of Deer Falls. The old homestead had been deserted for thirty years and the acres of property had lain inactive for all that time because the owner, old Nellie Ferguson, had been in different sanitariums for her mental health. She had not been willing to sell, although she had neither the money nor the ability to support the estate. But now she was dead, and her solicitors were disposing of her property. The Countess had bought the house and several acres of ground. They were now in the hands of architects and landscape gardeners.

"The old town's booming all right," averred Pop, "when a Countess picks it out for her country home. I don't mean she picks out the whole town, of course. Yes, sir, that's what its goin' to be, her country home. Wonder what she'll do with her town house while she's out here? Most likely rent it furnished. That's what I'd do. They say some young architect has the fixin' of this place. She's givin' him a chance to show what he can do. It's a sort of hobby of the Countess's, this helpin' young folks to get started."

One day, about two months later, Lynn was standing behind her table patting a yellow tulle bow into place on a basket of marigolds. She looked up as the door opened and was surprised to see a very handsome woman enter her shop.

"How do you do," said Lynn.

"How do you do," the woman replied, "I'm Countess de Touro. How very artistic your place is!" She looked about her. "I suppose you know who I am and that I have bought the Ferguson place?"

Lynn nodded. She wondered why the

Countess had come to the "Garden of Eden."

"You are not doing very well here, are you?" she surprised Lynn by saying, frankly.

"No," Lynn replied, quite as frankly. "I'm not. The town is too small. I'm quietly planning to sell—if I can find a buyer," she added.

"Do you want to sell?" The Countess seemed to be really interested and not merely curious. "What will you do if you have to leave here?"

"I don't know—anything but go back to the farm. I don't want to sell, I love it so, but I suppose I should be making plans."

"I'll tell you what I want you to do," the Countess said. "I am giving a house-warming for several of my New York friends on the twenty-seventh of the month. Would you like to undertake the decorating of the house? Flowers, I mean." She watched the girl's expressive face. "Carry out your own colour schemes and spare no expense. Send to the city for the flowers and whatever you need. I don't suppose you carry an elaborate stock here?"

"No," Lynn breathed. "Oh! how I shall love it! Just a minute." She leaned over and drew several sheets of cardboard from a lower drawer. "I have my plans already made. I have been working on them in my spare time and hoping—oh, just praying, for a chance to use them."

The Countess examined the delicately-coloured sketches of beautifully decorated rooms. Each one was gorgeous and original and there were a great many of them.

"My dear," she exclaimed, "they're simply priceless. You are an artist. Oh! I know you'll manage it beautifully. I'll see that you have men to do the heavy work. Are you very busy just now?"

"No, not very," Lynn replied excitedly.

"Then let's go out and you can see the rooms for yourself. I shall be in New York for the next few days and you just go ahead."

Lynn slipped into her big brown coat and pulled the little velour hat down over her curls.

"I have four large rooms," continued the countess, opening the little door. "Four besides the ball-room, and I thought—why what is the matter?" For an exclamation had escaped the girl's lips. Lynn stood transfixed. "Your, your heels," she gasped, "they're crimson."

"Why, yes," the woman laughed, "just a hobby of mine. I always wear them because I like them. Do you?"

"Like them? I love them." Then Lynn told her how the crimson heels had brought her to Deer Falls and how disappointed she had been to find that they didn't belong here. "I suppose you think I am very silly," she added. They were speeding along the snow-covered roads in the high-powered car. Although it was March, the cold still lingered.

"I like you," said the Countess suddenly, patting Lynn's hand. "You're very impulsive and so am I. I bought this old home on the impulse of the moment and now you must help me to make its christening a success." She spoke as though Lynn was the only person in the world who could do it; as though she had not at her command the most famous florists in New York, and Lynn loved her for it. It stirred in her the desire to exceed all expectations.

The days that followed were very happy ones for the little artist. She planned and sketched incessantly. Because she knew that money backed her, for the first time in her life, so she gave her artistic ideals full play. At last the great night arrived. Each room was a veritable flower garden. The gleaming

floors of the ball-room reflected bronze and mauve chrysanthemums and the orchestra played from behind a bank of orchids. The Countess returned from New York late in the afternoon. She was enchanted with Lynn's work.

"Of course you will stay and look on," the Countess insisted. "Have you a suitable gown?"

"No," said Lynn quietly, "I'd much rather not, thank you. I will be very grateful if you will allow me to watch from the alcove."

The older woman saw that she meant it. "Very well, my dear," she said, "Just as you like, but I shall see that you get all the credit that's coming to you. I am very proud of you—both. I mean my young architect. I feel that I have discovered both of you."

Later in the evening Lynn sat in an obscure corner of the dusky alcove. Flowers and crystal lights, laughter and music were before her. How enchanting! Gorgeously-gowned women and perfectly-groomed men swayed rhythmically to the strains of the hidden orchestra. "Money! money!" thought Lynn, as she gazed upon the scene below. How different her life might have been if—Here her ruminations were cut short. A gleaming shirt-front bowed in the gloom.

"I'm very sorry," its owner said, "I was just going to have a quiet cigarette."

Lynn half rose from her chair. She could not see his face, but oh! his voice. A sob escaped the girl's lips. "Jack," she cried. She turned her face towards the circle of rosy lights from the hall-way.

"Lynn, Lynn!" He caught her in his arms. "Oh, Lynn!" Neither spoke for a long time and Lynn knew that she had not waited in vain. "Where?" she asked at last.

"Prison camps and since then—just look-

ing for you. After London—what?" he murmured.

"Father was killed in action soon after you left," the girl replied, "and mother died within a month. There was no money. North Drayton people paid my passage back and I have worked—and waited, saving to pay them back."

He caught her close again. "Lynn!"

Countess de Touro stepped into the alcove. "Oh, I'm sorry." She stopped short. Why, Jack Harcourt, the very idea; you've evidently—ah—met before."

"Yes," they replied.

"Well, Lynn, you must come with me now. Old Dobin Rolph has been waiting all evening to meet you. I know what he has to offer, my dear—a position on his staff, decorating

homes, you know. They pay fabulous sums in New York for that kind of thing. I suppose Mr. Harcourt has told you of his success, Lynn. I'm so proud of my protégés."

Lynn looked at Jack in surprise. "Then you are the architect?" she asked.

"Why, of course," the Countess answered for him. "Didn't he tell you? His name is made. Come along, Lynn. Don't keep old Dobin waiting. He's in the hall below."

The girl turned. Jack caught her hand. "Lynn," he murmured, "Now that I'm here and alive, how about decorating my home?"

Lynn nodded her reply and the crimson heels tapped on down the winding staircase alone.

Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls.



WHERE I WENT AND WHAT I SAW LAST SUMMER

By FLORENCE MULLIN, Alumna

TO set sail on one's first trip to Europe is a thrill never to be repeated, and I cannot describe my feelings as I felt the Leviathan leave Pier 86 in New York on July 4th. It was a gala day and on account of the holiday the crowd we left on the dock was unusually large. Bands played, flags were flying and here and there handkerchiefs were used advantageously, but until we left land behind it was hard to realize that we were embarked on the broad Atlantic. The next morning when I saw that vast expanse of water stretching out on all sides, I wondered anew at the temerity of Columbus in setting out to search for a new world.

The Leviathan is like a city in itself, carrying 3,000 passengers and 1,100 crew. It rises nine stories above the water line. Everything that makes life pleasant is at hand, reading rooms, lounging rooms, cinema, concert hall, swimming pool and not least, a completely equipped hospital. 'Mal-de-mer' is quite unlikely on a ship of these proportions, but some of the passengers had such active imaginations that they could feel the symptoms before we left the dock. Our trip across was perfect in every detail and the weather might have been made to order with a great golden moon at night to complete the illusion of being in fairyland. When in the cold, grey dawn of the sixth day, through the haze, which the sun had not yet dispelled, we saw the faint outline of Cherbourg, we were really sorry that the voyage was at an end.

The Leviathan is too large to go into the dock at Cherbourg, so the anchor is dropped out in the bay and small tenders transport the

passengers to shore. After a delay of several hours due to red tape of passport examination and the like, we finally set foot on the shores of France. Going into a barren building, which serves as customs house and railroad station combined, we satisfied French officials that we had nothing in our luggage to interest them and in a few minutes we boarded a train for Paris.

French trains, like all foreign trains, are much different from ours, being divided into compartments, each one holding six or eight passengers according to the style of the train. The first and second class cars are upholstered very comfortably and the railroads are operated by the government. The dining cars are somewhat similar to ours, but we found the food quite different. The French eat a great deal of meat, also fish and vegetables, but cream and butter are used sparingly. Fresh fruit takes the place of our puddings and pastries.

Our first impressions of France on this trip from Cherbourg to Paris were most pleasant. The country is fertile and the small farms well taken care of. The farms are not scattered as ours are, but the land is cultivated on the share basis and at intervals a small settlement is formed by those farming within a certain area. It is a novel sight to see the tiny brick houses built on the hillside with the red roofs contrasting effectively with the green land. Tiny gardens no larger than pocket handkerchiefs boast flowers of every hue and species, and the men and women working in the fields seem happy and contented.

When we reached Paris that evening my

first impression was that by mistake we had been switched to the Tower of Babel. Everyone was talking at once and at top speed until our ears fairly rang with the noise. Tired and bewildered, we were glad to reach the hotel and settle down for the night.

Paris is, of course, a treasure house from the historical point of view and one could spend months there and not exhaust the supply. One of the famous things is the Louvre, which was built in the 16th century by Francis the First, who intended that each succeeding monarch should add to it until it became the greatest palace in the world. The French Revolution played havoc with his plans, and it was confiscated and turned into an art gallery by the State. Here is located the famous "Mona Lisa" whose enigmatic smile has baffled the world. Nearby are the beautiful Tuilleries, formerly the private gardens of the queens of France. The Tuilleries palace was destroyed during the French revolution and never rebuilt. San Chapelle, built in 1231 by St. Louis the Ninth, to house the relics he brought from Palestine during the third Crusade, was used as a chapel by the French kings. The stained glass windows, distinguished by the clear blues and reds exemplary of the 13th century, were removed during the war and sent to Southern France. Luxemburg Gardens, surrounding the Senate houses of the Republic, are considered the most perfect example of landscape architecture in the world and even the trees are trained in perfect alignment. The Pantheon, which was later made into the Church of St. Genevieve until the French Revolution, is a splendid example of earlier architecture. Notre Dame, known as the mother church of France, was begun in the 12th and finished in the 14th century. The famous Rose Windows, so called on account of their shape, are unique throughout the world for the color-

ing in which the reds and blues are predominant.

The Church of the Madeleine was begun by Napoleon in the year 1800 as a monument to his glorious army, and is filled with the treasures he captured on his various campaigns.

The Champs Elysées, the most famous avenue in Paris, is $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles long, terminating at the Arc de Triomphe, which Napoleon built at the close of the Franco-Prussian war. From this arc radiate 12 avenues and at the end of each avenue is a palace, these palaces formerly being the residences of the twelve ministers, who had charge of the twelve provinces into which Paris is divided. The famous Eiffel Tower is 1,000 feet high and built entirely of steel. Although a scientific wonder, it offends the artistic sense of the French people, who are threatening to tear it down. We also visited the Pantheon de la Guerre, wherein is an extraordinary panorama painted by Pierre Belleuse, his chief student Gourget and 14 others, depicting the world war, showing all the Allies, the famous persons who participated and some of the noted battles. It took four years and eight months to complete the painting.

Versailles, which is 15 miles from Paris and was formerly the home of Louis 14th and his descendants, is famous in our own day, for it was here in the "Gallery of Glass" on July 28th, 1919, the Treaty of Versailles was signed by Wilson, Clemenceau and Lloyd George. This gallery of glass, which is so called because it is solidly mirrored on one side and walled with French doors on the other, admitting one to a balcony overlooking the gardens, was also the scene of another treaty in 1871 after the Franco-Prussian war. There are 100 avenues leading from the gardens, 50 on each side of the lake, each avenue one mile in length. Mansard was the architect, LeBrun the head paint-

er and Le Notre the gardener, who were responsible for this splendid structure, which stands undimmed by age, a monument of a monarch, whose lavishness and extravagance have never been equalled.

From Versailles the drive to Malmaison through shaded avenues, is one never to be forgotten. Here it was that Josephine lived after Napoleon divorced her and many of the furnishings are left intact.

A day was spent driving through the battlefields, leaving Paris by the taxicab avenue, so called because when the first battle of the Marne was at its most critical stage and the French were weakening, General Gallieni, military director of Paris, mobilized all the taxicabs in the city, filled them with the men who had been given him to guard the city, and drove to the scene of the battle. The news spread like wildfire of strong reinforcements on the way, and in no time the tide was turned and the French won the battle. Down through Meaux, Belleau Wood, Chateau Thierry, we stopped at Rheims to view the Cathedral, which was practically destroyed. The roof has been reapplied, but the interior has not yet been touched. It required 200 years to build it and it is estimated that another 20 years will see it restored as far as will be possible.

Looking over the peaceful fields, it is difficult to imagine they were the scenes of bloody warfare, and only the thousands of poppies remain to mark the spot of "No Man's Land." Here and there a shelled village still stands and in the vicinity the shining new houses bear witness to the invincible spirit of the people.

From Paris we crossed the country to Pau and Biarritz, two well-known resorts, and from there to Lourdes. Nestling in the heart of the Pyrenees Mountains, this small village has a purely religious air, which I believe is

found no where else. The main street winds down past hotels and small shops directly to the Basilica. In front of this Basilica is the Esplanade, where the thousands of pilgrims and sick gather every afternoon to beseech heavenly aid in their afflictions. The invocations, "Lord, that I may see," "Lord, that I may hear," "Lord, that I may walk," rise with such fervor that they fairly pierce the clouds with their intensity. Each sick person is blessed with the Blessed Sacrament and then following the prayers, public benediction is given. The torchlight procession in the evening is most impressive. The pilgrims, who walk in double file, carry candles, which furnish the only illumination on the grounds. A hymn is sung, which was written particularly for this procession and as the chorus of "Ave, Ave, Ave Maria" is sung the candles are raised aloft like gleaming fireflies. As the procession winds around to the statue of Our Lady directly in front of the Basilica, both the statue and Basilica are suddenly illuminated. During our stay in Lourdes there was a pilgrimage from England numbering 1,600 people, including several hundred sick. By special permission midnight Mass was celebrated, preceded by Holy Hour. Six miracles were performed during this pilgrimage and those not cured seemed to receive new courage rather than to be discouraged because they were not among the fortunate ones. Benediction and devotions are also held at the grotto in the evening. The invalids are bathed in the Lourdes water every morning and afternoon.

Nice, on the Riviera, was the next stop, and this lovely resort, lying on the shores of the Mediterranean, is one of the most frequented in Southern France. Driving along the Grand Corniche road, built through the mountains by Napoleon in order to transport his troops,

we finally sighted Monte Carlo. This little island, which belongs to the principality of Monaco, is famous for its beauty as well as for the gambling casinos. The tense, eager faces of the men and women bent over the roulette tables were in strange contrast to the placid loveliness of nature outdoors. The Prince of Monaco has a magnificent palace at Monte Carlo as well as a private museum where he collects many interesting things.

From Nice to Genoa the railroad is tunneled through the mountains, a splendid piece of engineering, but rather hard on the traveler, as the trip is almost one constant tunnel, merely coming out now and then for a breath of air. Genoa, the birthplace of Columbus, is a quaint old hilly city. The house in which Columbus was born has only the shell standing, and is located in the old Roman quarters, where the streets are only wide enough for one vehicle to pass. The cathedral in Genoa is unique for its facade of black and white marble, and, built in three different centuries, it has some of the characteristics of each.

Leaving Genoa, we passed through 127 tunnels enroute to Rome, but a glimpse of the mountains of marble at Carrara and of the leaning tower at Pisa, helped to make the journey endurable. At last we glimpsed the hills of Rome and ere long were jogging through the streets in a charabane. Looking at the ancient buildings, which have withstood time and the elements, the famous words of Rienzi are recalled, "Rome sat upon her seven hills and from her throne of beauty ruled the world." Standing grim tributes of an age that built for eternity, these ancient temples have defied earthquakes and tempests. After fulfilling the conditions necessary to gain the Jubilee indulgence, we did our sight-seeing with a clear conscience. Rome has some 500 churches, so we only attempted to see a few,

of which St. Peter's is the most magnificent. The interior is entirely of marble and the decorations are mosaics, the finest in the world. The main body is so vast as to be overpowering on first sight and in the naves are hundreds of chapels. St. John Lateran was formerly the home of the Pope for three months each year. It has a mosaic floor from the fourth century and statues of the twelve apostles in marble.

St. Maria Maggiore contains a piece of the wood from the crib at Bethlehem. This church was formerly an ancient temple of Mars.

St. Paul's, outside the walls, contains 267 pillars of marble and medallions of all the Popes up to the present time. The tomb of St. Paul is located in this basilica and the old church, which was partially destroyed, is now a Benedictine monastery.

The Pantheon, which was built 27 years before Christ, for a pagan temple, is now a Catholic church, St. Mary Martyr. It was from the dome of the Pantheon that Michael Angelo drew his inspiration for St. Peter's. Raphael is buried here, as are also the father and grandfather of the present king of Italy.

The Capitol Art Museum contains three of Michael Angelo's best pieces of sculpture, "The Dying Gaul," "The Marble Faun" and "Venus." From Capitol Hill, on which this museum stands, one can view the old Roman Forum and the ancient temples.

We also visited the King's palace on Quirinal Hill, the interior of which is very fine and contains numerous treasures of paintings and sculpture.

From there we went to the Catacombs, over which the Church of St. Sebastian is built, winding through the drafty underground passages with the slender tapers we carried to light our way flickering in the gloom. It made one realize what the faith must have meant

to the early Christians to give them the courage to bear the hardships and trials they underwent.

Some other interesting churches we visited were St. Maria of the Tiber, which was formerly a temple of Minerva, Apollo and Mars; the Church of St. Cecilia, under which is the house where she lived, and the Church of St. Peter of the Chains, which contains the chains, which bound St. Peter in prison and which were broken supernaturally.

The beauty of the Vatican is indescribable, and it contains a wealth of paintings and sculpture, libraries and antiques, which beggar description. The Vatican numbers 11,000 rooms and the gardens surrounding it are among the finest in the world. To see Rome in its entirety and to do justice to the multitude of interesting things would require months, but we managed to see the most important in our limited stay.

The climax of our stay was an audience with the Holy Father, 110 of us being received in one of the largest throne rooms. When the Pope entered we knelt and kissed his ring, then he ascended the throne and spoke at length in Italian, which was translated for us by a Carmelite Father, who conducted our party through the Vatican. After giving us the Papal Blessing, the Holy Father dismissed us to receive parties from the Island of Malta, Germany and England.

I must not neglect to mention that during my stay in Rome I visited Loretto Convent there and met Mother Salome, who is a most charming person and very much interested in hearing about her co-workers on this side of the Atlantic.

From Rome we went to Florence, a lovely city full of historical interest. Leaving Florence, we journeyed to Venice, that unique place built in the Adriatic Sea, where the

streets are canals and the taxis are gondolas. St. Mark's Square is the heart of Venice and St. Mark's Cathedral, a magnificent structure, flanked by a campanile or battle tower. Around this square are the lace factories and the glass works where all those delectable novelties are concocted, which make the liras flow like water. Venice at night with the full moon shining on the waters presents a scene never to be forgotten. Gliding along the grand canal, while the voices of the gondoliers blend with the lapping of the water, begets a sense of peace and pleasure that is unforgettable.

To spend a few days in Milan is worth the effort, if only to view the cathedral, which was built in 1386. It contains many hundred spires each crowned by a statue, and the topmost spire elevates a bronze Madonna. There are 6,000 statues in and outside the church. Walking down the nave of the church between the lofty pillars, one seems to be in a vast forest, with glimpses of the wonderful stained-glass windows above the high altar. The body of St. Charles Barromeo is buried in this cathedral.

Another interesting church in Milan is that of St. Ambrose, which was once a temple of Hercules. The high altar is 1,600 years old and contrary to the usual custom, the priest faces the people when saying Mass. St. Ambrose is buried here and his body is perfectly preserved.

We spent a day on the Italian lakes Como, Bellagio and Maggiore, gems of beauty with the snow-capped mountains rising on either shore. Going from one lake to another, we boarded a funny little train, greatly resembling a toy outfit, with no windows in it, and rode through the mountains. The miniature locomotive panted furiously and at times two were necessary, one to push and one to pull. But when we reached the top and saw the

panorama, it surpassed all expectations. This part of Italy is the most beautiful of all and reaching Stresa at twilight, we watched the slow moon climb, bathing the whole world in an effulgence, which fairly took one's breath. In the morning the sun rose over the mountains in a golden glory, and it was with great reluctance that we set out for Switzerland.

Interlaken is a quaint place set in the Alps only a short distance from Jungfrau, the highest accessible peak in the range. While not as high as Pike's Peak in Colorado, it is much more spectacular, being covered with ice and snow the year round. Leaving Scheideg, we ascended the mountain on a cog railway, which is the only method of locomotion to the top. The road is tunneled and only at intervals you emerge into daylight to find yourself on a ledge surrounded by glaciers. Reaching the top, the temperature compares with our February blasts, and it is extremely precarious to explore to any extent, as a misstep would prove fatal. Looking around at the expanse and grandeur of this lofty range of mountains and far below the tiny dots of villages, the impression is forced upon you that man's accomplishments are indeed finite.

Lucerne is one of the loveliest spots in Switzerland, and from there we took a lake excursion on Lake Constance to Tell's Platte, made famous by the exploits of William Tell. Another interesting thing in Lucerne is the daily organ recital at the Cathedral, also the Kursaal, a national institution in Switzerland where daily there are concerts on the highest plane.

In strong contrast to the mountainous nature of Switzerland is the level expanse of Germany, and riding through the country, we found it to resemble America more than any we had yet seen. The farms are well kept, prosperous looking and every bit of ground

is utilized. Reaching Munich, we found the same clean, well-kept appearance and an air of efficiency, which the warmer countries lack. We had a most interesting trip from Munich to Cologne, up the Rhine, and enroute we passed Bonn, the home of Beethoven. Cologne also has a splendid cathedral somewhat similar in appearance to that in Milan. In Germany we found the church music particularly good and several choirs were accompanied by orchestras. The churches have pews in the body of them, which other continental countries lack.

Going to Brussels, in Belgium, we found a miniature Paris. The Belgians and the French have many race characteristics in common. One of the interesting features is the town hall square, where clothes, food and flowers are sold in the open air. The stands are loaded with tomatoes of the reddest hues, golden squashes and pumpkins, lettuce, cabbages, and all the delicacies of the season. Flowers of every shade and kind are displayed and the smiling faces of the peasants who call their wares bespeak a happy, contented race.

All of the countries we had visited thus far have practically abandoned any native dress, and going into Holland, we were surprised to find that they also in the larger cities dress much as we do. At The Hague we visited the House in the Woods, which was the original peace palace where the first peace conference was held in 1899. Queen Wilhelmena lived in this palace during the war. The present peace palace is constructed of material brought from every country in the world and contains many unique exhibits. Amsterdam is a thriving town and is surrounded by many islands in the dykes where the ancient customs prevail. On the Islands of Markem and Edam the native dress is worn, including the lace cap and wooden shoes. Until they are seven years old, the boys and girls dress alike, the only dif-

ference being a circle embroidered in the hood of the boy where the hood of the girl is plain. At Broek, considered the cleanest town in the world, there is a famous cheese factory from which cheese is shipped all over the world. The Dutch people are very clean and thrifty, and the small houses fairly shine. On entering the house the wooden shoes are slipped off and felt house-slippers donned. The barns are very clean and the story goes that even the cows have their teeth brushed three times a day. The Dutchman's constant fear is of floods and the fields are dyked and every precaution taken to prevent the land from being inundated. Everyone in Holland, men, women and children, ride bicycles, and it is a common sight to see a woman riding with several children strapped on behind.

Crossing the English Channel from the Hook of Holland to Harwich, we reached London one Sunday morning to find the sun shining and no sign of the proverbial fog. London is a great deal like New York, but they have no surface cars, using trams, or busses as we call them, and the subway. One of the interesting places is the British Museum, containing among other exhibits a very fine library where we saw the original manuscripts of George Eliot's "Adam Bede," Cardinal Newman's "Dream of Gerontius," Dicken's "Pickwick Papers" and many others. The original score of Handel's "Messiah" is also in the museum.

Driving along Downing street, we viewed the inconspicuous houses where much of the history of England was made. Buckingham Palace was viewed from the park, but alas, we were not permitted to enter. Westminster Abbey, across from the Houses of Parliament, is intimately connected with all the historical events of English history, and we spent a bewildering afternoon in it, viewing the monuments and tablets commemorating the various

events. All of the famous men are buried there, and it is a galaxy of names whose owners are now dust, but whose deeds live on through the years. Westminster Cathedral, though modern in character and not entirely completed was also of interest to us. The Tower of London, where England's bloody history was made, is filled with exhibits of a military character and the guards are arrayed in the costume designed by Henry VIII. for his "beef-eaters."

A day's drive through the Shakespeare country showed us the English countryside at its best and the English manors with their gardens have a charm to be found nowhere else. We visited Shakespeare's home at Stratford-on-Avon, but the shell of the house only is standing, with a few of his manuscripts and a copy of his will. Driving on to Anne Hathaways's cottage, we found it in excellent state of preservation with the furniture intact and a lovely garden surrounding it. Leaving Holyhead, we crossed the Irish sea for Dublin, and much to our disappointment, found it raining when we reached the other side. Brave little Ireland, which has suffered so many hardships, has an uncertain climate, but all the sorrows, sufferings and discomforts have failed to dim the smile, which is an Irishman's charm. The Free State Government is, of course, the main topic now, and we visited the government buildings, where slowly but surely the tangle is being straightened out. Phoenix Park is the beauty spot of Dublin, containing 700 acres, and along this park is the finer residential section. We saw Trinity College, which was closed for vacation. Going to Glasnevin Cemetery, wherein it is the ambition of every Irishman's heart to be buried, we saw the tomb of Daniel O'Connell, over which a monument has been erected. Arthur Griffith, the first President of the Free State Government, Michael Collins, Charles Parnell, and other noted men

of Irish history are also buried here. The botanical gardens of Dublin are among the finest in the world and here we saw flowers whose loveliness is unequaled, orchids of the rarest, begonias of unbelievable size and hues and specimens of plants and flowers from every climate.

Killarney, our next stop in the Emerald Isle, is the beauty spot of Ireland. An Irish jaunting car was the method of locomotion, and we visited the wishing bridge, Colleen Bawn Rock, and the dells of the fairies and the banshee, enjoying the beauty of the mountains and the lakes and the peace of the surroundings. Leaving Killarney one morning,

we drove through Glengariff and Bantry to Cork, a most beautiful drive through the mountains. From Cork we explored Blarney Castle and of course kissed the blarney stone.

Leaving Ireland at Rosclare, we crossed the Irish Sea and were soon speeding for Southampton to sail for home. The voyage was somewhat marred by storm and fog, but the mighty Leviathan defied the elements courageously and at the end of six days we once more sighted "Lady Liberty," looking ineffably calm and peaceful in the harbor. As we set foot on the dock we felt a pang to realize the "Great Adventure" was over, but "East, West, home is best."



THE LOST FAIRY

I HAVE been told that once, indeed, a very long time ago, a little fairy wandered away. This is what happened: One evening a troop of water nixies were dancing, to the sound of sweet music, on the sand of a sea-shore far away from here.

The light of the moon shone upon them in their graceful dance, so that their pearly white robes glittered like polished silver, and their little golden sandals sparkled like stars.

At some distance along this same shore a gentleman and lady were walking in the moonlight. The gentleman had his eyes fixed on the ground, for he was thinking deeply; but his wife, who was looking at the sea, stopped suddenly and said:

"Listen, what delightful music!"

He stopped a moment and said laughingly, "I hear no music, dear wife. Come, wake up! You have your eyes half-closed, and I really believe you are dreaming."

"It is not a dream," replied the lady; "besides, see then these delicate creatures that are dancing on the sand. Have you ever seen anything as charming?"

"I see the rays of the moon dancing on the water, my love; nothing more. It is only an effect of your imagination."

But his wife did not hear him. With her eyes fixed, and her lips half opened, she was watching what was passing before her and could think of nothing else. She saw that one of these fairies, who was larger and more beautiful than the others, had wings, and that she turned round in the dance with so light a step that she seemed hardly to touch the ground.

"Have you ever seen such a dream of beauty?" cried the lady, enchanted. I wish she were my little daughter, my very own. She should eat at my table and sleep on my bosom."

She knelt down then on the shore and began to sing in a sweet voice:

"Little tricky nixies dancing on the shore,
Give me your lovely captive, I shall love her
evermore."

The dance ceased immediately. The nymphs, very much frightened, looked about them on all sides, no longer being able to run away; but the winged fairy, attracted by the affection she read in the lady's eyes, flew softly towards her.

Then the water-nixies, forgetting their fear, reassembled, and hastening towards her, tried to stop her. Their little beings shook with anger, as if they were being blown about by the wind.

But the lady cried out: "They will not do you any harm, little one. Come with me, you will be my child and I will take you home."

"Home!" said the charming child; I live in Summer-Land. Oh! is it really there you are going to take me?"

Then folding her white wings, she nestled like a white dove on the lady's bosom, who carried her away with the greatest care to a magnificent castle which faced the sea.

The water-nixies soon forgot the pretty fairy, for there was no feeling, except for themselves, in their little hearts. Besides, she was not of their race. Her wings were soft

and light like those of a white butterfly; and she always said that she once fell from a cloud and that she had been taken in a net which a water-nixy had spread on the grass. Since that time they had minded her, and it was only when the lady had called her that she had ever been able to escape.

Henceforth she lived in the castle, near the lady, and in time her wings became smaller and smaller and finally disappeared entirely, so that the gentleman who was known as her father, completely forgot that she was not like the other children of this world.

"You imagine that formerly you were a fairy," he said to her; "but there are no fairies, my dear, and Summer Land does not exist."

The child became as dear to the gentleman and lady as their own life. They forgot that she belonged to another world and imagined almost, like everybody, that she was really their own little girl. Nevertheless, the child forgot nothing. She longed to see again the country she had left, but she did not know how to find the way.

"Dear Papa," she said one day, "I beg you never to say again that fairies do not exist, for I remember so well the time when I could open my wings and fly away. How beautiful it was to see the clouds floating under my feet!"

"Very well," said the gentleman, laughing, "if you wish I will say also that there are fairies in the air and always under the earth, and that formerly I was a big white butterfly, feeding on honey. Do you not remember chasing me above a bed of roses?"

"Oh, Papa! Now you are laughing at me; but I love to see your eyes shine and I am very much pleased that you are my father. However, in spite of everything I will repeat always that once, long ago, I was a fairy."

The remembrance of her country never

left her. She thought of it at table, at play and during her work. Sometimes when eating a piece of juicy fruit she would say: "This grape comes from a beautiful country on the other side of the sea, but it is not as delicious as the fruit of my garden, Mamma."

"Where is your garden, my child?"

"Oh, in Summer Land. I forget always that you have never seen it. When I return, Mamma, I will take you with me, for I love you with all my heart and I cannot go without you."

In the evening when she heard the bell's of the little church on the hillside ring softly, she would say: "Oh, those bells are like the chimes of my country, but they are not half so beautiful. My dear mamma, even, is not as beautiful as the fairy who comes to see me when I am sleeping."

Mignonne loved to chatter and tell of the wonders of this strange country of the fairies which she alone had ever seen. Her mother never checked her; she let her tell her pretty stories full of gay rainbows, swift streams, magnificent palaces and costly jewels. She said: "The child has such a lovely imagination! How many of us would be able to see with closed eyes such charming pictures?"

However, the gentleman was not so pleased, and one day when Mignonne, while looking at a stream covered with ice, said in a low voice: "At home the rivers are always joyful; they sing all day long and during all the year, without ever freezing. Shall I never return to this Summer Land? Oh, I would wander over the whole world to find it."

"Mignonne, what you recall is a city of clouds, some country of a dream, some island of the past which you will never see again. I beg you forget all these strange ideas," he replied.

But the child continued to dream. Her

thoughts by day and her dreams by night were filled with memories of this country which she had lost. One day she heard someone sing :

“I come from the land of all beauty,
Of blue waves bathed in the sun,
Where the sirens with hair like the sunbeams
Play and dance in the dawn.”

She clapped her hands and said quite low :
“My country is there. I think I remember
now. It was a country under the blue waves
bathed in the sun.”

CHAPTER II.

Sometimes Mignonne accompanied her parents on long voyages to distant countries. She hoped, each time, that the vessel would bring her to the Islands of the Blest, and when they touched one day near a charming shore and she heard someone cry out, “The Isles of Greece!” she thought she had at last arrived at her own country.

She trembled and hardly dared to look at the shore which she thought she knew so well; but alas! it was not Summer Land. It was not her native land.

Another time she heard her father say that the jewels she wore were brought from the depths of the earth. “Why did I not think of it sooner?” said Mignonne to herself. “Since there are such beautiful gems in the earth, my country is surely there, for there were many jewels in the home I lost. Surely, if I could find the cave which leads to it and walk far enough, I would reach Summer Land.”

At last one day she set out in haste to search for her country; but she became lost in a deep cave. When she emerged from the darkness to the light of day she perceived that she was in a place which she had never seen.

She was quite alone in the world. Her father and mother had disappeared. She called them, but received no answer. Terrified, she began to run in all directions, seeking them everywhere, but all to no purpose. She was nearly at the end of her strength and soon fell down, completely worn out.

Night was coming on and the only thing to do was to drag herself under a bush and fall asleep, weeping. The next morning things were worse than ever. Her parents, in despair, had returned home, thinking she was drowned in the sea. Poor Mignonne was quite alone in the world and she was very heavy at heart.

Some charitable people gave her food in the day-time and lodged her at night; her clothing was as warm as possible, nevertheless her heart was always heavy. Everywhere she was looked at with curiosity and she was praised so much for her beauty that she hardly dared raise her eyes to show how pretty she was. In spite of all she was very sad, for she had lost her father and mother, and it made her heart very heavy. She thought that winter was approaching. It soon became so cold that it was more and more a necessity to find her Fairy-land. She said to herself, “If I am a fairy, perhaps my country is far away from here on the other side of the hills. Yes, I really think this must be the country to which the music is going.” She always thought when she heard music that the sound seemed to hover and float about the earth, then lose itself in the sky.

She made her way then towards the country towards which the music was going, but she looked so fixedly that her eyes hurt her, yet she never saw the country she had lost so long ago, not even one of its many steeples arose upon her sight.

One night after she had looked and wept so long that she had nearly lost her sight, and

her tears were exhausted, the beautiful creature who came to see her in her dreams approached her and said in a whisper:

"Child, if you wish to find again this distant and charming shore, raise your eyes and take courage; you will arrive there some day."

"Dear me! what must I do?" cried Mignonne, joining her hands, "I am tired of pelting rains and cold winds and I have lost my father and mother."

"There are high hills to climb and rivers to cross," said the fairy.

"But I have thick shoes," said Mignonne, smiling.

"There are thorns and briers along the way."

"I don't care; I can bear their sting."

"Then I will lead you," said the fairy.

"But how is it possible?" cried the child. "You come to me in my dreams, but in the day-time I cannot even see the tip of your wings."

"Listen, and you will hear my voice," said the fairy. "Set out to-morrow at day-break in the direction of the east; I will be with you."

"Then," said Mignonne, rising quickly, "I wish to start immediately; for if I make haste, I shall perhaps arrive at Summer-land before the gate is closed." So bringing with her as many jewels as she could carry, she set out without delay and began to climb a steep hill, her eyes fixed towards the east in the glowing sun. But as the sun rose in the sky, the clouds of the morning disappeared.

"What has become of my Golden Gate?" cried the child, sobbing.

"What, weeping already?" said the fairy.

"Do not scold me, dear Fairy Whisper," sighed the child. "You know that I have lost my good parents and that the briers are tearing me; and then this road is so lonely, we never see anyone."

In reality there were many people there, children gathering flowers and fruits on the hill; women collecting herbs; shepherds watching their flocks; but Mignonne did not see them. All the time she had her eyes fixed on the sky. However, she was soon obliged to stop and rest. Her limbs were tired and she was out of breath.

"Look around you," said the fairy; "perhaps you will see someone as unhappy as you are."

The child looked and saw a little girl who was driving a goat. Tears flowed down her cheeks and fell on her poor, torn dress. While she looked at the child, Mignonne forgot her own sorrow for a moment. Approaching her, she said:

"What is your name, little girl, and why are you weeping?"

"My name is Lisa," replied the child. "My father and mother died long ago and the only food I have is goat's milk and wild strawberries." While she spoke her eyes filled with big tears.

"Poor Lisa, you are the first person I have met who has had more sorrow than I. I also have lost my father and mother."

"Were they a king and queen?" asked Lisa, wiping her tears and gazing at the beautiful dress and splendid jewels of Mignonne.

"They loved me very much," replied Mignonne, sadly, "but I never heard them say they were a king and queen. I have never seen anyone so hungry. Come with me; I live in a country where there is food enough for everybody."

"Where is it?" said Lisa, eagerly.

"I do not know exactly, little girl, but it is neither on the earth nor under the waves bathed by the sun, so I suppose it must be on the other side of the hills very far away."

"Now I know who you are," said Lisa.

"You are the fairy who strayed away and they say you have wandered all over the world. But if you do not know the way that leads to your country, tell me, how do you know what road you must follow."

"Oh, I have a guide: a beautiful fairy who calls herself Whisper; she directs each of my steps. Do you not wish to come too, little Lisa?"

"I think not, little Fairy; for if you have only Fairy Whisper as guide, I am afraid you will never arrive there. Oh, but how pretty you are!"

"If you do not wish to come," said Mignonne, "let me at least give you some of my jewels so that you may sell them and buy bread."

Saying this, she took from her purse, which was in her girdle, several beautiful pearls which she placed in Lisa's hand, at the same time giving her a very affectionate kiss.

"Now I love you," said Lisa, "but rather on account of your kiss than for anything else. I will walk before you and cut down the briars which grow along the road. I am a little mountain girl and I know how to use my pruning knife."

Mignonne began to dance for joy. She had really made a friend. She perceived that now she could walk very easily, for not only were there no more sharp thorns to wound her, but her heart was also full of a new love which made the whole world beautiful.

"You see that the road is becoming more easy," said Fairy Whisper; "Like the stream which sings endlessly, pour out thy love gladly and fearlessly."

CHAPTER III.

Some time later Mignonne met an old woman nearly bent in two, who with trembling hands was gathering sticks.

"Poor woman!" she said, "I should like to love you."

"Dear me!" cried the old woman, letting the wood fall and raising her head, every wrinkle of her face expressing surprise, "Not me, surely; I am too old."

"That is the reason you need to be more loved and to have someone to take care of you," cried Mignonne, eagerly.

The poor woman began to laugh, but at the same time she wiped away a tear with the corner of her apron.

"I thought," said Mignonne, "that I was the only person in the world who was unhappy. It was sad to have my heart ache so much, but that is better than being old and having no one to love you."

"I suppose you have never been beaten," said the old woman. "Has anyone ever called you names or thrown stones at you?"

"No, indeed; never, never!" replied Mignonne, very much shocked at this question.

"I thought not. I see by your rich clothing that you are not poor enough to be always hungry. Allow me to tell you, my dear child, that when one is beaten and scolded, and cold all winter and hungry all summer, one is apt to have a hard heart."

Mignonne threw her arms around the old woman's neck. "Let me help you to pick up your wood," said she; "you are too old for such hard work and your hands tremble too much."

Then she picked up quickly a load of wood and made a bundle of it. "How many jewels shall I give her now?" thought the child. "She must no longer be hungry." She heard

Fairy Whisper saying to her, "How many?" "Give without counting, as God gives to us, The flowers, the birds, the air and the sun."

Mignonne, delighted, said out loud: "Then I will give her half. Wait, poor woman, take these rubies and diamonds and never be hungry again."

"Angel of Heaven!" said the poor woman, placing her thin hand on the fair head of the child and blessing her, "an old woman like me can give you only thanks; however, you will not perhaps disdain to accept this small pair of shoes. They are strong and will be useful when you will have to walk on the sharp rocks of the mountain."

Mignonne's thin slippers were already very much worn, so she was well pleased to take them off and replace them by the leather shoes which the old woman offered her; but strange to say, hardly had she done so than she perceived that she could advance rapidly and with the greatest ease among the rocks and on the bad roads. She was going so fast that when she turned round for a moment to take a last look at the old woman, she could no longer see her.

They were magical shoes, and made her skim rapidly over the ground. Lisa went ahead always, laughing and cutting away the briars for love of her little friend. Mignonne sold all her jewels, one after the other, to buy bread which she shared with all the poor she happened to meet. After several days, she noticed that there remained but one jewel. She now began to cry because she had nothing to give away.

However, through her tears, she caught sight for the first time, of the towers and steeples of her beautiful country, though they still seemed far off.

"How quickly I have arrived!" she cried, laughing with joy. "Without these magical

shoes and Lisa's pruning-knife, I would be yet at the foot of the hill." Then she looked at her dress, which was all in rags.

"Dear me! What a condition I am in. No one will recognize me when I arrive home."

"Fear nothing," said Fairy Whisper to her, "you may be sure of a welcome."

Mignonne now held in her hand her last jewel, which was shining in the sun, when a little boy who was starving, looked at her with eager eyes! "Take it," said she, crying with compassion. "I wish it were a diamond instead of a ruby, a diamond as big as my heart."

The little boy took it, blessing her with a trembling voice. Mignonne pressed on, singing sweetly, until she arrived at an immense moat filled with water. The way was blocked at last, so it seemed to her.

"Dear me! How shall I cross over?" she said anxiously.

"May I help you?" said a voice quite near her. Turning around, Mignonne saw the little boy to whom she had given her last jewel. He stood beside her and said, "I can make a bridge in the twinkling of an eye," and while speaking, he threw over the roaring water a thin, fine net which seemed as fragile as a spider's web.

"It will bear you," said Fairy Whisper; "do not be afraid." Then Mignonne took a step on the bridge, light to the eye as a vapour, but as firm under the feet as a rock. It bore her very well; so forgetting her fear, she crossed it bravely.

She had now arrived at the border of Summer-Land. She saw the palaces and the towers, the high steeples, the soft white clouds, the green fields and the sunny rivers. Suddenly, the wings which she had lost for a long time, returned; she opened them and like a joyous bird, flew straight home.

Oh! the joy of returning to her country

was well worth all these years of desires and sufferings. Her old friends surrounded her, hugging and embracing her with joy. But the greatest surprise was to see her father and mother approach. It seemed they had looked for their Mignonne everywhere till the moment in which they also had arrived at Summer-Land.

"Now," said the father, "I know that my little girl was not dreaming when she longed to see her country again." Mignonne, a little ashamed, threw a glance at her torn dress, but to her great surprise the rents and rags had disappeared; but what was more wonderful still, all the jewels, which she wore formerly round her neck and arms and waist, had returned and shone with more splendour than ever. She looked at them with joy and counted them, to see if any were missing. Yes, two jewels had disappeared: those which she had sold to buy bread. Those which she had given away had returned in this extraordinary manner, and they shone now with a new brilliancy.

"Ah!" said she smiling, "I understand why someone said that all we give to others we carry with us. It was a pleasure to give my jewels to the poor; but I did not think they would be restored to me. Then taking a

young fairy by the arm, she flew with her about the garden with the greatest joy. "Here is my dear garden. How well I remember its borders, its paths and its flowers; but long ago these were not as beautiful as they are now, and the trees did not bear such golden fruit. It is a hundred times more charming than ever."

"That's because your fairy, the one you call "Whisper," has taken care of it for love of you," replied her little sister. Do you know that these flowers and trees with their lovely golden fruits, have been watered by your tears, Mignonne?"

"My tears, little sister?"

"Yes, my dear, your tears. All those that you poured out on the earth have been gathered by Fairy Whisper. See the wonders which they have wrought."

"If I had known that," said Mignonne, "I should have been pleased to suffer more. I should even have smiled through my tears."

And now I have told you all I know of the story of the lost fairy. I have told it to you exactly as it was told to me, and I hope with all my heart it is a true story.

Translated from the French by
Loretto Abbey. M. C. W., Alumna.



EDUCATION AS A BUILDER OF CHARACTER

Resumé of An Address by REV. FATHER DALY, C.S.S.R.

A practical conception of character is to regard it as being "a good use of liberty." Liberty must not be made synonymous with license, which makes freedom a very dangerous faculty. Young girls in their ignorance and inexperience, and by their neglect in forming a strong character to guide them, are prone to follow whims and fancies and to regard some individual as the beacon which will guide them through life. A comparison may be made between the result of such a misapprehension and the voyage of a certain ship down the Sagueney River some years ago. The pilot was tranquilly steering the ship when suddenly he espied the gleam of a light, and believing it to be the lighthouse, he changed the course of the vessel. Crash! and the ship was merely a mass of broken boards floating on the surface of the river, for the gleam was that of a cottage window.

Our will power fluctuates and we require the force of character to restrain and to bolster it. We use much more energy and perseverance in coercing the will power than in assimilating knowledge, and we all know how difficult the latter process is. At the adolescent period the will power is also whimsical and extra persuasion is necessary, that its activity may be preserved.

In addition to your future life your present course of study will be a failure if you do not develop your character, for many girls abandon their studies because they haven't the perseverance to continue them.

At present the whole world is pleasure

mad and "to have a good time" is the creed of the majority. A pleasing appearance is the sole bulwark to which many attach their hopes for ultimate success. Beauty may carry a girl for some time, but it will never, of itself, lead her to a worthwhile goal. One of the most pathetic sights in the world is the throng of young girls in their teens who daily crowd the streets of Los Angeles, to which they have flocked in the vain hope of becoming famous as movie stars.

There are two points which are essential in the development of character. The first is obedience. You must recognize your ignorance and inexperience. You must also recognize that your superiors have that experience and that by their extensive knowledge of children they can discern your requirements. Is it not therefore logical that you should submit to their direction?

The second point is discipline, which is the cause of soldiers having strong characters. If you always take the easiest way, when you are forced to show your character you will resemble a piece of butter placed in the sun, falling to pieces in the attempt to avoid a certain issue, just as the butter slides around the pavement in the heat of the sun and at last leaves only an unsightly grease spot. When later on you gain experience you will be the first to thank your superiors for the discipline and exactitude you are now forced to observe.

Education is one of the most vital factors of life, and to obtain an education one will sacrifice the enjoyment of home, parents and

friends. Parents will make great sacrifices that their children may receive an education. It is not until the period of instruction is ended that you will realize the meaning of education. You who are now receiving an education, in the formal sense of the word are too young to understand its vital importance, and its true definition which may be expressed as a process which develops the latent talents.

There are many forms of education, and at present you are concentrating on the development of the intellectual powers of the mind. But in your future life you will be seldom asked how much you know, but you will frequently be forced to account for what you do. That is why the development of character is one of the most necessary phases of instruction. For as a beautiful ship, with the most advanced mechanism, the most exact compass and detailed chart, will still go astray if the rudder is unfit to guide the ship, so you may bravely launch forth on the sea of life, with your degree and with all the knowledge which is im-

plied by a university course, with a cultivated mind and brilliant intellect, and yet be a failure, if you haven't character to lead you to mental and moral success.

The life to which you are binding yourselves is a life of sacrifice, and the extent of the sacrifice can't be comprehended by us, who are not privileged to make a similar one. But the labour in which you will share, that of instructing children, leading souls to God and tending the sick and poor, is blessed by God. Happy is the family which has a member participating in such service, for it is but natural that Christ will pour forth the wealth of His blessings on one of His chosen servants and that she may be an intercessor at His throne.

May Christ forever surround you with the sweet light of His grace and may your actions ever tend to promote His honour and glory, that you may diffuse your sweet fragrance in heaven.

Margaret Ross.

Loretto Abbey, Toronto.



THE GARDEN OF MY HEART

(Lovingly dedicated to the Planters of the Vine, also to the Sisters of Loretto, under whose patient guidance many buds in the Garden expanded to fuller beauty, and to one whose eye will see this page, who, more than a year ago, with wise and tender fingers mended a torn place in the Vine).

YOU have heard the poets sing of it and a charming spot they make of it too, with its glistening fountains and clean green-swards and carolling birds and breaking buds,—and if in it there be also a rustic bench fashioned for two, and those two madly, blissfully and beautifully in love!—why, so much the more ideal a place to dream of and watch, wonder, sigh and smile over.

You have heard, perchance, the professional gardener set forth in glowing terms his version of it,—with the kindly, warm soil, snubbed into humility by endless hot-beds and cold-frames and such-like inventions of a restlessly improving age, with the haughty blooms mobilized into neat battalions in barracks of stone walls and stiff wire fences, where no shy little violet dares to wander, nor the wild forgetmenot shed a lonely tear from her blue eye, nor a little boy dandelion at play walk across the finely-swept lawn, lest he drop an untidy petal upon its green neatness.

You have heard an old lady's memory of it, a prim, sweet haven for prim, sweet people, grandmother hollyhocks clasping daintily their frail silken parasols, modest daisy maidens blushing 'neath the caresses of the garden-breezes, slim young gospel ministers in their green pulpits, mignonettes like sacrificing little mothers, dowdy in their sober-colored dresses, yet redolent of the sweetest of garden per-

fumes, pansies with velvety, upturned faces, love-in-a-mist along the cottage walk and humming-birds above the bloom.

And you have heard, mayhap, a lover breathe of it in an apple-blossom orchard where the stars shone and where he held so gently your finger-tips as he spoke of it and the faint moonlight touched his anxious brow and silvered the hem of your white gown, and for no reason at all, except perhaps that even frail human love has in it an element of the Divine, you thought suddenly of that other Garden where One fought His silent battle in this same silvery starshine.

But, banishing Heart's Gardens like these from your thoughts for the moment, let Fancy's key turn the lock of your mind and look to see whether, perchance, the years and circumstances and memory and hope and prayer have not all this time been busy building within your own heart your own garden, where all the beautiful things of reality and of dreams have been gathered for time and time and time past, sweetly to surprise you some day, when you should snatch a quiet moment from out Life's fevered routine to glance within.

I have such a garden in my heart. It has been building there since first I gathered into baby eyes the smile from my own mother's pain-wearied lips. But I did not know of its existence until one recent hour when sorrow and bewilderment made all Life's bypaths sorely impassable to me, and grieved and lone-wandering I happened somehow upon this enchanting garden-path of mine. How shall I

describe it to you—my sanctum? For it is all softly curtained round with a beautiful tenderly-tinted vinery of the most delicately-textured and yet firmly-constructed foliage and the most exquisitely - fashioned and vividly - colored blossoms I have ever beheld. My mother and father planted this vinery for me, dropped the seeds in carefully-nurtured soil and with loving, anxious hands trained and tended and cultivated it all through the years of my girlhood. Sometimes I think this healthy vinery entwines my whole life in its strong, green tendrils, for, though many intruders have striven for admittance to my garden, the protective vine has baffled them. Sorrow, like a blight, gnawed at its leaves one day; Sin came and tried to tear a way through it; Avarice struggled to worm his way among its tender roots, but the Vine remained impenetrable and locks without all the wretched intruders that seek entrance, and holds within its kindly bounds all the lovely, wholesome things the Planters of the Vine would have stay there, Love and Chastity, Faith and Charity, the virtues God loves. I cannot hold them there. I, in my weakness and my temptation, grow weary of their sanctity and make it hard for them to stay in my garden. But the Vine, when they seek an exit, pushes them gently back and fastens them in. Ah, the debt I owe to the Planters of the Vine!

My garden is carpeted with a rich, soft, strong moss that is older even than the Vine, for the Moss my grandsires and great grandsires laid there for me. It is the foundation of many, many beautiful things in my garden. Out of it grew Faith in my Creator, Faith that has climbed inch by inch out of the good, clean soil they had already for it, Faith that stands now big and beautiful and thrice as strong for having swayed once or twice in the buffetings of the storm of Doubt. When the cry of

the agnostic beats into my ears and the sinner slinks by in the dark valley, pity stirs me that they had, perhaps, no fine Moss in their garden, no lovely young blossoms of Faith to look to in dark moments. Out of the Moss also grew Courage to face the little large tragedies of the passing days with a song and a high heart. Courage gave to the Planters of the Moss the ingenuity and wisdom and pluck to carve from a crude, if glorious, Canada, the Canada of to-day in all her superbness of stature and complexity and beauty of design. Truth, too, grew out of the Moss and shot forth blossoms like flaming swords to hurt each little falsehood or pretence that desires to creep into my Garden. Strength flowered there, physical strength that sprang from a wholesome soil, was shadowed kindly by the Vine and is cherished now by the keeper of the garden. And silvery-white, star-shaped blossoms appeared, that came to be known as Ideals. Sometimes Ambition so stirs their roots that they grow confused, and in the confusion rub each other harshly and bruises show on their delicate whiteness. Sometimes the storm of Doubt blows so wildly across my Garden that the Ideals totter a little or bow their heads in fear. But Faith shows them a ready example and they stand up firm again all about her and shine in their purity.

And then it happens occasionally just at prayer-time that God Himself, Whose Garden was Gethsemane, comes to walk in mine and plant there seeds that are destined to flourish and blossom and bear much fruit. Long, long ago, when it was just a baby garden, He put the Laughter-flower there, and now the Laughing-flower trembles goldenly in the sunlight and glimmers rosily in the shadow; and often has the Golden-flower flung forth its sudden fragrance when the world seemed dank and musty, cleared out the foulness and sweet-

ened the whole atmosphere of living. God put the Love-flower there too, and myriad and sweet are the blossoms it bears. I have plucked many hundreds of them from its graceful stalk, yet its glory is in no way diminished and new buds are constantly appearing on the stem. There has been love for the old and feeble, love for little children, tender love for the Planters and the Vine, love of service and of high standards and of God, love for him who some day will help me tend the garden; and my Love-blossom rears its sweet head taller and fairer than any of the other blossoms in my garden, I think because God's smile rested tenderly on it one eventide, and its cup has been brimming with ecstacy of adoration ever since.

Dozens and dozens of other flowerets crowd each other in my Heart's Garden. There are Tears in silvery dresses with their petals touched with shed blood and their leaves veined with a cross; there are little lost Hopes that have wandered in here for shelter and because no mirth with bitter springs is in my Garden; there are a hundred Memories, rosy-flushed flecked with gold, with here and there among the rosy ones a wee, sad white one, wet with a dewdrop tear. And there are Dreams and Dreams and Dreams. Many of them are only struggling into blossom now, and many of them have had their brief day and shed their tired petals about them on the ground; some are just breaking into bud, and the bulging stem of the Dream-blossom plant gives indication of many more to come. And the beauty of my Garden is in the multitude of its blossoms, for although I wander there many, many times, each fresh exploration discloses some new bloom or some unnoticed old one. Every hour seeds are being planted, and every life with which I come in contact either damages or beautifies my Heart's Garden, either plants a flower or kills one.

I find that, in order to keep it lovely, I must plan and sacrifice and labour long and steadily. There are Love and Laughter and Courage and Faith to cherish and tend, and they respond readily to whatever effort I bestow on them. If I smile on them they shine softly back at me, and if I shed a tear on them it seems to wash them more radiant-white than ever. I cherish my Garden because I love its beauty, its stillness and its sacredness. I can walk there and find consolation when no other garden in all the world welcomes me. And if I keep the protecting Vine around it and the little paths swept clean, I can find Christ there in the gloaming.

I hope—nay, I pray—that some day when the hinges on the Garden gate are grown old and rusty and the keeper of the Garden is tired, some kindly hand may gently pluck the blossoms that so enriched Life for her and strew them above her quiet grave, that Love and Courage and Faith may encircle her memory and the Peace of the Garden hallow her last resting-place.

Anne Sutherland.

Mine is a humble garden
 And beauty is not rare,
 Who is not blind to blossoms
 May find them anywhere.
 Mine is a gentle mission,
 To tend the little gate
 And offer rest and fragrance
 To travelers who wait.
 But you who walk the Highway
 From hour to weary hour,
 Have need of tender birdsong,
 Have need of blushing flower,
 And if one rose were wasted
 That you, perhaps, should see,
 How could I face the Owner,
 Who gave the keys to me?

A.S.

LOSS AND GAIN

"One pound of butter, half a dozen eggs, one pound of butter, half a dozen eggs. Gee, I said it enough, I should know it now. Let's see if I can say it backwards: Half pound eggs, one dozen—no, that's wrong. Better stick to the other way," prattled Bobbie as he made his way down the mountainside to the little village store.

Suddenly a grimy looking tramp stepped out in front of him. Bobbie straightway forgot all about the butter and eggs as the tramp lumbered his way nearer.

"Hello, youngster," hailed the grimy one, "Where you off to?"

"That's my business," retorted Bobbie.

"Oh, it is, eh? Well what would you do if I made you tell me?"

"Oh, you'd have to catch me first," and away went a little pair of heels down the side of the mountain; but the tramp wasn't going to be outdone easily, and in the twinkling of an eye he was leaping after. He kept gaining steadily and Bobbie had all he could do to keep ahead of him, but he was younger and knew every step of the way. The tramp followed in hot pursuit, but soon gave up the chase and Bobbie landed safe in the village. He hurried to the little store and arrived, out of breath.

"You look a little rushed, Bob. What did you come after?" asked the good-natured owner.

"Oh, I had to get sumpin' but gee, I must of forgot," complained Bob with a total disregard for grammar. "Wouldn't that get you, after saying it over about a hundred times

and then forgetting it, but an old guy chased me down the hill; he started to get noseey, but I ran."

Two of the men sitting around the stove jumped to their feet and gasped.

"Where? Where?"

"Oh, up the road aways. He'll be waiting for me coming back, but I'll fool him. I'll go the other way."

"No, you don't, sonny," said the big man, near the door, "You're going back and show us where you saw him."

"Why?" said Bob, all eagerness, "Who said I was?"

"That man is wanted for murder. He broke into Ingersoll's house last night and the old man tried to stop his get-away and this bird shoots him. The men have closed the pass out, but a man could hide in these mountains for years and never be seen. Young Ingersoll has offered a thousand dollars reward to the one who catches him within two days' time."

"Oh!" said Bobbie, and then another "Oh!"

So Bobbie started out, leading a band of men just as the shades of evening were purpling the mountains.

"Gee, this is the thrill that comes once in a lifetime!" he soliloquized, as he made his way up the road.

"You stay here and I'll go ahead, and when I yell you run."

So Bobbie set out and the men soon heard his shrill yell coming from around the bend, and fifteen minutes later the tramp was safe in the village store.

"Say, what are you pulling off, bo?" he said, when accused of his crime. "I never killed no one; honest, I didn't. I chased the kid, but I—"

He was interrupted by cries outside the store as the little village patrol wagon, in the form of a battered old Ford rattled to a stop and out jumped the leader of the other search party. After him came two men, leading a struggling form.

"Gosh, how many are there?" queried Bobbie.

"Here's the guilty one," said the leader, "Caught him with the goods."

Bobbie was not sorry that his tramp had not turned out to be the murderer, even if he had lost his share of the thousand dollars. What troubled him, though, was that it all had caused him to forget the object of his errand to the store. In a moment the tramp turned to him to explain: "I didn't mean to hurt you, sonny; I was hungry; I felt you had a dime or two when I heard you babbling about one pound of butter, half a dozen eggs."

"Oh Gee, that finishes it all off!"

Elizabeth McLaughlin.

Loretto, Niagara Falls.



THE TIDE

Last night had brought the worst storm of many years. S.O.S. calls had come to the little fishing village of Ostable, on the coast of the Atlantic, but as it had been impossible to answer them all, there was no doubt that many had perished.

When Jake Jenkins had finished his breakfast he confided to his wife: "Myra, I calk'late maybe I'll be takin' myself down the shore a bit an' be findin' out the news."

Myra's disapproval came quickly, "Jake Jenkins, I calk'late maybe ye better be mindin' yer own bisness an' don't ye dare go on board a boat. Remember the last big storm."

Ah! well did Jake remember the last big storm, fifteen years ago. All through the long hours of the night he and Myra had prayed for those in danger, while the wind howled furiously about their little cottage, and the rain came down in torrents. Oh, such a storm as it was! But with the first peep of

dawn came a calm. The wind and rain ceased and the ocean settled down, showing no sign of the recent disturbances on its rippled surface. Jake knew that a storm like this must have been the cause of much damage and out of the kindness of his heart he set out to help. Little six-year-old Joseph, their only child, pleaded to be allowed to accompany his father down the shore, to play while Jake was out in the boats. But, alas, in his father's absence he forgot to watch the tide, and when he came home it was not tripping gaily on his two little feet as he had left, but in the arms of his father, dead.

"Never fear, Myra, girl, I'll never be step-pin' in a boat agin as long as I live. Me fer the dry land, though ye couldn't call it very dry now. I'll just be seein' what the tide has left."

"All right, but he keerful an' be back in time fer yer dinner."

Jake hurried out of the house and walked briskly along the shore. Some of his friends were already there and after greetings of "Good Mornin'," were exchanged, Jake began the gruesome work of separating some bodies from the wreckage.

Presently his eye was caught by the sight of a box bobbing up and down in the water. He waited until the rising tide brought it close enough for him to draw it ashore. The cover had a large hole in it and a key was attached to a strap around the trunk. He fitted the key and the lid flew open. What a surprise! Inside was a little baby kicking its legs in the air and gurgling contentedly. It was a beautiful child with big brown eyes and a head covered with brown ringlets.

Jake picked the baby up and as he did so he noticed that a message was pinned to the little frock.

His companions gathered around him and they read the note, as the baby was a lively little monkey and all Jake could handle at one time. It ran:

'To whoever finds this: The baby's name

is Joseph. He is ten months old and of good parentage. The ship is sinking fast and I know I cannot be saved.

"The Mother."

Jake walked briskly back the shore and into the house.

"Oh, Myra!"

"An' what be ye wantin' back here so soon, yer dinner is not ready yet?" With this Myra herself appeared at the kitchen door. "Glory be, Jake, an' where did yet git it?"

"Down the shore," answered Jake, handing her the note. She read it, then held out her arms to the baby. He gurgled and reached out his tiny hands to her.

Together Myra and Jake sat down, little Joseph on Myra's lap. They looked with loving eyes on the baby; then, both looking up at the same time, their eyes met and the same thought rushed through both minds. The tide had taken one Joseph from them and had brought them another.

Margaret Glintz.

Loretto, Niagara Falls.



THE STORY OF THE GREAT DURHAM CATHEDRAL, ENGLAND

By M. ST. GEORGE, I.B.V.M.

I.

ONE of the most interesting of English Cathedrals is that of Durham, situated in the one-time Scottish border, on a high wooded cliff, overhanging the river Wear. It was founded in the year 1093, and is built for the most part in the Romanesque style. This style was introduced into England by the cultured Normans, and on that account, was given the name of "Norman Style," instead of Romanesque, its proper designation. Durham also shows touches of the overlapping Gothic, especially in the choirs.

Its Norman founders, accustomed to the vast and glorious churches of the continent, set to work with zeal to build this stately edifice to the glory of God. They spent two years in preparing and gathering materials, all of the most costly and magnificent kind. Century after century the patient monks, aided by earnest laymen, added to the great pile. The result was the magnificent monument that stands to-day, as it stood then, on its lofty, wave-lashed site, seeming to embody, in its steadfast strength, the promise of Christ, that the "gates of Hell shall not prevail against it."

Owing to its lofty position, the strength of its mighty walls and its proximity to the country of the war-like Scottish rebels, it was in those wild years of its early existence, almost as much castle and fort as it was Church of God.

Its Bishop was styled "Prince Bishop" by the Conqueror, and was, indeed, occasionally

forced to mount his good steed, like any warlord and give battle against the northern invaders who usurped his domain.

In the reign of Edward III. was fought the great battle of Neville's Cross, near Durham, in which the King of Scotland, David II. was defeated and taken prisoner. Both King and Prince-Bishop were absent on that occasion. But in lieu of a leader, the monks of the castle-cathedral ranged themselves on its towers and watched and prayed that success might bless the English arms.

In this battle was carried the banner of St. Cuthbert, whose venerated remains reposed in the great cathedral. It consisted of a corporal that he had used in saying Mass, and was often carried as a battle standard in those ages of faith. It was preserved with great care by the brethren and was carried for the last time in the reign of Henry VIII., when the ill-fated Pilgrimage of Grace set out from the north to present their petition to the King. The Pilgrimage, as you know, failed; the pilgrims, for the most part, paid the penalty of their desperate valour with their lives, and the banner of St. Cuthbert was seized and consigned to the fire.

Durham Cathedral itself also comes to our special notice, and for the last time, perhaps, in those dark days of the Reformation. In the reign of Elizabeth the men of the north, ever sincere believers and sturdy fighters, rose up again under the leadership of the Earls of Westmoreland and Northumberland, in a glorious but foolhardy attempt to liberate

from her unjust captivity the persecuted Queen of Scots, and to persuade Elizabeth to acknowledge her, as she truly was, the next in right of succession to the English throne. In this way they hoped in due time to restore the ancient faith of their fathers, which they saw passing like a phantom from the beautiful shrines of England. It was as if the gates of Hell hurled back in scorn the promise of the Divine Founder.

Ten years previous to this rising the last Catholic Archbishop of Durham had died in the prison to which Elizabeth had consigned him. But the faith still burned passionately in the breasts of his shepherdless flock. The old castle-church was seized by the bold northmen; the Anglican Communion table thrown down; an altar hastily erected in its place and the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass celebrated once again, and for the last time within its hoary walls. We may imagine that if those walls had life and heart, how they would have brooded with unspeakable devotion and loyalty over the last consecrated Host of the Altar. For this was the sole reason for their erection and adornment, to give Him fitting shelter, the Bread that came down from Heaven, the Food of His children, the King of Kings. He being gone as indeed He was forced to go, His earthly palace was nothing more than the empty sepulchre on Easter morn, filled with the desolation of His absence and with the added darkness of usurping error.

Durham was the last of the great English Cathedrals in which Mass was celebrated. The plot of the northmen was a hopeless failure from the first, and its only visible result was the spectacle of hundreds of ghastly gibbets, crected on the northern greens, from which swung as many ghastly victims, whose pitiful valour in the cause of their persecuted faith had been their only crime.

In the ages of faith, men not only believed that God was God, Supreme Judge, Infinite Justice, even as we do now, but they put their faith into practice, in one very literal and beautiful way, at least. Many of the great churches had what was known as the "right of sanctuary." A criminal pursued by the stern agents of the law, or an unfortunate victim fleeing from his persecutors, usually directed his course to the friendly haven of the nearest church or cathedral. At his wild summons the massive doors would be opened by the gentle monks and he was safe from violence, whether just or undeserved, for he was now at the feet of the hidden Judge, and there his pursuers left him.

On a door at the north side of Durham Cathedral may be seen the old sanctuary knocker. It is carved after the curious fashion of the "grotesque" which were used to ornament the outside of buildings, a great face, with no hint of mercy, or indeed, of any human quality in its staring eyes. In some Cathedrals, it was sufficient for the fugitive to be able to touch with his trembling hands the sacred portal, or to have hold of the knocker. In rarer cases, the right of sanctuary extended within several miles of the building. At Durham, safety seems to have been reached only when the fugitive was well within the walls. For it was the custom of the monks to be ever on the watch, and for this purpose two little rooms had been erected over the northern doorway, and two of the brethren were constantly on guard. When the massive knocker gave the alarm, they rushed down into the church, swung back the heavy doors and admitted the panting and wild-eyed fugitive.

After a short respite, to enable him to recover from the breathlessness and agitation, occasioned by his grim game of tag, he was clothed in the gown of St. Cuthbert,—a black

cloth robe with a yellow cross on the arm. He then made a statement of his crime, if he had committed one, and was after this, given food and drink. For a period extending over a month or more, he lived in safety. Then if the brethren judged fit, he was dismissed with words of Christian counsel and kindness.

The right of sanctuary was withdrawn from the shrines of England at the time of the Reformation, and the "Divine foolishness" of the great Queen-Church, whose eyes are ever fixed on the unseen Law-Giver, was replaced by the law of man, hard, keen, merciless, and in those days, often murderously unjust.

II.

Saint Cuthbert.

As the name of St. Cuthbert is strongly linked with the foundation and after history of Durham, it will not be out of place to give a short account of his life.

He was born near Melrose, in Scotland, about the year 635. He spent the early part of his boyhood tending sheep on the rugged hills of his native land. His character at this time is described as being lively and mischievous to an unusual degree. His outdoor life had made his young frame strong and vigorous, and he delighted in wrestling and running matches, in which he was almost always the victor, and in turning somersaults and cart-wheels for the entertainment of the younger children, who viewed these exhibitions with round-eyed admiration.

If we were to forecast the future from these early traits of his boyhood, we would probably picture him in later life, a jovial, broad-shouldered giant, living a life of peaceful labour in his little village home, and spending his great strength in the cares that are common to the vast majority of mankind.

But such was not to be his lot. "The

Spirit breatheth where He will," and He chose none other than the gay, cart-wheeling Cuthbert to breathe upon. The divine visitation came suddenly one summer evening, when the sun was just setting behind the low hills in a blaze of splendour. Cuthbert, quiet for the moment, was watching it with appreciation of its beauty, for he loved God's handiwork in nature.

Presently his eyes, quiet and passive at first, grew strangely dilated with a fascinated excitement, and his young face paled beneath its coat of tan. He shaded his eyes with his hands and peered more fixedly still at the golden vision. Yes, there was no mistake! The healthy shepherd lad was not given to optical illusions. Clearly defined against the gorgeous sunset, he could see a band of radiant angels flying, and seeming to bear among them a precious burden. At the same time he heard in his heart the words, "Aidan is dead." The next day the monks of Melrose received news of the death of St. Aidan, their founder, who had expired at the very time of Cuthbert's vision.

As might be expected, this vision made a profound impresion on the mind of the shepherd lad. In that moment the world changed for him, and forever. Before this, it is true, he had loved to listen to the deep, musical chanting of the brethren at Melrose, but only at a safe distance, and outside the fettering walls. Now his one thought was to leave the sun-bright freedom of the hills, and to shut himself in with God within these holy cloisters. And so we see him at the age of fifteen, seeking admittance at the Abbey of Melrose. He was accepted, and immediately commenced his life of prayer, study and mortification.

Years passed away, then as now. The bright, lively mind of Cuthbert had become a store-house of Christ's teaching and doctrine,

and the hands that once grasped the shepherd's crook were consecrated to the service of greater sheep,—God's wandering, hungering children, who knew not the way to the fold.

The wild regions to the north became his first mission. He travelled, for the most part, on foot, visiting remote villages and forgotten habitations on hillside and crag. His massive strength, built on the healthy foundation of his boyhood's life in the open air, now served him well. Back and forth he went untiringly, staff in hand, bringing wherever he went the waters of baptism, the word of God and His strengthening sacraments, together with words of kindness and cheerful charity.

To these labours, he joined constant prayer and penance. It is related that, to obtain the conversion of souls, or to make reparation for sin, it was his custom to plunge into ice-cold lake or stream in the depth of winter, and there remain in prayer until it would seem as if he must expire. On one such occasion, two kindly otters were seen to follow him out of the water, and when he knelt down on the nearby sands, they crept to him, and licked with their warm tongues his frozen feet.

In due time his saintly virtues caused him to be chosen first Prior of Melrose, and then of Lindisfarne. From the last office he retired in 676 to Farne Island, to lead the life of a solitary. A rocky cave, with its entrance curtained off by an ox's hide, became his home. His companions were wild sea-birds, which, drawn by the mysterious magic of his sanctity, would alight on his shoulders and listen to his discourse as they listened centuries later to the gentle St. Francis of Assisi.

In this quiet retreat he passed eight years. Then the claims of God's children were once more urged upon him. In the year 685, a noble deputation, consisting of the King of Nor-

thumbria, the Bishop of York and a numerous train of priests, visited his poor hut and urged him to accept the bishopric of Lindisfarne. He finally consented to this proposition, but with bitter tears, because he must leave his beloved solitude. And so we find him again, as of old, traversing on foot the immense area of his diocese, with no roof to shelter him, except that afforded him by charity or the hasty contrivances of necessity. Like John the Baptist, he gathered his scattered flock about him in the wide fields, and preached and ministered to them beneath the blue roof of heaven.

After two years of faithful labour, he began to feel a mortal weakness stealing over his massive frame, and a premonition that the end was near. He retired to his beloved Farne to prepare for the end, which came in the year 687. He was buried at Lindisfarne.

Perhaps you wonder how all this connects with Durham Cathedral, but we shall soon see. A few years after his death the Danes made one of their historical raids upon the country, seized the monastery at Lindisfarne and burned it to the ground. The monks managed to escape to the mainland, bringing with them the venerated body of St. Cuthbert, still incorrupt, and the bones of St. Aidan. They wandered hither and thither for seven years or more, and finally settled down at an old town called Chester-le-Street. Here they built another monastery and lived for about a century in peace. But again the Viking bands swept down, flame and pillage following in their wake. The monks were once more compelled to flee, carrying with them still the body of St. Cuthbert, enclosed now in a heavy casket of stone, and after the lapse of a century, still incorrupt.

There followed another period of painful wandering back and forth in search of a safe

and suitable site. Prayers of petitions for God's guidance were offered constantly. At length the answer came in a marvellous manner. One day the monks found themselves at a point of their journey where the road branched into two, and here the stone coffin of St. Cuthbert sank to the ground and refused to be carried any further. Not the combined strength of the most muscular among the brethren could move it an inch. Recognizing the hand of God in this strange occurrence, the monks camped on the spot for the night and slept in peace. That very night one of them had a dream in which he heard the words, "Go to Dunholme" (the ancient name for Durham), and when morning came he gave the joyful word to his companions.

But there a new difficulty presented itself. None of them had ever heard of Dunholme, and much less knew where it was. Again the monks had recourse to prayer and again the answer came. They observed two milk-maids talking together on one of the two roads that lay before them. They were near enough for their conversation to be clearly audible. One enquired if she had seen the cow which she had lost. "Yes," replied the other, "I saw it at Dunholme." The first commenced to walk rapidly on her way, and the monks followed her with the stone casket, which suffered itself to be lifted at once without further opposition. Thus it was that with the milk-maid as an unconscious guide, they reached in safety the village of Dunholme, in the year 995.

A rude shelter of boughs was their first church. This was soon replaced by a small building, and this again by a fine church of white stone, built by the labour and piety of all the men and women of the surrounding country, who worked all day, quarrying and carrying the huge stones, and camping by night

as one great Christian family on the bank of the river. Even the little children helped to build this palace to the glory of God, by being around when they were wanted, obedient to the beck and call of their elders, who found a multitude of small errands for them to perform.

This famous "white church," as it was called, was replaced in the time of the Conqueror by historic Durham Cathedral of the present. On one of the smaller towers may be seen to this day, carved representations of the cow and the two milk-maids who played such a quaint part in the history of the famous shrine. Here, too, the oft wandering remains of St. Cuthbert found a resting-place. They were placed in a magnificent shrine of green marble, which shrine became a centre of pilgrimage and the scene of numerous miracles. Here they rested until the violent minions of the Reformation stripped the shrine of its precious treasures and offerings, donated by the faithful throughout the centuries. The relics of the saints, deposited in similar shrines throughout England, were in many cases treated with insult and indignity, and their sacred ashes strewn to the winds. But a faint trace of reverence for the gentle Cuthbert seems to have lingered, even in the breasts of these ruthless destroyers. For his body, still in a state of preservation at this date, was left unmolested, and was removed by the monks to a secret hiding-place.

It may be mentioned, in passing, that Durham Cathedral was also the burial-place of the Venerable Bede, the monk of Jarrow, famed even in our own day for his learning and sanctity. His "Ecclesiastical History of the English Nation" has earned for him the lasting gratitude of all historians, for in it is stored all the knowledge we possess, or may obtain, of the early history of England.

LAST AUGUST

In the face of a steady downpour we piled luggage and equipment into a large, roomy truck and amidst much shouting and excitement, drove off. We travelled the wet and slippery pavements for an exceedingly long time, but the ride was thoroughly enjoyed in spite of weather and mud, until we came to a very muddy little road leading to our cottage, a dear little place, rented for a holiday season by a number of girls with my mother for a chaperone. Then baskets and cushions were tossed around until the floor of the truck resembled an extremely complicated Chinese puzzle. But in spite of the general shaking up, everyone arrived in holiday mood and with a smiling face. Coincident with our arrival, and as if to give us welcome, the sun came out from behind the frowning clouds, and our neighbours, across the way—sixteen or seventeen girls—began to serenade us—or the fine weather—with lusty singing. Our unpacking was done hastily, and one and all ran down to the beach for a swim. The dip was delightful and made up for all shortcomings in the weather and everything else.

We arose early next morning and attended Mass, then back to the cottage, but couldn't get in. The last girl had slammed the screen door with a will and the hook had dropped into the socket. We were locked out. A kindly neighbor, becoming aware of our predicament, cut the screen door, inserted his hand and opened it, much to our relief. We enjoyed a long, restful day, spending most of it on our front porch. Then came the duty of making the acquaintance of the various camp-

ers in our vicinity, a social duty which it would never do to omit. The warm, sparkling water invited our presence all the rest of the time and we spent many an hour reviving the art of swimming, so dear to all sport lovers, and so necessary for everybody now-a-days. After the morning swim we were as ravenous as cubs, so the remainder of the mornings were spent in doing whatever light housework we could, a task which is never a task when many hands go to it, and when it is a mere interlude between rest and play.

Half way out in the water one day, our canoe began to fill with water, and in trying to escape a wetting, we tipped it over, but there was no danger, as we had our swimming togs on and all could swim. Our chief concern was to right the canoe, which wasn't as easy as it sounds. It was done, but one of the girls made an awkward leap into it and it filled up again. At last we were able to get in and continue our paddle.

On August 4th we took the street car to St. Catharines and bought weiners and rolls for a roast. When evening came we gathered cushions and blankets, not forgetting provisions, and betook ourselves to the beach. After we had amassed a large pile of branches, we lit a fire. Everyone chose a long stick, gathered for the purpose, and putting a weiner on it, held it over the fire. Then all gathered in a circle round the blaze, reclining on pillows and rugs, and sang songs, many and varied. When the modern ones were exhausted our thoughts turned to those of a generation ago. Some of them, like "Sweet Adeline."

"Down by the Old Mill Stream," seemed to spring spontaneously to our minds and from our lips.

One day a long tour up the beach was proposed and seconded by all, except our chaperone, who remained at home and prepared a delightful lunch by way of surprise. In the evening some friends from the Falls arrived and doubled our gaiety. We boasted a victrola, though it was not perfectly toned, I must confess; in fact we had to stop it by inserting a toothpick in the catch, but everyone managed to dance to its music and disregard the makeshift. Our visitors pronounced the cottage the best they had seen.

A last day will come to all campers as it came to us, to remind us, perhaps, that this is a world of change and that nothing here will last very long. Our last camp-day was spent in roaming along the beach and in paddling around in canoes. No accidents this time to create excitement. Later in the evening a wonderful treat was in store. Some of the most beautiful fire-works I ever saw made a marvelous spectacle, as they were thrown over

the lake, alighting at a far distant point within sight. The colours were gorgeous, their brilliance further enhanced by contrast with the dark waters. It was a privilege to have secured a fine position to view them.

The last morning! What a terrible thought! Now began the exciting work of collecting autographs and souvenirs, for one and all had a corner in their "Jimmy-books" awaiting a memento of these happy vacation days. A veritable gloom settled upon us all when the truck arrived to take us away. The dreaded hour could not be prolonged a minute. So off we drove, amid the clamour of voices protesting how they would miss us, and other voices protesting just as loudly that they would write soon, and prolong at least the memory of our wonderful experience, while all vowed they would return to the camp next year without fail. So it cannot be said in our case that "Half the pleasure of having a rout is the pleasure of having it over." Next August will prove it!

Catherine Shea.

Loretto, Niagara Falls.



ALUMNAE NOTES

Patroness	REV. MOTHER PULCHERIA.
Hon. President	REV. M. M. CHRISTINA.
President	MRS. H. T. ROESLER.
First Vice-President	MRS. WM. PATTERSON.
Second Vice-President	MRS. RANKIN.
Treasurer	MISS MARGARET BUTLER.
Recording Secretary	MISS HELENA St. CHARLES
Corresponding Secretary	MISS KATH. WICKETT.
Convener of House Committee	MISS ELIZABETH ROESLER.
Convener of Entertainment	MISS GERTRUDE SULLIVAN.
Convener of Membership	MISS MADELEINE HERSON.
Convener of Press	MISS MAY O'CALLAGHAN.

The Executive quoted above is the result of the Biennial Elections, held on June 2nd, 1925. Warm congratulations are extended to the out-going Executive on their splendid work during the past two years. Both President and officers have acted throughout with fine unanimity, leaving behind them an ideal which it will not be easy to attain. The Association is quite confident, however, that the ideal will be sustained in the new Executive with its able and efficient President, Mrs. H. T. Roesler. They extend a sincere welcome to one and all.

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On Monday, June 8th, the new-elected officers were entertained at a very enjoyable luncheon, given them by the retiring Executive, at the R.C.Y.C.

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On Tuesday, October 6th—the hour chosen for the quarterly meetings in future—Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, sung in plain chant by the pupils of the Abbey, was followed by a program in the Auditorium, during which Miss Rose Ferguson gave an interesting account of the newly-beatified Martyrs, recalling the history of their labours in our land, and describing the ceremony held in their honor in both Rome and Canada. Miss Emily Selway contributed three or four song selections. Her rich and beautiful contralto was applauded. Mrs. James W. Mallon played the Opening

Song and Miss Selway's accompaniments. The new President, Mrs. H. T. Roesler, in her address announced the annual Bridge to be held at the King Edward early in November, and hoped for a full attendance.

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The Alumnae held a luncheon in the King Edward Hotel on Saturday, the 16th of September, at which many of the members were present. Among those who spoke in response to toasts were Miss Marie McDonnell, Mrs. Nasmith, Mrs. McCausland, Mrs. E. P. Kelly, Mrs. James Edley, and Miss Clara Yates.

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The good wishes of the Alumnae are extended to the following members and friends of the Association upon their recent marriages: Miss Gertrude Kelly, to Mr. Donald McKenzie; Miss Kathleen Coles to Mr. Connell Steers; Miss Inez Brazil to Mr. Wilfred Shanahan; Miss Evelyn Halloran to Mr. J. A. Fair; Miss Zita Goodrow to Dr. Oscar Fatum; Miss Lillian McFadden to Mr. John Fitzpatrick.

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Congratulations to Mrs. Frank McLaughlin (Irene Phelan) upon the birth of a daughter; also to Mrs. M. P. Mallon (Marie Hearn) upon the birth of a daughter.

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Sincere sympathy and condolence on the part of the Alumnae are extended to the Institute of B.V.M. upon the deaths of M.M. Helen of the Cross, and of M.M. Philippa; also to Miss Marie McDonnell, sister of M.M. Helen; to Mrs. Arthur Doherty and Mrs. H. Murphy upon the death of their father, Mr. Wheaton; to Mrs. Woods on the death of her mother; to Misses Amy and Mona Coxwell on the death of their father; to the family of Mrs. J. J. Cassidy, upon her death, which occurred very suddenly last summer.

LORETTO NOTES

One of last summer's "London Tablets" has a paragraph acknowledging the receipt of a magazine called "Loreto of Kenya" and gives it a handsome little puff. It comes from Loreto School near Nairobi, British East Africa, one of the foremost schools in the Colony. But how enterprising of this young foundation, only four years old, to launch out into journalism so gallantly! We congratulate the "Mary Mounters" on their achievement, and hope to establish an exchange with the *Rainbow*. Just think what thrills our Canadians will get when they read about the flying ants that creep out of the earth there; and of the praying mantis, and the frogs—"small, grey gentlemen with very red legs and red waistcoats"—to be seen in a puddle outside the dining-room. We shall all want to stop and see them for ourselves when we take our world tour.

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It is encouraging and inspiring to know that the beautiful old Loreto House at Rathfarnham, Dublin, has secured a new property of beautiful acres, next to it, and will erect a teachers' training school upon it. All success attend the enterprise!

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The performance of "Little Child," a twentieth century morality play, at Loreto, Brunswick Ave., last June, was something quite unique in the line of school performances. The play itself—the work of M. St. George, I.B.V.M.—was full of merit, both ethical and dramatic; and several of the rôles were excellently played, notably that of "Mother-Love" by Dorothy Kew, and "Little Child" by Muriel Norman. Home productions of this kind have, usually, little more than a local or group interest, but we predict a wider appreciation for this play, when one or two small technicalities

have been re-arranged, and we believe that some real fame awaits its first professional performance.

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It is always a joy to receive a visit from pupils whose names, through time or distance or engrossing cares, have been growing dim in the minds of their friends and former teachers at Loreto. One of these, after an absence of many long years, from Loreto, Niagara Falls, —Mrs. Wood of Stamford, Conn., formerly Ella Rundall, called there last summer in company with another Falls' pupil, formerly Mary Servos, bringing back, for at least two in the house, the memory of old times, and recalling the names of many who have gone to their reward. Mrs. Erwin Hockridge (Rena Devan) brought her little family of two to review the scenes of her childhood at the Abbey, and gave her friends here an hour or two of very pleasant reminiscence. We could wish instances like these multiplied, believing that no early association of this kind should be broken by time or distance.

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The *Rainbow* extends warm congratulations to Miss Anne Sutherland of Guelph, one of its most faithful and talented correspondents, upon the fame of her "Bed-Time Stories," which the Toronto Star Radio broadcasted last summer, to the joy of many a bed-going youngster. Many here will hail the appearance of these tales in book-form, none of us being willing to be classed among those too old to be moved by the adventures of "porcelain pigs" and "calico cats"—and none who wish to be excluded from the "Garden" of the writer's "Heart." (See her article in this issue).

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The Loreto Field-day this term was a real one, to which even Nature contributed her quota of glorious weather, with air that made



GRADUATES FROM LORETTO ABBEY—JUNE, 1925

FRONT ROW (Left to Right)—Maira Matthews, Phyllis Austin, Margaret Gaughan, Katherine Belair, Adeline Dunne.

TOP ROW—Audrey Dunne, Mary McKittrick, Mildred Daly, Marjorie Moulson, Loretto McGaffin, Marion Bell, Helen Dunne, Kathleen Burney.

Photographed by Farmer Bros., Toronto.

one unreasonably glad and sportive, and a sun that glowed warmly and cheerily over the scene. The courts, basket-ball, volley-ball, looked handsome in their new hair-cuts; the playing was good on both sides and spirits ran high, when fortune now seemed within the grasp of the visiting team from Brunswick Ave., and then of the home team of Loretto Abbey. But victory went to the visiting team, the score standing 12 to 20 in their favour, in basket-ball and tennis. There were compensations when the races began, and later, when hot-dog and chocolate bars were sold from an improvised booth near the "plank" door. In spite of the friendly good-byes, they broke up with a determination to beat their opponents next time or expire on the field of valour. They are in no way responsible for the error in the Globe's report, and could take but sorry comfort therefrom. After all, they might have won!

* * * * *

Hotel Dieu, Kingston, witnessed on the 18th of August last the passing of an honored friend and revered benefactress of Loretto, Englewood, in the person of Mrs. Katharine Murray, Warnock, sister of the late Rev. Bernard Patrick Murray, founder and for more than a quarter of a century pastor of Saint Bernard's parish, Chicago, Illinois. Soon after the establishment of his parish Father Murray invited the Loretto Nuns to take charge of his school, and from the opening of Loretto, Englewood, Mrs. Warnock lost no occasion of showing a warm and friendly interest in all relating to the welfare of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

In the City of Chicago, on Saint Bernard's Feast, and within the walls of the beautiful white marble edifice bearing Saint Bernard's name, were performed the solemn obsequies of the only beloved sister of Reverend Bernard

P. Murray, that pastor to whose zealous love of the "Beauty of God's House," Chicago owes one of her noblest churches. Father Murray's remains repose in a sunny spot on the slope of Mount Olivet, beneath a Celtic Cross which throws its shadows also upon the little mound where lies all that was mortal of Katharine Murray Warnock. So may their dear souls rest in the light of the Beatific Vision forever and forever.

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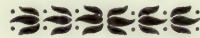
The family of the late Dr. Walter McKeown has the sincere sympathy of all his friends in Loretto. The loss was a severe one, not to his family alone, but to the profession to which his brilliant gifts were devoted, and to a world of friends to whom he was endeared by his many noble qualities of heart and mind. In spite of an absorbing practice in his own country, and in England, during the war, which made heavy demands upon his time and care, there was one part of Dr. McKeown which remained unprofessional and boy-like to the end, and this won for him the devotion of many outside as well as within the circle of his professional life. There is a double cause to mourn, when a career so brilliant and a personality so beloved is cut off by death. His memory will long be perpetuated in prayer by his friends in Loretto.

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The sudden and tragic death of Rev. Louis Galligan, Superior of the Carmelite Monastery at Falls View, cast a gloom over a vast circle of friends, both in Canada and the United States, where he was singularly beloved for his rare qualities of intellect and character. But by none, perhaps, will his loss be more keenly felt than by the Community and pupils of Loretto, Niagara Falls, to whom he was always the kind, big brother, entering into the joys of their lives, helping them over difficult

places, and counselling and consoling them in perplexity or sorrow. He met his death in the performance of an act of charity, an heroic one, in his then state of health, and all have the consolation of knowing that he died a hero's death. That he has received a hero's reward is their belief and the subject of their prayer.

The "Cup Winners" in the Basket Ball Tournament at Loretto, Woodlawn, Chicago, are to be complimented on their prowess, both for their individual and team work. We hope we are not too far away to take a sisterly pride in their victory. The picture holding the coveted cup between them, is a trophy in itself. Hurrah, Woodlawn!



THE MISSION CRUSADE

To insure a maximum attendance and to follow last term's precedent, the Loretto Abbey Unit of C.C.S.M.C. held its first meeting on the last Sunday of September. There was an election for the chief officers of the Unit, which resulted in the following: President of Unit, Anna McGary (Normalite); Secretary-Treasurer, Jean McFee; Spiritual Secretary-Treasurer, Mary McKittrick.

After a brief résumé of the work done during last school year, which reached the highest mark in the history of the Unit, the Moderator urged the members to new and zealous endeavour, asking them to read the mission literature left in a box, on their line of march to and from classes, urging on them the necessity of prayer for the missions at home and abroad, illustrating the immense importance of this part of their duty towards the missions; and proposing an object for the application of funds now in hand, as well as suggesting new ideas for the furthering of the good cause.

Class Units have now been formed and a competition aroused which promises great things. Mysterious parcels of hats are already arriving at one of the class-room doors; a China mite-box is planted on the study-hall desk, and is already getting heavy with blos-

soms; and a small troupe of actors are fluttering to and fro, in stealthy fashion on the concert stage. These are but a few of the Crusade activities in the air which will be entered on the October report, making a pleasing echo in the treasury box here and up above.

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Our gallant Sister-Unit at Brunswick Ave., whose members are busy erecting and furnishing a chapel for the North-West, are doing enthusiastic work, having found out long ago that much happiness lies in bringing happiness to those whose need is great, and whose opportunities are few. Its honorary president paid us a visit not long ago, and upon hearing one of the objects which is moving our zeal at present, said: "Our Unit will pray for that. They get about everything they pray for." Our hopes went up then many degrees. Let us hope they will not fall short of her promise.

* * * * *

Here is matter for discussion at next meeting: Query—If reading is good for students, and good reading is an act of virtue, and mission reading is an apostolic act of virtue, and morning study-hour is a good hour for reading, why was a certain "Eileen" rebuked for reading "The Field Afar" at 8.15 a.m.?

Wanted: A Hero**A Dramatic Monologue.**

So, 'tis a hero you're wantin',
 And can't find one to your taste—
 'Tis a pity about you. Just look around,
 Why sure, they're goin' to waste!
 Who'd a thought Ned Green was a hero
 Before the war?
 And now, you see he's honoured
 From afar.
 And Tommy Smith, what was he, now,
 Before the fight?
 Sure our Sarah, she wouldn't have him,
 She said he wasn't quite right.
 But she'd take him now and jumpin'
 Without givin' her head a toss,
 When she sees him decorated
 With a Victoria Cross!
 And Tom and Dick and Harry,
 That were nobody at all,
 Sure they're thought the world of since
 They were hit by a whizzin' ball.
 And Liza Jane and Molly,
 Those milliners over the way,
 Who sold their hats at a bargain
 And went as aids; I say!
 They turned out just splendid,
 And married two fine men,
 One of whom lost an arm, 'tis true,
 And the other won't dance again;
 But 'tis to their credit, what matter?
 And look at the genteel folk,
 That never did a hand's turn,
 So frail, they might be broke!
 'Tis said they worked like everything,
 And never lost a chance
 To help the poor unfortunate
 In France.
 Now, don't talk to me of heroes,
 While agazin' into space,
 As if they lived up in the clouds;

You'll find them every place.
 A hero is an honest man
 Who does his best;
 No matter what the job may be,
 He'll never rest
 Until it's done. Why should you fuss
 About his size,
 Or colour of his hair,
 His nose or eyes?
 If he's a decent fellow
 Be very glad—
 Walk hand in hand thro' life with him,
 As I did with your dad.
 And be an honest helpmate,
 In all 'things genuine,
 That he may find in you—
 A heroine!

Dorothy B.

The Exiles

They sailed away at close of day,
 When skies were sweet and cool;
 Their little haversacks all packed
 As if to go to school.
 It mattered not that prairies long
 Between them and their goals
 Stretched out their weary, dreary lengths:
 They frightened not their souls,
 For they are made of such stern stuff
 That be it foul or fair,
 Or way below the zero mark—
 When duty calls—they're there.
 We need not hearten them with words
 A weaker soul requires,
 For hardships are the very things
 Which kindle their desires.
 But we shall cheer them on their way
 With promises of prayer,
 That God Who calls them to their posts
 Will bless and help them there.

Hildegarde.

Review of Books

The following books come from Benziger Bros., 36-38 Barclay St., N.Y.:

The Wonderful Sacraments. What They Are and What They Do. By Rev. Francis X. Doyle, S.J. Author of "The Home World." 12mo. Cloth. Net, \$1.25. Postage, 10 cents. Paper Edition. Retail, 25 cents each.

The importance of the subject here treated is self-evident. Probably the most frequent and most insidious attacks on the Church are directed primarily against the Sacraments. Not only for the practical Catholic, but for the inquiring Protestant, a thorough knowledge of their meaning and operation is necessary. The purpose of this book is to apply old principles to the life of modern America, to translate them into terms that the modern American understands.

Father Doyle again demonstrates that he has that rare faculty of discussing serious subjects informally and interestingly. His style is forceful, but lively; his explanations graphic, his examples up to date. The frequent introduction of dialogue lends added variety.

He shows the relations of the Sacraments to the problems of every-day life, explaining their operation in such familiar exigencies as: Conditional Baptism by doctors, nurses, laymen; the selection of names; reasons excusing from the hearing of Holy Mass; mixed marriage; family limitation; sudden death, etc.

* * * *

The Small Missal. Containing the Proper of the Mass for all Sundays and the principal Feasts of the year, the Rite of Benediction, Vespers and Compline for Sundays, and other devotions. Net, \$1.75.

There is a daily increasing number of devout Catholics who wish to follow the Liturgy during the Sunday Mass and on great Feast-days, yet who do not care to be burdened with the weight and size of a complete Missal. The "Small Missal" is designed to meet that desire and it does so admirably. The volume includes all the essential devotions, and those in general use among the faithful: preparations for the Sacraments, the Stations of the Cross, Vespers, Litanies, morning and evening prayers, etc., etc., the fine India paper upon which it is printed making this possible, while confining the book to pocket size. It is sure to be popular among the growing number of those who wish to co-operate intelligently with the intentions of Mother Church.



OUR DEAD

By Father Faber.

It is a wonderful thing to be a Christian. The world of the saints in heaven is all ours. [So, also, though in another way, is the world of the dead—of those who are one day to be saints, with new glories, new delights, new jubilees in heaven.

We, each of us, have our own treasures among the dead. Some who have shared the joys of our past years, and some who have shared their sorrows. Some whom we have not loved as we could now wish we had loved them; some whom we have loved too much, and perhaps harmed by doing so. Some whom we have injured by example, scandal, harshness, or indulgence; some whom we have done good to, and perhaps converted. Some who have gone too soon, some mature and old, yet

even then too soon. Some whose death-beds have left scarce a doubt upon our minds, and some whose deaths have been sudden, overclouded, or distressingly certain.

We grudged them to God, but we do not do so now. We would have them back to behave differently to them; yet, no! for their own sake we would not have them back for worlds. We envy them the certainty of their glory, and perhaps its nearness; it is very hard to think without a thrill of a soul very near its release. Yet we pity them because of the extremity of their sufferings, for some, perhaps, died in such a state that we may fear their sufferings will be unusually terrible and their absence from God unusually long.

But God loves them with an unspeakable, yearning love. Yet, He has, in the case of the dead, made His love depend on ours; we are to them somewhat like what the saints in heaven are to us on earth. Their state is one of incomparable, unimaginable pain. And our hands are full of the most wonderful and most powerful means to help them.

What, then, must be our devotion for the dead? A little or passing thing? Need I answer this? Have you not echoes in your own hearts that are answering it even while I speak? Oh, think of your past years and of your past loves, of those old faces, of those well-remembered voices that are silent now, and pray for them!

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